

Direct your
next letters
to Richmond Va.
8th Reg. Ala. Vol.

My Dear Mary,
Augusta Ga.
June 30th 1861

It is sabbath
morning and contrary to my

expectations I am in Augusta.
When I left Montgomery it was

Col Forney's order that my Company
and Capt Woodruff's should proceed

to Richmond via Knoxville Tenn.

But when we reached Atlanta last
evening the Quarter Master fearing
detention by that route, changed our

direction and sent us by this city.
As there are no sunday trains now
on this road we have been necessarily

detained here for twelve hours.

So much for my being in Augusta.

Well I am heartily glad that
we have left Montgomery behind us.

The men are shylocks and take every cent from a soldier that he has. They are a close exorbitant

exactng set of business yankees. There was but one redeeming feature connected with our sojourn at Montgomery. The women (God bless them every where) were unlike their lords. They offered

and did do many kindnesses for the soldiers in the way of making night caps shirts, covering canteens etc. etc. The fact is the men stole from our Regiment in their business transactions and the Regiment would never have got even

if the women had not given back what what was taken, in the way of the articles above mentioned.

Our present situation is in beautiful contrast with our condition in Montgomery. My men, I mean the men of both companies,

are lounging, reading or talking in the
midst of as fine an avenue of shade trees
in the center of Broad St. as you ever

saw in any native forest. Never have

I witnessed greater hospitality than

the citizens, male and female, are manifesting.
They are sending their tables from their
homes loading them with provisions for
the men - furnishing them with ice
water and cigars by the box full - and
what is better than all not one drop
of whiskey in my ranks.

I am writing this to you in a

Lady's boudoir (I don't know whether I've spelt
that word right or not) seated at a
"bay window". Her husband, a Mr
Busting, a fine old gentleman of the
Virginia school, kindly offered me
a room and stationary if I desired
to write any during my stay. Of course

I accepted, and am thus situated writing
to her whom I prize above all things
earthly. O how dear this sabbath would
be if my country was at peace, and
I could be with my dear Mary and
darling babes. But it is no use in
talking or writing either - this pleasure
cannot be enjoyed till the foul invader

is swept by southern valor from our southern
soil.

I must not forget to tell you a little
incident that transpired on my trip
yesterday. I had on a nice blue checkered gingham
shirt - my uniform and feathers - clean shaved
and in this condition you know a young
girl ought to be excused if she mistook

me for a single man. There were two
beautiful misses traveling with their friends
from West Point to Atlanta. They eyed my
uniform until I heard one of them say
yes, he is a captain, let us give him our
bouquets - no sooner said than done - Now
I want to tell you how I received them: I said

Young ladies I receive these flowers in the name
of the best woman, I think, that ever lived, my
wife; and in her name I thank you for the

compliment you pay the soldiers in the person
of her husband.

I have about consumed my sheet and
must close. My men are all well with the
exception of one or two whom you don't know, and
they have only had a chill.

God bless my sweet wife and dear children
Kiss them for me. As ever, truly and affectionately yours

C.