

Camp 10th Ala. Regt.
Near Centreville, Va.

Dec. 7th 1861.
I wrote Anna Foster
a note of thanks

by mail thinking
it would be more
complimentary than to
enclose it to you. I
will write again as soon
as we come in from
picket and enclose
it to you.

You can enquire of her
and if she has
not received it, then
you can hand
the second one
with the explanation.
I intend if
I go home to
buy Anna a
nice present
in Richmond
for I prize her
present very
much indeed.

Old man Green reached
My dear Wife,

Our regt. goes out on picket
tomorrow for three days. When
we come in I will write you
again and tell you all about
the prospects of a fight at this
point on our lines. It is very difficult for anyone here to believe that
McClellan will attack us anywhere near Centreville. We are well fortified
here and he knows it, and the truth is, his officers can't get his men to stand
a charge in an open field, how then can they get them to attack breastworks.
camp yesterday morning. Hoping to hear
from you through him, I called upon him
in a few moments after his arrival, but much
to my disappointment, he said he had no letter
for me. I satisfied or rather consoled myself
with the reflection that you knew nothing of

his expected visit or you would have written.

This afternoon, after a long and fatiguing
drill, I concluded I would walk over to the 9th
Ala. Regt., a few hundred yards distant, and pay my
respects to some friends whose acquaintance I have
made among the officers. I remained after late
supper and returned alone to my quarters. As

I walked home the camp fires shown brightly upon every hill around Centreville, like so many gas lights, which together with the busy hum of many voices reminded one of some vast Metropolis. And, when I entered my tent, although George had a candle lit and a fire blazing brightly, yet I felt alone. I knew there was but one way to get out of

this mood, and that was to turn my mind

Kiss the children for me and tell Ed that he must never in the day time take Sis' "tater biscuit," and then she won't dream of it at night .

to the past and by the aid of memory recall the

pleasures of wife, children and home. While revelling in such recollections, a young man from Henry's company stepped in and said, "a letter for you Capt. Old man Green, in looking over his things, found he had this for you". Just to think - a letter for me, from you, in Camps, thirty six hours, and I not know it! My first feeling was indignation. But I went to reading, and by the time I got through its perusal, I was in so good a humor, that I forgave

him, and thought, poor simple minded old fellow, it is only a great wonder that you ever got I was rejoiced to find you so cheerful, and I trust your cheerfulness was not wholly the result of an intimation that I would be at home some time during the Winter. I have since written you that

I entertained serious fears that no furloughs would be granted to officers in this Division of the Army. Col. Martin and I made formal application to Gen. Smith for furloughs to go home and hold our Courts but he refused outright. We have since made application direct to the Secretary of War, from which we have not heard, but I very much fear the result will be the same. Our Generals, and the

war department don't seem to care what the sacrifices are, either personal or pecuniary, they won't grant furloughs now and it is impossible to say when here with it at all!

There are two men to be shot soon in Gen Kirby Smith's Division for forcing a sentinel. I think they belong to the N. Orleans Tigers - desperate fellows! Write me as often as you can. If there is no one coming send by mail. We get a mail every day from Manassas.

will consider it safe to the service to allow officers to visit home even for a short time. Why, they have got so now that they won't allow an officer to resign unless the surgeon will certify that he is unfit for duty. Jim Martin got a furlough for 20 days,

because the surgeon certified that he would be unfit for duty in that length of time. But thank the Good One my health is too good for that, and, though

it deprives me of much enjoyment and happiness to be separated from you for a longer time, yet I know the same kind heart and strong arm that preserves me, can and will protect my dear wife and children how long soever our separation may be. If I do not come, I trust you will bear whatever disappointment you may feel with a fortitude and resignation worthy a true Southern woman and christian.

I wrote to you by Jim. You have doubtless received

You must not tell Mrs. Grant my dream. I don't want her to know

I've been dreaming about babies in camps. If you Ann Rowan ask her what

Tom wrote in reply to her note. He ought to be killed.

The health of my company is improving. I've more men on duty than I've had in 4 months.

You must not conclude that paper is scarce - I've what you sent me and several quires besides. I am not stingy either, only

economical.

There were fourteen or fifteen yankees captured a day or two since down about Annandale by our cavalry pickets.

Do you still get the Richmond Dispatch?

You expressed some fears about my clothing. They are all right, and my jeans suit has been more admired than any suit I've seen; not only in our own, but in other regiments. And my cloth coat, there never was a nicer fit anywhere.

I am glad your friends have aided you

in looking after such things as were impossible for you to attend to in person. You must not neglect to present to them, each and every one who does you a kindness, my kindest regards - I am only it before this.

repay them with assurances of the highest appreciation for such attentions. You alluded to the indifference of some old friends. Well, let it be so. We have bestowed as many favors upon them as they ever did upon us. We are not dependent upon them for anything, and

never will be.

I enjoyed Lucy's dream heartily. And by the bye, speaking of Lucy and dreams, I must tell you one I had

a few nights since. I was at home and every thing was as merry to me as could be. I had Lucy in my lap - was hugging and kissing her, when Mrs Grant thrust one of the prettiest little babies into my face

that I ever saw, and said I must not give Lucy

all my love, for there was another little one I must love some too! I was astonished of course, but the more I looked at it, the more it looked like Lucy. Mrs G. pointed out the points of resemblance - its curly hair etc. The whole thing was vivid and I awoke insisting that its name should be Lucy too. Now I can account for my dream. I don't know whether

Lucy can account for hers or not. Mrs Rowan some weeks since wrote Tom Hayden a nice note informing him of the fact that Mrs Hayden had given birth to a pretty little daughter. She enclosed in the note a pretty little lock of its hair. Before I retired to bed the night of my dream, I had

been telling a party of friends about Ann's note and

Tom's characteristic reply. We had laughed over it so much

that it followed me in my sleeping moments