

Camp 10th Ala Regt.

Near Yorktown Va.

April 24th 1862

My own dear wife:

I wrote to you on the 22nd inst.,
which was only day before yesterday; but as I have
an opportunity of writing again by John Wyly, I
cannot forego the privilege, nor deny you the
pleasure of hearing from me once more.

Since my last, I have been apprehensive
that your fears would magnify the little indisposition
I spoke of, into a serious attack of sickness.

Upon this subject I desire you to give yourself no
uneasiness. I went out to the Regt. yesterday morning
and remained with it till evening. Our
surgeon, Dr Walls, advised me to take one more
dose of pills last night, assuring me that I would
need nothing more, which I did. They have had
a fine effect, and I feel certain that there is
no probability of getting any worse; on the contrary,
with the care which I intend to take of myself,
I think I shall be as hearty as ever in a day or two.

Well, darling, about what shall I write to you?
This is no time for apostrophizing spring or poetizing
upon the beauties of the season! True the Good
One, in his own appointed time, has chased icy
winter away with balmy spring. The fields are

beginning to clothe themselves with their gowns of green;

the trees in beauty are putting forth their tender leaves;
the dove coos lovingly as ever for its mate, and the
tiny wren flits, in gleesome gladness, from bough to

bough. - These things, under ordinary circumstances,
cheer the heart, and fill all our senses with the poetry
of life. But when I look over the tented fields and
see the marshalling of contending hosts - hear the
deep toned thunder of the cannon, bursting its death
dealing shells everywhere - and the sharp crack of the
rifle - and the harsh roar of Musketry - I am reminded
of the reality of life, and see some of the effects of
a horrid and bloody war. But far be it from
me, or any other southern man, to shrink from
the defense of our liberty and homes, tho' the enemy's
cannon should blaze all along our borders, and our
men fall by thousands. We must conquer our
independence or we must die! There is no other
alternative. When this good thing will be accomplished
I dare not predict. It may be in a very
short time, or it may be protracted
through a long series of years, and at the sacrifice
of much blood and treasure. If the South be true
to herself, I haven't a shadow of doubt but that the
contest will eventuate in the recognition of the

Southern Confederacy as one of the powers among the
nations of the earth.

It has been a little mortifying to me to hear that the enemy have been in possession of Huntsville the place of my nativity. But I suppose it is

all right. When they shall have weakened their army by dividing it and garrisoning our towns and cities, I think they will then begin to realize the utter folly of attempting to subjugate a people determined to be free.

We have had great consolation in the news of Beauregard's recent victories near Corinth. I trust all we have heard may be true. A few more such blows, whether in the Mississippi valley

or near Richmond, and I think the folds of the Anaconda, which was to crush us out in 60 days,

will be loosed, and the serpent will die of utter exhaustion.

If you have received any news from Father or Jimmy or Hop or from your Mother or brother John let me know. Every thing connected with Ala or Tennessee is specially interesting to me now.

How are my little boys getting along? Are they good boys? do they obey and help their mother in all things? Do they study well? and are they

striving to make good and wise men? This is the greatest ambition, I have connected with them. I have thought much about them and their future

since I left home. If I am spared, by the mercy of the Good One, to be returned to my loved ones at home, I feel sure that no effort of mine shall be spared to make them all I desire - both good and wise. How is my dear little Lucy? Is she as sweet as ever - bless her little heart, kiss her many times for papa. Remember me to such friends as are interested enough to ask after me. Tell Eliza, if she is at home, that Henry is well. He and I have been bunking under

the same blanket ever since we have been in the trenches. There are a thousand little things that have been said and done in camp, that would interest in

a fireside chit chat, but would be tame in a letter. You will see John Wyly and he can give you all the details of our situation and movements here, far better than can be described in any written communication.

I heard Frank White was lying very low. How is she? I should regret to hear of any thing evil befalling her - she is a good woman.

Write me the town news. I see Gid Ellis is a candidate for Judge. Find out if you can what induced him to run against Heflin. Mrs Foster can tell you. The Chancellor knows.

Write often - Keep cheerful - and let us both continue to trust to Him who can always cover us with his protection and make us "dwell in safety" affectionately your husband
devoted as ever, C.