

The Old Stone Cottage in
Peace & Safety ...

Now that we are in Va^{ca}
I expect we will camp
here a week or so, & if
Mr Middleton will come
down, send me the
things I wrote for & also
a box of eatables if possible.
But for fear you may
not get my last letter
I will give a list of
my wants two shirts
two pair drawers, pair
pants three pair socks
(woollen) boots & jacket etc.
As it is going to rain
I will have to close

Good bye

Your bro

since writing this I feel
I have seen Cousin Sady
he is well & safe

Camp Stephens
July 14th /63

Dear Sister

Here we are since
more on Virginia soil, we
left Hagerstown on the night of
the 13th marched all night (guided
the 13th up to our camp) &
untill 1 o'clock today when
we got to this place, which
you will recognize as the
first camp we ever had
when we came into service
but oh how different the camp
of '63 as compared to that
of '61 then we had 73 men
in camp today only three of
those seventy three answer
to roll call, where are the
others? Many faces come
up to my view who now lie
slumbering beneath the sod
announcing the sound of the

Last Trump to awaken them to give an account of the deeds done in the body, among them the form of the Noble Mitchell. His prospects were as bright as mine, I would not have been surprised if he had laid down his life as a sacrifice to his country's cause. Why have I been exposed through those years of toil & danger, whilst many who promised death are reaping reward to be bright & shining lights my feet I can trust to have been cut down. I thank God that I was not cut off in my sins but spared until by the mercy of God I was brought from darkness unto light. Now whatever awaits me I may be permitted to speak whether death upon the

Bloody battle field or permitted to breathe my last with kind friends around me to attend to every want, I feel that I have a bright future before me, I would like to die amidst my friends of any of us, in a few weeks but if God has so willed that I should lie another year upon the field, with no thing to mark the spot where the soldier lies, I feel that when the cold waters of death are repelling around my feet I can trust to have been cut down. The merits of a Redeeming Saviour's blood my work upon its dark unknown surface & at last safely anchor in the harbor of Heaven. But I trust I may be permitted to speak whether I die upon the