

Camp Stephens
July 14th /63

Dear Sister:

Here we are once more on Virginia soil. We left Hagerstown on the night of the 13th marched all night, forded the Potomac up to our arms, and to one 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 compared to that of '61, then we had seventy-three men whereas today only three of those seventy-three answer the roll call. Where are the others? Many faces come up to my view who now lie slumbering beneath the sod awaiting the sound of the

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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, his hopes as high as those of any of us. In a few weeks he had laid down his life a sacrifice to his country's cause. Why have I been spared those two years of toil and danger whilst many promised to be bright and shining lights have been cut down. I thank God I was not cut off in my sins but spared until, by the mercy of God, I was brought from darkness into light. Now whatever awaits me, whether death upon the

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Bloody battlefield or permitted to breath my last with kind friends around to attend to every want, I feel that I have a bright future before me. I would like to die amidst my friends, but if God has so willed it that I should lie upon the field with nothing to mark the spot where the soldier lies, I feel that when the cold waters of death are rippling around my feet I can (trusting to the merits of a redeeming Saviour) launch my bark upon its dark unknown surface and at last anchor in the harbor of heaven. But I trust that I may be permitted to spend yet many a happy day in

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the old Stone Cottage in Peace and Safety.

Now that we are in Virginia I expect that we will camp here a week or so, and if Mr. Middleton will come down send me the things that I wrote for and also a box of eatables if possible. But for fear that you may not get my last letter I will give you a list of my wants - two shirts, two pairs of drawers, pair of pants, three pairs of socks, (woolen) boots and jacket, &c. &c.

As it is going to rain I will have to close.

Good bye

Your bro

Ted

Since writing this I have seen Cousin Sandy, he is well and safe.