Goldston, N.C. March 28th 1863

My dear Brother [name阙],

I received your most pleasant letter to me when we were in front of the enemy on the South Edisto River in South Carolina— and it gave me more pleasure than you can imagine. It was just the kind of letter I shall always like to get from you— telling about all the little things around home, which the war obscures, forgetting that it is these very little things that make home what it is.

I wish you to continue to write in the same manner, only leave out the buffoonery if you please which you are too old now to indulge in. I got your last letter to William, day before yesterday, and see by it that Charle [name阙] and Dolly have been trying on some of their tantrums again. you must look out for them, and not let them take you by surprise. I cannot see how you are to get along with the farm without a hired man nearly all the time this season for it is not right that you should work yourself so hard as you will have to do otherwise, nor should you have anything at all to do with the same labour of the farm.

I have no need of anything more than when I wrote yesterday; for I have had no mail since the first one. The Recruiting for the 2d Rgt have not been heard from yet, and the application for our furloughs which the Capt. sent to Head Quarters yesterday has not come back yet.

Neither have I anything more to tell you about William than what I wrote to Father and Sarah.
For the past 75 miles of our march I have been on regular detail as commanding the six mounted fire-peats of the Battery. In that capacity I met with a good many adventures and there was not a day that I did not ride 20 or 25 miles. One day we left the column early in the morning and started for Clinton toward which our supply line led. We were told the Rebels were marching on our flank. At this the officers and men shouted: 'Well, boys, the Shenandoah will never be captured!'

As we were passing a bridge destroyed by the Rebels, I rode in the lead. We were due to cross the bridge. I dismounted and rode along with the advanced cavalry but when they came to a bridge I remained. I could not wait but with

On reaching the bridge I found the Rebel destruction by the Rebels and went to

The bridge was destroyed and all of a sudden down the river came a

The water came up to my knees, and a bullet hit me. I was of

Amidst the cheers of my gunners the gallant little man was dripping, and held his

They tried to make their horses take the water, but they kept falling over, and animals.

The next thing we did was to take a brief

one of the saddle's parts out one end to two a mile further. We
two of the men then crossed the creek on a fallen tree and you can see how we got away with it. But this way we got all ready across, mounted our animals and set out for Chattooga Bridge over another and larger creek in front, and of course we had more hunting to do. Galloped down to the right side of the road, for I had heard of another bridge and arrived just in time to save it as the enemy was making for it. Dashed over, trying to find a lane for the plantation. Had we thought we were the first of our fellows there we would have left our supplies on the creek, probably any other place where we would have crossed, and had to ride four miles further before we found fresh water. When I had loaded three blankets with mash, flour, meal, molasses, etc., and had hitched enough mules at our camp to haul them, we started for Chattooga Bridge which we expected to find our column. But some unknown reason a large force of troops only the cavalry left our column, the main column having turned to the left when meeting a mile of the place. After loading up we had camped 10 miles to get to Chattooga and here was a 18 mile march before us. On our way down we saw our enemy very near our lines with the sun an hour high. Nothing daunted we set out and after a hard march through a deep stream we found at last the column at 11 o'clock with enough supplies to last the Battle a week. I and all the men of the company were very much surprised by the pictures Brooks sent me of the slain and joyful, but to make the lethargy more striking the pictures should address any friend of your name to your sorrow. I have to send you another picture which I was pleased to find. My heart is filled with a wish that you were here now.
You are always expected to carry a belt in your pocket and always have a pocketbook with you. The belt is not only for your own convenience but also for the convenience of others.

I am sure you will enjoy your journey. The roads are well traveled and the countryside is beautiful.

I hope you will find the rest of the journey comfortable. Please take good care of yourself.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]