

[Tuesday 28th H.S.H.] Camp near Sullyville, Texas
Tuesday April 27th 1863

My Dear Peter

It has been several days since I wrote you last, but I assure you that it has not from the want of any desire or inclination on my part to do so. When I wrote you last we were out on picket, and did not return to our camp here until yesterday evening since which time I have been busy and had not time to write before this evening. We had a very pleasant week of it while on picket, in fact it was the only tour of picket duty we have performed since we have been here during which we had pleasant weather. The week passed off very quietly. The Cavalry in front of us had two or three little skirmishes with enemy, but it amounted to nothing serious. Everything here, so far as I can learn, is perfectly quiet. On the first of last week the Yankees advanced in large force towards our advanced Wartrace. Gen Bragg ordered up all his troops from Sullahoma to meet them with the intention of giving them battle, but before our forces came in sight of them, they commenced retreating and after following them up for some time our troops were recalled and are now posted in front

of Harbors. I fully believed some time ago, that
before this time something would turn up, either
"a fight or a fork race". but nothing of the sort has
happened yet. Every thing remains as quiet as usual.
There is an old saying that "all signs fail in dry weather"
as all prophecies fail in time of War. What our end
more will be, I cannot form even a conjecture.

Newspaper correspondents make a good many predic-
tions in regard to the operations of our Army, for the
future, but no name can be placed in any thing
of the kind appearing in a Newspaper. I learn
that the Ganks are making quite a raid in Mississippi
I can't understand why the Governor of the State does
not collect a Militia force and drive them out of
the State. Such bands of Marauders are very easily
whipped back. Fighting is not their object. Their
only object is to plunder and devastate the country, and
enrich themselves by what they can steal and take
the poor defenseless Women and Children. I have
understood that a few days ago they came within
eighteen miles of Columbus. I guess that it creates
quite a panic amongst the citizens in that vicinity.
I hope that old Perkins will always escape from

from this war. I shall not be able to write
you a very long letter, today. I have just received
orders to have all the tents in the Regiment moved
and the plan of the camp to be changed so as to give
more room. Our Tents have all been reduced
down to six tents for every hundred men, in
order to lessen the amount of baggage to be trans-
ported. The number of Regimental Wagons have
also been reduced and the surplus turned over
to the provision supply train. Our troops are
now in what is called light marching order and
ready for action any time. I have heard nothing
from Jim or Lou since they returned from home.
I would write to them, but don't know where
their regiment is stationed at. I hope that
you are still getting along well at home. How
is old Sister Sunday getting. Harriet and his
wife Cora are both growing I hope. I suppose that
she pays it a visit two or three times a day. Little
Willie is constantly wishing that Papa would come home.
Papa wishes so too. And dear little Maggie don't
know who Papa is. Oh that I could be permitted
to pay you all a short visit to get from you all

a sea is deep over again, but this is present is
denied me. I can only pray for God's protection
and deliverance untill this wretched War ceases, when
I trust we shall be permitted to cross again
when I can enjoy the pleasure and society of the dear
love ones at home. Since I have been promoted
to the rank and title of Lt Colonel, I am frequently called
upon to give answer. I have become so familiar to
the title of Major, that Col. seems odd to me and it
will require some time to familiarize me to the same.
Wrest is well. He says that he has not
heard from his lady love in some time. I have
a pet Squirell which I want to send to the dear
the first opportunity. We have a good deal of fun play-
ing with it every day. The boys have teased it so
much that it is getting wild, and if it do not come
it away soon it will become so wild that I will not
be able to do anything with it. Remember me with
a warm's kiss to all the children. Tell papa
& Mother that I will write to them soon. May
God in mercy bless you my dearest one
Your Devoted Husband
Nestor

Camp Near Shelbyville, Tenn.
Tuesday April 27th, 1863.

My Dear Bettie:

It has been several days since I wrote you last, but I assure you that it has not from the want of any desire or inclination on my part to do so. When I wrote you last we were out on picket and did not return to our camp here until yesterday evening since which time I have been busy and had not time to write before this evening. We had a very pleasant week of it while on picket, in fact it was the only tour of picket duty we have performed since we had been here during which we had pleasant weather. The week passed off very quietly. The Cavalry in front of us had two or three little skirmishes with enemy, but it amounted to nothing serious. Every thing here so far as I can learn, is perfectly quiet. On the first of last week the Yanks advanced in large force towards Wartrace. Gen. Bragg ordered up all our troops from Tullahoma to meet them with the intention of giving them battle, but before our forces were in sight of them they commenced retreating and after following them up for some time our troops were recalled and are now posted in front of Wartrace. I fully believed some time ago that before this time something would turn up, either "a fight or a foot race", but nothing of the sort has happened yet. Every thing remains as quiet as usual. There is an old saying that "all signs fail in dry weather" so all prophecies fail in time of War. What our next move will be I cannot form even a conjecture. Newspaper correspondents make a great many predictions in regard to the operations of our Army, for the future, but no one can be placed in any thing of the kind you may see in a newspaper. I learn that the Yanks are making quite a raid in Mississippi. I can't understand why the Governor of the State does not collect a Militia force and drive them out of the States. Such bands of marauders are very easily whiped back. Fighting is not this object. Their only object is to blunder and devastate this country and enrich themselves by what they can steal, and take from the poor defenseless women and children. I had understood that a few days ago they came within eighteen miles of Columbus. I guess that it created quite a panic amongst the citizens in that vicinity. I hope that old Pickens will always escape from their vandalism. I shall not be able to write you a very long letter time. I have just received orders to have all the tents in the Regiment moved and the plan of the camp to be changed so as to give more room. Our Tens have all been reduced down to six tents for every hundred men, in order to lessen the amount of baggage to be transported. The number of Regimental Wagons have also been reduced and the surplus turned over to the provision supply train. The troops are now in what is called light marching order and ready for action any time. I have heard nothing from Jim or Ira since they returned from home. I would write to them but don't know now where there regiment is stationed, at. I hope that you are still getting along well at home. How is old Sister Smiley getting. Hammie and his pop corn are both growing I hope. I suppose that he pays it a visit two or three times a day. Little Willie is constantly wishing that Papa would come home, Papa wishes so too. And dear Little Maggie don't know who Papa is. Oh that I could be permitted to pay you all a short visit to get from you all a sweet kiss once again, but this present is denied me.

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I can only pray for God's protection and deliverance until this unholy war ceases, when I trust we shall be permitted to meet again, when I can enjoy the pleasure and society of the dear loved ones at home. Since I have been promoted to the rank and title of Lt. Colonel, I am frequently called when I don't answer. I have become so familiar to the title of Major that Col. seems odd to me and it will require time to familiarize me to the sound. Newt is very well. He says that he has not heard from his lady love in some time. I have a pet Squirrel which I want to send to the country the first opportunity. We have a good deal of fun playing with it every day. The Boys have teased it so much that it is getting wild, and if I do not send it away soon it will become so wild that I will not be able to do any thing with it. Remember me with a Mama's kiss to all the children. Tell Papa & Mother that I will write to them soon. May God in Mercy bless you my dearest one.

Good Bye,
Your Devoted Husband,
Newton.