

My Dear Mother:

June, 22nd [1861]

As Mr. Compton is going from here this morning to Lexington I will write a few lines and let you know how I get on. We are encamped about six miles from WilliamsPort in a piece of wood; all well and able to eat their share. We left Winchester the first of this week and came to Berkeley County, the meanest Abolition hole on the face of the earth, Martinsburg especially. We burnt 100 engines and cars yesterday belonging to the North supposed to be worth over a million dollars. Our Company belongs to Col. Preston's regiment and his regiment belongs to General Jackson's brigade.

We caught a spy last night counting our forces, I was detailed to guard him for two hours but he was so scared he did not move two inches during the whole time. We have just been told

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by Col. Echols about the battle at Romney. We captured two pieces of rifled cannon and routed them completely, one of our men wounded. How we can fight so much and not have any more killed I cannot understand. Col. Stewart's regiment of Cavalry 450 strong drove two regiments of Northern troops across the river. John Cummings with ten men routed 150 of their troops. I took one Col. and his aid and sent them to Winchester; they say they are the biggest cowards on the face of the earth. As Mr. Compton will be here in a few minutes I will close this scratch. All are well except one whom we left in Winchester (Ramsey). He was sick with sore feet.

Good bye,

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