

Camp Stephens
July 1st 1861

Dear Mother:

My last letter I sent by Barclay Pogue but as Mr. Lewis is going to Lexington tomorrow I will write a few lines to let you know how I get on though there is no news stirring still I write to let you know that I am well.

We are still at Camp S., have been here a week and two days, laughing, eating and doing nothing. I received my box per Pendleton Saturday and also a letter from Hou. Was very glad to get something that decent people eat, nothing was spoilt. Jones another of my mess got a box also, we have been living high

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but nine fellows will soon finish the two.

We are still getting the Yankees by ones. Col. Stuarts cavalry brought in a rare bird yesterday, he is the hardest looking specimen of the genus homo I ever had the pleasure to see. We asked him how many cavalry they had across the river, he said 100,000 and 10,000,000 infantry, endeavors to make us think he is crazy but cant succeed, he is not what he pretends to be, his hands are as white and as delicate as a girls, once or twice we took him off his guard and he talks very sensible indeed.

It is reported today that the Yankees have struck their tents and are going towards

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Washington City. They are afraid of Old Beauguard, it is believed here that he will certainly attack the city.

There has been no serious case of sickness since we left Lexington. William Paxton was removed from camp today he had a slight attack of the measles, no one else has them.

Have inquiries about my toe, his health is very fine and have not had sore feet since I left home nor been sick one minute, never was so well in my life not even the headache. The Captain says I stand it better than

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any one in the Company but I dont know what better is in this company as all are so well. The Captains leg (about which I told you in my last letter) has not gotten entirely well yet but is improving fast, it was quite a severe fall, hope he will be well in a day or so. We have the best Captain and Col. about, both so kind that I do not know which is the kindest but I suppose the Captain is. Col. Preston comes to our camp almost daily inquiring about our health, eatings &c. Watson wrote the Cap. that he would come immediately to join us but he was sick in Charlottesville and is not able to come yet.

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I had not expected to take another sheet but just as I was finishing the other one there came up a shower and I ran into my tent and as everything was so comfortably fixed I concluded to try my hand on another. George White has written to the Captain telling him that he was coming on to join him. I have just heard that we will move our camp to another piece of wood about a mile off they fear lest staying too long in one place it will get sickly.

I was on guard night before last eight hours and was not the least tired when I came off. We get up every morning at half past four. I have gotten so used to it that I

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jump up before the drum beats. We drill six times a day in the hot sun and such a black set of fellows you never saw in your life, if I was to come home you would think I was some Col's. waiting boy. There are two deserters here from our army, they belong to Col. Hills regiment in Western Virginia but as they were caught here I suppose we will try them.

I cant keep my paper clean to save my life, I can not write a decent fist here--Excuse me if you please -- Ted.