

Winchester

Feb 10th/62

Dear Sister:

I received your letter of the 6th this morning and though I wrote day before yesterday I will write again today.

We are still at our old house and very probably will be here until spring or at least what of us are left as almost all the company are at home, some on sick furlough, others who have reenlisted for two years. Nearly the whole of this army have reenlisted, they go by hundreds every day.

You say Uncle James has gone to Tenn. Did any one go with him!

Every one thinks here if the Vol. reenlist we can put this war through in the spring. I never saw such enthusiasm, it beats the first of the war. Certainly everything is in favor of the South now. England and France are vieing with each other who shall recognize us first. I think that they will undoubtedly do so before long.

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I would reenlist but would have to go with the same service and as I do not like infantry I will wait until my term expires and go home and enter some other branch of the service. This thing of walking dont pay. I exclaim in the words of Richard "A Horse, A Horse My Kingdome For A Horse".

We boys are sweeping everything before us down here; the ladies dont stand any chance. I dont think Winchester will have any old maids left in it as every body seems to have a Dulcinea Debosa.

I think every scoundrel in old Rockbridge who has been hiding himself in the Militia should be drafted. For are not the Volunteers fighting for their liberty while they are at home enjoying all the luxuries and we enjoying none? All are very much displeased at the bill passed by the Legislature

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placing the Volunteers on the draft with the Militia unless they reenlist for the war, but not many will be placed there as all seem determined to reenlist.

If we only can get out a big army in the spring we can wind the thing up. Let the Volunteers reenlist and the cowardly Melish be drafted and placed behind the breastworks if they cant do any better than they did at Bath.

Why must the thing be given up now? If it is not worth fighting for it is not worth having. But I reckon you are tired of the Military so I will close.

We are all well hearty, fat and greasy. Send me my coat as soon as possible.

Good Bye

Ted

P.S. Mary Blair Paxton, or rather Mrs. Jackson is here. She has just escaped from the Yankees. She came from the county adjoining Wood, her father is here also. Perhaps Mr. Patton knows something of him.

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I am going to see her. Perhaps she knows something about Sally.

Ted