Capt. A. told me last night that Rev. N. McPherson was to preach to us on the fifth Sunday of August.

I am perfectly well, my love, in body and soul as I have ever been. I am glad to hear of my dear daughter's arrival and a little note from you. I have been writing a letter to you all of your letters are the assurances of your devoted affection and many things that I love to hear from you, and as I am perfectly well, I shall write to you as soon as I can.

May God bless you and keep you, and may his grace and mercy be with you always.

Your affectionate son,

A. McPherson

May 4, 1862.
My dear wife, while I am away, I want you to enjoy the time by all the ways that will make it pleasant, play those times as I use to think you played so sweetly, and don't forget your music for it will be a source of pleasure to me. The children when we can be together again—walk about with the children in the same old haunts we use to frequent together when you were my sweet cousin, read, and don't confine yourself to those old books you have read so often but send to all who to Pomeroys for anything you want that is new or that you have not read; do anything to dispel the gloomy thoughts of our unhappy separation, to relieve your mind from the continual anxiety about our dear children. They can see of play, walk, talk to mother and be happy while you too will be less care worn, and will have many things to tell husband. Mother & Sister will have great cause to blame me when we see them if I suffer my darling their darling to pine away her life, which was once supported by the most joyous happy spirit I ever knew. If my letters can aid away in restoring your healthness, & I believe you put more stress on them than I think they are worth, I will write as regularly as I can, when up my sweetheart. This war cannot last always. I believe I will be spared to you, though the other two have been taken away, which formed the happy trio at College.
I was very sorry to hear of our friend’s, Dr. McD. illness. He has ever been a friend, a good one, kind and needed to be an admirer of you I always believed. Our county has no better man than he is, and the country as well as the family will lose a valuable man if he should die. I hope to pay to lift to the already afflicted family. Last Sunday I saw St. Coak of Fayetteville a schoolmate & roommate at Summerville, and Sam Phipkin, both of the Meckle Partizan Rangers— you know. Sam seems to be in good health and says he can stand the service. Thinks he will bring Mrs. Coak down to his Aunts in Duplin, where she will be only 20 miles from their camp. They are at a place called Richlands in Onslow. Ashton Cameron was amongst those who had to run from the Yankees. I also Mr. Foy, Dr. John McRae, wife & brother St. Baker of our Regt. and along with a few others of his Capt. Strang’s Co. and had started on a scout but the Yankees and lead to ruin. Five men kept just far enough ahead to watch them, Foy was one, the rest ran their horses all the way to Trenton. It was about Trenton on the east side of the Trent River and near the same place where we lost the first man we had killed. The Yankees followed them nearly into Trenton and did come on and occupy the town. After firing one shot & one shell into the town—
Some days, Bill McKay is the most homesick man in the company and says he wants to see Lucy and The baby. A few days ago he found him leaning on The will curb and asked him what was The matter he said he was very curious that he wanted To go home. Some days, Bill does not like to go out on account and will change horses with any one. That has a home not fit to ride To keep from going on. I opened my trunk to hang my clothes. This morning and found that a tear had rolled in the folds of my Confederate coat and badly soiled it and several places. I had never worn it, was keeping it so as to wear it down to rags (for the first time) unless some extraordinary occasion called for use sooner. I will take it to Kristin tomorrow and see if I can have the stain extracted—The worst stain is on the breast and back where it will show much prominently. I am sorry for this but hope it will come out. Tell me what to use to clean it. Many clothes are a disadvantage in camp as they are so apt to get soiled and mildewed by getting out of the freezing. Our Camp is not below Kristin but two miles east I believe or 24th east of the town and in an open old field pine grove—This is a cool pleasant evening autumn-like and makes me feel like being at home. Old Mr. Andrews came down a day or two since and is here now. He is somewhatredder but has the designation of a true Christian. Capt. A is again in command & is pleased you know Col. W. is sick in Soldier's Lot likely to die—What a hard time this is had. Now darling I must close—My love to all. The family—We will go on present again in a few days—Write with all again soon and also to some of the rest. Kisses from Mother & Father & Cousin from your ever loving Husband