

December 26, 1862

My dear Bettie,

It would be in vain, that I would attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure it gave me to receive a letter from you. Yours of the 24th November and 10th December have both been rec'd. They came so quickly the one after the other that I had not time to answer the first before the other came, and I will answer them both at once. I hope you will forgive me for any thing that may be construed into an intimation that you have neglected to write. My anxiety caused me to be impatient, and the time seemed to drag heavily by when I could not hear from you. The imagination was active, and conjured up many causes, but all is explained now. Your excuse for not writing promptly in the first place is entirely sufficient.

I was truly sorry to hear that you have been ill, and also to hear of the accident by which you came near being killed. Hope you have entirely recovered ere this, from both and that you have had a Merry and Happy Christmas. In camps we have had a more joyous time than could have been anticipated. The brilliant campaign which we have passed through, crowned by the recent victory of this place of our Army is enough to make every Southern heart rejoice. The enemy has been routed and vanquished, almost they seem to cry out for terms of peace. Tho' while we rejoice we cannot help feeling sad that so many of our friends have gone forever from us. These victories have been bought with the lives of many noble sons of our oppressed country and tho' the signs of the times indicate that a glorious peace will soon loom up and spread itself over our country, and disperse the clouds of war, which now engulf us, yet I fear that many others will yet be sacrificed to the god of war before he is satisfied to let peace reign.

Bettie you seem to be very low spirited. I am sorry to find you so and wish that I could do something to render you cheerful. I know you have sustained irreparable loss, but grieving will not restore your brothers to you. You should be proud that you had such brothers, and that when the storms of Battle came, they were found foremost in the

contest, stiking for the independence of their country. I lost a brother in the Battle of Sharpsburg in Maryland on 17th September. I had not seen him in thirteen years. He had a wife and three small children in Texas when I last heard from him.

Our Regt did not get in the fight at this place. We were held in reserve just to the rear, of where the battle was going on. We were not needed consequently were not carried into it. For two days we remained in line of battle where the shells were bursting over our heads nearly all the time and the rifle balls whistling thick and fast. None of us got hurt. When the battle was raging fiercest and the shelling was most terrific we were called to attention, and a beautiful flag was presented to our Regiment from the Governor of Florida made by the ladies of Tallahassee. We were commanded to receive the flag without any demonstration whatever, to receive it in silence. The letter of the Governor attending the flag was a beautiful one. It was read to the Reg. while the thunder of Artillery was so incessant that frequently the reading would have to be stopped for a short time. It was the most imposing scene I have ever witnessed or heard of. It seemed that every heart would burst with the pent up feelings which, but for the order forbidding it, would have made Fredericksburg heights sing with their shouts & hurrahs.

I was sorry to hear that Sallie May cut her hand so badly & wish I had been there to peel that cane for her. Mr. Rogerson says if he was there he would "break the knife that cut Sallie's hand." I hope you will not be disturbed when you write again so that you can draw your letter out a little longer.

Truly yours - Walter
(Colonel Moore, 2nd Florida Regiment)