

Camp Beauregard, Bulls Run, June 16.

Dear Aunt Louisa:-

I should have answered your affectionate letter, by Moultrie Before, but can, with truth, say that I have not had the quietness I like to have when I write in response to such a letter. I assure you, Aunt Louisa, I feel most impressively every word you have expressed, and from no living being more than you can an appeal or urgent solicitation come to touch my heart quicker than from you. I would to God that I could be so moved, as to fill your wishes and prayers concerning me. I never suppress an emotion that arises, as if in response to any of the prayers of any of my dear friends or relatives. I would consider that in so doing, I would be secretly doing violence to the friendship or affection, which my good fortune may have obtained for me, but at the same time I cannot push ahead of my emotions to create feelings that could not be relied on so long as they were fictitious and not natural. Standing here, upon the verge of a contest, in which the uncertainties of life are increased a hundred fold, it surprises me that my heart does not press forward to that separation for everlasting peace, which can alone make death a tolerable thought. What it is not so, I cannot say. It may be that the preoccupation by the all absorbing subject now engaging our country's attention excludes the consideration of this other subject--I cannot say.

This morning, we had a sermon from a Mr. Broadus. They sang the hymn, the air of which in the church at Winnsboro is applied to "Hear our solemn Litany." It was like an old acquaintance. All of our friends and relatives were there, as they were also in the afternoon's lecture. There are about ten of us of the connection.

Eddie, I am glad to say, is a first rate soldier. I have been very much pleased with the way he deports himself. The Palmetto Guards are next to us, not more than four feet between their left and our right row of tents. There is very kind feeling existing between the Governor's Guard, the Palmetto Guard and the Butler Guard, and it is well that such is the case, as we are all so near to each other. I am really sorry that there are so many of us in the Regiment so nearly connected, for if we get into a battle it cannot be expected that all of us will get off. We hear of movements on all sides, and I think the campaign will be pushed forward with great vigor on both sides.

Day before yesterday, Cash's and Bacon's Regiments joined us. Yesterday, a Regiment of about 11,000 Alabamians came in and took position on the right of Bacon's, and about two miles to our right. This afternoon, a Regiment of Mississippians came up. Today, Gregg with about 200 picked men of his Regiment went down to a point on the railroad called the Vienna. They have been busily engaged tearing up the Railroad track. They

will complete their work to-morrow and then return to Fairfax. Our forces are being strengthened. Our General, Beauregard, is actively engaged, and we all feel confident that he is influenced by a dread of Scott's military fame. Old Scott has overshadowed so many of the Regular Army officers that I believe their capacities are restricted by their exaggerated ideas of his military talent. Gen. Johnson has evacuated Harper's Ferry and fallen back. I suspect some important movement must be on foot. There are now not more than 16,000 troops in and about Washington, and it may be that our Generals are going to make a descent upon it. I am very glad they are bringing here so large a number of troops from the cotton States. They have more confidence, I think, than the troops from the border States, who are for the most part imbued with the Yankee dread of a majority. The Virginians, however, are much more confident, and with the intelligence and physique present in their ranks, will make first rate soldiers. I believe that war feeling is still largely in the ascendancy at the North, and it will continue so until their credit begins to totter and crumble from beneath them. If we resist this first invasion successfully and hold them in check until fall, the effect will be so great that a moral influence will come from Europe sufficiently commanding to bring about a recognition of our independence. But, if we be not successful, the very reverse will be the effect. I think it a misfortune that we have not a larger force here. A large force at this time would have a good influence upon the North, which has a very wholesome dread of large numbers.

There is a matter that I have been wanting to write about, and which I intended to arrange when I visited Winnsboro on my return. I have had David's pony staying with you much longer than I should have done. I want to get Mr. Robertson to do me the favor of selling him and depositing the money in some bank, or take annote with good security.

I wish I could hear all the particulars of the troubles in Rion's Regiment. I am very sorry that the Fencibles have broken up, and that John and Henry have been thrown out of office.

I must now, dear Aunt Louise, conclude. Eddie handed me your letter to him, which he receive this evening. I am glad to say that he is going well. I see him often and try to get up such communication between us as should exist. I saw him too a short time since as an officer and soldier, and was much pleased. I being officer of the Guard, and he one of my corporals.

All of our relatives are doing well. I sincerely hope that the time may come when we may all meet together again around the family circle.

With love to Lizzie, Ria and Kate and Allie, and most affectionate remembrance to all at Roseland, and to Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, and all other friends, I remain,

Your most affectionate nephew  
Franklin Garrison