

Madison Parish La.
April. 9th 63

Dear Mollie

Your very kind and interesting letter came safely to hand some days since and would have been answered immediately had we not been making preparations to march. Hope you will pardon the delay. I must express my thanks to you for your kindness in writing me so many interesting letters and willingness to write so often. I shall always feel under great obligations to you and hope to be able to repay. What a pleasure 'tis to have such an interesting correspondent and worthy friend. Were it not for the feelings cherished for you this life (to me) would be a blank would feel that to live, was a blank so far as happiness was concerned. The same cherished feelings my only sorrow - a pang - to unheal, and I some times feel that 'tis so, and that I make my self seem to you very foolish. Try

scenes of the past. Oh, may the time soon come
 when we will meet and know of each other
 more. To me it seems that we are wasting
 our lives. Time passes. Can't tell how much
 who is benefited, or made the happier.
 Soon our day will have passed and we
 known of only as one that has fallen and
 that only by a few friends. There are times
 that I can't ~~pretend~~ feel very gloomy. And
 wish that I could spend my life otherwise
 and in a way the life would be a
 pleasure. I am willing to spend any time
 for the Country. but to be happy, would
 be to spend my life with and for you.
 Should I be one of the happy ones that may
 survive the struggle. May I hope for that
 a few days we may be in an engage-
 ment. Doubtless many may fall. Should I
 go under remember this. And me
 as a true friend if nothing more
 And that the rebs cheated me out
 of realizing many cherished hopes
 excuse me I am getting on the Clager style
 - such I believe you know as a version

referring to the subject so much, and committing myself so fully. It is said to be unwise. it may be so in this case. A query which frequently occurs to my mind. ~~Does~~ Molly consider me more than a friend. Do you. I have frequently referred to the subject but you always seemed disposed to evade the subject. Perhaps tis an unpleasant subject to speak of. Some times I thought you were of the opinion that I was troubling. And nearly wanted to see what you would say. if so you do me injustice. Hoped I may never be so degraded ^{as} that.

You need not fear in the least of that or feel any delicacy in expressing yourself - tis only to Henry.

Does it not seem strange that one situated as a soldier is. would trouble themselves about such matters. Knowing that there was but little hope of them ever realizing an pleasure - save the pleasure of knowing that their affections were reciprocated. Though if death was staring me in the face I would hope for a good time. And of being happy with those I love. How pleasant to think of them and the pleasant