

Pensacola, Fla.
March 18th, 1865

Dear Sister,

When I wrote Bettie on the fourteenth I expected to write you the next evening, but since then I have been constantly on duty of some kind without a moment to call my own, even now I should be attending to business undispatched, but I put it off till tomorrow and discharge a more pleasant, if not a more urgent duty. We are yet at Pensacola as you see, expecting to leave any day for parts unknown & anxious to go. We almost every day hear rumors of an advance already in progress—attack on Mobile its evacuation etc. but are in entire ignorance of anything out side our own lines—a circle about two miles in diameter bounded one half by Pensacola Bay & the other half by our own “blue coats”—containing the ruins of the once proud and beautiful and second oldest city in the State, with half dozen poor miserable “Southern dirt eaters” families, and two Brigades of as good Soldiers as the Union Army contains. I rode down town the other day and while stopping in the street to talk with the Spanish Consul who still remains here, my horse took advantage of a slack rein to gather a few nippes of grass from the sidewalk. It reminded me of a prediction made by one of the Charleston papers, about the breaking out of the War, “that grass would grow in the streets of New York and Boston,” and wicked though it may be, I could not help but exult over the contrast between those two proud noble cultures and this once wealthy, rebellious, but now miserably humiliated city. How truly, “the evil wishes of the wicked follow them.”

Just now an order came to draw ten days ration in addition to what we have—that I consider a sure indication of an early move—perhaps tomorrow.

I expect as a matter of course that “Ayers” and “Smith” will lavish their praises upon me, since they owe to me directly the only position of honor they ever had. However I think I shall have as many friends in the Regt as they. I have not had a desire to injure either—consider that I have not given either cause to feel hostile towards me and shall pay no attention to their abuse. But will try and do my duty. I am as well as I ever was & hopeful of the future. Give my love to Mother & all the friends and believe me as ever affectionately your-
Sam