



Sold by Alpheus Bolting, Yorktown, Va.

Bright banner of freedom with pride I unfold thee;
Fair flag of my country, with love I behold thee
Gleaming above us in freshness and youth;
Emblem of liberty, symbol of truth;
For the flag of my country in triumph shall wave
O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's grave.

Confederate States of America,

Jan 9th 1862

Dear Brothers:

I embrace this the first opportunity of writing to you and hope these lines may find you in good health. We are all generally in good health, although we are exposed to bad weather. For the last two or three days we have not had much rest. one day throwing up breastworks, another cutting roads for army purpose, another marching to some point. At 2 o'clock, in the night of 3rd, inst. we received marching orders and were soon on the march; It was sleeting and the night so dark that the hand could not be seen in front of you. After marching several hundred yards we received orders not to turn out until day. We returned to camp and left at day-break. It would be too tedious to give a detail of all our tramps, as the

boys

~~town~~ There. Trent Mason has gone home on a furlough. I expect he is at Madison while I write. The privates could not get a furlough; the reason I cannot explain, perhaps an anticipation of an attack. The line of our defence is a mile and a half below us. Bethel has been entirely deserted by our soldiers; our pickets goes 4 miles below Bethel. There seems not to be many Yankees at Newport News, from the fact that our cavalry went in three quarters of a mile of it yesterday.

We are drawing full rations of everything except coffee & salt. Beef seems as though it will never give out. It's beef every day. Yet we will ever be thankful to get beef. Oysters are very abundant about here, but owing to the great quantity of oyster-eaters they are difficult to obtain. The first that I tried I did not like much, but after several trials I have become very fond of them. If possible, I will send ^{you} a few gallons, if you think you can stomach them. The price of them here is \$1.00 per gallon.

I received the boots you sent by Mr. Towns and are of much service.

We have had no rain here since
the 24th of November until 3rd inst.
I have received none of the things
sent for except the boots.
Write and let me hear from you
all. I have not received a letter from
you since Lieut Fitzpatrick's funeral.

- No more at present -
- Perhaps something more some other time -

- R. W. Black -

Camp Marion
8 miles from
Yorktown Va

To James S. Clark

Clemens
Morgan Co
Ga

R. W. Black
Parola Guards
Cobb's Ga. Legion
Yorktown Va
Care of Capt. G. B. Knight

[The page contains several paragraphs of handwritten text in cursive script, which is extremely faded and difficult to decipher. The text appears to be a letter or a document, possibly related to military or administrative matters, given the context of the surrounding images. The handwriting is dense and fills most of the page, with some lines appearing to be crossed out or heavily obscured by ink bleed-through from the reverse side.]