

Strawberry Plains Tenn.  
July 12<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Wife

Your letter of the 27<sup>th</sup> ultimo was handed me day before yesterday by Lt. West I was verry verry glad to hear from you. I had before that received the one you sent by mail. You seem to fear that I can not get to come at the time appointed. I think I will. I shall be a "powerful good boy from now till the time an try to have my business so that I can leave it. I could get to go right now if I were to try but that would be sure to cut me out of going when I worst want to be at home, besides I must while I am at it finish my returns. I am getting the thing a little nearer wound up every day.

I have heard not more of our Legion being ordered to Chattanooga and presume there is nothing of it or in fact I know it has not yet been done.

I have an idea now that it will be done. I want you still to write to me and if no one is coming have your letters mailed.

I have now news to write. The country is full of rumors and the indications are that the same lines will be established that we had last summer namely the Clinch runer.

I will write more this evening unless Lt. West starts too soon. He goes back after some of his men. I am quite well.

Your affectionate husband  
Jas. W. Terrell

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6 o'clock P.M. I have been reading nearly all day. Except todays paper nearly all my reading was in the bible. Since the raid but little observance has been paid to the Sabbath as it has been considered a work of prime necessity to construct the bridges so as to have no break in travel, just this moment the first train of cars is crossing the river on the new bridge or tressel. Travel will now go on as usual and soon the permanent bridge will be built. I consider it quite a triumph of skill to bridge the river in the time it has been done. Especially considering the hight of the water most all the time. The tressel would have been completed two days earlier but from the fact that the river rose so high and loged rafts against the staging and washed out a part. About a hundred feet the first night they got the river spaned and before it could be securely braced.

I was at Knoxville the other day and subscribed for the carpet for Josephine the July no is behind time for want of paper but – hence forth – it will be a semi-monthly paper the price is now raised to one dollar a year.

I do not know my dear that I have any thing at all to write about that would be of interest to you. I will still continue to write often and when I have no chance to send tellers over by hand I shall mail them. Keep in good heart. I am quite well and by todays rest I will commence with renewed energy my tast tomorrow; I hope you will get the ambrotype I sent you safe.

Kiss Mollie and Sallie for me. My love to all the friends and kin. Howdy for Miner. Tell him to keep good heart. A kiss for you my dearest. May the Lord preserve and keep you.

Your affectionate husband,  
Jas. W. Terrell

P.S. (written across last page above letter)

I and Mr. Dawson room together now. He is all the time sober and is really good company. We eat with Louisa or rather she cooks for us. I spent a half hour or so this evening with Mrs. Thomas my old landlady. She is quite well and wishes to be remembered to you. I have talked about you to her so much she seems to know you and calls you Ann-Eliza as though she had known you all her life. May is not quite married yet but pretty near it. "Alvira Glimmers" but younger. She'll make it out yet. No news of importance in todays paper fighting in every direction but nothing verry definite from any seems to be the tenor of the news. But you'll hear the war news in the papers. Does the Spirit of the Ages and the News come to you now? I must close. Good by. I will write soon.