

61.1  
1/7/39

Post-Scott Haus  
Sept-6<sup>th</sup> 1864

Dear Mother

This evening I feel somewhat communicative therefore will try and fulfill the promise made you a day or two ago and write you a good long letter, and first Mother let me thank you for your advice in regard to my being a good and faithful soldier you know not nor can you ever know the strength imparted to the wanderer by those cheering words from home, how could I make up my mind to disgrace the name of Soldier when from parents in my far off home, from wife and family here comes the same admonition & yet be a good Soldier, while sleeping upon my couch in camp or upon the ground upon the scout the admonition comes to my mind raises my ambition and enables me to undergo the privations and undertake the most dangerous tasks with pleasure will knowing that a prompt performance of all duties imposed on me is the surest way to success and success I am bound to attain. My only ambition is to become worthy of the confidence placed in me by the officials under whose immediate command I serve twice have I clad in the habiliments of a Bushwhacker long as there's blood passed the night in their capt-

found out - their passwords and signs started with them  
on the march they gave them the slip and come back  
safe and sound to report - on each of these occasions  
have I been recommended for promotion and have the  
assurance that the first vacancy in the Regt shall  
be filled by my unworth self Oh how my heart  
throbs with honest pride when I think that the time  
may soon come when I can return to my old  
home honored and trusted while those who but  
a few years ago looked upon me with  
contempt are now detested by every loyal man and  
woman who has the interest of their country at  
heart oh how will be joy to see them fawn and scrape  
trying by their infernal sycophancy to hide their  
old positions and make me believe that  
they always thought me a superior being  
to the friends of early youth how very much  
I owe to them my entire success in life is due  
to them did you dear Mother do I owe all that  
I am or ever may become

but I must close so good bye give my love  
to all and believe me as ever your  
loving son  
D. J.

61.1

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Daniel Newbery  
Pembrey

