

Camp on the Winchester & Alexandria Turnpike
5 miles west of Fairfax C.H. Sept 3^d 1862
Mrs Louisa Johnson

Dear Madam

It becomes my
painful duty to inform you of the death
of your dear son & my loved friend Egg.

How it saddens my heart to record such
melancholy tidings. He fell while
gallantly leading his company in an
assault upon a battery, in the battle of
the 30th of August on the now twice
memorable plains of Manassas. ^{the battle}
In him you have lost a noble son ^{of Manassas} &
protector, I have lost a dear friend &
the Confederacy one of her most gallant
officers & soldiers. Beloved & honored by
all who knew him the vacancy his death
has occasioned cannot be filled. We miss
him in the camp & on the march & will sadly
recall "do as on the stormy battle field
where bravest among the brave" he was

always at the post of danger. All will
accord to him the praise of being the coolest
& bravest of us. Near the fatal battery
he was struck by a ball in the thigh which
severed the femoral artery & soon caused
death. Owing to the heat of the contest we
could not be with him in death.

On the 31st my brother & I committed his body
to its kindred earth, but we knew that his spirit
was already in a better land. We wrapped
him in a tent cloth & laid him in a single
grave, covering his name, Company & Regiment
on a headstone & took notes of the surround-
ing places that his remains might be removed
if it should be your pleasure.
For fear the notes may be lost I will insert
them here for better preservation.

He was buried on a commanding hill near the
battery where he fell - $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile S.W. of the
John Reagan House & $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile West of
the Henry House & 150 yds East of a branch
of Bull Run. The above mentioned houses are

noted places. I clipped off some off his hair which I enclose in this.

In grief such as yours, words are vain to remove the deep burden of sorrow that presses upon the heart. I cannot comfort, neither can I enter into your deep grief, but I can drop the sympathizing tear, & commend you to him "who healeth the broken in heart & bindeth up their wounds". I pray that the only Comforter may in his abundant mercy comfort you & raise up for you in your remaining son, one as just, as honorable, as noble & useful as his lamented brother whom we now deplore, "that the oil of joy may be given you instead of mourning & the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness".

But mourn not for him as one dead, for his spirit liveth, & his influence liveth & is felt. Of all the gallant men that fell on that carnage covered field

there were none nobler or braver than dear
daddy. He fell as the brave always
fall fighting with his face to the foe,
& he has gained us a precious life
in the sacred cause of his country's
defence.

And now, dear Madam, I commend you
to that gracious heavenly Father who alone
can remove your sorrows, & bring joy to
your desolate home once more.

With regard & esteem

Yours sincerely
A. M. Dickinson