Camp near Kinston Feb 24th 1865

Dear Father

I wrote to you a week or two ago, but suppose you have not received my letter owing to the disturbances of the late Yankee raid; I received a letter from Sis last night enclosing a letter for you and Ma, which she sent me, thinking there would be some chance to send it to you from camp, but as there is none I will send it by mail

The news is not very good, now, the enemy are pushing on toward Charlotte and we expect an early movement from Newbern on Kinston and Goldsboro but how far he may succeed, is to be seen only, another future developments and the decrees of providence have become more apparent. Sherman may be rushing on to his own destruction; lured on by his late successful march through Georgia he may attempt to fool and fumble around old Uncle Bob's rear, but it will be a thousand wonders if Gen Lee does not out general him, and turn his own schemes to his utter confusion. But still we do not know but that

he may succeed but if he does, and they succeed in breaking up our armies our enemies will have nothing to boast of but superior numbers and we will not have lost our honor; for I think it is the intention of our people to stand by our new ship of State and ride through the breakers with flying colors and if she sinks we will fire our last defiant gun as she goes down. But I hardly think it will come to this, altho'g the clouds look dark, there will be found on close inspection blue sky somewhere, the darkest hour is often just before day.

Write soon and let me know if the raiders troubled you any I heard that they had stolen all of aunt Julia's horses I will come home as soon as there are any more furloughs given I am in good health, went up to Goldsboro last week and stayed all night. Sis had been sick but had recovered Rhode is at point Look out there are some returned prisoners here from there who have seen him he is well, and as there is a general exchange, to be accomplished in fifteen days, you may look for him before long.

Your Son H. C. Whitehurst.