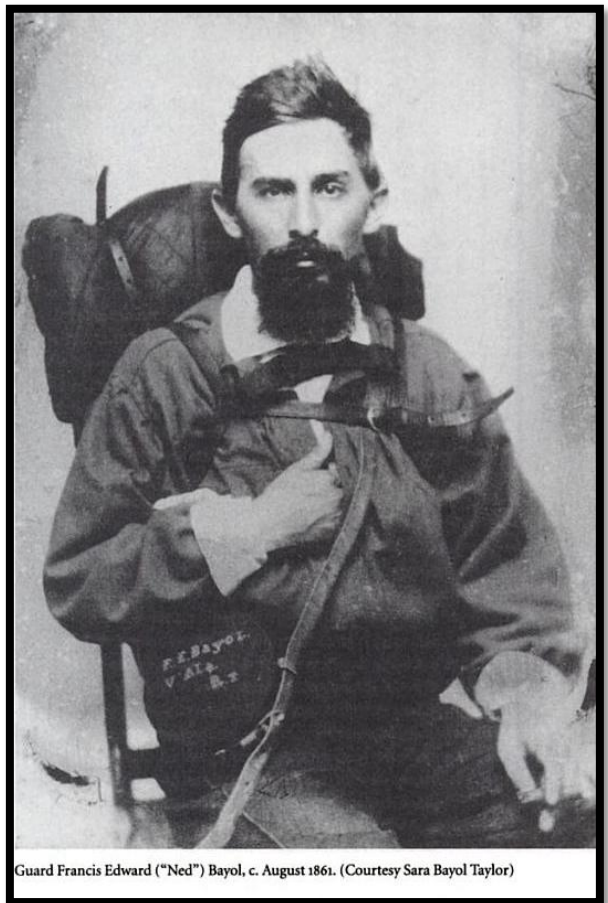
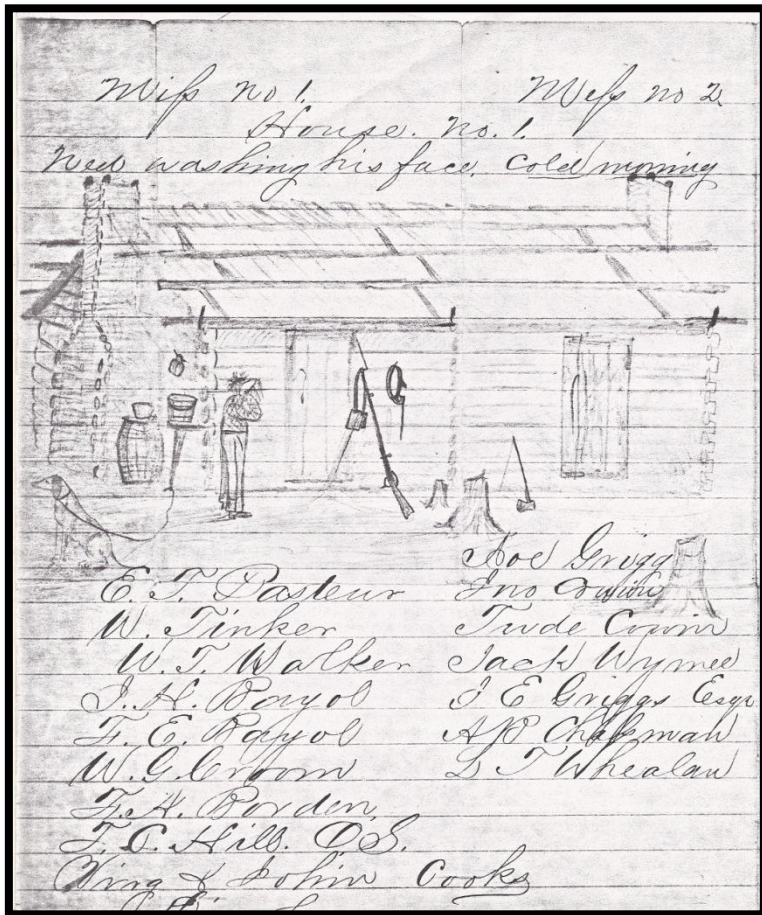


This portion of a letter was written by Julian Honore (Jules) Bayol, of the 5<sup>th</sup> Alabama Infantry, Company D to his family in Greensboro Alabama. Julian and his brother Francis (Ned) were in winter camp on the Occoquan River at Davis Ford. The letter was sent to us courtesy of Permelia Burgess Bayol Eggerton, through her son, John Eggerton.

Jules, the letter writer was the ggg Uncle of John Eggerton and Ned his gg grandfather.

The letter transcript follows the graphics.



Guard Francis Edward ("Ned") Bayol, c. August 1861. (Courtesy Sara Bayol Taylor)

After food, the Guards directed their attention to shelter, especially as the Virginia winter approached. The Fifth Alabama moved twice more before finally establishing winter quarters about five miles below Manassas Junction. There each mess began to fell logs for its own cabin. In three hours, four men could cut as many as fifty pines into fourteen-or sixteen foot logs. The logs were then notched and fit together. With a rough roof and bunks at one end the men were snugly situated before the ground had frozen.

Picture of Ned Bayol and the above text were retrieved from [www.books.google.com](http://www.books.google.com), March 8, 2011, Guarding Greensboro, G Ward Hubbs, Athens and London, University of Georgia Press, 2003, page 117

Edgar J. Bay  
 Cabin Home Davis Ford Va  
 8 January 1862

My Dear Parents  
 We have just finished dinner and I have nothing to do for a while or will devote a few minutes to those who I know would like to hear from us. Yesterday "Sunday" I was on Camp-Guard, & had a good opportunity of thinking of my dear happy home and its dear inhabitants whilst walking my lonely post last night about 9 O'clock. I was standing on a high hill in a few hundred yards of our little village with my arms folded across my musket, watching the beautiful moon as she quietly glided along her path of pearls and seemed to whisper that she could see the home of my youth and that all were well. Oh! How I did wish for wings to fly her height that I may also see the same sight but then I thought if I were to fly to the moon I would have to desert my post and that would not do for a Southern Soldier so wiped away a few tears that had stolen down my cheek "while thinking of home," about-faced and continued my lonely tramp until relieved by the 3<sup>d</sup> relief, returned to the guard house, took a short nap, then returned twice more to my post before day.

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Edgar Bay  
 for Blands Ford, on the Occoquan the guard of new bridges about five miles from here, they will return tomorrow, these bridges are guarded to prevent anyone from burning them. When Obed left this morning he looked like a little fat shoat broad as high, with his blanket, accouterments and gun all on.

I must confess that out of all the men in our company and the boys we used to know at home to, Ed Pasteur is the only one who is the same as at home, not changed a particle. We three cling together like brothers. This is the place to find out who is who, I will except Jack he is the same as old Joe.

We received a very affectionate letter from Bro. today giving us a description of his...

Cabin Home, Davis Ford, Va., Jan. 10, 1862

My dear parents, we have just finished dinner and I have nothing to do for a wonder so will devote a few minutes to those who I know would like to hear from us.

Yesterday "Sunday" I was on camp guard and had a good opportunity of thinking of my once happy home and its dear inhabitants whilst walking my lonely post last night about 9 O'clock. I was standing on a high hill in a few hundred yards of our little village with my arms folded across my musket, watching the beautiful moon as she quietly glided along her path of pearls and seemed to whisper that she could see the home of my youth and that all were well. Oh! How I did wish for wings to fly her height that I may also see the same sight but then I thought if I were to fly to the moon I would have to desert my post and that would not do for a Southern Soldier so wiped away a few tears that had stolen down my cheek "while thinking of home," about-faced and continued my lonely tramp until relieved by the 3<sup>d</sup> relief, returned to the guard house, took a short nap, then returned twice more to my post before day.

Obed & Ed Pasteur were detailed and left this morning for Blands Ford on the Occoquan to guard a new bridge about five miles from here. They will return tomorrow. These bridges are guarded to prevent anyone from burning them. When Obed left this morning he looked like a little fat shoat broad as high, with his blanket, accouterments and gun all on.

I must confess that out of all the men in our company and the boys we used to know at home to, Ed Pasteur is the only one who is the same as at home, not changed a particle. We three cling together like brothers. This is the place to find out who is who, I will except Jack he is the same as old Joe.

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