

E.P. Norman Letters

Camp Near Murphriesborro [sic], Tenn.,

December the 25th. 1862.

My Dear and Affectionate Wife and Little Children;

I for the last time seat myself to write you a few lines to let you know that I have heard my centance [sic] and it is death. I am to be shot to-morrow the 26th. Dear wife and children, I see that I must die and I never on earth can meet you any more, but thank God I have faith to believe that I will meet you in a better world. Dear Wife, I havent [sic] language to tell you my feelings at this time when I think of leaving you and my little children never to meet again on this earth. It dont [sic] seem like I can bear it but I am condemed [sic] to die and no doubt but this time to-morrow will be sleeping in the cold grave.

They have the power to kill the body but the soul will ascend on high. Dear wife, I want you to get along the best you can and not grieve for me for we have all got to die sooner or later.

This world is a world of trials and tribulations, our pleasures are now done on this earth but I hope we will meet in Heaven where parting will be no more. Dear wife, I want you to try to raise my children right, treat them as well as you can and teach them to put their trust in God who is able to save them. Dear wife, I havent [sic] any mind to compose a letter at this time. I think of you and the little children I am leaving behind but I am bound to go and the time is fast approaching. It looks hard after going through the fatigue that I have and exposure trying to defend the rights of my country and after all I must now be put to death for going home to make some necessary preparations for my little family while others that left at the same time are not even arrested.

This December 26th. 1862.

My dear wife, I havent [sic] but a few moments to live. I am listening every moment when I will be called out for execution. Never has there passed over my head such a night as the one just passed.

Dear wife, I have given my pocket book to James M. Tidwell with \$2.25 in it to send to you by Mr. Campbell and two small pieces of tobacco, my pocket knife and my clothes, all but these I have on. Give my knife to little Stephen and dear son, it's the best thing your papa ever expects to give you and I want you to keep it in remembrance [sic] of me. I want you all to be good children and mind your mother and try to conduct

yourselves here on earth so when you come to die you will be prepared to meet God in peace. Dear wife, the time has arrived when I must go to the place of execution and now the last words to you is I see we can no more meet on this earth but I want you to meet me in a better world than this. May the Lord be with you while you are here on this earth and when you come to die may He receive you in an upper and better Kingdom is my prayer, your true husband,

So good bye for awhile,

E. P. Norman.

Company "C" of the 28th Alabama volunteers

Army of Tennessee