Camp Gregg, Va.
May 14th, 1863.

My dear Old Bob,

I received your last, while we were momentarily expecting the enemy to attack very near and the circumstances were altogether unfavorable. I appreciated it highly.

The great basis of our confidence which shed such lustre upon Southern arms was a surprise to the army as well as to the country. Our confidence prior was interrupted by such unwelcome tidings as always precede a battle. Then came invention of "The Truth" said Bumby. I am and was in a great time then. The cannon opened their mouths and the river, the enemy was in motion, having the river as a common center, and in a few hours his army was marched on and around the hills near Fredericksburg. But the enemy did not intend to strike there. His main force were above near Tilley's Ford. The eyes of Lee were on him and at day dawn, the main portion of the rebel army had changed its base and stood confronting the foe.

At sun up Jackson was hovering upon the right flank and rear of the enemy. Bumby's division began the attack and drove the enemy back with dreadful slaughter for several miles. At mid-morning the Yankees made a stand. The hills in their immediate being covered with their artillery. Then such a cannonade
such batting, such volleys of grape and canister, such a beautiful pyrotechnical display as none ever witnessed before. The picture is impressed upon my mind by incalculable characters. Through this we moved to our line, and Jackson was there, with his two lines of infantry, and Stuart was in command. He led us into position in a dense wood so near to the foe that we heard the Yankees talking and erecting breastworks. Skirmishing continued all night with little cessation. At daybreak we charged the cornfield works of the enemy and captured them, killing, wounding, and capturing more than our number engaged altogether and part of the prisoners expected under upon the officers' and enlisted men's.

"To the Empire! Our men were in fine spirits and fought admirably, driving the enemy back from every position he assumed, and finally forcing "Fighting Joe" to seek shelter for his beaten army. "The best in the Union; on the mouth bank of the Rappahannock."

What I relate is to your understanding, as the press has kept you advised. That I could relate that would be new to you is the part our Regiment took, but then that is rather of historical value another week of hardships and battles. I must never to be again, as I never saw before. The authorities upon the visible results of its battles. The estimate prisoners is
from eight to ten thousand. The Abolitionists must have lost from 20 to 25000 in killed and wounded. Our loss may reach 10000; of this number a very great proportion is slightly wounded.

Our joy is tempered with mourning. While we rejoice, grief is in every heart. The hero, the army loved and the country trusted, is no more. Need I tell you that a pall of sadness hangs over the 2nd Army Corps? He was the General of our love. See we reverence, in his presence silently uncov'd our heads; but "Homeville", we loved, and thousands of cheering welcomed him wherever he went. I saw him in his last battle. The look of affection, than the expression of rejoicing, be foes. The shells were bursting around him, yet there was the same quiet expression of determination in his face and the same fine gleam in his eye, that charmed him. He held a map in his hand, and was directing a courier. No brilliant uttus followed him; no golden trimming nor splendid caparison about him. He bore his brunt with composure. He was shot in front among his staff in company with the 7th. A college of staff. As he fell, the whole staff dismounted and placing him upon a litter, were bearing him to the rear, where a second volley killed one of the litter bearers. The litter fell to the earth and the sun was buried in the dirt. After his removal to a private house, he survived is the application of ice to the bruised place. This produced inflammation from which he died on Sunday last.
He was delirious for some time before his death, and was fighting a battle in his last moments. His last words, (so I've understood), were, "Order forward the infantry to the front."

Who his successor will be, we do not positively know. Old Ewell, who possessed Jackson's confidence more than any other General, is mentioned in connection with the command of the corps. A P. Hill is equally meritorious, but Ewell is his senior.

The Yankee captured manifest a very great desire for peace, and our army has never been more sound. We have tried as they have captured.

It is rumored that Wood's division is in route to Little Rock.

Give my regards to Miss Smith.

Write soon. I remain,

In affectionately,

[Signature]

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