My dear Miss Chloe,

I received your last, when we were momentarily expecting the enemy to attack us, and tho’ the circumstances were altogether unfavorable, I appreciated it highly.

The great battle of Chancellorsville which shed such lustre upon Southern arms, was a surprise to the army as well as to the country. Our comfortable quiet was interrupted by such unwelcome sights and sounds as always precede a battle. There was “mounting in hot haste” and hurrying to and fro. In a short time after the cannon opened their mouths on the river, the army was in motion, having Fredericksburg as a common centre, and in a few hours Lee’s army was massed on and around the hills near Fredericksburg. But the enemy did not intend to strike there. His main forces were above near Kelly’s Ford. The lynx eyes of Lee were on him and at next day-dawn, the main portion of the rebel army had changed its base & stood confronting the foe. At sunset Jackson was hovering upon the right flank and rear of the enemy. Rhodes’ Division began the attack and drove the enemy back with dreadful slaughter for several miles. At mid night the Yankees made a stand. The hills in their immediate being covered with their artillery. Then such a cannonade, such shelling, such volleys of grape and canister, such a beautiful pyrotechnical display none ever witnessed before. The picture is impressed upon my mind in ineffaceable characters. Through this fiery ordeal we passed slowly. Jackson and Hill had been wounded, and the cavalier Stuart was in command. He led us into position in a dense woods so near to the foe that we heard the Yankees talking and erecting breastworks. Skirmishing continued all night with little cessation. At day break we charged these formidable works of the enemy and captured them, killing, wounding and capturing more than our number engaged. Altogether our part of the performance reflected credit upon Georgia, and illustrated the “Old 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 on the planet”, on the north bank of the Rappahannock. What I relate is to your ears but a stale repetition, as the press has kept you advised. What I could relate that would be new to you, is the part our Regiment took, but then that is rather egotistical. Such another week of hardship and battle I trust never to see again, as I never saw before. The authorities differ as to the visible results of the battle. The estimate of prisoners is from eight to ten thousand. The Abolitionists must have lost from 20 to 25,000 in killed and wounded. Our loss may reach 10,000; 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. Lee we reverenced, and in his presence silently uncovered our heads; but “Stonewall” we loved, and thousands of cheers welcomed him wherever he went. I saw him in his last battle. He looked more robust than I’ve ever seen him before. The shells were bursting around him, yet there was the same quiet expression of determination in his face and the same fire gleaming in his eye, that always characterized him. He had a map in his hand and was directing a courier. No brilliant retinue followed him; no golden trimming nor splendid caparison were about him. He bore his wound with fortitude. He was shot in front riding in company with Gen. A.P. Hill & staff. As he fell, Gen. Hill & staff dismounted, and placing him upon a litter, were bearing him to the rear when a second volley killed one of the litter bearers. The litter fell to the earth and the Gen. was bruised in the side. After his removal to a private house he persisted in the application of ice to the bruised place. This produced pneumonia, from which he died on Friday last, May 10. 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 Yankees captured manifest a very great desire for peace and on any terms. They were more proud than mortified at their capture.

It is reported that Hood’s and Pickett’s Divisions are in route hither.

Give my respects to Miss Mary.

Write soon. I remain

Very respectfully
Yours, &c,

Eugene S. Mitchell