My dear,

Why I’ve neglected to write is already known to you. I thank God that I was still spared to the peace of battle to converse with her to me so earthward near. The ten days just elapsed have been days of hardship and bitter, bitter toil. The battle fought has been bloody. The victory won to my cause, most glorious and meaner planked. I feel truly grateful, feel that the Lord has covered my head in the day of battle and that of the many who faced the leader’s task I was still in the land of the living. The bloody contest, after closed resulted most gloriously to our armed and the self-inflicted hero. With her, has been most, really defeated. The battle of Chancellorsville, as facts have come, proves the peerless generalship of Lee and the matchless courage of his army. Outnumbered two to one, the rebels attacked the fighting column. (The clear observation at Fredericksburg being a fact) of the enemy, and drove them with immense slaughter from strong positions admirably fortified. We well succeeded to a ford on the River, where the Merciful Providence stayed the effusion of blood. But for the same, many many more houses would now be dotted in sorrow and uttering the lamentations of narrative.

The main outline and general issues are already discussed to appear out the part and brigade and Night.
took me in that frightful contest, I must relate.

We were startled by the heavy cannonade on the river on Wednesday of last week. Couriers were galloping to and fro and old soldiers well knew that "something was up." The alarm was sounded, and we hurried at a double-quick to the place where the enemy had been. Preparations were made for battle, and our brigade was placed in the ditches. We remained there for 20 hours. In the meantime Lee had heard such intelligence as confirmed his pre-"vision" that the demonstration at Fredericksburg was a feint to cover more important movements and that the enemy had a force considerable in size on the north side of the Rappahannock at Kelly's & eps Ford. There were one of Generals in considerable movement. The Yankees would be caught in his own trap. The battery now lying at day dawned, the 2nd Army Corps was on the march. Marching 16 miles at halts as woolwich A.D., formed a line of battle. But was considerably diminishning in the morning by the divisions that had preceded us, but no fighting of any consequence. The enemy fell back to a stronger position, the wall was apparent to old Jackson. His troops remained still until the morning when we were again ordered to march. The march was to reach a point on the enemy's right flank and rather in line was 2 miles, but the route extended 16 miles. The march was a forced one, uninterrupted, save by an attempt of the enemy to capture our wagon train, which was easily checked. At dusk we arrived at...
The fight the evening had been awaited by Rhodes. As we drew near, there was some distance where the actual evidence of a battle were seen. Dead and wounded horses and men, blankets, clothing, captured artillery, and cannonades and musketry were heard and seen in the distance. The sounds of musketry and death were heard as amidst these scenes of bloodshed and death. Jackson and A.P. Hill had been surrounded in the afternoon, and the Cavalier heart was re-enforced. He led us where grape and canister were riddling the wood. Hills were shooting, and musketry was rattling. It was 12 P.M. when we went into action. The clouds were grey and foreboding with the breath of a displeased God. The continued volley of musketry and the tenacious grasp of steel illuminated the heavens, yet no one faltered, no one retreated. For our enemy was not fierce, and our brothers were the best. Thus, we marched in blood and splintered chain batteries, determined to do battle for the Union. As the grape fell thick around us, yet there was no craven heart to falter. Our heart Him and led us into positions. We took the place assigned us silently within 200 yards of the enemy, the sound of whose musketry was heard all night. It was creating breastworks for protection.

At daybreak we were aroused by the command, "Attention! Take Aim! Shoulder arms! Charge! Bayonets! Forward. Doublequick! and in 15 minutes we were in possession of the breastworks and pursuing the enemy. The time elapsed was brief. I hardly know how it was done. Suffice it to say the material results were most favourable.
for us. Our Brigade was captured and killed gallantly in our Company, which was always in the advance. The enemy we fought was the Brigade of the famous Weld's. Our Regiment was highly complimented in some of the best fighting we ever saw. On the following day we were assigned a post of honor, but no attack was made in our line. There was fighting in the left, the enemy this greatest battle of his career being estimated at (shown at the enemy's) 10,000 prisoners of war, 600 killed, 1,500 wounded, 3,000 captured. The 1st Lieut. Ewing was killed just as the battle opened. The left of our Company was 3 slightly wounded, none were disabled. Thank God!

My love, how I've longed to see you; how many earnest thoughts have I had in regard to you. Now, a day, an hour, an hour, has escaped; my lips have thought of you, my gentle being, whose heart, Thine, with my own whose very existence is wrapped with my own. Let us pray for a time when our separation will be no more, and our pledged vows be fulfilled in the consummation of our love.

I am in tolerable health only. Write soon.

Your love,

[Signature]