Aug. 26th, 1864.

In the Field.

Dear Miss C, 

Three long weary months and snow have elapsed since I last wrote. It is needless to offer an apology for such silence, as you know it is the greatest pleasure to rec. a letter from you or to invite one to your address. But such a campaign as the present, priviliges are denied from necessity, and that of correspondence in particular by reason of the closing and cutting of communications.

In all this time I had not forgotton you I never can. Hence the two letters of yours received a day or two since, had to need to remind me of an epistolary obligation.

Events as you are aware, determining the destiny of a Continent, have transpired since my last. Unlike Ajax in his contest to the Queen concerning the siege of Troy I have been a
small part" in this great campaign. How well I've performed that part, and how much I've recognized my individual responsibility, let our easy conscience tell. I feel profoundly thankful to the kind disposition of events that I've been spared, while many more valuable than I, have shed their life's blood upon our country's altar. I will not attempt to give you my experience of the campaign; the press has acquainted you thoroughly with the great facts and glorious (facts) results, which add to the fame of Lee & Grant; and you would tire at the narrative of one of the lines who is regarded as the "Tommy Pickering" in "Old Army on the Potomac Tonight."

I am now situated advantageously on the division line of the Information. On picnic.
200 yds. distant is the Yankee line, and from our position we can see for miles into the rear. Upon the heights opposite the enemy has erected batteries of enormous strength and of all sizes and patterns of gun from the 10 pounder Parrott rifle to the immense 300 pounder mortar. Just to the left is the famous Battery with which they batter the tracts of Petersburg and far to the right are their mortars aimed to the submarine purpose. Day and night with short intermissions these monsters spew from iron monuments immense projectiles, which alight upon ambulances, women, and children, in the good little city of Petersburg. But the hill bristles with cannon for other objects, and artillery booms all day long, and as mightily enthralls the sleepy pickets with grand pyrotechnics.
displays. Mortars are fired from both lines, and at night you see a ball of fire going through the air like a meteor, and low whir, like the puff of a locomotive, accompanied with a screaming noise, like the cry of a bird. Then it comes that's a 64-pounder mortar shell. Here goes a 300 pdr. with the noise of a dozen R.R. trains and a whole flock of wild geese. The very earth shakes under the explosion, and small fragments are distributed in profusion over the area of half a mile. Our batteries respond with spirit, and evince more pluck if they are not so heavy. The enemy has withdrawn his guns to a point under cover of the hill. Before we shot and looked into the very mouths of the deep-throated monsters, and when they opened
our picket line moved about the trenches, and several Yankee artillerymen have escaped from the parapet of the fort and hidden lifelines in the dark running river below. Hence the enemy erected fort in the rear, and now fires with impunity.

We are looking anxiously for peace overtures. The North is in the eye of revolution (political), and I believe the overthrow of the administration will bring peace. Anyhow this year ends the war. I cannot say that it may be an honorable one. But the campaign in Ga. decides the issue. Push the boys to the front—sick, old, well, cripples and objects of mercy. There is need for all. The men fight in trenches. Let the hospitals empty themselves, and Georgia's salvation will have been accom
plished. In after years whether enduring or enslaved, armies will attack to those who have refused to accept the soldier's lot in this revolution, with the chances of a soldier's grave. Oh! where is the boasted glory of the South, where her own sons, native to the soil, turn a deaf ear to the calls of country while the foe strives to tear the chains upon our limbs? Thank God—my conscience is satisfied, and if I fall in this late hour in the contest, my life is a willing sacrifice.

Write soon. Have you heard from Vada?

I am uneasy, with regards to him.

My kind regards to Mrs. Palmer, to whom by her soldier husband may God grant a long life of lost usefulness. Remember me to Mrs. Hammond.

Yours truly, E.L. Mitchell.