My dearest Charlotte,

All seems like a dream. For several days my duties have been so laborious and absorbing I can hardly tell you what channels my mind has been running in.

As I told you some time since I commanded the Sharp Shooters of the Brigade, and I am engaged almost every day with the Enemy, sometimes warmly, sometimes slightly.

I take my command and fell of the Enemies flank, and often run with their scouts. I have fought three times {their cavalry} since I have had the pleasure of writing to you. The hardest was on yesterday. We came in contact with their Cavalry about 3 o’clock P.M. It commenced raining simultaneously. They shelled me furiously but, I drove steadily about four or five miles when darkness enveloped us all.

The rain fell in torrents and the darkness was almost Egyptian and we (were) wet and shivering with cold and knew not when we might be ambuscaded but halted about 8 P.M. Lost about six men out of my command. Captured a few Yankees, killed several horses, and captured some.

The Cavalry paid us a compliment. When we first became engaged, our cavalry were falling back. They saw us advancing, enquired what Sharp Shooters we were. And being told that they cheered Carson’s S. Shooters, and exclaimed they were always in the right place at the right time. Darling I tell you this but would be too modest to tell it to the world, lest I be considered boastful. You will not call me so will you? My Dear Charlotte I have passed through a most trying ordeal of late. The campaign has been most [,,], and the weather bad, in the day I could snatch only a moment at a time, to think how much I loved you, and at night when I would fall upon the cold damp ground, and flatter myself how happy I would be thinking about my dear Charlotte, cruel sleep would steal my thoughts away.

Ever and anon though the dark night, the rain falling full in my face would wake me, but exhausted nature would not be baffled, and soon I was asleep again.

Dearest I bear it all for you, and if you will continue to love my I will continue to glory in these privations. I hold no flattering provisions to see you soon, but I have a deep and abiding conviction that we shall be happy in each other’s arms before Christmas arrives.

I got no letters from you at all. Bobbie brought the last I have received.
Oh how much I want to see you cannot be expressed. Our happiness when we meet shall atone for this long separation, and I will love you to my heart’s content. Darling let me live in hope.

Bobbie’s health is not good. I tried to get him to go back to the hospital but he would not. He keeps along with us though he is not on duty, we [lost?] want our overcoats sent to us by the first opportunity. The weather here is beginning to be cool, I begin to feel some […] about the fate of Atlanta. Late Northern papers report its capture on 2nd […]. If it be true, abide your fate wait patiently, probably our corps will be sent to Georgia’s rescue, and then woe be the foe who treads her much loved soil. If not and they take the state still be patient and be brave until the clouds be dispelled and all be bright again. Won’t you do this for my sake? I know you will.

Rufus is all right except his toe which he stuck with a bayonet […] four days ago. Sergt Dixon and C. [Wattis] will […] sends his best wishes and tells me to say to you he is now preparing supper. I [chose?] to help him. Dearest continue to be a good little Girl and make anybody love you as much as I do. Do this all for me and whether I live long or die soon I will love you to the end. Let us remember our God in these troubled times. Good bye.

Your devoted Husband

Joseph