Dear One's at Home,

I suppose you think it is time I was writing, as I have been in the land of living, and again I shall give you an account of my wonderings for the last ten or twelve days. I think you will understand me of any intentional delay.

We left our old Camp on Tuesday the 28th of April, marched to Hamilton Crossing, which took all night. The next day I might under the shelling of the enemy's cannon shot from on the high ground, somewhere near the morning of the 29th. We left Hamilton's in a dense fog (which concealed our movements) moved up the river (above hamilton) ten or twelve miles driving the enemy slowly before us. Camped that night on an open field, all feeling that on the morrow we would have to engage the enemy of our evening. In the morning of the 30th of May, we advanced slowly up the road, shelling occasionally. To find out the position of the enemy. As we advanced up a hill we had driven in all their pickets. I found the main body of the enemy still standing behind for an order, the trees, which I suppose our Generals thought...
Too strong to attack, so Gen. Jackson taking a column commenced a flank movement to their right, forcing the Union forces to retreat. Gen. Stuart cleared the road as we advanced, after three or four hours we placed our division a mile in the rear of the enemy's line which extended about the Orange & Black's strong plank road for three or four miles in length, joined by the other divisions of the army. It was painfully slow as the planks had turned our line of march. The distance from our line of march was to be the greatest defeat the Federal ever saw. And I thought we were to suffer so many valuable lives. We came out of the works which had been ours to evacuate our movements into an open field expecting every moment to engage the enemy just as they were so much taken by surprise that our report had driven their whole line, capturing one battery and about 300 prisoners also killing one Brig. Gen. Brinley. We continued driving their rear until mine believe at night, having crossed one line of the works which the...
Enemy had hastily thrown up soft and
fort in their rear, lying down behind the
front works we intended going until morn-
ing to renew the fight but the evening think-
ing to retreat himself made a night attack
by which they probably succeeded in
turning one of our batteries but soon we
were in line again. It accomplished our
battery of the Union with quite a number of
mines, was in this fight that Gen
Jackson lost his arm, but no one
knew it until after march, as the old
Kens calmly sat upon his horse all the
time, though his own arm was limbless for
10.

The next morning (Sunday) every one knew
that the most terrible battle of the war must
be the that we marched slowly down the road
all the time under fire of several batteries
of the enemy, we at first were on the
left of the flank and thinking that the
main body of the enemy were posted there
but soon we found out from the pressure
on our right that it was the enemies front
and front so we had to cross the road
covered by the enemies cannon, here
many a noble southerner fell to rise no
more among them Gen. Peyton who was
shot in the head, from which he died.
Shortly after words, a piece of shell struck my knapsack but was too insignificant to hurt me, and what about a quarter of a mile to the left I took position behind the front line of the enemy's earthworks from which they had just before been driven; as soon as we were in line our guns opened and began to fire. Gen. Shinn, in being in command of the corps (Gen. Jackson still in the rear) called out for the old storm yell, and as soon as I went over the breastworks with a yell which was answered by a shower of leaden hail, feeling rather cold to think that the prayers were not efficacious for our protection. I became almost delirious with dizziness though men were yielding thick. I just as well commanded the bullets and commenced firing at the enemy. About 100 yards distant, me with a piece until almost every man was killed or wounded. The force of the enemy being so much greater than ours Maj. Gen. Remington commanding our regiment in charge in order to pull back fired it was to give our men some idea of what was going on. I did not know where I was, and in the midst of our regiment one killed or wounded as all his regiment were.