

of deep  
down in  
over our  
couches on  
account of  
the death  
of General  
Jackson.

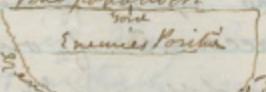
He was taken  
away from us  
as a loss of him.

He wrote his  
last will we  
do not feel  
we can raise  
such a sum  
as a hundred  
pounds

I have written  
a letter to the  
young people  
here to do what  
they can for us  
and I hope  
you will do  
the same.

days ago & have not yet received an answer, it is  
suppose it is owing to the irregularity of mails  
between here & Staunton caused by the late raid  
of Gen Stone man & not from any irregularity at  
home.

On my last I gave you an  
account of our movements up to Sunday evening  
I will give you an account of our operations  
since that time. Sunday night we slept  
on the battle field with the wounded & dead  
of both armies. Monday morning we moved  
on towards the enemy who was now retreating  
towards the Rappahannock, we kept on until  
we came up to him, posted on a strong high hill  
strengthened by formidable breast works, many of the  
prisoners who came in that morning said they  
had another Malvern Hill ready for us. The country  
here is of such a nature that the attacking  
party labors under great disadvantages, having to  
advance through an almost endless forest, which  
gives the enemy means to throw up breast works  
at every two or three hundred yards with very  
little labor, which the attacking party have to carry  
at the point of the bayonet, there being no means  
of bringing artillery to bear upon them, except

where the road for supplies crosses the river,  
thereby causing us to lose a great many men  
whilst the enemy suffer comparatively little.  
Owing to this I suppose Gen Lee determined  
to force the enemy from his position by strat-  
egy, so he commenced throwing up breastworks  
around his position, & I can not describe the  
manner in which this was done unless I  
make a rough sketch of the position, which  
will thus.   
So you see Gen Lee  
had him cut off on both  
sides of <sup>the river</sup> <sup>Lee's position</sup> The river leaving  
only one means of retreat viz across the  
Rappahannock, he could not hold his  
old position because Gen Lee could cut  
off all provisions sent to him, to keep  
from crossing the river Gen Hooker ordered  
a movement to take place from Fredericksburg  
up the Rappahannock to force Gen Lee's right  
at then he (Hooker) could move down the  
river to Fredericksburg, but Gen Lee was  
again too smart for them, he about facing  
his right, marched down the river, (the men  
afraid to follow, for fear Gen Lee's left  
would get possession of the ford & his front  
also sending a division <sup>(Gen. Early)</sup> in his rear, as soon  
as Gen Sedgwick, who had charge of the  
Yankee force approaching up the river saw  
enclosed you will find \$100 more get me a pair of light boots

of my mother & I at 4. P.M. of every day now  
Gen Lee Early was in his rear & Gen And-  
erson in his front, he commenced retreating to-  
wards Fredericksburg & barely escaped being  
cut off by Gen Early, so Sedgwick escaped  
though badly wounded as Hinde son attacked  
him as he commenced his retreat expecting  
to drive him back upon Early & so capture  
all his force but the Dutchman was too  
fleet for Early & regained the North bank  
of the Rappahannock crossing where he came  
over, as he was crossing, our artillery played  
horse with his forces crowded on the pontoons.  
Gen Hooker finding his plans all foiled & ratios  
getting scarce determined to recross the  
river & claim a great victory & try another  
"On to Richmond" by a safer route & at a more  
favorable time. So thus ends the ninth book  
in The On to Richmond at the end of another  
Yankee General - Send me a boy if possible as

The next morning we were ordered to take  
up the line of march for Fredericksburg, but  
as our knapsacks were left some miles in  
the rear as we went into the fight we were  
sent back to get them, in doing this we  
had to pass over the battle field, & who can  
picture the horrors of that battle field?

Our own dead had been buried & wounded  
removed, but the Yankee dead & wounded  
lay thickly over the field.

Many had not yet had their wounds dressed  
& lay groaning on the wet ground, praying  
every passer-by to change their position  
or give them a drink of water & now as  
the excitement of the battle was over, our men  
did all in their power to alleviate their  
suffering, thinking not of them as enemies  
who had come to subjugate us, but as  
suffering & bleeding mortals.

Their dead lay thick upon the ground, some  
seemed as if they had died without  
a struggle & without any visible wound, but  
the small minie ball had done its work  
of death, others could hardly be recognised  
as human bodies, mangled & torn by the  
solid shot, shell, & grape, & these showed  
how awful had been their sufferings, with  
teeth clenched & their hands deeply buried  
in the earth, they seemed to have suffered  
agonies before death relieved them of their  
sufferings. & the poor horses were not spared  
these lay some torn utterly to pieces by  
artillery, others with their feet shot off endeavoured  
in vain to get up, our men manfully shot  
them as they would never get over their wounds.

After getting our knapsacks we marched  
to this camp which has been called Camp  
Payton in memory of Gen Payton.