

Williams fell even before we forded the first stream but Sgt. Wayne Alongo convinced them they could still carry on. The day ended in frustration, dear sister. Back at camp, many of us washed away the horror of the day with several mugs of O'Be'Joyful. Pvt. Nate Greene's banjo further eased our pain while we sang songs into the early morning hours.

Our final engagement on Sunday ended again without victory. Reinforcements increased our numbers to more than a thousand while the enemy held the entrenched high ground with almost as many. Although we were successful in taking the hill on the third frontal assault, they regrouped and drove us back down the hill resulting in many casualties. We then returned to camp and were given orders to strike the tents and prepare to evacuate the area. At this time my wounds became very painful and I was unable to assist in this endeavor. My beloved comrades came to my aid without being asked and for their efforts and concern, I will be eternally grateful. I doubt there exists a finer group of pards. Our wagons departed from Lovejoy Station and bivouacked north of Atlanta Sunday evening. On Monday, several us visited a museum of the future (who absurdly prognosticated a Northern victory) before heading south to our homesteads in Florida.

As I close, dear sister, please give my love to Mother and tell my Brother I will write him soon. I do not expect another battle until the first of November. For our land, our homes and our country, I remain

Most affectionately,

Your brother,

Captain Clay Kearney
2nd Florida, Company E

