

Chafins Farm  
Saturday (After October 27) 1864

Respected Wife,

I received a letter from you Friday morning saying you was well. I was glad to hear from you. Your letter came to me on the battleground. I am well and so is Jake. We are now both write a letter home to let you know that through the hand of Providence that we was spared. I and Jake and Varne are left to tell the story.

The morn of the 27 at five o'clock we marched about 4 miles and due up in line of battle and throwed out the skin m. line thay kept to work all day. At five o'clock we made a charge on the Rebs; went within 200 yards of thare works. Thay had a cross shot on us. It last about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of hour. Thay poured the canster and grape on us like hail. It seem that thare cod not be that thare could come a man out, but through the hands of Providence that we was spared. They had a crossfire on us; they throwed in thare canster and grape by the bushel. We poured in the lead to them, a perfect storm. I could here them say, "Oh boys, I am shot!" There was five boys in this company killed and one wounded. We fell back about a mile and camp thare for the night. In the morn I got your letter – I was glad to here from you. We lost our orderly. He was shot thru the head. I am sorry for he was a fine man. The Lieutenant was wounded in the shoulder by a spent ball.

I tend to look out for myself in such times.

We was within 4 miles of Richmond. I could hear the bell ring. The 18 corps was on our right. They was up to Faire Oak or Seven Pines. Jake had a close call. A ball went through his cape and his coat ( ? ) and came through the cape in front.

I want you to write all about my money, how much is left? You did not say anything about it in this letter. I am writing on my knee. I can't write good. I should like to know how the weather is and if it has been a nice fall. It rained here for the first time Friday. Since I have been here we have had frost night; cold night and warm days. I must close now.

So Good bye Harriet,  
This is company K

James L. Christman

I like a game of croquet, or bowling on the green  
    I like a little boating, to pull against the stream  
But of all the games that I love the best  
    To fill me with delight  
I like to take a ramble  
    Upon a starry night

Chorus

A starry night for ramble  
    In a flowery dell  
Throughout the bush and bramble  
    Kiss a nell narry tell  
A starry night for ramble  
    In a flowery dell

Oh go and tell them for me, to write me a letter from home.  
Oh go and tell them for me, to write me a letter from home.