

May 16, 1864

We praised the presence of clouds as the day was incendiary. Each cloud that graced us was praised with more gratitude than any comfort afforded us all morning long. The row commenced with our Cavalry skirmishing against theirs. A brief artillery duel followed fast on the heels of the retreating horsemen. I cautioned our new recruits of the perils of the deafening cacophony. After being held in reserve for longer than we desired, we joined the row, our two companies in earnest. Two pieces of horse artillery gave us quite a start as they wheeled their mounts in our direction. Fortunately, First Company put some hot flying lead in their direction and drove them off. Finally the enemy infantry took the field and we exchanged changed volleys for several minutes. The fire from our line was (hot) enough that we could scarcely grasp our muskets. Being compelled to hold them by their leather slings. It was most difficult for those among us who had no slings. Curiously the enemies main battle line became enamored with the zouaves and foolishly exposed their left flank to our enfilade fire. This had a disastrous effect on their line and fell back with alacrity, leaving among them fallen comrades behind. The latter we had to step over as we advanced. The enemy fell back and fortified the ground as the battle came to an abrupt and surprising end. But one soldier from 1st company, and none from ours were wounded.