

"Battlefield near Spottsylvania G. H.

Thursday May 12, 1864.

Marched nearly all night, 6 miles, through mud, rain and darkness. Drew up in line outside of a hill preparatory to making a charge. Made a desperate charge, known as Hancock's charge. Surprised the enemy and took many prisoners. Then we went in 'pell mell', 'helter skelter'. A few advanced, were obliged to fall back, rallying again, pressed on. The enemy in his cross breast-works was too strong for us, and drove us back. Rallying again, and then falling back, I was hit by a bullet in my left thigh. After falling was hit again in the neck. The rebels passed over my prostrate body. One stole my handkerchief. Our folks drove the rebels back, but, not advancing as

far as I was, it left me between the two  
lines. Lay under the whizzing of bullets  
all day. My companion, a N of boys,  
I know not. We lay together. Had nothing  
to eat, and no water to drink, except some  
two or three swallows of rain water caught  
in a small half pt. dipper. A cold and  
rainy day. Feeling when wounded in thigh  
I felt just as though I had received a very  
severe shock of electricity. My foot was  
completely paralyzed. My first thought  
when hit in the neck was, my jaw is gone.  
The day at length wore away and night  
shrouded us in darkness, but the sound of  
musketry ceased not, though it was not quite  
so constant as during the day."

"Field Hospital,

Friday, May 10.

After as comfortable a night's rest on  
the battlefield as could be expected, my com-  
panion and I were aroused by our skirmishers

and called within our lines. Crawled a  
long distance and then taken up on a  
stretcher. Saw our boys, both safe, and heard.  
Ambulance took me to the Hospital, where  
my good Doctor, Henson, dressed my wounds.  
"The Professor suggested that I should be moved to his tent and  
in 3 weeks." "Near Fredericksburg,

Saturday, May 11.

The army moving, I was taken to the Hos-  
pital, and then put into an Army Wagon of  
10 x 8' dock. After dinner of beef, bread and  
coffee, started for this place at one o'clock. Riding  
over the rough places, and there were many of  
them, made us groan or scream. Sometimes  
the driver seemed to have no compassion.  
There were four of us in our spring bed wagon  
and 10 or 12 miles showing part of the day."

[An extract from a section headed as follows]

Finley Hospital Ward 2

May 18 - June 20.

"My wounds healed up very rapidly. My neck  
was well in about three weeks. My ear was nearly

well when I left for home. My thigh healed  
in less than six weeks. I suffered little or  
no pain in them, but after ten days or a  
fortnight, my left foot that had felt numb and  
dumb, commenced to pain me, and  
pained me severely day and night. I  
could not sleep more than one hour at a  
time any night, with one or two exceptions.  
I could not touch my foot without hurting  
me, and even the weight of the sheet on the  
bed caused pain. This was nervous pain arising  
from my wound - the bullet having severed or  
injured the sciatic nerve."