

General Hoapt, No 2
Quincy Ill, Aug 3rd 1863

Dear Brother

I owe you an apology
for neglecting so long to write to you,
but I have no good excuse to offer.
Delilah has been down to visit me
and returned home this morning
after staying a week. I have some
prospect of getting a furlough for a
short time, soon, and if I succeed
in getting one shall endeavour to
visit our friends in Michigan, before
I return to the Hospital, It will be
a long time before I shall be able to
return to my regiment, if I ever get
able, which I much doubt, my wound
was very severe and none but God
knows what I have suffered, but I
have borne it cheerfully, and am
willing to suffer even more if by so

doing I can advance the cause of my
country and Humanity.

I received my wound on the 19th of
May at the first charge on the works
in the rear of Vicksburgh. our Brigade
charged on what was called Fort Hill.
we were drawn up in line behind
a ridge and ordered to lie down until
the arrival of the preconcerted signal
was given for the attack. we were
within three or four hundred yards of
the rebel works and they throwing shell
over our heads. cutting off the limbs of
the trees but doing us no harm.
when the order to charge was given
we started with a rush and a yell
up over the ridge and down the other
side where they had stacked the timber
to impede the progress of a storming
party. my position was colour bearer
and I had to go down a small ravine

which was in the hill side, I saw
one very large tree standing alone
near which I had to pass, but before
I reached it I was struck directly
under and about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch from
my left eye. - I did not fall, nor
did the colours go down, but calling
to one of the colour guard, to take it.
I then went and lay down behind
a fallen tree, expecting to bleed to
death soon as the crimson current
was flowing fast from my mouth
and nose. - after laying for fifteen
or twenty minutes, although I was fast
getting weak, I made up my mind
that I was not going to die, and then
wet my handkerchief from my canteen
and washed the blood from my eyes
and raised my head above the tree
to see where the regiment was, but
no sooner was my head above the
body of the tree than the balls began

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to whistle about my ears, and many of them struck the log quite too near to be pleasant. - I saw the regiment however with the colour still flying, sheltered by a bluff bank, where the rebels could not reach them, but you may be sure I did not long keep my head in sight. - I think I lay there half or $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour longer, when I had got so weak as to be scarcely able to walk and was still bleeding. I then got up and threw off my haversack (which I was unable to carry with its contents) and started up the hill, and the rebels began firing at me again, one ball passing through the skirt of my coat another passing so close to my left ear as for me to feel the wind from it as it whistled by, several balls striking a fence while I was getting over it, one of them within 4 inches of my hand as I put it on the rail; and others striking the ground like hail

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but fortunately I escaped further injury, and was soon out of their sight. I found our surgeon who succeeded in extracting the ball without any trouble, the ball apparently had struck the limb of a tree and was coming diagonally down as it passed through my hat rim over my left temple, it passed through the roof of my mouth cutting an ugly gash on the inside of my right cheek, and lodged at the angle of my jaw shattering it severely, I think I have taken out over forty pieces of bone, mostly quite small, from the size of a pin head to the size of a kernel of wheat, I took out two pieces from the inside - one of which $\frac{3}{8}$ and the other $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch long and very rough & ragged, I have also had two pieces full as long as those taken out of my neck just under the angle of the jaw, and I can feel still others that have got to come out before it will get well.

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The cords of my jaw are contracted so much that I cannot open my mouth wide enough to let a cherry between my front teeth. I think however that as my jaw gets better after the bones are all out that are fractured the cords will relax so I can eat with more comfort. I need not tell you that Delilah is very thankful for the present you made her, nor shall I soon forget the kindness you have shown her.

Give my love and best wishes to your family and our friends generally, write often as convenient and direct to

"General Hospital No 2 Quincy Ill,"

Respectfully & Affectionately

C. Cornell Esq

D. Bleornell

Ithaca N. Y.