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 now 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 recieved my wound on the 19th of May at the first charge on the works in the rear of Bickigh, our Brigade charged on what was called Fort Hill. we were drawn up in line behind a ridge and ordered to lie down while the arrival of the preconcetted 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 impec 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 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 to twenty minutes, although I was bad 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 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.
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
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 is and the other
inch long and very rough and ragged. I have also had two pieces full as long as these
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 bone 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. Albany NY."

Respectfully & Affectionately

C. Cornell Esq.
Ithaca N.Y.