**Account of**

**Being wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia**

**1864, June 5th:** We had a quiet night last night, the first one since being here though it rained nearly all night. After eating our breakfast this morning, I like others stepped out from the protection of the Breast Works to Shake the mud & dirt off my Blanket. While doing this & within half a minute a Musket Ball struck me in the right side & went though my body. The ball went though my Trousers Watch Pocket as near it center as one could place his finger, after going through me the Ball hit Thomas Brundrette of our Company hurting him at the time more than it did me, for in going through me spent much of its force. Brundrette gave a yell & said he was hit. Capt Long went at once to him & removed his clothes so as to see where he was hit in the back as he happed to be right behind me & probably saved his life, as if it had not hit me first it no doubt would have killed him. After Capt Long had looked at him & laid him on the ground I spoke to the Capt & told him I was wounded to when he told me to lay down to avoid being hit again & came to see where I was hit. Bullets had been spattering around since it became daylight but he had paid but little attention to them considering them as stray shots, but no doubt, though we were in a rear line of Works that we were in sight of Sharp Shooters & when stepping out of the Works they shot at us. Soon some of the boys started to carry us to the rear on Blankets which hurt every step they took, but soon met men having a Stretcher & put me on that which was much easier for me though expected to be hit again for could hear Balls go by us that seemed to be within a few inches of our heads. They finally got me to what was called the Field Hospital where they lay me on the ground on some Pine Boughs for a Bed & which was under a shelter from the Sun made of Boughs laid across Poles some 4 or 5 feet from the ground. Thought myself in luck for pretty soon Dr Tennant of our Regt & Julian N. Parker, our Hospital Steward came to me & dressed my Wound by putting a wet cloth over it, the Dr telling me it was only a Scratch, though when seeing him next about 3 months later he then said he never expected to see me again after dressing it the first time as he thought the ball had cut the Intestines. I lay here with other wounded men all of whom were strangers until Most night when all that could ride were loaded into Ambulances & Army Wagons. With another man I lay on Pine Boughs on the bottom of a wagon with a man wounded in the face sitting in the hind end & with the rest started for Whitehouse Landing. Much of the way the road was Corduroy two years before & was now so rotten the Wheels would break through shaking us up terribly. When on the move had to hang on to the side of the Wagon on my side to keep from being thrown on to the man side of me & would be so exhausted & tired would go to sleep the moment the wagon stopped which it did every little ways for those ahead of us to get out of our way.