

*(Second letter in May 16<sup>th</sup>, 1863 envelope is on one and one half sheets of lined stationery; one folded in half, and is written on six sides in ink.)*

Annapolis  
May 16<sup>th</sup>, 1863

My Dear Wife,

We arrived here this A.M. about 6 ½ - I immediately telegraphed to E.P. Hotchkiss the fact giving the names of prisoners from our company - Hope it will get through before night- Wrote you also by mail from Fortress Monroe yesterday which ought to arrive next Monday - Have written to Capt. Woodruff in camp giving him a statement of my capture - I have learned that the surgeon who expected to be returned first is still retained in Richmond - I gave him a letter for you which contained an account of my experience up to the 6<sup>th</sup> of May - But of course it never left Richmond - I lost my hat, boots, wallet, suspenders, pistol, belt, note book, knife, everything but my watch - Let me begin at Sunday morning the day of battle - The fight began before sunrise - I eat my tea and hard tack behind the breast work and didn't quite finish - Our knapsacks, and haversacks lay on the ground behind us - A rebel regiment soon after came up to our (**Pg. 2**) part of the line and poured in a shower of bullets - We lay still for two or three minutes and then opened upon them such a volley as laid out the great backs in fine style - They gave up and took their heels - We lay by expecting them to return - Meanwhile a rebel battery opposite to us on a hill opened a terrible fire over our heads - You can have no idea of the storm of iron that was hurled against the line - Fortunately we were so situated that the shell and shot went just above us: but another part of the line suffered dreadful slaughter - Again the rebels had formed and were advancing to assault our breastworks; but they changed direction and avoided the part where the 20<sup>th</sup> lay - The line on our left gave way and thus gave the enemy a chance to flank us - Orders were given to return by right - I did not hear the command, but seeing the men moving supposed it was a retreat and tried to oppose - I followed in the rear of the company along the breastwork about two rods calling upon the men to stop - Seeing they did so I thought the object was merely to get out from under the fire of the (**Pg. 3**) battery and I at once went back to my former place - At the 1<sup>st</sup> fire of the rebs, into us Augustus Hitchcock was wounded in the wrist - I immediately took his gun and loaded and fired as fast as possible - After going back as stated above I immediately opened upon every grey back I could see - In this way I was engaged when suddenly someone called upon me to surrender - Looking around I saw our men mostly gone - About a dozen not of Co. E. were skulking and crouching to avoid bullets and had thrown down their guns - The fellow who called to me was about 6 rods off and close to him stood 15 or 20 Union soldiers who had surrendered - "Throw down your gun" said he - "I won't" went back. "You must surrender" - "I won't surrender" I was loaded and my hand all ready to draw if he made any advance - Had he not stood in the midst of our men I should have given him a leaden pill - He stood a second as if deliberating and my eyes were riveted upon him with deep determination - Contrary to my expectations he turned away and went out of sight - I at once (**Pg. 4**) looked around for other enemies - None were to be seen just in front: but off at the right their sharp shooters were pouring into our retiring troops - I commenced shooting at these and though no more of the bear. Soon somebody called me

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by name and said stop shooting or you will be killed – I did not look around but I remember hearing voices say, surrender – The next instant a dozen bullets went whizzing around me and I realized that shots were coming from every direction – Expect directly in front as I was faced – How near they were to my back I did not look to see but sprang over the breastwork and walked down through the bushes intending to make a little detour and come into our lines – I knew the ground having been on picket there the night of our arrival at Chancellorsville – But emerging from the bushes into a cleared place and rising a little knoll, there stood a regt. of rebs drawn up – Of course I could not go that way. Falling back into the bushes about two rods I looked around and on every side were rebs – I could not see a blue coat except such as were being conducted away prisoners – I heard the command to advance from the regt. regt spoken of above – The entrenchments about 10 rods from me were now swarming with grey backs – To stir would be certain death or capture and I was resolved not to undergo either if I could honorably avoid it – All this while I thought our forces would rally and repossess the lost ground – If they should do so there would be a (**Pg. 5**) chance for me and hoping that such would be the result I concluded to try a little strategy and I cast myself upon the ground as if dead – Before I could conceal anything the regt. came up, but fortunately changed direction by the right flank at the edge of the bushes – I kept one eye open as they passed along and many a one seeing me exclaimed there is a dead Yankee – As soon as possible I hit my watch under the leaves – But before anything else could be got under, a party upon me; one took my pistol, another my wallet- another my map etc. – In this way the sting went on for three hours – Straggling rebs would pass, some feel of me, some ask – are you dead, Mr. ? (of course I didn't wake to tell them.) Some would discuss whether I had been an officer or not and so on – All this while I lay and listened and sweat, for the sun was hot, and a set of stupid fools they were for not discovering how I played them – It was amusing to hear their conversation – One fellow punched me lightly with his scabbard; another pulled me by the strap and wanted know where I was shot, but no one seemed to suspect a Yankee trick – Finally two decent looking fellows (for as they went away I sent a glance after them) came along – Their conversation indicated that they were gentlemen – They concluded that I was an officer (**Pg. 6**) one of them, feeling my hand, said I was not dead and ought to be taken care of – I thought no more of this then, they were the means of my final capture, for they went to their field hospital and reported a federal officer severely wounded up in the woods – In an hour or so some litter bearers and two surgeons came up looking for me – The spot where I lay had been described to them – This I understood from their conversation – Of course there was no use in being honest, in the hands of a surgeon – One, a green fellow, thought I had been stunned by a blow upon the head, having got his hand upon the hollow that is peculiar to my cranium – The other was a sensible man and knew enough to open my eye lid – and that instant I knew my dodge was over, (**Letter ends, no further copy.**)