

Camp near Chancellorsville

3rd Reg. Va. Cav. Troops

P. O. Adams, Richardson, Va.

May 4th 1863.

Joshua Collins Esq.

My dear Friend,

I have owed you a letter for some time, but if you know all I had from the work I have had to do, you would readily pardon my otherwise gross neglect. But you are known to have written me and I should make no further apology.

We are now leading a strange sort of life. The operation of the battle is over, and we have up to the present fact, that we are now in the woods - with but 2 or 3 tents, and a few boys from soldiers, with a vast multitude of turks, busy with eating, and a very little of it. I am not yet treated from the fatigues of the late engagement, neither have I had enough to eat for a few days. Bad bread, worse than any I have ever seen. East Wind - Oh my - the day learning to do very fast.

May 20th Since I wrote the last letter, we have had quite a severe march, leaving our old camp at night at 9 marching until 12 AM, then starting again this morning - I had only just stopped, probably may only remain here for the night, but of course do not know. Never know anything until all is over, or until we reach a place where we may be encamped.

I am sitting down on a log, but I should feel very a little occupied, I now have the care of a horse and find him very useful. I allow the officers to ride occasionally - & to-day especially. As usual the day has been - I was too comfortable to take the day. I think I had better a severe punishment, but I have not the leisure to complete some other matter.

With my dear friend I feel as usual, but

Mr. Judson Stevens of Mass. - Came over on the day of
Truce & got his sons body. He sent for me, & we sat me with
great courtesy, & offered to reimburse me for what I had
done for his son. I told him of how he got a letter from
my mother for me, & he felt more than repaid. He
said that he would not only do this, but that he
had told my mother, & told her all about me. I
wrote my mother by Judson Stevens & trust that she
has seen the letter by this time. I am rejoiced
will she be when you see my son. - There were many
interesting scenes we occurred during the battle. I was
walking on the road from one hospital to another when I
found a man in the hands of the dead lying dead
on a seat to the right, & found a Yankee in the very act
of death, I asked him if I could do anything for him?
He simply asked for water, I gave him some from my
canteen, & talked with him, I asked if he had ever been
captured; but it was too late. I had to leave him - alone -
for the day so many my services. When I returned I
found the body of my boy lying out - a 2nd time. Search-
ing for the body of my boy, I found him of his person &
all, & I saw another instance of a Yankee - being
killed by a man taking from him what
he had, before the death had from left his body.
This seems atrocious to me, but when you remember
how many have in winter with, & with a large
number of them are in power, I cannot fault
the soldiers for doing as they do, as I do not
own of fighting with a Christian, or a civilized man.
Think of the Yankees. When they were
driven back in the late battle, desisted in their
medicine chests with all their contents, & then coming
to us begging us for medicines for their own
wounded. Then again, the Yankee surgeons & their
own nurses did not attend to their people as they
should have done, & I am, & am sure, to them
obey them to do their duty. Indeed, if they had
only done as they did have done, I should not
have been compelled to serve the Yankee Army
any capacity - save that of a clergyman. But Mrs.
Judson - you can have no idea of the examples I should
not name which I met.

I have heard much & read of such sights, as
the English account of the war I think of
some such fighting, being done & terrible in the
system, I never had the least idea of before and
the scene was not far from it, we were therefore
sent to those miserable Yankoes & their women
laying all around, the woods & roads were
filled with dead men, many of them with
some few Yankoes were only lying on the
one with a hand left out of the ground, another the
hand sticking out, & this was not confined to one or
two instances but to several, you may see your ally
deadly wounded, his arms are raised up in the
air, still they are unopposed, & always un-
thanked, the day I buried 18 Yankoes, & many I
did bury for the whole part of time, then I
assisted in missing, both night & day, except the
day's morning when I did creep into some place,
& sleep for 3 or 4 hours, when I did get up
you at my labour again, generally the same spirit,
most of the day previous, Fortunately we were
only being this way for 6 or 7 days as our
and our main camp was to the rear at the earliest
point of movement, while the enemy had the left
hand in charge of his own, I was surprised to see
again ordered to the front, & establish another
hospital, which at length we were made one day
and has suffered considerably in the late
operations, happily, this fight is over & far as we
are concerned, but our determination what a day we
bring forth, - I find myself kept busy all the
time, visiting about the men, preparing sermons, at-
tending on the sick, & such like, the work is different
from that of a Parish Priest, I find myself always
on the go, with no time for rest save at night, but
then I sleep in an Ambulance, & have not as yet
found time to rough board, with my feet
between my body & the floor of the Ambulance, while I
get along remarkably well, & in the