

EXCERPT FROM LETTER TO MARTIN BUSHNELL'S FAMILY BY HIS
PRIVATE NURSE:

Private nurse, Mrs. Fannie Jackson, Georgia maintained correspondence with the Bushnell family into the twentieth century.

"My first experience among the Union soldiers was in May 1864. We had heard the roar of cannon for several days, north of us at Dalton, and were in constant expectation of the Confederates advancing on the Union forces. Sunday, 8th of May, I was reading a paper I had received and fell asleep. I was startled suddenly by a little girl bursting into the room and saying "the Yankees are in the pocket." (The pocket was a cove in the mountain a mile away.) I was somewhat startled as we did not expect the Army to move through the gap.

General McPherson had his headquarters near my house, General Hooker in the yard and General Le LoDuc was camped near by. In a few hours all we had was swept away by the relentless hand of war. Stock, growing crops, fencing there was nothing left. A surgeon belonging to the 16th Corp Hospital came and told me he was looking for a location for a hospital. I offered him my home (all I had left) for the benefit of a hospital and said I would give all the assistance I could. The offer was accepted and soon my house was filled with sick and wounded. For two weeks

I ate and slept but little giving all my time and strength to alleviate some of the suffering by which I was surrounded. When the hospital was removed to the front, I was recommended by the Surgeons and Officers of the hospital as Hospital Nurse in any hospital where I might apply.

On the 12th of June following I went into the General Field Hospital of Cumberland Two weeks after going on duty the Surgeon in Charge came to me and said he had found a relative of his badly wounded-had never seen him before but he knew he was a good fellow for he was kin to him. He wished I would take special care of him. He was soon brought in on his cot and I was introduced to him. I was drawn toward him at first sight. He was pale, and reduced from the extensive-- profuse bleeding of his wound and from exhausted from the extreme heat. Dr. Woodworth told the young man I was to be a Mother to him for the present. His name was Martin Bushnell. His classic face, resigned submissive look

and helpless condition made me feel that I had a patient who would be patient and a pleasure to take care of. I found it to be so. A more noble, patriotic, unselfish soldier I never met. I had the opportunity to know his every day life as I was his nurse and had him in my apartment and knew his every day life for four months. Martin Bushnell was cousin to the Surgeon in charge of our hospital, Dr. Woodworth. He was wounded in the ankle in front of Kenshaw Mountain and amputation was performed in the division hospital near the line of battle.

The hospital was shelled and torn away from over him. The attendants all fled and left him alone, but when the fighting was over he was borne away from danger, but the flight caused the stump to bleed profusely and when all was quiet and adjusted the flaps had grown cold and soon began slough off, making it an extremely bad case and the surgeon knew without the most skillful attention, he would be sure to die so decided to keep him in the hospital until there was a change for the better. I watched over him day and night during the long hot days of July and August, and never a complaint. His life was suspended by a thread during those weeks of pain.

His heroic life was not to be of long duration. His life was to be another sacrifice on his country's altar. The stump never healed completely. Two years later, his stump was re-amputated in Warren, Ohio by his cousin, Dr. Woodworth, and he died in a few hours. He was buried in the cemetery in Napoli, New York. The marble that marks his last resting place is mounted with a flag of his country. Underneath is an epitaph which was given me the honor to dictate.

According to records, after his discharge he was brevetted ~~First-Lieut~~ First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious services.

NOTE TO MR. DUNKLEMAN:

In Mrs. Jackson's letter to the Bushnell family, she also tells very vividly about her story of the confiscating of her possessions, even her ~~mi-~~ ^{mule} ~~horse~~-by the Union Forces, although she felt no resentment towards them and was-- felt that Northern Georgia did not wish to secede and felt slavery was wrong even though she had always lived in the south and even had a colored Mammy.

If you are interested in her story of her life and reunion with her husband after capture, we will be glad to send this to you, also. Her reunion with her husband was arranged by Dr. Woodworth who was a captured ~~Confederate~~-soldier.

Confederate

"our house was at Snake Creek Gap Ga 7 miles west of Resaca" precedes 1st line