

Manuscript accounts



2 July 1643

During a battle at Selby, I was shot in the wrist. This made the bridle fall out of my hand. The wound was near the nerves and veins and I lost a lot of blood, making me nearly fall from my horse. I held on to the horse's reins with my other hand and got clear of the battle.

I was fainting when my soldiers lay me down on the ground. My surgeon came as quickly as he could, bandaged my wound and stopped the bleeding. After a quarter of an hour's rest, I got back on my horse and rode for another 20 hours.

I arrived in Hull with my clothes blood-stained and in rags.

July 1644

At the battle of Marston Moor, we charged our horses after the enemy. In this first charge most of my men were hurt and many were killed. I was cut on my cheek and my horse was shot.

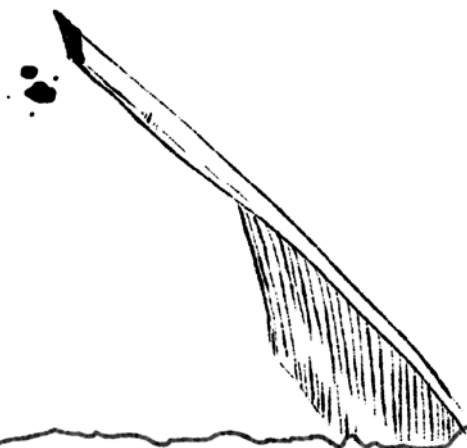
I returned to the battlefield to join my other troops. I found that I was surrounded by the enemy. I took the field sign out of my hat and pretended that I was one of them. In this way I passed through them until I reached my men.

Fact: There were no uniforms on the battlefield until the end of the war. Instead, soldiers were given a field sign, for instance a leaf to stick in their hats!

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August 1644

I went to Helmsley to capture the castle there. I received a dangerous shot in my shoulder and was brought back to York. For a while it looked as though I might not recover.



Dear father,

I am exceedingly troubled with the aches and pains of rheumatism and a cold numb feeling in my head, legs and arms, especially on the side where I was wounded.

God has helped me through many difficulties and will not expect more of me than I can bear

Your son

Thomas