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Officers of Company D & I, one of whom is Lt. Hunt. Lt. Hunt is identified as being in the picture but not his position in the line. Picture is a digital scan from the John Kelly Ross Papers held in the manuscript collections at MSU Special Collections & Archives, no copyright listed.

**The Civil War Letters  
of  
Andrew Lucas Hunt**

**Part 1 – Columbus, Kentucky (June 6 – July 30, 1864)**

**Compiled and transcribed by Dieter C. Ullrich**

*Lieutenant Andrew Lucas Hunt arrived at Columbus, Kentucky with Company I of the 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment on June 5, 1864. For the next 109 days he served in the Jackson Purchase area. He was an avid writer who documented the daily activities of a soldier stationed at Columbus, Paducah and Mayfield during the Civil War. He describes his daily activities as a soldier, the mass fortifications at Columbus, the politics of military command, the conditions at Paducah under*

General E. A. Paine and the Union occupation of Mayfield by Colonel W. W. McChesney in the summer of 1864.

Lucas, as he was known to his family and friends, was born at New York City on March 19, 1844 the son of English immigrants. He was one of eight children. His family relocated to Chicago in 1847 where his father, Edwin Hunt, established a hardware store on the west side of the city. He attended local schools and graduated from West Side High School. At age seventeen, he joined Colonel Ephraim E. Ellsworth Company of the "Chicago Zouaves" to learn military discipline and drill. He remained and worked as a clerk at his father's store during the early years of the war. In early May of 1864, Governor Richard Yates of Illinois called for 85,000 men to enlist for one hundred days to garrison the forts and military posts in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri to relieve veteran units for duties closer to the front lines. The 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois was organized at Camp Fry near Chicago on May 31, 1864. Hunt was commissioned a First Lieutenant in Company I. His regiment left camp on June 3 for Columbus.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Memorials of Deceased Companions of the Commandery of the State of Illinois Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, from July 1, 1901 to December 31, 1911 (Chicago: 300 Ashland Block, 1912), vol. 2, 261-62; Mabel McIlvaine et al., *Reminiscences of Chicago during the Civil War* (Chicago: Lakeside Press, 1914), 15-40; Illinois Military and Naval Department, *Report of the Adjutant General of the State of Illinois: Containing the Reports for the Years 1861-66* (Springfield, IL: Phillip Bros., 1900), vol. VII, 38-54; *Report of the Adjutant General of the State of Illinois: Containing the Reports for the*

Below are the letters he wrote from Columbus

**(to his Mother in Chicago)  
Columbus, Kentucky; Monday June 6, 1864**

Dear Mother<sup>2</sup>

I am about to commence this letter with an apology for not writing sooner. It seems as if we had been here more than a week though we only got here yesterday about 3 p.m. I wrote you from Cairo yesterday morning. We left Cairo at noon yesterday. We had a pleasant ride on the steamer *Nevada* down the Mississippi to this place about 30 miles. The river is quite low a great many logs are floating down. The river a week and a few days ago was about 4 ft. higher than it is now so the banks are very muddy. The city is situated on a bluff about 40 feet high and the fort is on a bluff about 40 feet higher than the city. I have not been up in the fort yet. The regiment is now quartered in the railroad depot a nice clean building whitewashed all through. I slept very well last night. Whitehead<sup>3</sup> and I laid down on the floor spread our blankets over us and were not disturbed until 4 o'clock this morning when the drum beat the morning call. This morning I have been down to the Mississippi and had a good swim. Yesterday was a day of great confusion. It is the only Sabbath, I hope, I shall ever spend in such a manner.

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*Years 1865-66* (Chicago: Baker, Bailhache & Co., 1867), vol. I, 213-14, General Order No. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Sophia Hamilton Hunt, mother of Lucas.

<sup>3</sup> Captain Edward J. Whitehead, Company I, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

I could hardly realize that it was Sunday at all we were all just as busy as we possibly could be, as now will see in travelling and settling down for the night. We expect to have a separate camp by ourselves out in the woods somewhere and expect to move there today.

The night before last there was a man hung up by the neck right across the river from the city by the guerrillas his name is Love. The guerrillas wanted him to tell them something he would not and they tried to frighten him into telling them. The man was in the city yesterday morning. The guerrillas are not very thick, nor do they go around in large squads, about 3 to 12 in a squad, there are no organized bands in this neighborhood. I was talking with a young man named Troop yesterday he is from Chicago and is a relative of A. G. Troop of the west side - knows father. I told him my name and he asked he asked me immediately if I was the son of Edwin Hunt the hardware man. I had quite a conversation with him, he is now under arrest to account for some quarter masters stores that he had in charge - he seemed quite a gentleman. I have been very much pleased with our journey so far. It was very dusty travelling in the cars the last part of the journey, but our trip down the river made up fully for the disagreeableness of the dust. While on the river we passed 5 or 6 steamers all very large and handsome, some with three decks of cabins. They look like white frame houses with balconies on each story and a cupola on top for the pilothouse. The pilot is protected by a round iron shield work from the bullets of the guerrillas. The cabins of our steamer the *Nevada* were filled up most

handsomely with velvet carpets and fine black walnut furniture and mirrors, etc.

I am writing on a piece of board spread on my knees and the boys are all talking around me, so please excuse the scratches. The river is almost right at my feet I can sit on the bank and kick a stone in to the water. You may tell everyone that you see who has friends in the regiment that we arrived at Columbus without a single accident. The boys are in all first rate spirits. Our two companies are together. Metlar<sup>4</sup> would like to be remembered kindly by you all if he knew I was writing home with very kind regards to all my friends, etc. I am your affectionate son, Lucas.

Metlar just confirmed my remarks about him. It is very hot here. It is now 8:30 a.m. but seems as if it were noon.

**(to Will); Columbus; June 7, 1864**

My dear Will (kind regards to all friends)

We are still here quartered in the railroad depot. We expect our tents today and then we are to have a camp of our own. The railroad depot is situated right on the edge of the river on the bluff of the bank. The bank is about as high as it is at Racine. We have a beautiful view of the river, on the north of us is a bend and on the south is Island #6, or Wolf Island. The river has quite a swift current. You can see the logs, etc. floating by quite fast being carried along by the current. Right opposite us on the other side of the river is the battlefield of Belmont where

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<sup>4</sup> Captain William Metlar, Company D, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Taylor's battery was stationed. Now as I write the steamer *Baltic* is passing, she has two barges in tow covered with soldiers. The steamers here are all stern wheel steamers, so they have to push the scows along. It is now rather quiet at the depot as all the companies are now out on drill. Whitehead and O'Neill<sup>5</sup> are now out with our company. We do not have very good accommodations for making up our toilets. We are all up at half past four in the morning and immediately fall in for "roll call". After that the companies roll up their blankets, the rubber one on the outside, and strap them on their knapsacks, then they go down to the bank and wash - some take a swim. We had a dress parade yesterday evening and afterwards had an officer's drill, so I did not have a chance last evening to take a swim. I did not go this morning either, so I went down to the edge of the river with Bigelow and Ed Nason<sup>6</sup> and had a first rate wash. Just below us on this side the river lies the steamer *Southern* a wreck, it was once a most beautiful steamer. Some of the soldiers are quartered on the cabin. There are some shot holes completely thru it. The cabins over the stern of the vessel have been torn away by a shell. The cabins were most splendid ones. As I write now the steamer *Convoy* is just coming up. There are quite a number of steamers that pass here every day some are the most beautiful ones. The

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<sup>5</sup> Second Lieutenant Edward O'Neill, Company I, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>6</sup> Lieutenant Colonel John C. Bigelow, Staff Officer, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry and Sergeant Edward W. Nason, Company D, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry..

handsomest one that I have yet seen is the *W. R. Arthur* she was here yesterday.

This morning one of Metlar's men went to swim across the river. He was carried down the stream about a mile and landed somewhere near the Missouri shore. The provost marshal sent a boat after him as he could never have crossed again. Mitlar is officer of the day now. It is very pretty to see a large steamer come sweeping around and run bow on the shore. They have no piers or docks here, you step six feet out from the shore and you are over your head that is on account of the bend in the river the current makes it deeper on this side than on the other.

Some people have just appeared on the other side of the river and hung out a white flag, a boat is now half way across the river going over to see what is the matter. The boat has just reached the shore. I have looked over there with a telescope and there are 2 or 3 women and some children and some men. I suppose they are refugees. The city is under martial law. I have not seen a single drunken soldier as yet. I think martial law is a good institution in this respect. The boat is now on its way over the river. There are but very few ladies in the city now. I have seen only a few going into the market right opposite our quarters. There are an immense number of darkies both large and small. If it were not for the soldiers the city would be nothing. Right back of the town is dense woods. Bigelow says we are to move out there somewhere, if they will let us. Yours, Luke.

Columbus, Kentucky; June 10, 1864 Friday

Dear Mother

Your very kind and interesting letter of last Sunday came duly to hand yesterday. You need not be afraid of my not getting all your letters if directed to the place as we are to stay here. At any rate we will not move for some time yet and if the letters are sent to this place and we are not here they will be forwarded to us wherever we are stationed. We were to have had an inspection by the General this morning but it is raining hard now so I don't think we shall have it. We expected to move out into our camp today but as it is so wet I don't think that we will go. The boys generally are improving the time by writing home. Up to today we have had very pleasant weather with occasional showers of a few minutes just enough to lay the dust but all this morning it has rained quite hard. It was very pleasant last evening to sit on the bluff and see the steamers come up to the bluff. During 20 minutes last evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, eight large passenger steamers stopped at the foot of the bluff. It was a splendid sight to see them come up. You could see right into the furnaces and see the darkies "firing up". It looked exactly like a picture I have seen in Chicago of the Mississippi steamers.

I am sure that I would give anything to spend an evening in Chicago. I often think of you all. I have just as many comforts and as easy a time as I expected, just think of a private having to carry his all on his back. I have so many things that when I am in a hurry I do not pack them properly and then can't shut my bag. The ride down to Cairo was an

excessively tiresome act. I would run out at everyplace where the engine took water or coal and see that they were all right.

I do so wish that I could go to church once again in Chicago. I have not been since the Sunday evening I went to hear Mr. Hammond<sup>7</sup> at the Methodist Church on Wabash Avenue. I am very glad to hear that Dr. Patterson<sup>8</sup> remembered us in his prayers. I feel very much the need of them – everything is done so very loosely. I will try to keep your remarks in mind whenever I hear any of my men swearing. I call them up to me and speak to them about it. I hope I have done some good they all are ashamed of themselves when I hear them. If I speak to an old man it is sufficient but it is among the younger part of the company that the most profanity exists. I am exceedingly pleased with Amy's<sup>9</sup> letter. I hope that she will try to study her lessons and then can write a longer letter soon. I am very glad to hear that she has attended Mr. Hammond's meeting.

Hough's<sup>10</sup> regiment arrived here the day before yesterday. They seemed to have had a much harder trip than we had. Mr. Locket I think was at the depot to see us off I think. I have not seen Frank Wells<sup>11</sup> once since we have been here – have

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<sup>7</sup> Henry L. Hammond, Chicago Theological Seminary.

<sup>8</sup> Reverend Robert W. Patterson, Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago.

<sup>9</sup> Amelia Hunt, younger sister of Lucas.

<sup>10</sup> Possibly Colonel Rosell M. Hough, formerly of the 67<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry, who was training soldiers at Chicago at the time.

<sup>11</sup> Private Frank Wells, Company C, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

seen Scott Fergus<sup>12</sup> only when he was on guard. I do not make any new friends here at all. I only go with those boys I know in Chicago. I shall take particular care not to wander out in the woods and be captured by guerrillas. Your affectionate son, Lucas

I thought I had filled the sheet but I skipped this leaf when I wrote the rest of this letter. The regiment is still quartered at the depot we expect to move today but it has rained so all day that I think we will be here over night. Our Chaplin is a Mr. Tullis,<sup>13</sup> a rather young man. I have met him two or three times. Our surgeon is a Dr. Danforth,<sup>14</sup> I think from Joliet. He seems to understand his profession. I have been trying to find a negro servant but I have not seen one that I like. I can get lots of them.

I left my measure at Titsworth's<sup>15</sup> for pants and vest, if you think you have anything to send down to me I think Titworth had better make up the vest and pants and you send them down to me in that leather trunk – my bag is too small. I wish I had brought the trunk with me now. I have but one pair of pants, my old uniform ones. They are now coming apart. Hamilton<sup>16</sup> knows the shade of blue something between the shade of my coat and my pants. With kind regards to Gussie, Handy and Mary Tuttle and other friends, Lucas. Have very poor writing accommodations.

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<sup>12</sup> Private Scott Fergus, Company C, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>13</sup> Chaplin Amos K. Tullis, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>14</sup> Doctor Willis Danforth, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>15</sup> Titsworth & Brothers, clothing manufacturers.

<sup>16</sup> Edwin Hamilton Hunt, older brother of Lucas.

**Columbus, Kentucky; June 11, 1864**

Dear Mother,

I think I have dated this correctly but time runs on so that I can't keep track of it. Yesterday we moved from our old quarters in the Government Warehouse to our present camp on the hill outside the fort. We are approached by a road which runs alongside of the hill and very winding, so we are unapproachable from the river on the rear of us is a deep ravine commanded by breastworks of logs, etc. The pickets are about half a mile out from us. Whitehead is officer of the day and O'Neill is unwell, so I have all the command of the Company falling upon me. The boys have pitched their tents hastily and not in straight rows so they have all to be moved. Colonel Bigelow and myself have been busy all day in measuring the distance for each company, etc. We have a street up and down and the tents are right opposite each other on the sides my tent is right at the head of the street. I have a clump of small trees and underbrush immediately in the rear of our tent. I shall have it cleared out and have a small grove there. I have a man in my company named Jones<sup>17</sup>, he plays the on the violin very nicely. As I write he is playing "Home Sweet Home." It puts me in mind of you all. It is now half past seven in the evening, we have not been living as well as we have been, for the last two or three days we had five days rations issued at once – hard tack and coffee. Hard tack is hard crackers larger than soda crackers - for the last two days. I have

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<sup>17</sup> Private Albert Jones, Company I, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

only had fresh bread and water. I did not feel very well. I had a breaking out on my chin so I took a dose of blue pill – my first dose. Tonight for supper we are to have mush and molasses, which will be quite a treat for the boys. I finished the last of my bread last evening – shall have to go without until tomorrow.

Tonight! Saturday night! How I wish I could be with you all! I know that you will think of me at home. I do not feel homesick nor do I regret for an instant my action in leaving home to fight for my country. I feel that I have done nothing more than my duty. We have released two veteran regiments and a lot of colored artillery and I feel quite contented. It is getting rather dark, I have read and re-read mother's letter over and over again. Oh, how I wish I could live up to her advice fully but it seems as if I never could. All my good resolutions are gone in a moment, thus don't seem to last longer than their making of them. Oh, I do wish I had strength to keep them I have been so busy all day that I feel quite exhausted. I shall try to rest tomorrow. I have not had an opportunity to read my bible and only a few chances to read my testament. I must find time to read a chapter every morning. How I do long to hear from home. You don't know how often I have read your last letter over. It is such a good letter I hope that in every letter I receive that there will be a few words from you. Dear mother, it seems something of a consolation to the other boys when I tell them I have heard from home, that I have had a letter from mother, etc. I hope that someone will write at least three times a week.

But it is getting dark and I am very tired. I hope that I shall have a letter tomorrow morning. I don't know what I shall do if Sunday goes by and I don't have a letter from home. With kind regards to all, I am affectionately your son - Lucas.

If you received the pants and vest and trunk I think you had better send me a sash and belt. Bigelow's belt was very much worn. I wish Hamilton could see what they originally cost so that I could pay Bigelow for them. I think I have money enough to pay him. Send the trunk as the valise I have is entirely too small and I want something to sit on and send also a small looking glass. My washing I get done by a colored woman for 5 cents a shirt – cheap enough.

**(To Hamilton Hunt); Columbus, Ky.; Sunday June 12, 1864**

My dear Hamilton,

Your very kind letter was received this morning with one from Clara<sup>18</sup> and Louisa<sup>19</sup>. I hardly expected you to be down at the railroad to see us off. I knew that you were busy, so I expected you to stay at the store. I have delivered your messages to Bigelow, Metlar and Whitehead. They were sorry they did not see you before they left. Our ride was very pleasant until we got to Centralia then came the dusty part. At Champaign I tried to run over to Romine & Brown's but the train did not stay long enough. I however left a message for them by one of the persons on the platform at the depot who

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<sup>18</sup> Clara Hunt, older sister of Lucas

<sup>19</sup> Louisa Hunt, older sister of Lucas.



said he knew them. I started for Graves & Paces Store at Ashley but the train started and I had to run back just as I reached the store. When we got to Centralia we staid there for over three quarters of an hour. We tried to get some dinner but we could not find any store where we could buy anything. Everyone was afraid to open their store as all the veteran regiments that go through the city, and the cars stop long enough, always sack all the bakery shops, etc. that they can find.

I have written a long letter to mother and I am afraid that I will have but little of interest to tell you. The guards go out every day with their muskets loaded for we are right in the Sesesh country though we are about half a mile inside of the picket lines. As I write now the guard are firing off their muskets – the old guard I mean. Oh, ask Sophia<sup>20</sup> to find out how Harry Hubbard is? Whitehead is quite unwell today and has not been out of the tenet of all day. O'Neill is also sick. I have not been troubled with anything serious yet. We do not have very good writing accommodations here I am now laying on my back. If they conclude to send me the leather trunk let them put in a camp stool or two. The pants and vest I am much in need of as the pair of pants I now have are gradually coming apart and they have a great grease spot on them all over one leg from the knee down, where our mess pork fell over me. The pants need not be the best of cloth almost anything good will do but I want them of a darker blue than our old uniform pants are composed of – something a little darker that the "Invalid Corps" uniform. Have the vest close up to the neck. Could you get a small

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<sup>20</sup> Sophia Darling Hunt, younger sister of Lucas.

drinking cup and filter – did you not say you had a filter and see that it is a good one to draw.

It has been very warm here for a day or two, so warm that we could not work outside in the sun. Bigelow, Metlar and Whitehead all desire to be remembered kindly to you. I hope Sunday school still flourishes. Remember me kindly to Mr. Moody<sup>21</sup> and Mr. Welch. I have thought of the school a great deal lately. I see Leon Welch<sup>22</sup> quite often. It is now about three o'clock – time that the Sunday school was opening... I hope that they do not forget us at the prayer meetings after school. Write as often as you can your brother, Lucas.

I thought I would keep this side of the sheet for Clara and Louisa but I see too much to write about in your letter that I think I must take up another sheet of paper. I am glad Bonniwell<sup>23</sup> has gotten well and is back again at the store. I hope that he will give you some relief and that much anxiety will leave father. I hope Clem<sup>24</sup> and Willie are down at the store as much as possible. I wrote in haste from Centralia and Cairo and thought you would like to know that we were all right so far. Am glad you have got the Camp Douglas trade. I wish you had the trade of our camp. We have been having very poor commissary stores owing to our unsettled condition. Colonel Bigelow says that next week things will be much more regular. Bigelow is the most

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<sup>21</sup> Dwight L. Moody of the North Market Hall Mission in Chicago. He taught Sunday school at the mission.

<sup>22</sup> Private Leon C. Welch, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>23</sup> Eugene C. Bonniwell, clerk at Hunt & Sons hardware store.

<sup>24</sup> Clemment McGregor Hunt, younger brother of Lucas.

Army man of the regiment, he is most popular with the men - treats all us old boys as if we were brothers. I hope your little "spec" in nails will prove profitable. 3,000 kegs are a large number. I hope you will get the contract for the new Board of Trade building. I cannot close this letter without thanking you for your exceedingly great generosity in adding the post script to your letter. I did not expect it. I am very much obliged to you and I shall take great care of it. The Chaplin has just been to my tent and told me that there would be a Sunday school over at the hospital tent and that we would have church right after dress parade. As I have to write a letter to Clara and Louis I must hurry. Your affectionate brother, Luke.

**(to his sisters Clara and Louise)**

**Columbus, Ky.; June 12, 1864; Sunday 4:20 p.m.**

My Dear Sisters Clara and Louise,

We are now stationed at this place with no expectation of leaving within a month or so. Our camp is situated in a very healthy place. Captain Whitehead says 300 feet above the river, so you may judge our camp is quite healthy and dry. As to our going to New Orleans it is as you say all rumor. Colonel Bigelow was quite glad to hear that his folks were well. He has not heard from them yet. If anything should happen to him I should mention it in my letters. I hope that you will go to call on Misses Whitehead - Captain Whitehead has not heard from home yet. Can't somebody go to his father's at the Methodist book depository and tell him that we are well - living on hardtack and coffee and for

a change coffee and hardtack. Colonel Pickett's<sup>25</sup> regiment are encamped just on the other side of the ravine from us, a little north us. They arrived here quite safely a day or two after we did. They came up from Cairo on the steamer that we did. They are a hard set. The officers all told me they had a very hard journey. I saw Fred Chapman when I was home. I am very sorry to hear of Ray's death - Bigelow and Metlar both knew him.

I hope Bonniwell will take my place at the Illinois Street Mission but I want it back when I come home.

I was very much pleased to have Amy's letter. I understood that she went to Mr. Hammond's meetings. I am very glad to hear that she has taken so much interest in them.

The Chaplin who has charge of the post office matters is going to have divine service and immediately afterwards is going to town so I have to bring my letter to a close. With very much love your brother Lucas.

Remember me kindly to Gussie and Tandy. I have to hold my paper on my knees to write on.

**Columbus, Ky.; Monday, June 13, 1864**

Dear Mother,

Yesterday I wrote you and Clara and Louisa and Hamilton a letter and sent them down to town by our Chaplin immediately after church was over. The meeting was quite well attended though there was considerable noise and laughing going on at the other end of camp. I went to each tent of my

<sup>25</sup> Colonel Thomas C. Pickett, 132<sup>nd</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

company and asked each man to go. I saw quite a number of them there. It seemed very pleasant to go to church once again. Mr. Tullis made quite a good address on "dependence." I am going to ask him to make some remarks on profane swearings next Sunday. We have a Sabbath school in the hospital tent.

It is very warm here in the middle of the day, so warm that hardly anyone can get along. I have been laying still in my tent all day. I have had nothing to eat hardly all day. I ate a few beans at one o'clock which was my only meal since yesterday afternoon. We literally have nothing to eat but hard tack or crackers. I am in quite a puzzle as how I am to live. I am not entitled to draw rations with the company so I do not want to live on it though what little I would eat would not make the slightest difference to the men, but still would not be right for me to eat the company's rations. Our sutler has nothing to eat so I am rather hard up. I hope the sutler will set out a table where the officers can take their meals. I would willingly pay him six dollars a week to board me. My pants are coming apart and they are getting to be very shabby. I left my measure at Titsworth for pants and vest. If you send me the pants and vest send them in the leather trunk. My valise is too small and then I want something to sit up on. I also want a sash and belt, my belt is not regulation – one worth 4 or 5 dollars will do. Put in also a box of troches. As to other clothing I think that I have quite a sufficient and please put in some postage stamps. If I had my military jacket it would it would have a single bar worked in on the shoulder of the jacket – Cavery

can do it – and save my coat a great deal of hard usage.

I am troubled a great deal with cramps in the bowels, or was yesterday and this morning, but now I feel very much better. My tooth has pained me nearly all day. We are under strict military rules and can't leave camp, etc. We were called out last evening at midnight and the whole regiment was in line about 15 minutes, it however was a false alarm – or just a freak of the Colonel's to see how quickly we could get into line.

Tuesday. I was called away yesterday from finishing this sheet by the Adjutant's call for battalion drill. We were out from half past two until seven o'clock – had a very hard drill. At half past seven we have an officer's drill and when we get through that we have to retire. Lights all have to be out at 9:15 and at 10 everyone is expected to be asleep. We have morning call at 4:30 a.m., breakfast at 5:30, company drill from 6:30 to 9:30 and officers study from 10 to 12. We have a battalion drill in the afternoon and immediately afterwards have dress parade and by that time it is seven or eight o'clock. We do not have much time to waste. I generally spend my time in study or else reading over my letters. I have just returned from company drill and am exceedingly disappointed in not having received a letter from home. We do not have anything to read and you do not know how welcome a letter is. I hope someone of the family will write every day. The letters will all reach me they have all been directed quite right so far. Has there not been any letter received for me from Johnnie Johnson? I think if I possibly can find time to write to

home today I shall do so. I shall try to Mr. Fauntleroy<sup>26</sup> soon.

While out on drill yesterday the regiment went outside of the picket lines. Charlie Dickenson<sup>27</sup> was not very well last evening. I will just run over and see how he is. He says he is better but is very weak. There is nothing serious about his sickness but living on hard crackers and coffee has made us all feel rather poorly. If you could get my size shoe from Pitney and send me a pair of canvass shoes or something light they would be very acceptable, but you will have to send the leather trunk. I wish I had brought it originally it is very handy to sit upon.

I finished that sheet before I thought I was  $\frac{3}{4}$  ways through. For my breakfast I had some milk and hard tack. I put it on the fire to boil, or rather had our colored cook do so and it boiled for 15 minutes and then the hard tack was not soft. The hard tack we have cannot be broken with the hands, the boys to break it step on it with their heel, break it as so much wood. I don't masticate very well. I eat as little as possible of it. They say that our rations are going to be better. I do most earnestly hope that it will be so for they have been most miserable.

Have not Clem and Willie had their photographs taken yet? I should very much like to have one of theirs and also Amy and Etties<sup>28</sup>!! Gussie Handy promised me one of her photographs but I missed getting it. I wish when someone of our family sees her again they would remind her of her promise.

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<sup>26</sup> Thomas Smythe Fauntleroy, family friend.

<sup>27</sup> Lieutenant Charles E. Dickenson, Company D, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>28</sup> Ester Maria Hunt, younger sister of Lucas.

I should like to have it very much. The boys are all now engaged in cleaning up our street. We had to make our clean space, cut down all the bushes, stumps, etc. In cutting down the stumps we very often find bullets in them and can pick up pieces of shell and shot. We are right in front of the fort. I look over my album very often and wish that I could see you all once again. Hardly two weeks of our time has passed yet and some of the boys are building arbors in front of their tents- and of leaves - but they won't last long in this sun. Metlar's tent is about 20 feet from mine. The companies are in the same division.

Friday 17<sup>th</sup>. I have not had a chance to write anything until today. Tuesday was the last day I wrote anything. On Wednesday O'Neill was officer of the guard but as he was unwell I offered to go for him. So I was on duty for 24 hours, in fact, I did not get off until 11 o'clock yesterday morning and was up all Wednesday night and hardly got a wink of sleep. I lay on the ground on a rubber blanket with no pillows and dozed for an hour. We have reveille at half past four.

The nights are most splendid. The moon seems to shine brighter here than it does in Chicago. Metlar was the officer of the day and I was his Lieutenant, so it made it a little more pleasant for us to be on duty together. The officer of the day has command of the whole camp for that day. I was second in command and had to arrest two or three men.

I have not written ~~before~~ of all week that I feel as if I had neglected all the family. I do most earnestly hope that someone of the family will write

to me, at least 3 times a week. We do not get any reading matter here at all but what a lady in black brings us some tracks and old religious papers. Anything that you send to the Sanitary Commission, in way of reading matter, I know must be welcome. Yesterday afternoon Charlie Dickenson and myself asked the Colonel if we could be absent from camp for a couple of hours, so we went over to the fort. When we got to there they would not admit us, as for they had very strict orders not to pass anyone. The fort is an exceedingly strong place and is well mounted with cannon and the breastwork is high and steep. On the top of the breastwork is two rows of sandbags piled one on top of another so as to leave a space between each to put a musket to fire out. The grounds just outside of the fort is level and of course clear of brush and trees so an enemy would have to approach under a most cutting fire of musketry and cannon, beside which the whole fort is surrounded by a ditch about 15 feet deep and 20 feet wide. We are about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile from this fort, there are also two other forts but we did not visit these as we had no time. The forts are all garrisoned by colored troops who drill "heavy infantry" – that is are infantry soldiers as well as artillery.

I have put on this morning my first paper collar – put on yesterday the shirt I bought at King, Kelloggs and Co. and sent my other shirt out to be washed. We get our washing done here for 5 cents apiece - colored shirts and all. I have just been over to the hospital tent to see some of my boys who are unwell. I found them without any reading matter so came back and took them over a dime novel and a *Tribune* of the 11<sup>th</sup> instant – all the reading matter I

could find in my company. The company is now out on drill. I was not very well yesterday and being up all the previous night I feel quite exhausted this morning.

Eugene Fauntleroy<sup>29</sup> has told me that his mother said in a letter that Hamilton is coming down here, if he does come, which I very much hope that he will, let him bring a lot of lemons and ginger snaps, etc. and small cakes at any expense it goes to I can very easily collect here from the officers. – something that will last and not get dry and stale. The bread often is very stale and whatever he brings let him bring enough to last for a long time.

Charlie Hancock<sup>30</sup> said his father was coming down here in a week or two the other day. If Hamilton does come down or anybody else of the old boys (old company) let the things come with them. Eugene Fauntleroy is out on picket, he has been out there for three days. They send out a squad of men for a week, give them rations and means of cookery, etc. The boys all like picket duty very much. Colonel Bigelow is now officer of the day, I mean commander of the post for the day. Colonel McChesney<sup>31</sup> was officer of the post the day before yesterday. We are all getting very much sun burnt, my hands are as brown as dirt. When I was officer of the guard I broke my sword belt, I am very much afraid I can't get it fixed here very easily. Our sutler

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<sup>29</sup> Sergeant Eugene H. Fauntleroy, Company D, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>30</sup> Sergeant Major Charles D. Hancock, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>31</sup> Colonel Waters W. McChesney, 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

charges most outrageously high prices, soda crackers 25 cents a pound, ginger snaps 40 cents a pound, cheese 40 cents – very poor – butter 50 cents – poor. Sometimes a woman with milk comes along and we can get a quart for 10 cents other times a few eggs at 40 cents a dozen. Everything is double the price it is in Chicago. The *Chicago Times*, the only paper we can buy here is 15 cents a copy if old date 10 cents. Never see a *Tribune* here for sale. The boys get them sent to them from Chicago, I wish Willie could send me the *Tribune* once in a while – take the one we have at the house and send it the same its published.

Our regiment is very much reduced by details for clerkships, etc, downtown in the government offices, then there fatigue parties and guard for commissary stores and prison, etc. which takes away fully one half of the regiment. Then the sick, our company turned out about 20 men for morning roll. There is no one seriously sick, the change of diet and hot weather gives all the boys the diarrhea which has been the principal complaint. Our water too cannot be had always clear the spring sometimes is muddy and the boys drink the water. They can have clear water if they only choose to go after it, but they are too lazy to walk up and down the hill to the spring. Last evening the boys had some first rate singing in front of the Colonel's tent. We all have to go to bed at 9:15 or rather are expected to keep quiet after that time.

We have an officer's recitation every evening. The officers of our regiment are as a general thing an agreeable set of men. I have only cultivated an acquaintance with those of Captains Dyer and

Linn's<sup>32</sup> commands. Outside of our two companies, our Adjutant is Lieutenant Luxton, he was formerly connected with Colonel Daniels regiment and is a good officer. I like him very much, says he knows Daniels very well. His name is Edward D. Luxton<sup>33</sup>. Colonel Bigelow is the same as he always was. He does not feel a single bit conceited and is as good hearted as ever. The whole regiment, I know, like him - he makes a splendid officer, I wish I could say as much for the Major<sup>34</sup>. I do not like him nearly as well as I do Colonel Bigelow. He, the Major, likes to show his authority and puts on a great deal of style, which I don't at all like. Colonel McChesney as far as I have had anything to do with him has treated me very well. I have no dislike to him. I have heard hard stories about him, concerning his bravery. I hope he will prove to be no coward if we have a fight with the rebels. I do want to see some active service before my time is out.

I received a letter from Willie yesterday morning. I was glad to hear from him and am glad business is so good. I hope Willie is doing all he can at the store. Is he there early in the morning to have the store open promptly at seven in the morning? We are all up here at half past four and are out at company drill at half past six to half past nine. Then the men have the rest of the day for keeping their equipment in order and cleaning their muskets, etc. I hope Clem is at the store as much as possible. He

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<sup>32</sup> Captain John Dyer, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry and Captain Alphonso C. Linn, Company F, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>33</sup> Adjutant Edward D. Luxton, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>34</sup> Major John A. Wilson, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

should take every opportunity to improve himself that he possibly can. Metlar has just written a long letter to Mrs. - , who was Mary Eunis that made the Davison's a visit some time ago. I told him to remember our family kindly to her. He says he has done so. We can hear the troops drilling by the bugle all around us, sometimes the bugles and the drums play together and they sound very nicely coming from a distance.

We are trying to get a brass band for our regiment. We have the musicians if we could get the instruments. Each company will have to raise 40 dollars our company has raised more than half that amount out of less than a third of the men so I think we can get 40 dollars out of 84 men. It is very hot now. I have been over twice to see the Chaplin to know if there has been any mail for us, but he has not returned from the city as yet. I do most earnestly hope that I will have a letter. Yesterday I bought a dozen eggs for 30 cents and I have just had a couple of them – boiled hard. Does Miss Paddock come to our house very often? Give her my kind regards, etc. Does Clem still go to the gymnasium? Ask him to write to me – tell him to commence a letter and write everything that he thinks will interest me. Let him commence on Monday and send it to me on Saturday writing something every day. I am sure he could write a very interesting letter ask him to try to do so.

Oh, I think I never acknowledged the receipt of the *New York Observer*. I was very glad to have it. It came just when I wanted it. I read it all through and sent it over to the hospital. I sent it there this a.m. With my kind regards to Gussie Handy, Mary Tuttle

and other friends and very much love to all the family, I am your very affectionate son Lucas.

Be sure to remember me to Dr. Patterson. Mrs. P wanted me to write to him. I don't know whether to do so or not. We are to stay here – think we will move into the fort though. Do write often. Will write to Willie. Have Clem write me. Lucas.

**Columbus, Ky.; June 18, 1864 - Saturday**

My dear Father,

Your letter of the 12<sup>th</sup> instant is just at hand. I feel sorry that I have not written to you before this time. I see Willie says in his letter "write to father next." I ought to have written to you first of all. It so very hot that we cannot move at all out in the sun, today is the hottest day we have had. I had quite a large mail this morning for my company – had about 20 letters. The boys as a general thing are now engaged in answering their letters. It is very quiet in camp.

Last evening I went the grand rounds of the picket guard. Colonel Bigelow was post officer of the day. He had of course to go the grand rounds. The Major and Captain Metlar, Lieutenant Dickenson, Sergeant Ed Nason and myself accompanied him. The object of the guard rounds is to find out whether the guards are awake and know their duty. We had a tramp through the woods and over the hills and down the ravines of over nine miles. We had lots of sport. When a picket would see us he would halt us and call out "who goes there" and we would answer "Grand Rounds." The guard would then say "Advance Sergeant of the Grand

Rounds and give the Countersign." Nason would run up to the picket and give him the countersign the guard would then say countersign is correct and advance grand rounds and would present arms as we passed. We would give any instructions we wished, etc. The picket last night were composed of our regiment and 136<sup>th</sup><sup>35</sup>. We had half the line and they had the other half. We found everything all right on our half of the line – when we got to the first post of the 136<sup>th</sup> we found them all asleep and their officer gone. Their muskets were up against a tree and shining in the bright moonlight. I walked up to the guns and examined them and then woke up the corporal. He belonged to the 136<sup>th</sup>. They might all have been gobbled up by the guerrillas if there were any in that neighborhood. No guerrillas have been seen in this neighborhood for a long time – had lots of fun.

Sunday. Have been too unwell for so long, indeed it has been too hot – was suffocating. I did not feel well enough to attend Sunday school today but have been to church this evening. His text was from Romans, "there is no condemnation for them that believe in the lord Jesus Christ." I thought his remarks were very good. I feel better tonight. Whitehead is officer of the day and O'Neill is on picket so I shall be busy all day.

Henry D. Wolf<sup>36</sup> received a box of sundries from Chicago. He is a good boy. I must have a new belt and sash. My belt is broken and the Colonel says we must have a sash. My pants also are very

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<sup>35</sup> 136th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>36</sup> Sergeant Henry DeWolf, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

much needed, never mind the vest if it is not already made. The valise I have is already out of order. The box don't work at all - what other room there is in the leather trunk fill up with some lemons and ginger snaps, etc. I want a pair of shoes very much and my feet are nearly blistered walking over the hot ground for any distance. Colonel McChesney is unwell tonight. I will not write much tonight as I have written so much during the week. I received this morning the *Tribune* of the 16<sup>th</sup> and am very glad to have Chicago news. Sorry for Lill & D. Do the 19<sup>th</sup> Illinois drill well?

I can't close the letter without thanking Amy for her letter. The weather home must be very pleasant. It is very pleasant here early in the morning and in the evening – at noon it is very hot. Am glad you are going into the third reader and am glad you like your teacher – try to please her in studying your lessons.

Metlar deserves to be remembered to all the family.

Your affectionate son, Lucas.

Lights have to be put out now.

### Saturday June 18, 1864

Dear Mother,

Your very welcome letter of the 11<sup>th</sup> instant has just come to hand. You don't know how glad I am to hear from you once again. I had been hoping to have a letter for all week but have been disappointed from day to day. Every morning I would run down to the Chaplin 3 or 4 times to know if he had received a letter for me but some of the



boys would get letters and I would have none. I felt very much disappointed. I am sure I think of all at home very often. Repeatedly we old boys would get together and talk of matters at home and of the old company. I find they all have letters oftener than I do. For instance, Ed Nason, Charlie Dickenson and myself were together last evening and we were talking of home. Ed has had two letters from home this week and Dickenson has had three or four and then this morning mail must have brought them some more. I feel very thankful that you all think of me so often at home. I often think at this time by my watch "they are eating breakfast" – father is just going to "dinner" – "they are now in church" – "they are now at dinner" etc. I don't think anything could come up in my mind which will supersede home thoughts. Why last night when out on picket about 3 miles, I looked at my watch and was half past one. I thought how quietly all were sleeping at home and here I was right in the enemy's country.

I hope our Sabbath tomorrow will be much more quiet than last Sunday was. We were so very unsettled then, to what we are now. I like our Chaplin very much. He is quite pleasant and has been in the army before. I cannot always write something every day but when I do write I will try to make up for time that I do not write. It does not seem a long time to me since we left Chicago. We have had so much to do that time has passed very rapidly. The weather here has been exceedingly hot. I was in a perspiration all night - last night, there was not a very heavy dew either. The fog commenced to rise about half past three. I did not catch cold and do not feel at all fatigued this morning after last

night's tramp. It is rather unusual to have such cold weather in Chicago at this season. I hope that your cold is better this time – hope that you will not be so unwell at all.

I am very glad to hear that John Johnson's well. I have not written to him since I left home. I must try to do so tomorrow. I am very glad to hear that Gus Handy has been so regularly to the meetings. I knew that she was interested in them deeply for we talked about Mr. Hammond together a great deal. I am glad Bonniwell is going to the I. S. [Illinois Street Mission] but I shall want my place when I return. Does Locket go there? Remember me kindly to both of them and Mr. Thompson and William, John and Mike. If you hear of Mr. Moody's coming down to this neighborhood be sure to have him call over here to see us. I can say truly that I do find time to read my bible but probably not as much as I ought to do. It is often that I shall be on duty all day, probably away from my tent then I shall be unable to do so but I promise you to read a chapter or so every evening before retiring. I address my letter to you but of course all the family can read them, I intend them to be as much for one as another.

I like Colonel McChesney but Colonel Bigelow is the man of our choice. I hope someone will remember us in the young men's meetings, I often think – "suppose I am out on picket and were to be shot." Am I prepared to die? I feel much more at ease on this subject that I did a month ago, but still am not entirely at ease on the subject. The thought comes to my mind every evening when I rest. Am I prepared to die? I wish I was entirely at rest on the subject.

I was much interested in Mr. Hammond, I wish I could have stayed in Chicago a week or so longer. I know that nearly all my friends were interested in Mr. Hammond's meetings and I hope often that great number have united with the church. I do feel most grateful that I have a praying mother and I do pray that I may set my niece a good example. I think that there is less profane language uttered in my company than in any company of the regiment. I promised Mr. Moody that I would look after the morals of my men and set them a good example and I hope with God's help to be able to do so.

Strawberries are all over in this neighborhood, we are having green peas – very plentiful. If I have an opportunity to call on any relative of Mr. Patterson I should be most happy to do so. I will not now take any needless risks, I went the grand rounds of the post last night and had a long tramp of it – some 10 miles - had to visit every picket on the line. Was out all night – Metlar, Ed Nason, C. Dickenson and myself went with Colonel Bigelow who was officer of the post for yesterday and the Major – we had lots of fun.

I will try to write to somebody tomorrow and write a full account of my night adventure.

Your affectionate son, Lucas.

**Columbus, Ky.; Monday, June 20, 1864**

Dear Parents,

Yesterday I mailed you a long letter one that I wrote on Saturday – adding a little on Sunday. I hope they reach you all right. I have been very much disappointed in not having a letter from home

either yesterday or today. I hope one will come tomorrow.

We have had quite a thunderstorm today. The rain came down very heavily, it was very welcome. It was so exceedingly hot, it is very much cooler now but it is still too warm.

Tuesday, 21<sup>st</sup>. Was called away yesterday so did not have time to finish this letter – have just received your letter of the 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> and a short note from "Tote" and a *New York Observer*. I am very much obliged to you for your very kind letters, you don't know how welcomed they are. They seem like water to a thirsty mare. I had a very large mail for the Company. All I had to do was to call out "Company I fall in for mail" and the men were out in a minute. The boys are all so much pleased when they receive a mail.

Morgan has not been near us as yet, but there have been roaming bands of guerrillas in this neighborhood. We have not been at all molested by them and there are none in our immediate vicinity – not nearer than 18 or 20 miles of us that we have heard of. Still we are always prepared and one company has to sleep on its arms every night. Company A did so last evening and our turn will come soon. Our term of service commenced on May 31 so three weeks have gone by already. I hardly can believe the time has passed so quickly. I have been in almost perfect health and am now quite well. The boys all say I am getting fat. Camp life agrees with me first rate. I have wished that I could spend Saturday evening with you but I have not once repented that I am here. I do not know

Williamson<sup>37</sup> of the C. C. C. [but] will try to find him out. I may know him by sight but not by name. I am over in their company a good deal. Kind regards to Mr. Biggs – am sorry that I did not see him before I left, etc. The raids you hear about in the papers are only made by a small body of men, not over a hundred in number and often they are very small bands so we don't fear them much. A large body of guerrillas like Morgan's could not come in this region without it being known at headquarters. We have scouts out.

I should have very much liked to have seen Mr. Picksley I remember the family very well. I hope he will have a pleasant trip to Europe and hope he will see Cousin James - did not he know he lived in New York? I am very sorry that Louisa has been unwell. I hope that she is very much better now. I do wish that Clara and Louisa could make a trip round the lakes or up to St. Paul. I hope that you succeeded in finding another cook, if Mary's going and thrown so much extra work on you all I don't see how it is much of a relief. I am very glad the pants and vest are coming. I want them very much. I hope the sash and belt are coming. I am very much obliged for the trouble you have been too.

We cannot see the river from the bluff where we are all now encamped. The men go down to the river to bathe every other morning almost. This a.m. Colonel Bigelow, Ed Nason and myself went to the river and had a good wash and afterward went downtown and had breakfast at an eating saloon kept by a colored woman. It was the first good meal

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<sup>37</sup> Private Joseph B. Williamson, Company C, 136th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

I have had for a fortnight. Hope Bonniwell and Lockett and Thomson are doing all they can. Give them my kind regards also Meyers, John and Mike. Metlar wrote a long letter to Sam Orr on Sunday. I sent him my respects and am sorry to hear Henry Willey has been unwell. He has had a hard time of it this summer. I am very glad you had such a pleasant visit at Mr. Hiram Wheeler. I have a Hoyt<sup>38</sup> in my Company, son of W. H. Hoyt of Hoyt & Bouton. There is another Hoyt<sup>39</sup> a corporal in Company G. I wrote to Smythe the other day and I hope he received the letter. Eugene had a long letter from his mother this morning. I have not read my *Observer* yet but shall do so. Fauntleroy is a good boy. The boys in the company all like them very much. Sam is such a plain forward boy says just what he thinks and has good common sense, seems queer at times but the boys all like him the better. I shall expect a letter from Smythe in a week or so. If the trunk leaves Chicago on Monday I will not get it for a week or ten days – be sure that it is marked plainly to show it is gone out to this place. I ought to have a duplicate receipt for the trunk.

I shall take care of myself. I think the less one eats and the plainer the diet the better off he is in this hot climate. We have splendid spring water, runs out I quite a stream. We have a guard over the spring to keep the 'rebs' from poisoning the water. I look after my men as much as I can, there is very little swearing done and I always reprove the men

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<sup>38</sup> Sergeant Judson Q. Hoyt, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>39</sup> Corporal Lucius Hoyt, Company G, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

when I hear them use profane language and make them promise to try not to do so again. I have a hard set in my company but they grow thoughtless and reckless. There is more playing of cards in camp than I like to see but I always speak to the men and tell them that I don't like it and that it will lead to gambling, etc. I have played but two games of cards since I left home. Whitehead spoke to me about it and I have not played since nor do I intend to while I am in the service. I have not touched tobacco either. Whitehead has a letter from his sisters they said they were very much obliged for someone calling to see their father at the store.

Our Chaplin gave us a first rate sermon last Sunday evening. He takes a deep interest in the spiritual condition of the men. He made a very earnest appeal to the men in regard to their condition – they are in the midst of dangers liable to be attacked at any moment and some may fall. He asked them if they were prepared for such a sudden death, etc. The men were all attention and know he made an impression on some of them and not to be forgotten very soon. I am very much obliged to you for your kind advice I shall try to profit by it. Am glad Dr. Patterson called at the house and am glad he enquired after me. You may tell him that I do feel the necessity of being a Christian. I am very glad to hear that Clem and Willie do. I do feel as if I had more strength to keep up to my resolutions than I had a week ago. Mr. Tullis' remarks on this subject helped me very much. I do try to bear them in mind, but I often find that I have forgotten myself in executing my duties. But as this is only the beginning of my time of service I am afraid I shall not have

strength of character to keep up to them always. The difficulties are very great but I hope that with God's help I shall be able to surmount them. I do pray morning and evening for strength to resist temptations. In leaving home, I thought over my duty and resolved that I was spared to reach home. I would confess Jesus as my Lord and Savior. Oh, I remember what a night I passed in the cars coming down to Cairo. I did not have a week of sleep all night. I could not but think of the danger I was going into and my unprepared state for death. I remember what relief I had when I decided to try to live a new life. It seemed as if I had new courage, as if I was ready to face any danger. I do feel much happier now.

I hope Clara and Louisa will call on Whitehead's sisters and hope Louisa is quite well.

Our Chaplin has been down to Cairo and hope he has gotten a lot more singing books. It is very hot here and strawberries are all over. We are having sweet green peas etc. now and new potatoes and sweet corn will be ready in a week. Theo Hammill<sup>40</sup> seems to be quite well and he is on duty. I shall be careful of myself and shall not go into needless danger and will not wonder out in the woods etc.

Colonel Bigelow is so kind to us all. He is not conceited one bit he is just as familiar as ever. I went downtown with him the day, he is a – I can't say anything too good of him – he is the working man of the regiment. Colonel McChesney very seldom goes down to the left of the camp but you see Colonel

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<sup>40</sup> Private T. Wylie Hamill, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Bigelow everywhere. The major (Wilson) likes to show his authority too much. Bigelow was up in my tent a little while ago. I very often meet with him in his tent and sit and talk with him for quite a while. He is a splendid officer. We are trying to get an officers mess – some eight or ten of us. Bigelow is at the head. The report of the capture of pickets is not true. No guerrillas are in our vicinity that I know of. Do not trouble yourself about me I am very well satisfied and am well. We have no bad associations whatever in camp as yet. I am very glad that I have seen a little of active service - sorry for Wyckoff<sup>41</sup>. Troops all going down the river past this place every day by the boat load – we are to stay here. Nothing shall keep me from doing my duty and obeying orders.

I hope Mr. Thompson will entirely recover and will try to write Amy and Ellie a letter. We have good cold spring water as anyone wants. I have now sufficient money and have sixteen dollars. Thanks for the *Observer* they come to hand all right.

With very much love to all, kind regards to all friends. I am your affectionate son, Lucas.

**Columbus; June 23, 1864**

My Dear Mother,

Your interesting letter of last Sunday came duly to hand yesterday a.m. I am sure I was very glad to receive it. It was a very interesting letter, do not be afraid of writing a dry letter. I am glad Fauntleroy has been at our house. He is a good

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<sup>41</sup> Possibly John H. Wyckoff, Company E, 132nd Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

fellow. I have told Eugene and Sam<sup>42</sup> that he was going to enclose a package in my box. They were very much pleased. I am sorry Titsworth did not send the pants on Saturday night but a few days will not make very material difference. I hope a sash and belt are coming – our hospital wagon calls the express office every day.

I am glad to have a new cook coming. Sorry you should have been so long without one. I should have very much liked to have heard Mr. Hammond at our church of course there must have been a full attendance. I wish I could have heard him. I feel sorry about Willie's smoking, I had taken one pipe away from him and he probably hid this one away from me more than from you. He is very foolish if he persists on smoking. I didn't find it necessary to smoke even in camp. I am sorry to hear of the shooting affair at the Soldiers Rest. We saw the account of it in the *Chicago Tribune*. It has put a damper on all the glory the regiment ever won. I hope such an occurrence will not occur to mar the honor of our regiment. It will be a sort of disgrace to the "rest" – will keep some ladies from going there.

Very kind in Mrs. Amour enquiring after my welfare. It must have been quite pleasant to meet Mrs. Blosson. Am glad to hear that Frank has attained to such "dignity". Colonel Biglow has not had any letter from home for some time. I told him I would read him mine to make up for his not having any. He is very much obliged for your kind recollection of him. He does not know or think of anything he wanted. Charlie Dickenson would like

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<sup>42</sup> Corporal Samuel C. Fauntleroy, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

to have some silk pocket handkerchiefs and a pair of slippers. He thinks however his request will be too late to have the articles put in the box.

The call for dress parade has just sounded – must leave off. After dress parade, the colonel has just told us that he was going to Springfield and must necessarily pass through Chicago so you will of course see him. I hope some one of the family will call to see him. I think you will find him at Colonel Hancock's<sup>43</sup> office. He will bring down any small package you may wish to send me. I dare say there may be some small thing I may think of. We have today our first Chicago visitor, a Mr. Swartwout<sup>44</sup> father of one of Company D boys. He very kindly offered to take up any package or letter that I may want to send to you. I shall enclose in this a bullet cutout of a stump by one of my men. We had to chop down a lot of the stumps and move the logs to clear our ground. You see the bullet is cut into by the axe. I had two or three of them – they were no doubt fired at our troops by the "rebs" in the fort. Colonel Bigelow, Metlar Dickenson and O'Brien<sup>45</sup> and myself have formed a mess. We have our colored cook, etc. – had a first rate supper tonight.

Think Colonel McChesney leaves tonight for Chicago, so Colonel Bigelow will command the regiment. Our companies will have a good time while Colonel Bigelow is in command. Colonel

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<sup>43</sup> Colonel John L. Hancock, Chairman of the War Committee of the Board of Trade.

<sup>44</sup> Father of Private John G. Swartwout, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>45</sup> Second Lieutenant Russell G. O'Brien, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

McChesney will be absent for a week he has gone down town to night and will go to Cairo if he can get on a boat. I wish Smyth Fauntleroy was here – we wish that a dozen times an evening when the old boys get together. I enclose a piece of foxfire it is quite bright now – show it to Amy and Ettie in the dark. Colonel Bigelow, Mitlar, Mr. Swartwout and myself have just been outside the camp lines to see Company D which sleeps on its arms tonight in the open field – each company has its turn once in ten days. I picked up the foxfire as we came through the lines – it lay right on our camp line. I am now writing in the Colonel's tent. Bigelow and Mr. Swartwout are talking at the entrance of the tent. Metlar is officer of the day. O'Brien is Lieutenant of the picket. The camp is now perfectly quite as it is after taps – every light is out – time is ten minutes to ten.

It was very kind of you to remember the other boys and giving them folks a chance to send them parcels in the trunk. I received the *New York Observer*. Sorry for Smthes apron. Metlar says he wishes he could sell him another. We are all very well. Weather is very hot with rain at different periods never for more than 15 minutes – sun shining all the time. An glad the English goods have arrived safely.

We are enjoying ourselves now as well as we can. I am with Colonel Bigelow a great deal he is liked very much by all the men.

I am very sleepy and am perfectly wet through with perspiration and have slept on the ground every night since I have been here and am up at 4:30.

Mr. Swartwout goes early in the morning.

Yours affectionately, Lucas.

Kind regards to all at the store, friends, etc.

**In Camp; Columbus; June 25, 1864; Saturday A.M.**

My Dear Mother,

The trunk arrived safely yesterday evening. Everyone who had a packages in it thanked me very sincerely for your kindness in notifying their friends of the opportunity.

I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have been to. The pants and vest are very acceptable. It's just as well that you did take out the smaller pair of pants. I would have had no use for them. I wrote to you the other day and sent it up by a Mr. Swartwout who was here to see his son. I enclosed a bullet cut out of a stump and some foxfire. Did he call? The camp stool is here and is a most acceptable article. Metlar is very much obliged to Clara for sending the prunes, etc.

I am quite well and fit for duty and have not been sick at all - have had a slight unwell feeling on account of the heat but that is all. I am surprised at you feeling so anxious about me. Of course if I was sick, seriously, I would telegraph you but I am well now.

I was officer of the guard today but as I volunteered for O'Neill when he was unwell he has gone on today for me. It is very warm here. The sun shines very hotly, here the ground is composed of hard clay and reflects the heat. Colonel Bigelow is post officer of the day, today. He is going to have a hot time of it while Colonel McChesney is away, of course. Bigelow has command of the regiment - the

boys all like the arrangement very much. You must not believe anything hardly that Willie Manierre<sup>46</sup> tells his mother - he is given very much to talking. We never had so few as 30 men in dress parade but have had only 35 men. All the others were detailed downtown and on other duty, there were very seldom more than ten men in the hospital and only one in the post hospital. A man is not taken to the post hospital unless he is very sick. It is so hot I can't write, must stop until it is cooler.

Sunday. I can't let the day go by without writing a few lines. This a.m. was taken up with "inspection" then it was positively too hot to write. I have hardly had time to look over my things - have not had to fix up my trunk. I should like to have a pair of suspenders - good ones - and any small things you may wish to send me. I think if left at Colonel Hancock's on Wells Street Colonel McChesney will bring down. I hope someone will see him. Colonel Bigelow is in command. We all like him very much. I see by "Chi Papers" that Smyth Faunleroy is trying to get up a fourth of July dinner for us - a good idea. It has put the boys in good spirits. Drum sounding for dress parade - will write more fully in answer to the letter received one day before yesterday - two yesterday and a *Tribune* this a.m. so have three letters in all to answer. It is now six p.m. - very hot. Will write something each day and will try to do so! Mail it on Saturday - will write in the meantime though.

Monday, a.m. 5 o'clock a.m.

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<sup>46</sup> Private William R. Manierre, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

We had a full attendance at divine services last evening. Mr. Tullis had for his text 2 Kings 10:15 – "is their heart right" and he gave us a very good address. After services were over Metlar and myself staid and talked with Mr. Tullis until long after nine. He is a man of not very great mental culture – a country minister and has bad grammar. Still I like him very much. He speaks very highly of Bigelow and has been in the service for nearly 2 years and is no doubt a good judge of officers. We were speaking of the morality of the regiment and he said that this regiment is a model one, the regiment that he served in last, 102<sup>nd</sup> Illinois, he says was the most immoral one in the whole United States as far as he could find out and he made great efforts. There were not 75 men in the whole regiment who professed to be Christians. I asked him if he thought there was much swearing in the regiment. He said there was very little and our two Companies, D and I, he had heard less than in any other companies. I felt very glad to hear him say so for I have made it a point to reprove the men whenever I hear them using profane language. It was very warm – hot – yesterday. Whitehead is officer of the day today. We are getting along with our mess very well but it is handful in the least. Still it agrees very well with and I am in good health – have little eruption on my arm on account of the heat but am getting better. Give my kind regards to Gussie Handy, Mary Tuttle and all the clerks at the store – John and Mike. I shall write as often as can but have to do O'Neill's duty now – he has a sore eye. Expect a letter from Smythe Fauntleroy today. Write often. Much love to Clara,

Louisa, Mary, Clem, Will, Amy and Ettie, etc. Yours,  
Lucas.

**In Camp; Columbus, Ky.; June 28, 1864**

My Dear Mother,

I will now commence my week letter. I told you that I had three letters to answer I commence with the first. It was very kind in you to send to Mr. Manierre, Drummond<sup>47</sup>, Scudder<sup>48</sup>, Bigelow and others and to know of their wishes to send packages to their friends. They all have thanked me. We have no serious sickness in the regiment yet, nothing worse than dysentery and only two men have had to be sent to the hospital. Burton<sup>49</sup> of my company and one of Metlar's men so you can see the health of the regiment is good – mine is good. Geo Kinzie<sup>50</sup> just wished me to thank you for your kindness in sending over to their house and to know of his folks wish to send him anything. Whitehead's ankle is all right and he did not sprain it – only hurt it a little. Theo Norton<sup>51</sup> was very glad to receive his [package]. Am glad Mrs. Tuttle called to see you. I am very much obliged to you for sending the novels

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<sup>47</sup> Corporal Frank Drummond, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>48</sup> Private W. Mansfield Scudder, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>49</sup> Private Thomas Burton, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>50</sup> Private George H. Kinzie, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>51</sup> Private Therom S. Norton, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.



and *Hedley Vicars*. I have not as yet had an opportunity to read "Vicars."

My sash is a very handsome one and will do very well. As to the belt, the one that I now have is broken. I have mended it with black cotton thread but it will not last long. I shall need a new one ere long. I am sure I do not know where we are to play Jack-Straws<sup>52</sup> as we have no table and no boards to make one. I have slept on the ground ever since we came into camp. I am going to try to build some kind of a couch. The boys would not disdain to use the Straws if they only had a place to use them. The chequers are most acceptable thing. Theo Hammill and D. Wolf both shared their package with me. Theo had some very nice can peaches. As to what I would like if you have another chance to send anything – send some ginger snaps and no lemons. Those sent in the trunk were nearly all spoilt. I had to throw two away and use the others at once as they were decaying rapidly. Dry fruit would also be very acceptable and don't trouble yourself to send sugar as we can buy sugar here at 22 cents a pound – this is white crushed sugar hams are 15 cents a pound. We can buy things of [page ends]...

I am glad the packages for the Fauntleroy's came in the box. Eugene and Sam are good boys and I would do anything for them almost. I am glad Harry Hubbard<sup>53</sup> is getting well. I felt uneasy about

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<sup>52</sup>Jack Straws is a board game where miniature wood objects such as axes, rifles, brooms, crutches etc. are dumped on the table. Players use metal hooks to extract an object from the pile, without moving any other items.

<sup>53</sup> Possibly Private Henry A. Hubbard, Company F, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

him because I had induced him to enlist – he was a nice little fellow. Received the two dollars I have now just three dollars and forty five cent / 3.45 on hand. Whitehead owes me two dollars and Ed Nason one dollar. I will enclose my signature so that if you wish you can make arrangements with Mr. Cook to let me have some here of the Express Co. I suppose I had better get twenty five dollars at once. The seal on the trunk was complete and not broken - so much for the first letter.

2<sup>nd</sup> letter. Was received on last Sunday a.m. - contained two envelopes. I have not been sick at all, much less have I been in the hospital other than to see the boys who were sick. You must not believe all the stories you hear of us – they circulate all kind of stories in camp. We are going to Memphis and are here and afterward we are going to Chicago, when in fact we are going to stay here.

Did anyone go to see Colonel McChesney while in Chicago? I suppose he went through Chicago on his way to Springfield, Illinois. Do not be so anxious about me I am quite well – or nearly so. Gold has been up outrageously high 235!!! How do nails stand? My letters go regularly from here. The irregularity is in the Convoy #2 which takes the mail up to Chicago. We do not have a mail sometimes for 2 or 3 days. I do not suffer at all. We live roughly to be sure but there is fun in all the boys and they are all good boys and are kind to one another. We have better rations then we did – fresh beef once in three days and soft bread 4 or 5 times a week – milk and green peas, etc. can be bought of the farmers who come into the camp to sell them. I should very much like to have a good "square" meal at home

on the Fourth of July, but it will be impossible. The orderlies call has just beaten...care taken of me.

I received your letters regularly. Your Sunday letter is here on Wednesday morning. My Sunday letter is not at home until Thursday. The irregular trips of the boat is the reason of the delay. Yes, I have a John Greenhill<sup>54</sup> in my company. He seems to be a good boy. I shall watch him. I have not heard of him utter profane language that I can recollect. I should very much like to be at our church at the annual gathering of the S. S. [Seminary School] I am glad to hear that Gussie H. and Mary T. have each taken a class in our school. I hope they will continue their connection with the school. I often think of Mr. Moody and the teachers and the school room. Last Sunday I met one of my men, named Champlin<sup>55</sup>, he was a member of one of the bible classes at the Illinois Street Union. I said to him "Champlin how would you like to be at the North Market this afternoon." He said he would give anything if he could be there for the afternoon. I often think of them all. Give my kind regards to Mr. Farwell, Moody, Topliff, Welch, Fauntleroy, Wylie, etc. I often wish I was home but there I only wish I could be home just to see you all - one afternoon would be enough.

Does Miss Paddock still attend the reading classes? Do you and Clem still go to the gymnasium. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Chapin, Henry and all the other enquiring friends. So much for Louisa.

And now dear Mother,

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<sup>54</sup> Private John S. Greenhill, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>55</sup> Private Stouts F. Champlin, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

My silence was not caused by illness but by the miserable Convoy that don't make regular trips to Cairo. I shall not conceal anything from you. None of our regiment have been captured by guerrillas - nearly 1/3 of our time has passed. The boys talk about going home already. Metlar was very much pleased with the prunes. We had no means of cooking them so ate them as they were sent. I should like a pillow case made of some dark stuff that won't hold dirt well. I can stuff it with hay and have a pillow. If you wish to send anything, send it the first chance you have - everything to eat is acceptable. I should like to have a pair of these canvas shoes - my feet get almost baked in a pair of boots.

I returned from a picket, or rather my expedition after apples, etc. and forage expedition. A few minutes ago I took ten men from Company D and with the ambulance wagon. The adjutant and surgeon and went outside of the pickets about 4 1/2 miles. I took S. C. Fauntleroy, Drummond, Scudder, Haggard<sup>56</sup>, D. Wolf, Clark<sup>57</sup>, Masters<sup>58</sup> and such boys. We went along the road - through the road - came to a house stopped but saw no apple trees, so moved on came and to another house. I went in and questioned the man, he had served his time in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Illinois Cavalry - showed me his papers, etc., so I went on. No doubt if the rebels were to come to

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<sup>56</sup> Private John D. Haggard, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>57</sup> Corporal Lincoln E. Clark, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>58</sup> Private Granville S. Masters, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

his house he could show them papers from a rebel general and would be as big a rebel as any man. I let that man go. He had only 2 apple trees. I could strip both of them and not have a load so I went on.

Came to a house, a nice one painted white with pillars in front - it put me in mind of Uncle William's house in Racine. I went to the door, the back door, saw a young lady. She was very afraid of me. I had my sword and belt and revolver on and looked probably as much like a genteel guerilla - or as a very rough federal soldier. I bowed to her and asked her for some water. She brought me some and while I was drinking her sister came in, they were both rather pretty, and as they were the first young ladies I had seen since I left Chicago I felt very much like cultivating an acquaintance. I told them that I was a Union soldier and belonged to the 134<sup>th</sup> Illinois. They had been very shy at first but when I told them that and what I wanted they were much more pleasant. They assured me that they had no orchard, so after I had stepped out in the garden and they had a very pretty one and saw they had no apples I left them. I gave them an invitation to come to our camp on the Fourth, they promised to come. They are to bring some blackberries - they had a lot of them in their garden. They wanted to pick some for me but I could not stay so long as my party was waiting outside for me.

We proceeded on down the road, we passed several more houses but as I saw no apples I did not go in. I went on till I came to the house of a man named Gaston<sup>59</sup> - here I could not get any apples

<sup>59</sup> Possibly William Ghaskins, 1850 Census of Hickman County, Kentucky.

but got some beats and onions, pulled them up myself. There was a woman in black on the balcony of the house - she did not seem to like my actions at all so I moved on. I did not go further on as I had been told that there was no house for 2 miles on the road. I was nearly 5 miles from the picket lines. In going back I stopped at a house that I had missed - the first one had a large apple orchard in the rear so I had the wagon driven in there and got a full load of apples. A man came out in butternut pants and a yellow shirt he asked me what I was doing. I told him I was going to take a load of apples to camp. He said I had no right to do so, so I called up my men and told them to load the wagon. The Secesh did not say a word as we loaded as fast as we could and left. In coming back I stopped again at the Morse's again - saw the young ladies and they said they would send us a lot of berries on the fourth and would be there themselves if possible. I left and came home. The surgeon was very much pleased with my success. The onions were just what he wanted.

The road we passed over was a most beautiful one. There were no fences and the woods were thus open and no small trees or brush, you could see into the woods for a long distance. The grass was very green and it was cool and shady. I enjoyed the ride very much. I did not think there were such pretty roads in the neighborhood. We passed one house and I went up to the door. The lady (for she was a lady if she was sesesh) sat on the porch of the house rocking the baby asleep in the cradle. I told her who I was - she started - I told her what I wanted and she said she had no apples. I

looked then on her grounds and could see only one small tree, as I had no orders to search her house I had to leave. She had quite a neat place, evidently once been laid out with great taste but now neglected. I was told her story by a man who I met on the road. She is a rebel and she once had a most splendid place and lived in a brick house but that she had harbored rebels there so our men were ordered to destroy the house. It was burned down. I saw the ruins. I forget the man's name who lived there he lived in a very nice house that they had built on the plantation – one of the nicest log houses that I ever saw. On the whole I had a very pleasant trip and hope they will send me out again. I just received two letters one with ginger and the other with Gussie's photograph – will answer them tomorrow. Have sent for the box. With very much regards to all at home and many thanks, Lucas.

You mentioned in one of your letters that Mrs. Patterson had relations living in this place. What is there name? I have not seen a single pretty young lady here. I would like to make a visit on some white people in town. The boys take great effort in fitting up their tents, etc. with brush and leaves and it makes them quite cool. They build arbors over the tents and weave leaves in the frame work, etc. It gives the camp quite a pretty appearance as long as the leaves are green but when the leaves fade they are not near so nice looking but the shade is just good.

Wednesday morning. Last night was our night for sleeping on our arms and we lay out on the field on our rubber blankets with our woolen ones over us. I was up every hour to see if everything was going

on rightly. Have been down to the river and had a first rate swim this a.m.. It is exceedingly hot and only 7:30 a.m. Colonel McChesney arrived here about ten o'clock last evening, he said he saw Hamilton on the train and that they were getting up a Fourth of July dinner for us. He shook hands with me when we met, seemed quite glad to see me. He only spoke to me for a minute and then went to his tent. I was eating my breakfast at Colonel Bigelow's tent.

I am ordered today to go outside of the picket lines and get some apples and come home. I have a command of ten men. I shall take Scudder, D. Wolf, Nason, Drummond and such men. The regiment is now out on battalion drill. Our company is not there as we were out in the field all night. I expect a letter or letters this a.m. I do expect Dr. Danforth (our surgeon) will go out with us. I like him very much, he is very pleasant. I expect five days mail today – have not had a letter since Saturday a.m. I am glad Hamilton saw Colonel McChesney while in Chicago. Ought to have a letter from him and the Fauntleroy's this a.m. The men are now marching from the field. I suppose too hot for battalion drill. Metlar is just marching his company in their streets. It is very hot must go to see about the expedition for apples and to see if there is any mail. I will go to headquarters to see if I have mail for my Company. The call was for sergeants recitations – no mail has come up yet. Bigelow and Metlar received much and pleased that Bond had called at ones house. So much for letters, etc.

Letter #3. 1<sup>st</sup> from Clara. You believe wrongly when you think that these towns on the Mississippi are all built on lime stone bluffs. I have not seen a

stone as big as my head since I left the boat - we are on a clay bank. I should like very much to help Clara in enlarging her cabinet but there are no geological specimens around here. Metlar always desires to be remembered kindly to all. Give my kind regards to Mary Tuttle and Gussie Handy. It seems pleasant to hear that friends desire to be remembered to me.

Am out here in the woods confined in the camp lines so hot that a person does not want to stir. And to receive a letter from home - a few words from a friend is like going bathing in the Mississippi and getting cool at once - in other words it makes a person feel happier and more contented. There is I think general dissatisfaction in the regiment today. Consequently on there being no mail this a.m. The boat has gone on down the river to Hickman so I don't expect to have a letter until tomorrow morning. I see by yesterday's *Tribune* that there is a letter advertised for Miss Sophey Hunt maybe it is for "Tobe". Also by the same paper that Smythe Fauntleroy is getting up a Fourth of July dinner for us. It has almost made up for my disappointment in having no mail today. The boys of each Company D & I are in first rate spirits over the news. So much for Clara.

I am not sick, nor have I been and let that be understood. Do not feel anxious about me I am well. If I were to be taken unwell, sick, I would have the very best of medical attendance and the post commissary at government contract prices. Anything you send though is very acceptable. Am glad the new cook has come and hope you will be suited and am glad that Misses Whitehead called.

We can't get potatoes here easily - onions and other vegetables we get once in a while. Am sorry Mrs. Dickenson did not get her package ready in time to be put in the box. Charles was a little disappointed. We can buy tin ware here. The camp stool is at hand all right - very, very acceptable - before I had to sit on the ground all the while. I have just been to breakfast and had ham and potatoes, bread and butter, sugar and milk. My mouth is so sore that I could not eat anything hardly. I mess with Bigelow, Metlar, Dickenson and O'Brien. We have our colored cook buy all our provisions downtown - the post commissary ham 15 cents, crushed sugar 22 cents, etc. Am now sitting in Drummond, Scudder, Kinzie and D. Wolf's tent - Eugene and Sam Fauntleroy and Ed Nason's tent is right next to it. Eugene Fauntleroy is not very well this a.m. - nothing serious though.

The companies are now falling in for battalion drill - must go. The Chaplin has gone down after the mail. I shall be very much disappointed if I don't have a letter this a.m. It is so very warm that I did not feel well on battalion drill so I came in. Whitehead and Colonel Bigelow who is drilling the regiment said I could fall out. Last night I took two pills and they made me feel rather sick. Whitehead was officer of the day and he could not sleep at all so he sat up and wrote a letter home. I was kept up by pains in my stomach until long after one o'clock.

My pants and vest are very nice ones. The pants fit very well. It is just as well that other pair of pants did not come down. I do not want them. Tell father the trunk arrived safely - camp stool and all. I would give anything if mother could accept our

invitation to tea. We have a table made of two rough pieces of board laid on stakes driven in the ground. We have to stand up to eat our meals – our crockery consists on tin ware -5 tin quarter cups with plate and common 2 prong forks and a frying pan in the center of the table. We sometimes have potatoes but they are a delicacy and are not always to be had. We have lots of fuss over our meals.

### Columbus; July 2, 1864

My Dear Mother,

I am so very behind in writing home that I fear that I can never catch up. The box came to hand the day before yesterday, I am very glad to have it. My belt is a very nice one and just what was wanted. My jacket is also very useful and will do for night duty. The shoes I have not tried on – have not had the time to. I would have written yesterday but was ordered to take command of a squad of men to go outside of the picket lines on a forage and it took me all day. This a.m. I had to go downtown with the Colonel so my time was taken up till now. I have written to Henry Chapin. I was very sorry to hear of the death of his father. I saw a letter of Johnnie Chapin's received the day before your letter. He did not say his father was unwell it must have been very sudden. I have been at work shading my tent and am so hot and feel so dirty that I hardly can write. I took the old pair of pants to the tailor at the soldier's rest to fix up. I am now wearing the pair sent down in the box - they are rather small but will do for occasional wear. I have some twelve letters to write

and I am afraid I can't answer each personally but let my letter be an answer to them all. I will try to write long letters and write them often. We had a call today from Frank Gilman<sup>60</sup> – Hamilton knows him. He is orderly Sergeant of his brother's company in the 141<sup>st</sup> Illinois which arrived here yesterday. Being out in the sun all day yesterday and this a.m. I feel very meanly today.

Sunday July 3, 1864. Just (1/3) one third of our 100 days have gone by today. This a.m. we received 1 box of lemons, 3 boxes of sundries, 1 keg butter and one keg – think it is pickles and have my pair of suspenders and *Bugle Call* – very much obliged. The "Call" is very acceptable. I am not very well and have a head ache – was on duty for nearly 40 hours this week. The Fauntleroy's are well. We have fixed up our quarters with bowers, etc. – very nice. I built me a spring bed – two hickory poles and lay barrel staves on them – tack them down and I have as good a bed as I want. We had a heavy rain all night. My tent leaked – I wrapped my up in my rubber blanket and slept regardless of the rain.

I would like to have a piece of mosquito gauze large enough to cover a cot bed – send also about 3 foot of wire to support it. The pillow cases will come in very nicely. Ettie's dress looks very naturally. I am very sorry to hear of Richard S. Kennen's death. It must indeed be a sad blow to his parents. It was so very sudden. I would write a longer letter than this one but am entirely out of writing paper. Send me some the first opportunity – some larger than note paper. It is very warm today. We

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<sup>60</sup> First Sergeant Frank Gilman, Company K, 141<sup>st</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

can't sit in our tents, so hot. I ought to write to Willie, father Hamilton, in fact all of the family - I received this morning, as I went out on a scout, letters from all the family - nearly. I read them as I rode along - could not but help thinking "how I wished I could see you all once again!" I was up part of the night so slept a short time this noon. I woke up at one o'clock to go to dinner. The thought of all of you at home came to me - you were probably eating your dinner the same time that I was eating my bread, molasses and water. I can't drink coffee without milk or at least it does not agree with me.

Evening. I have just been asking the men to go to church - am very tired. Sunday is the hardest day we have I have to inspect all the men - very hard work. It does not seem to me as if tomorrow was the Glorious Fourth! I will try to write tomorrow - want to have the go by tomorrow morning's mail. I do not feel as if I had spent Sunday rightly - have not been to Sunday School or to church today. I think today is communion Sunday at Chicago. I could not help thinking at half past twelve of Sophy. I shall remember her particularly in my prayers. How I wish I could have been there. Who has united with the church today? Will write home fully tomorrow - I have been out more than I ought to have been today. Whitehead wishes to be remembered kindly to you and all the family - I generally read him my letters and give Biglow, Metlar and Dickenson extracts - anything that interests them. Sixty-seven days more to serve. Kind regards to Gussie with very much love to you all at home. Will occupy the Fourth to writing home if I can find paper, Lucas.

## In Camp Hancock; Columbus, Ky.; July 4, 1864

My dear Parents,

I feel so very far behind in my letter writing to home that I feel discouraged. I wrote a letter yesterday afternoon - it was forwarded this a.m. Yesterday we received the boxes of pickles and butter. The boys are all very much pleased. They are now busy in making lemonade. The pickles are very nice ones. The butter is very good - we are very glad to have them.

Received this a.m. Father's and Ham[ilton]'s letter of the 30<sup>th</sup>. The boxes got here yesterday. Have not had Clara's letter yet. Metlar is very much pleased with his camp stool - have my suspenders - next time please send a piece of mosquito gauze. It is very hot here. Metlar wishes me to thank you for sending the camp stool. The bread is very nice - we can buy the *Tribune* here the day after they are printed but never get the *Journal*. Colonel McChesney said he met Ham[ilton] in the cars. Hope C, L & H had a pleasant evening at Mrs. Wheeler's. Have not had a chance to see Wheeler<sup>61</sup> of Company F but have spoken to Lieutenant Strawbridge<sup>62</sup> to point him out to me. Am going to have some fun with him - give Mr. Thompson my thanks for the bottle of bitters. I have not uncorked it but I think they will do me good. I have been suffering with a headache and tooth ache a little. I don't take as good care of my teeth as I ought to.

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<sup>61</sup> Private Elbert B. Wheeler, Company F, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>62</sup> Second Lieutenant George E. Strobridge, Company F, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Am very sorry to hear of Lieutenant R. S. Kennen's death – very, very sudden. Today seems very much more like Sunday to me than yesterday. I lay in my tent nearly all morning and read my testament and "Vicar" – like the book very much. Theo Hammill received a letter from home informing him of Sturgess' marriage with Miss Lee. Humphrey<sup>63</sup> (nephew to the minister) of Company A was telling me of the gifts and proceedings. His uncle had written to him about it.

The boys are all so kind to me it seems as if they were brothers. I never walk thru the streets of men of A. D. I. companies that I haven't a request to 'come in' and 'sit down', etc. I like the boys all very much, we have our tents fixed up with leaves, etc. very nicely and shady.

-I was not well at all yesterday, stayed in my tent nearly all afternoon. I could not help thinking of you all yesterday I had to inspect the company and my mind was wondering homewards all the while. I was on duty and when I was through I lay down in my bed, put a handkerchief over my head and thought of Chicago. Now I wish I could have been home to go to church. I was not well at all yesterday – stayed in my tent nearly all afternoon.

I am very much pleased with Amy's and Ettie's letters – hope any tooth ache is much better. Am glad they are pleased with Mr. Hammond – glad they were pleased with the fixing up of the church. So write as often as you can – you need not think your letters are dry. They are very welcome indeed. Am out of paper – today does not seem like

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<sup>63</sup> Private Henry M. Humphrey, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

the Fourth – it seems much more like Sunday. I have hardly done anything today. Do not, dear father, feel low spirited about me. I am very well contented with my position and am very well off. It makes me low spirited when you tell me you are low spirited. Glad to hear Johnnie is well, I thought to write him – have written to Chapin. I don't like to write to Mrs. Patterson but give them my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. P and the family. Who united with the church last Sunday? I have not had an opportunity to find anything out about the "Quigley's" – will make enquiries when I go downtown next time. Willie's letter is a very interesting one. He ought to try to write better. Am glad to hear of the business and ask Willie to write again soon. I intend my letter to be for all and to answer all I receive.

The pillow cases are very acceptable. If I come in contact with any rebel money or P.O. stamps I will buy them. The foxfire sent was bright when I sent it. I hope Willie and Clem take as much interest and more as Ettie does in the morning meetings. I should very much like to attend them. Am very glad to hear of John Mather having delivered messages to the Fauntleroy's. Smythe Fauntleroy owes me a letter and his mother sent me a little pamphlet in a box she sent to Sam. Tell Smythe that I am very much obliged to her for her kindness. Delivered Willie's messages to the boys. Kind regards to John and Mike Williams and all the clerks and Mr. Thompson. The boys are all very much pleased with their lemonade, etc. Tin pan very acceptable and all other things ditto. Tell Sophy and I will write to Willie tomorrow especially – try to write to Ettie and Amy.



The cheese is very nice. It's rather moldy now but it is good. Me and my men are grateful for the candies, etc. – all much obliged. We'll try to keep a sort of journal in the book sent in the box. The canvas shoes are just what I wanted. They are a little large but otherwise will do - my many thanks dear mother for your trouble. Do write as often as you can. I like to read your letters, read them over often and have the others I received. The C. C. C. have only had a few private boxes and sent them. I am very glad to receive Gussie's photograph and have written her a note thanking her. Have not Willie or Clem or May or Ettie had their photo taken? I should very much like to have theirs. It is very cheery for us to know that we are remembered by our friends at church in the prayer meeting. Be sure to inform me who united with the church last Sabbath.

Colonel Hancock is coming down here in about two weeks. Give my kind regards to Mr. Moody, Welch, Farwell and all the teachers at the school - Fauntleroy and Higly particularly. The ginger lozenges are good I gave Eugene Fauntleroy some. We have had a very pleasant time so far and nothing has happened to mar the good order of the regiment at all. We expect to have our regimental band tonight, but may be disappointed. Have the Handy family gone east yet? I was very much surprised to find some of my men playing cards yesterday. I left my tent and gave them a talking to such as they had not had for a long time. They acknowledged their wrong and promised to go to Sabbath school and church and also that they would not do so again.

Much obliged for my very pretty silk handkerchief. The shoes are a little large but they will do very well. Much fun going on in camp today – no drill. They are going to have a party at Co. A tonight. With very kind regards to Chaper, Gussie and Mary Tuttle and all other friends – and very much love to all the family – brothers and my dear Father & Mother. Your affectionate son, Lucas.

**Columbus, Ky.; July 5, 1864**

My Dear Mother,

The bearer of this letter Mr. Morse<sup>64</sup>, orderly of Company A - C. C.C., just came to my tent and told me he had a furlough till the 13<sup>th</sup>. He offered to take anything I had to send home or to bring from Chicago. Will you please send the mosquito gauze, writing paper, etc. that I want by him. If he will take a package home for me I will send my blue shirt and will you send the other grey one for it. The blue one is too hot for this place. I wrote a letter home yesterday and went by the a.m. mail – we have had no mail today. I did not feel very well but read my testament and the book you sent me and wrote a letter home.

I passed rather a pleasant Fourth yesterday – did not feel very well but read my testament and the book you sent me and wrote a letter home in the evening. Co. A had their street illuminated very nicely with paper lanterns, Maverick<sup>65</sup> made them.

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<sup>64</sup> First Sergeant Robert B. Morse, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>65</sup> Private W. K. C. Maverick, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

They had some dancing. Will Pierce<sup>66</sup> had his violin, the fife major his flute and the drum major his drum with a guitar. Maverick danced and sang. We had interludes of music, others sang and we had a darkey dance and then two little darkies 'bunted' each other. Pierce played a solo, spoke a comic piece and Maverick sang songs, etc., so the evening passed away very pleasantly. The candles in the lanterns went out about 10 o'clock and then I went to my bed. We had on the whole a rather pleasant day. I enjoyed myself by thinking of all at home and comparing my passed [memories] with the present. I hope you will tell me how you all passed the Fourth. I suppose there was much done among our church people.

I have my tent fixed up rather nicely and have made a very nice bed for myself of barrel staves and hickory saplings. I have put up for crotches in the ground and laid my saplings on the crotches then spread the barrel staves over the saplings. It makes a very nice springy bed – have two blankets under me so it is quite soft and do not need anything over me. Am much better today.

Whitehead has gone outside of the picket lines to get a load of poles to fix up our shade. My bed is on one side of the tent Whiteheads on the other side. We have the ground for a floor and a table is right between our beds made of a large box. We hang our coat and swords over a stick slung from the edge pole of the tent. We have reveille, or morning call, at half after four, battalion drill from 5 to 7, then breakfast, then comes cleaning up of

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<sup>66</sup> Private William L. Pierce, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

quarters, etc., police duty, which takes an hour or so, then the men have a rest of the day to themselves. They occupy the day in cleaning their equipment and muskets and fixing up their tents. We have dress parade at six o'clock p.m., 'retreat' at 9 p.m. and at 9:15 'taps' when the camp has to be quiet and every light out. I generally find something to do all the time – read over my letters from home, fixing up my tent or being useful. I am glad to see so very little card playing among the men. I have not noticed any for two days. Some were playing on Sunday but I talked to them and they stopped.

Please be sure to have everything ready for Mr. Morse to bring with him when he calls for the package. He seems to be a respectable man and has treated me very well – is orderly of Theo Hammel's company. Have not heard from Smythe yet nor Chapin. Company D had to sleep out on the picket line last evening. They missed the enjoyment of the evening having to go out at eight o'clock p.m. If I can find a little darkie for a servant who will come up to Chicago with me and he is a good, smart, honest darkie I shall take him with me. Theo Hammill and his tent mate have one. Will Pierce has one and there are a number in the regiment. I drew a [favor] for five dollars to pay a boy we had in our Company who had been acting as our servant. I did not have money enough to pay him and am now nearly out. Am not in immediate need of money now. This is not much of a letter – the main objective in writing was to let you know of Mr. Morse. Anything you wish to send have ready for him. His furlough is out on the 13<sup>th</sup>. With very kind regards to all the

clerks and all friends and my much love to all at home - I am affectionately your son, Lucas.

**(to his sister Clara); Columbus; July 8, 1864**

My Dear Clara,

Received your very kind letter of June 29<sup>th</sup> yesterday a.m., it came to hand just as I was going out on a picket. I consequently did not have time to write you yesterday. I had command of three posts, some eighteen men at each post. The posts are about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile apart. I had no horse, so I had to walk in making my rounds which I have to every little while. I feel very tired, must have walked some 15 or 18 miles thru the hot sun. I was completely wet with perspiration. I am very glad to get off and to lay down in my tent once more. Eugene F. is now on picket. I was kept awake nearly all night by the mosquitos. The dew was so very heavy last night that I was completely wet through and it was very hot. I have just returned from dinner and had me potatoes, butter, bread, stewed apples, ham, coffee, white sugar, pickles, salt & pepper and water - quite a good "square" meal. Charlie Dickenson was saying at dinner that when we get home none of us would want to sleep in the house, being used to sleeping in the open air, we would be suffocated sleeping in the house. How I would like to see my bed at home for an evening.

We have very hot weather - today the sun seems unusually hot and no wind. I am very sorry to see by yesterday's *Tribune* that Lieutenant Colonel

Chandler<sup>67</sup> of the 88<sup>th</sup> is dead. I hope that you will go to some pleasant place to spend the summer. I am very glad to hear that Amy has taken the prize for spelling. The 4<sup>th</sup> of July dinner was very acceptable. The boys were all pleased and any little thing (luxury) in the eating line will please them.

Saturday. Am quite well. I mailed last evening a letter which I intend to send to Chicago by the orderly of Company A. he will call at the store and he is now only waiting for his pass to be signed by the General. He will bring anything you may wish to send me. He may possibly not get a furlough to go to Chicago so he may not call but his papers have been signed by the Colonel, the commander of the post, and all now sent down to Memphis to be signed. Have everything ready to send by him. I hope mother's health is very much improved. I do want to hear from home often. 12 m[idnight] just received your letter of the (Tuesday) 5<sup>th</sup> and enclosed draft for 25.00 dollars. I am very much obliged to you the money is very acceptable. I had been trusted by my washer woman. I can get the draft cashed at the express office - there is no bank here. Also received a note from Louisa and one from father and a few words from mother - all dated the 6<sup>th</sup>. No papers came as yet. Am very much obliged to you all and I'm very sorry that mother is not well. Hope to hear by next letter that mother has entirely recovered. I hope mother will go to the sea side as soon as I get home. I only have sixty days more to serve. The boys already talk about

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<sup>67</sup> Lieutenant George W. Chandler, Company C, 88<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He was killed on June 27, 1864 during the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain.

going home. They discuss the time of day on which they want to arrive in Chicago. I will have Sunday all to myself and so will write to very fully. It is exceedingly hot here today. Am going to dinner and will write more fully tomorrow. With very much love to all and kind regards to all friends. Your affectionate bother, Luke.

Have not time to write more today.

**Camp Hancock; Columbus, Ky.; Sunday, July 9, 1864**

My Dear Mother,

I have some two or three letters to write or rather to answer. The first from Clara was partly answered yesterday. Mr. Morse, orderly of Company A will not go to Chicago. He told me last night that the General would not sign his furlough. Clara's letter dated June 29 only came to hand the day before yesterday a. m. Corporal Hoyt was on picket the same time that I was - Whitehead told me that his sister had called to see Clara and Louisa.

We have very queer weather here - it is now just hot and close as possible - not a breath of air stirring and at the same time it is thundering. As I write the temperature has fallen very much and the rain has begun to fall equally as fast. It is very nice and cool and our blackberry season is just coming in and we will have lots of berries. Am sorry for Davis, his strawberry crop is about all he had to depend upon. We are having a very heavy fall of rain and wind and am afraid my tent will blow over. The rain shoots right along the ground. We are having a very

hard storm the men in the shelter tents will get wet through - my tent will stand it though.

Everything was received all rightly - the leather trunk and the box and the suspenders. Very, very many thanks for sending them. The drawer arrived on the noon of the third, Sunday, was in plenty of time. I think I have given you an account of how I passed the 4<sup>th</sup> and how the dinner passed off. There was no "cheese" received. Father's favor of the 5<sup>th</sup> enclosing A, C, Br. Co. in Chemical N.Y. [Bank] for 25.00 dollars was yesterday a.m. - have not been downtown to try to get the draft cashed, but think I will have no trouble. There is no bank here but think I can get one of the stores in the city to cash it for me. Am glad that Treminer has arrived safely in Chicago. I expect to be ordered out after apples and etc. again tomorrow or the next day. I do hope that mother is very much better.

We have had very little sickness so far and the general health of the regiment is very good. We have had, I am very sorry to say, one death - two or three days ago. One of Company C was drowned in the river last Thursday a.m. He was a German named "Hartie"<sup>68</sup> or some such name. He did not go in the usual place but went in a place where there was a hole. He got in that hole and strangled. He was only about 20 feet from the shore. I was not down there that morning, if I had been the man would never have drowned. He was with four others but they did not make any effort to save him. His

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<sup>68</sup> Private Charles Hartig, Company C, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

body has not been found yet. Captain Linn<sup>69</sup>, Company F is also so very sick and that he is not expected to live. His company is the second - consequently next but one to ours and next to Metlar's. He is now laying in his tent perfectly insensible - he has 'billions typhoid fever'. Hubbard<sup>70</sup>, George Carter's cousin, is in that Co. The doctor says he is very low indeed and that he will not live for 24 hours unless the stimulants act. He is completely out of his mind now. Poor man, he came out to fight for his country and to lay down his life, he most truly will do so. The Chaplin is with him a great deal - he did not think (by "he" I mean the surgeon) Captain Linn was so very unwell until this a.m. when he was taken very much worse. He has been unwell for some little while and the Chaplin was with him nearly all the time. I think he was prepared to die. Captain Linn is, I think, some relation to Dr. Linn of Chicago. Don't mention anything about the captain's sickness as I don't know what arrangements his friends in Chicago may make or do. With these exceptions everything is going on very pleasantly. One man of my company has had an attack of diphtheria but is getting very much better. For the last half hour it has rained exceedingly hard. There has been a consultation of physicians, some two or three, and they say that Captain Linn unless there is a very great reaction cannot live very much longer, but a few hours at most. He was rational yesterday and they were

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<sup>69</sup> Captain Alphonso C. Linn, Company F, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He died on July 10, 1864.

<sup>70</sup> Private Henry A. Hubbard, Company F, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

going to send him home but he has changed very much in the last 24 hours. He was from Evanston. He was a teacher at the university there.

I am very sorry to hear that you were not able to go to Lake Forest but am very glad to know that my letters gave you any pleasure on the 4<sup>th</sup>. I am very glad that you feel better and hope that you have entirely recovered your usual good health. I do read my testament every day - have it always on my table. I have read with very much interest parts of "Vicars." I hope I shall learn a great deal from it. I have read full accounts of the capture or sinking of the *Alabama*. The boys are generally pleased with the news. I hope lemons will be delivered up to Commodore Winslow<sup>71</sup> of the *Kearsarge*. I think it a mean dastardly act of the *Dearhound* in picking up the pirates. The *Kearsarge* ought to have sunk the *Dearhound* if she would not give up the pirates.

The *Chicago Journals* are very welcomed. We get the *Tribune* here the day after they are published. The *Journal* we never get. I told Scudder that our family had been to Lake Forest and seen the High's and the Higgin's. I am quite well. The boys say I am getting fatter than ever. I am certainly gifted with a very good appetite. Dried fruit of any kind is very acceptable to us and we can now cook anything almost - have no dried fruit here at all. Could you send some down - some peaches. I hope Mr. Hammond's good influence will never leave Chicago!

Colonel McChesney can't stand much fatigue. He is half unwell all the time. We were all very surprised when he told us he was going to

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<sup>71</sup> Captain John A. Winslow, United States Navy.

Chicago. I don't particularly care to get home before my time is out. It seems only a short time more. The boys even now talk about getting home again. I lay in my tent at evenings and can hear their conversations. I very seldom light a candle as it draws so many mosquitoes. Last night we slept out on the picket line. I just spread my rubber blanket on the ground, laid myself down and what time the mosquitos did not keep me awake I slept. Have no cold of anything the matter with me today. I slept on the picket line on Thursday night and Saturday night more rain and wind - heavy. Have you heard anything about Colonel Bigelow and myself being under arrest? Please answer the question fully. I will explain matters in my first letter after you have answered my question.

I am very much troubled with the heat - have a rash all over my body. Had my hair cut yesterday and not short. Ed Nason just came by my tent, he sits on the bed and says my tent is the only dry place in the camp. My floor is dry and the tent does not leak. Ed is a good boy and a great many of Company D treat me as a brother - they will share anything with me. Metlar's men are the best in the regiment, my company then Company A is the next. Am taking good care of myself. If I were sick I would have the best of care. Have not as yet received the papers you say are sent.

Now for Louisa's letter. The men in my company and the companies on each side of mine are singing Sunday School songs. It sounds so very nicely to hear the songs sung down here. Am very glad to hear that you had such a pleasant picnic at Lake Forest. I wish mother could have gone with you.

I thought of you all very often on that day. Could not help but contrast the present Fourth with those that had passed, thought of you all and read over my old letters, etc. Smythe Fauntleroy has not written to me yet - hope he will do so soon. I wish Miss Paddock would make a trip to Columbus, probably her father will have to come up here [for] business and then she can come with him. Our surgeon has been appointed Post Surgeon. Am glad Sophia takes a share in the reading class. Clem must continue the gymnasium. I hope he is improving in weight and that he tries to get along at the store. Willie must take a great interest in the store. I will try to get some rebel postage stamps, etc. when I go to town next time. Some of my - I forgot what I was going to write - for our colored waiter brought his brother to me. He wants me to take him for my servant. I think I will his brother "Jim" is a very smart darkie. The one I have is named "Charlie" if he is only half as smart as Jim I will try to keep him. I remember Lieutenant Colonel Chandler. I was very sorry to hear of his death. We must not have too much confidence in the news we receive but as sure as Grant lives he will take Richmond ere long.

Our camp does not look as pretty now that the green leaves have faded but still we have the shade and that was what the arbors were built for - they looked very pretty indeed while they were green. The street is perfectly clean the tents are in rows and the white contrasts very nicely with the green. I have a large bower built in front of my tent. Our two Companies have built a very nice one in front of Colonel Bigelow's tent. They have also dug a cellar for us (our mess). Company D's cellar has a

foot of water in it, the back caved in and all the water rushed in. It was built on the slope of a hill. Their bread, sugar, coffee is all wet. Their hard tack will have a good soaking.

I always deliver your message to Colonel Bigelow, Metlar, Whitehead, etc. and they always wished to be remembered to you. I am afraid I have written to Gussie but simply thanked her and spoke of Mr. Chapin's death, etc. Have not heard from her yet but hope to. The rain seems to have cleared up but it is queer weather and may rain in a few minutes. Willie Manierre writes to Annie Patterson. I told him to remember me kindly to all the family when he next writes. My back aches writing so much - have read my testament today. Very kind regards to Mike, John, William Bonnell and Thompson Lockett and all of my inquiring friends and very much love to all at home. Amy and Ettie [I] have not been to Sunday School this afternoon - rain too hard. Will write soon again. O'Neill on picket. Have dress parade soon and will go and get supper now. With very much love to yourself, I am affectionately your son, Lucas.

### **Camp Hancock; July 10 Sunday**

My Dear Mother,

I have written a long letter to you today, I merely write this to let you know that Captain Linn is dead. He died about 15 minutes ago. I was present at the time - he was totally unconscious of all passing events. The surgeon had him moved from his tent to the hospital tent this afternoon. He did not know how near death he was. He was so much

better last evening that they thought of sending him home this a.m. They obtained a furlough for him but he was taken with a chill last night just as the fever left him and it cost him his life. Poor man.

What thoughts this occurrence has brought up? How near death has been to us - two deaths in the same week! I was talking to Colonel McChesney, he said he had hoped to take the regiment back to Chicago without losing a man. Dear mother I think I can say that should it be my lot to meet the King of Terrors I could do so without fear - "for the rod and the staff they uphold me." I feel very sorry for his company. I could not help shed tears when his men came up one by one and took a farewell glance at him just before his death. He is not married. May God comfort his brothers and sisters - he has six brothers. It has thrown a gloom over all the regiment. With very much love to all. I am your affectionate son, Lucas.

I received this evening Fathers letter of the 5<sup>th</sup> notifying me that he had sent me mosquito gauze - very, very much obliged.

I can hardly care about doing anything tonight. Poor Captain Linn, he came out to fight for his country but lost his life and never struck a blow. He most truly has laid down his life for his country. Whose turn may it be next? I feel so sorry - "the Lord doeth all things well" - "thy will Oh God be done." I am going the Grand Rounds tonight with Colonel Bigelow. Lucas.

### **Columbus; July 11, 1864; Monday**

Dear Mother,

I wrote you yesterday. Yesterday seemed the longest day I ever passed – seemed as if it was never going to end. I have not been in bed since half past four a.m. yesterday – was up all night. Captain Linn's death took place yesterday evening at about 8 o'clock he passed away so calmly that we did not know when he ceased breathing. I was present when he died. He has been moved in to the hospital tent during the evening. His company passed up one by one and took a last look at him. Many of the men shed tears. I help to lay out the body and his last remains were sent to Le Centre, Ills. The whole regiment nearly went out to see the funeral. Metlar and Whitehead were pall bearers – Mr. Pierce<sup>72</sup> and Mr. Tullis, the Chaplin go with the remains. Yesterday was a very sad day - seemed as if it never would pass.

Last night I was up all night on horseback from half after eleven till after 5 a.m. Colonel Bigelow was post officer of the day. Yesterday he had to go the grand rounds and I volunteered to go with him. It took us all the time between the above named hours. I had lots of adventures – up hill and slide down again as your horse lurches. Hills so steep that you could not walk up them, etc. – in the woods and in the brush. I enjoyed the trip very much – the night was dark as could be. Sometimes we would lose our way and get off the picket line, then we would have to beat about until we could find the path again. I liked it very much. I will go downtown and get my draft cashed today, also will call at the express office and get my packages. I have asked

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<sup>72</sup> Quartermaster Rueben P. Pierce, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Mr. Pierce to call at out store. He may do so or not but any small package you may wish to send me he will bring down, if he does call send the bugle, fryers, etc. I enclose a piece of paper that I made memorandums on last night at midnight when out on the picket line – some three miles from our camp. They are names of men who we found asleep on picket. Colonel Bigelow has reported them to headquarters. They will be severely punished.

I tried my best to see how to write but might as well have tried to see with my eyes shut as to see them how to write. I laid the piece of paper on the horn of my saddle and tried to do my best. Colonel Bigelow told me to keep a memorandum of those men and I wrote them as you see. This a.m. he asked me for those names, I handed him the paper without looking at it myself. He laughed at when I was away and could not read it. He had to send for me to translate it for him before he could send in his morning report. The Chaplin will not go to Chicago. I wish he was going as then you could see him, but Mr. Pierce will call at the store if he has time. He promised me to do so. Am quite well – do not feel fatigued at all. My midnight horseback ride gave me a most powerful appetite and I know will make me very much stouter, etc. With my very kind regards to Mary Tuttle when you call to see her. Smythe & Charlie and very much love to Amy and Ettie and all the rest. I am dear mother your affectionate son, Lucas.

**Columbus; July 12, 1864; Tuesday**

My Dear Mother,



I have written so many letters home recently that I am afraid I shall not have enough news in this to make it worthwhile, but at any rate I will write something. Let Hamilton look up the price of his sword belt – I want to pay for them – please attend to this at once. I have just been called away by Metlar to help raise a flag pole and hoist a flag for Company D. One of their members had a nice bunting flag sent to him with the letters 'Co. D' sewn in the center in black. We raised the pole and hoisted the flag with 'seven and a tiger' then the whole company sang 'We'll rally round the flag, boys' after which we had the cook sing a song. We urged him, and he broke out into 'When I can read my title clear' – we could not help but laugh. He sang such a very queer tune. As I sit in my tent and look out on to the street – what a veteran appearance the camp has. The leaves are all weathered and yellow and the grass all worn away. The men have built tables and seats in front of their tents and are sitting out there talking and cleaning up their equipment and muskets. This being the only occupation that they have, they take very great pains over it. Some of the men have their muskets so bright that they look like silver. Some of the men are engaged in cleaning up the quarters and doing "police duty." I have bought a rake and the men make very good use of it. It has well paid for itself. I have had it for two weeks and it is as bright as polished silver itself.

I have a German in my company who is a great 'bug hunter' – his name is Boettner<sup>73</sup>. The boys

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<sup>73</sup> Sergeant Gustave A. Boettner, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

all make a great deal of fun of him – he is a good natured fellow. He has quite a collection already. I have a little darkie named Charlie Frank – he is quite a bright little fellow – he tries to please me. I have taken quite a fancy to him. He is now at work cleaning up the captain's sword. Whitehead was officer of the picket all day yesterday. He came off this a.m. I have no place to write upon but on my knees so please excuse bad appearance of this letter.

I got my draft cashed yesterday. I went to one place, in fact I went all over the town to get it cashed, and they wanted to charge me a dollar for cashing it. I went to the express office but he did not have money enough in his hands to cash it, but the agent told me of a place where I could get it cashed - so I went there and after a little persuasion got it cashed and got the full of the draft. I am very much obliged to you for it. I was just out of money – spent the last cent to pay for my washing. I take but very little of Mr. Thompson's bitters. I have only tasted them three or four times in the morning – mix a little in some water and swallow it. As you will I have received the writing paper and envelopes and mosquito bars and wire. I am very much obliged to you. The wire is just right for half my bed the other half is made of the slant of the tent.

The day before yesterday there was a fight about 10 or 12 miles from here at a place called Clinton. There were some 200 guerrillas and a detachment of the 34<sup>th</sup> New Jersey. Our men drew the 'rebs' into an ambush but fired into the rebs too soon so that the alarm was given to the whole party. There were some 5 rebs killed and 15 or 20 wounded.

One captain<sup>74</sup> was captured he was wounded – shot in the head. He is now alive and is at the hospital. Colonel Bigelow was officer of the day that day. He saw the reb captain when he was at headquarters. Just now, a party of rebel horsemen came to our lines with a flag of truce to come in and make enquiries after the rebel captain. They thought he was killed and came after his body. The darkies in the fort are all under arms, the guns all manned, etc. They say a large body of them are in this neighborhood but all kind of stories are in circulation. I don't believe any of them we have cavalry patrols out all the time.

There is a story in circulation that we are ordered up to Chicago to take the place of the "invalid corps" at Camp Douglas but I don't think Colonel McChesney wants go to Chicago. We would have to go if ordered there but I think they won't send a Chicago regiment to do guard duty there. I don't want to leave our camp here. We are very pleasantly situated - have our shade built and tents all fixed up, etc. It has taken us a month to get straight. We had a first rate battalion drill under Colonel Bigelow this a.m. from 5 to 7. I had a splendid appetite for breakfast and ate heartily – had butter and new boiled Irish potatoes, bread and coffee, milk and sugar. Our great blessing being enough to eat of what we have. We have a little colored waiter boy named James and a colored

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<sup>74</sup> The prisoner mentioned was James Kesterson, also known as the guerrilla leader "Captain Kess". See U. S. War Department. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1880-1901), Ser. I, vol. 39, pt. 1, 355.

cook named Moses. Our table we built of the lumber of boxes that our 4<sup>th</sup> of July dinner came down in and seats we made of pieces of board laid on stakes driven in the ground. It has cost us to live for the last three weeks just twenty eight dollars and twenty eight cents (28.28). There are five of us so that it makes living cost us about two dollars a week – this does not include the pay of the cook. I am bookkeeper of the mess and we have quite a lot of fun over our meals. Our mess consists of Colonel Bigelow, Captain Metlar, Lieutenant Dickenson, O'Brien and myself - a jolly good set of fellows.

Some of the men have just come in from the picket. They are cleaning up, etc. John Churchill<sup>75</sup> seems a nice quiet sort of boy. I have not heard him use any profane language that I can recollect. Our quartermaster, Mr. R. P. Pierce (Henry Johnson knows him) left here yesterday a.m. with Captain Linn's remains. He will go direct to Le Centre, Ills and they will go to Chicago. If he does not call at the store try to see him somewhere. He promised to step in the store when he was passing. He will no doubt take charge of any small package you may have ready to send me. Let the package be small, I don't want to inconvenience much. He is very pleasant and gentlemanly kind of person – on the whole our officers are so. The captain of Company C is M. A. Thayer<sup>76</sup> - he was at Kanakee once. We sold him goods and he never paid for them. He is the most disagreeable officer in the regiment. All the rest with

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<sup>75</sup> Private John S. Greenhill, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>76</sup> Captain Moses A. Thayer, Company C, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

the exception of the Major I like. I don't like the major at all. He is too pompous, overbearing – he is not liked at all by any in the right companies. All the boys are well there is one man in the post hospital who is to be sent home."

All the boys are well. There is one man in the post hospital who is to be sent home. He belonged to Metlar's Company. His name is Colburn<sup>77</sup> and does not live in Chicago. He has been unwell for some time. There is no one in my company who is at all sick. One man has had an attack of diphtheria but he is getting well. Some 3 or 4 men have been taken unwell from eating green apples but there has been no serious sickness at all. When I commenced writing this letter I thought I could not write anything at all but I just give ideas as they come into my head.

I have a large cup of nice ripe blackberries. We will have lots of them in a few days. It is nearly dinner time now. I have a letter of father's that I ought to look at. The piece of mosquito netting came all right and also the wire. The wire is more than I can use – there are many men who will have a mosquito net. Some of the officers may want some of the wire. The envelopes are acceptable as I was nearly out. I was entirely out of writing paper. The papers do not come through as soon as the letters but they all come to hand. Henry Chapin has not written to me yet.

Of course, I treat the men I may have under me on picket or guard, etc. just as I would like to be treated if I was in their place. But our regiment is

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<sup>77</sup> Private Alfred H. Colburn, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

composed principally of Chicago men. Please do not be afraid of writing more than twice a week. Sundays and Wednesdays letters from home are the only real luxuries we enjoy. I have no means of telling whether 2 postage stamps are enough or not, if a letter is not paid in full will it not be sent to the dead letter office? As you said in your previous letters you keep a memorandum of things which I wanted – I have not kept one but I thought you would keep articles together until you had enough to make up a package worth sending down and then send them down all at once. The boxes you have sent are very useful to keep dirty clothes, boots, shoes, etc. I enclose a rebel 50 cent piece. I got it yesterday when I was downtown. I paid 25 cents for it. It is quite a curiosity and is genuine – there are but a very few of these issued. I also send a memorandum made of men who were asleep on picket. I wrote this on the horn of my saddle in the dark when about three miles from our camp while I was going the grand rounds with Colonel Bigelow.

Our brass instruments have arrived they came up this noon – quite a large box. The men are all ready for the instruments. We will have some band music I expect soon. Colonel Bigelow is on Court Martial, he received his detail at dinner time. We had a first rate dinner today – fried eggs, bread, butter, coffee, sugar, milk, cucumbers, beans, etc. our only trouble is our crockery ware. We have our cellar – a first rate one and boxes to keep things in, etc. If you will send us down a set of tolerable good knives and forks they would be acceptable and I could charge them over to the mess. And also a butcher knife, half a dozen iron tea spoons #31. We

have only large table spoons and very poor knives and forks – two prong forks will do but let them be good strong handles - 4 or 5 pin.

You may wonder how I pass my time when I am not on duty. Time never hangs heavily on my hands. I am busy more or less all the time. In the morning we have drills – then breakfast at 7:30 (drill from 5 to 7) - am always up at 4:30. After breakfast the men clean up the quarters, then muskets and equipment. I have to study - we have an officer's recitation every evening at the Colonel's tent. We have to study hard – he is very strict. What time I am not studying I read the papers, look over my letters, fix up my tent, clean my sword and pistol or belt – doing something all the time. I have gotten fixed pretty comfortably now and have a nice bed. Our tent is raised up from the ground and a nice ditch is dug around it – have it swept up all around every day, raked up and all the loose earth is cleaned away. My blankets shaken out every morning and evening – have two army blankets and my rubber one – so I have a very nice soft bed.

Our drill ground is the site of a rebel camp and the place was a rendezvous for troops. There were once 60,000 rebel troops in camp here at the same time. The place is exceedingly strong naturally. We are about 200 feet above the river. The fort is very strongly built – there are three forts Hallack, Quimby and ~ they are all garrisoned by colored troops. I have not been in any of them but I hope to get a chance to go soon. There have been several of the officers of the fort over here and asked us to come over and see them and they would show us the fort. On the road coming up the hill there is a gate, or

door, right in the bank – it has never been open since the occupying of the place by our troops as they think it is an infernal machine and if the door is forced open it will explode. They have offered to any soldier that will open the door 300.00 (three hundred dollars) and a furlough for 30 days. At any rate the door has not been opened since our troops have been in the place. This is one of the stories of the place – the door is there [for] sure and it has never been opened by any of our troops.

The officers of the regiment are to meet at the Colonel's at two o'clock to pass resolutions in regard to Captain Linn. I must go there now. Just back. It was as I thought the meeting was called to draft resolutions on the death of Captain Linn. Captain Whitehead and Dyer<sup>78</sup> and the Adjutant and Lieutenant Springer<sup>79</sup> were appointed to a committee. There are to report as soon as possible.

I have not put up my mosquito netting yet. Today is quite pleasant. The breeze that we have is very pleasant. It is hot in the sun but the arbor in the front of my tent is shady so my tent is very cool. I noticed in yesterday's paper (*Tribune*) that H. M. Higgins has just issued a new song – "The Nomination Song" if it is any good can you send us a copy. We have some first rate musicians in our companies and some very good singers. They often, after "taps", get together and sing me to sleep. We have some 10 or 12 pieces of music. It is very pleasant to lay in your tent and hear them sing. I have in my company a

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<sup>78</sup> Captain John Dyer, Company A, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>79</sup> Lieutenant Milton C. Springer, Company F, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

lot of Rockford boys. One of them has a brother who is a bookkeeper for Emerson & Co. another has been in F. H. Maurey's employment – his name is D. P. Brown<sup>80</sup>. Gerber<sup>81</sup> is the one whose brother is with Emerson & Co. Do the Rockford men buy any goods of us?

I ought to write to Charles Heilig but something comes up and I never do so. Smythe Fauntleroy has never written to me yet. When are the Handy's to come home? I wish I was in Chicago now – what a time I could have with Smythe! Words couldn't do justice to the subject. Well when I started the note I never intended to write a quarter what I have written but I sat down and wrote and was very much surprised when turned over the third page. This letter must go towards making up for some time when I may neglect to write. My orderly sergeant Stevens<sup>82</sup> has resigned his position and I have put in John Rutherford<sup>83</sup>. He used to attend the High School when I did. He makes a very good orderly. Stevens is now ordinance sergeant, a position which is not near so honorable and which he took because he was too lazy to do the duties of the orderly. Our company clerk is Staats F. Champlin, he used to attend the North Market S. S.. he knows Mr. Moody very well and says he has often seen me there. Hamilton, I think, must know him. He says he

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<sup>80</sup> Most likely Corporal William P. Brown, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>81</sup> Private Henry Gerber, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>82</sup> First Sergeant Henry H. Stevens, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>83</sup> Sergeant John Rutherford, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

knew Hamilton. I hope Mr. Pierce will call at the store – try to find him out. I want you to see everyone who goes up to Chicago from our regiment.

The cooking arrangements of our company are very good. We have detailed three Germans to do it. They get all their own water and cut their own wood. Hammer<sup>84</sup> and Langguth<sup>85</sup>, two men who worked for Perrington & Scranton, Davis Purrington knows them [and] are first rate soldiers. They are good steady men – never hear them swear. With kind regards to all friends – Higly & Fauntleroy, John, Mike, William Bonniwell, Thomson, Lockett and also Campion and very much love to all at home – Ettie and Amy. Hope that you have fully recovered your usual good health. Am your affectionate son, Lucas.

We pay our cook 12.00 a month.

### Camp Hancock; July 14, 1864

My Dear Mother,

I would have written sooner to acknowledge your's, father's and Amy's of Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> instant, but was officer of the day yesterday and could not write while on duty. The three letters came to hand yesterday a.m. I was very glad to receive them. Your letters are always very interesting – as any letter from always is – even Amy's. Please do not be afraid of writing I should very much have liked to have attended the Bryan Hall High School exhibition. Am sorry Willie could not attend it but am very much

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<sup>84</sup> Private Lewis Hammer, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

<sup>85</sup> Private John F. Langguth, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

pleased to hear that he attends to business and tries to improve. He must see the necessity of fitting himself for business. He is now old enough to be steady. I hope Clem is equally as anxious, if not more so, as Willie. Clem needs the discipline and improvement much more than Will.

Am glad that Mr. Morehouse has called. He has good reason to be proud of the zouave boys for they are the best in the regiment. There never has been a man of either company under arrest for any serious charge and every other company has had men under arrest for quite serious charges. They are also as well drilled as any company. I could see it last night at dress parade. Last evening was the only dress parade I have missed since we have been in camp. Being officer of the day, I did not have to appear. Am glad Mr. Clyde and daughter called at the house – hope they are pleasant neighbors. Billy Gooding<sup>86</sup>, of Company D, I know very well – is a little fellow but good natured and I think is liked by the men. I knew him in Chicago. Hamilton can tell Loomis, etc. that Gooding is quite well. The road to Idaho is a "hard road to travel." Am sorry that Henry Willing has been sick – he was sick when I was in Chicago.

We had full accounts of the Sturgess – Lee wedding. It was quite a topic of conversation between the boys. How I wish someone of the family would make a picnic excursion down here! Please do not discourage Amy in any manner from writing to me. I am very glad to get the letters. They really do show a great deal of perseverance and

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<sup>86</sup> Private William P. Gooding, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

patience and I think all very well worded and written for her. The young people's meeting must be of course very interesting. I would give anything [so I] could attend them but my position will allow of it. Are all the morning meetings still kept up? Are they well attended? I hear of Jack Swartwout once in a while – Theo Hazelwood – am glad to hear that Mr. Raymond has heard from Johann<sup>87</sup>. He is most certainly in the midst of the dangers of war. How very fortunate he has been in escaping unhurt during so many dangers he has been through. I hope that Johann has not thought less of the Great Being to whom he owes his safety.

Father says in his note that you have fully recovered. I am so glad to hear it. We heard of Colonel Sherman's capture – or rather we saw it in the *Chicago Tribune*. I do hope you can soon send Ettie's and Amy's photographs. I hope Clem and Willie will have some taken also. I am very glad to say that there is very little card playing now in my company. The men prefer to work on their equipment and muskets. I take an interest in a man who has his musket and equipment clean sooner than I do in one who does not. And any favors I can show always falls to those men who keep their equipment clean – so that it gets up a spirit of rivalry and a man will work all day on his bayonet to get perfectly bright instead of playing cards.

We did not get any cheese for our 4<sup>th</sup> of July dinner. The pants are slightly small but then I can wear them. Glad you saw and spoke to Mary Tuttle. I hope you will call again soon to see Mrs. Chapin. I

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<sup>87</sup> Possibly John Raymond, Company D, 113<sup>th</sup> Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

believe I acknowledged the receipt of the mosquito netting and wire and papers – very much obliged. I write as often as I can and am always busy – have lots of work to do.

July 15, 1864. I was quite disappointed in not receiving any mail from Chicago, or rather from home. I only had one letter this a.m. that was from Chapin, I have not had any papers either lately. Henry's letter was a very kind one – he gave a short account of the incidents of the death of his father. He says that he trusts he has found his Savior. I could not help weeping while I read the letter. I felt so glad and yet was saddened. Mr. Tullis, our Chaplain, has not returned yet. I hope you will be able to see Mr. Pierce, our quartermaster while he is in Chicago, from our regiment. In about a week or two of Metlar's men are to be discharged from the service on account of ill health. One, George Southworth<sup>88</sup>, has been unwell nearly all the time since he enlisted – the other, A. H. Colburn, [who] has been unwell for about 3 weeks with dysentery. They are both fine young men – perfect gentlemen. Southworth will take up to Chicago my blue flannel shirt and the two woolen undershirts. I have no use for them they are too warm. I would like to have in their stead a couple of them white cotton under shirts and a new woolen shirt. The one I have bought at King, Kellogg & Co. is now no good – they've been washed once or twice and has shrunk so much that I can't wear it. If you could make me a shirt it would be as serviceable as one of the ready-made ones. The grey homemade shirt I have now is as good as ever

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<sup>88</sup> Private George Southworth, Company D, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

– the ready-made one is full of holes at the elbows. I shall answer Henry's letter tomorrow if possible but do not feel at all like writing today. It is my duty to write, or otherwise would put it off for a day or two.

I am glad to hear that there is such an interest taken by the young people in church matters. Henry says that Jack Swartwout and sister and Mary Tuttle and others are very much interested in the young peoples meetings.

Our band is getting along very well. We have some music every evening. They are out practicing in the woods nearly all the time. Please tell me if you have heard anything of Colonel Bigelow's arrest. I intend to write full particulars soon. There is not a better officer in the service than Colonel Bigelow. The other officers are jealous of him because he spends his time in studying and so has gotten a head of them while they are playing cards and drinking in the sutlers. Colonel Bigelow never touched liqueur at all nor does he play cards. He is quiet – his nature is to be so. He is now liked much better in the regiment than Colonel McChesney. Colonel McChesney has drilled the regiment but twice since we have been in Columbus. While Colonel Bigelow was downtown on duty we had no drills. Colonel McChesney was not able to put the men through the battalion drill. Will try to write more tomorrow – much love to all and all friends – Ettie, Amy and clerks, Luke.

**(to his brother Hamilton); Camp Hancock; July 15, 1864**

My Dear Brother,

I think I owe you a letter – at any rate I have not written to you for some time. There has been some enquiries thru the boys here from friends in Chicago in regards to Colonel Bigelow's arrest. I suppose you have heard of it as there has been no correct story told of the affair as yet. I will relate to you the circumstances. It is usual to have an officer's recitation in the evening, all the officers, unless they are on duty are expected to be present. It happened one evening Colonel Bigelow's horse was taken sick. He wanted to get some medicines from downtown and that evening there was an officer's recitation. While I was going to the colonel's tent I met Colonel Bigelow he said he was going downtown and asked me if I would like to go with, I said yes – so Colonel Bigelow told the Major (Wilson) to tell Colonel McChesney he had gone downtown if he was called for. Well it so happened that Colonel Bigelow was not wanted at the meeting at all – he was not missed. But Major Wilson, who is a very mean man and does not like Colonel Bigelow and myself, told Captain Thayer to suggest that the roll be called. They called the roll and Colonel Bigelow and myself were found to be the only ones who were absent and not accounted for, so Colonel McChesney made inquiries into the matter and Major Wilson, who was the only one who knew where Colonel Bigelow was, would not tell that Colonel Bigelow had told him he was going downtown – so as the absence of Colonel Bigelow and myself was unaccounted for and the matter came up before all the other officers. Colonel McChesney could not pass the matter over without notice so he ordered us to report as under arrest the

next morning. I was given an official order to deliver up my sword which I did next [the] morning to the adjutant. I felt very much hurt at first but when Colonel Bigelow told me he was under arrest to and I had talked to him I did not care so much – I did not see [letter ends unfinished]

**Camp Hancock; Columbus, Ky.; Sunday July 17,  
1864**

My Dear Mother

Your very welcome letter of the 14<sup>th</sup> at hand late last night. Half of our time will be up next Wednesday! Fifty days more and I will be with you!!!

I am very glad that you came across Mr. Pierce – hope you saw him. I do want you to see everyone who goes from our regiment to Chicago. Two of Metlar's men go up to Chicago tomorrow. They have been sick nearly all the time we have been here. Their names are Geo Southworth and Alfred H. Colburn. Southworth is not so very unwell but Colburn is very sick. I don't much expect he will live. He (Colburn) has no friends in Chicago and will have to go to the hospital of the Soldier's Nest – do take care of him. His father lives up in Maine or New Hampshire somewhere so he is a total stranger in Chicago. His father is a minister. Metlar has had a letter from him – he is of a good family and I would feel very glad if you would look after him a little in Chicago. Southworth is to take up my valise and the blue flannel shirt and two thick under shirts. He will call and deliver them at the store. They expect to leave tomorrow morning. Southworth is a good gentlemanly young fellow. He has been in the



hospital tent ever since he has been in camp. Colburn has been down at the post hospital for 2 or 3 weeks. I do hope you will see them when they arrive in Chicago. I have written a long letter to Henry Chapin today.

Our band is to give us some music on dress parade this evening. They have been practicing every day for a week or so and the music has sounded very well out on the picket line. I am glad you did not send any dried apples in the package sent me per Mr. Pierce as it would have made too large a package. Did you see Mr. Pierce? I was very glad to see Mr. Tullis back again - he has been to Le Centre with Captain Linn's remains. I shall go to Sunday School this afternoon. We, of course, will have services tonight, I am glad. It seems so strange not to go to church for two weeks. I will find some way for fastening the bugle and letter to my hat.

The arrest of Colonel Bigelow and myself did not amount to anything. It was owing to the Major, Hamilton knows what sort of a man Wilson is. After dress parade it is usual to have an officer recitation - Colonel Bigelow had to go down town after dress parade and he asked me if I would go downtown with him. I of course said I would like to go. Colonel Bigelow instead of pushing himself through the crowd of officers asked Major Wilson to tell the Colonel he was going downtown. I told Whitehead I was going to town with Colonel Bigelow, so we went after the meeting had been in session some little while. Major Wilson whispered in Captain Thayer's ear that Colonel Bigelow had gone to town taking a lieutenant with him and they had not reported, so Captain Thayer spoke up and suggested that the

roll be called - when it was found that Colonel Bigelow and myself were absent. It would have been alright if the major had said we had gone to town and had asked him to report for us but Wilson, who is not a particularly good friend of Colonel Bigelow's, would not speak for us. So as we were absent without leave and as the matter had come up before all the other officers, Colonel McChesney was to make an example of us told the adjutant to notify us to report under arrest. These are the whole circumstances.

Colonel McChesney went to Cairo the next day and got back late the same night, so Colonel Bigelow and myself were under arrest all the day. Early on the morning of the day following as I was walking on the color line, I heard someone calling out 'Lieutenant Hunt'. I looked around and saw Colonel McChesney sitting in his tent beckoning to me. I went up to him and he returned me my sword saying that he could not let the matter go by without noticing it as it had come up before all the officers and if he had not taken notice of it there would all be running downtown whenever they wanted to, so he had to take some notice of it. He returned me my sword and the only fault I made was on not reporting to him personally. The major gloried in the arrest. I have not heard there is S[unday] S[chool] this afternoon. I suppose Mr. Tullis is too tired too hold it but I hope we will have service tonight. The arrest did not amount to anything. I felt very much hurt at first but after I had talked to Colonel Bigelow I did not feel it so much. Colonel Bigelow and myself are all right now.

Am glad Ettie goes over to the Chapin's – they are a nice family. Charlie Dickenson did not know Mr. Pierce had a package for him until I told him. Sorry to hear that Hamilton is unwell – hope he is better ere now. I feel very glad to hear that you are fully recovered. Kind regards to Dr. & Mrs. Patterson and the family. Did you get the 50 cent piece of rebel P. O. currency? The other piece of paper was with the 50 cents rebel coin. It is my duty to go on patrol once in a while as to riding a horse – why I never want a more sure footed beast. I could go up any hill or down any hill without once slipping. Glad the children have had some pleasant picnics. Have received the *Journal* much obliged.

Gave you full particulars in a previous letter of how I got my 25.00 draft cashed – got the face of the draft. Hope you will see Southworth & Colburn – they are both gentlemen. With very kind regards to all at home and all at the store and very much love to yourself.

I am your affectionate son, Lucas

Has Gussie returned to Chicago yet? Let Hamilton see Smythe Fauntleroy about the arrest of Colonel Bigelow and myself. Mr. Pierce has not returned yet – 4:30 p.m.

### **Columbus, Ky.: July 24, 1864; Sunday**

My Dear Mother,

I received your very kind letter, or rather Clara's and father's of the 20<sup>th</sup> inst. And Willie's of the 14<sup>th</sup> and a short note of Clara's last evening and was very glad to have the letters. I wrote you last, I think, on Thursday and giving you an account of Mr.

Carbutt's<sup>89</sup> visit to us. Mr. C is still with us. He has been very successful in taking good negatives. We also have Mr. Simpson (of Simpson & Hughes) who has a brother<sup>90</sup> in my company. He has been sick in the hospital but is getting well. I have not spoken to him yet but shall ask him to come and take supper with us. Mr. Carbutt will be with us so we will have a full table. I hope you will go and see the pictures at Carbutt's. We have had our mess taken while at dinner, etc. – all are stereoscopic views so they will be quite an addition to our stereoscope. Last night our mess and Mr. Carbutt went down to the river and had a first rate swim. Carbutt is an Englishman – quite a gentleman. Mr. Simpson looks like an Englishman – he is from Chicago. No matter what nationality I am going to have him take supper with us tonight. We have fresh bread, butter, milk, stewed apples, potatoes, coffee and tea, cake, oysters, etc. for supper tonight.

And very fast the time seems to pass and it seems as if Sunday comes twice a week – inspection – then two or three days then Sunday and inspection again and so time passes – one day follows another always am busy so the weeks go by very swiftly.

We have had our regular inspection today and now the men are reading or writing letters home or sitting in groups singing. I listen to their singing and can hear Sunday School songs on all sides of me – the men all have little soldier's hymn

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<sup>89</sup> John Carbutt, a photographer and stereoview publisher from Chicago.

<sup>90</sup> Private George W. Simpson, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

books furnished them by the Chaplain. The Chaplain I notice very often goes the rounds with the doctor to see the sick in quarters. The Chaplain also goes around every two or three days and distributes tracts and papers to the men. He also holds a prayer meeting every night, but I have been unable to attend any of them because of the officer's recitation, but the recitation has been changed to two o'clock in the afternoon so now I shall have my evenings to myself and I shall attend the meetings. It is now very warm (one o'clock) but there is a very pleasant breeze. I am sitting under the arbor in front of my tent – everything is quiet now but the hum of distant singing and the men's voices. This is delightful!!!

I have now two cases of sickness in the hospital but they are both doing very well. One is young Simpson and the other is a German named Dupree<sup>91</sup> – both good men. Another has a very large boil on his hand. All the rest of the men are fit for duty.

I received this morning three *Journals* – much obliged. Please let this letter answer all the notes I received this day.

Father's first. Colonel Hancock, I don't think, is coming down here for some time they (the Building Committee of the Board of Trade) have gotten into trouble. The parties who had contracts on the new Chamber of Commerce [building] have thrown up their contracts so I don't think Colonel Hancock will come down here for some time. Of course, I shall do all I can to favor re-enlistment.

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<sup>91</sup> Private Eugene Dupree, Company I, 134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He later dies on July 27, 1864 at Columbus.

Mrs. Porter seems to come by the house very often. Who is Mrs. Porter? How old is she, etc.? Do try to see Colburn. I shall feel so glad if you can aid him in any way at all. Tell me all about him & Southworth. Probably, if you don't find a chance of sending the knives, forks and spoons down pretty soon – free of expense – it is just as well to not send them. We will purchase more poor ones in the city. I just sent a short note to Amy & Ettie in my letter of Thursday. Am glad Bonniwell returned to the store again – seems to me he runs home very often.

Now for Clara's very kind letter. First I notice mother commenced the letter. I wish she had written more but I suppose Clara could not then have written, as there would have been nothing to tell me new. I shall look for mother's letter next mail. It does seem hard that a sick man cannot be sent home but they have a very fine hospital here – roomy, clean and neat. A sick person receives as good care as any one possibly can away from home and as a man is expected to get well and it is so very difficult to get a man out of the service after he once is in – which accounts for not sending Colburn & Southworth home sooner. They now only have I think a twenty days furlough.

I notice by the *Tribune* accounts of the preparations for the reception of Batteries A & B. how I wish I could be in Chicago to participate. Won't the Dickenson's be glad to see Albert<sup>92</sup>? As the boys would say here "I guess not."

Am glad to hear that Ettie is quite well again. I did not think she would be sick long but still I feel

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<sup>92</sup> Corporal Albert Dickenson, Company B, 1st Illinois Light Artillery Regiment.

very much relieved to hear that she is so much better. Am glad she can get fresh fruit [from] the L. Kenney's yard. Smythe Fauntleroy ought to write to me.

Am glad to hear that you at least have succeeded in getting some servants - I hope that they will suit - and now I shall look for letters more often. I hope Ham will get up his excursion to Lake Forest. I don't know how our regiment feel in regard to re-enlisting I hardly thought of the subject. I think though some of both our regiments will enlist, again. Much obliged to mother for her mention of the flannel shirt.

Now for Clem's letter. Whose make of [lot] do you principally keep? And have we much of a stock? Sorry for Mr. Mather - what is the matter with him? I hope that Clem tries to attend to business. He is the one who ought to be up in the morning and have the store open promptly at seven o'clock. I hope he does. He will be very sorry at some future time if he does not make the most of the present opportunity for self-improvement. Clem write me a letter - commence on Monday - and write a little every day during the week and mail the letter on Saturday. Please try this.

Now for Will's letter. I think Captain Linn was officer of the day on the occasion you refer to. If it is hot at seven a.m. it is hotter at 12 midnight. The weather for the last two or three days has been quite pleasant but still it is very hot out in the sun. The nights are very cold. Last night particularly was very cold. I was completely chilled through this morning. I am glad that you take charge of the city sales. We have lots of news here of all kinds - sometimes we

are to go to Chicago and other times we are to go to Memphis or New Orleans, etc. I have learnt to take things just as they come - don't believe any stories about our moving until we have orders to go. Gold being at such a high premium all English goods must now be very scarce. What are Spear & Jackson<sup>93</sup> saws worth? How are Butcher files now? [Zinc] is 31 cents and nails 8.25.

I have a negro servant but as mother does not seem to like the idea of bringing him up to Chicago, I shall let the matter rest. Am glad Foley is doing so well. Remember me kindly to him, Cochran and others who I do not know to think of.

I noticed in the *Tribune* a long account of new buildings going up in Chicago, I think though I should recognize the city. I think 42,000 dollars is very low for the carpentering work of the new Board of Trade Buildings. I am not surprised at the contractors throwing up their contracts.

So long as the Colonel of the 34<sup>th</sup> New Jersey commands the post we will never participate in any fight or small skirmishes because he will always send his own men out, but I hope that ere long there will be a change and we will have a skirmish with the rebs. There were some 300 of the union troops against 20 rebels, so we were not sent out to re-enforce the 34<sup>th</sup> New Jersey. Our men were never so anxious for a brush with the rebs as they are now. They are afraid that we will have to go home without having a fight at all. This place is surrounded with a picket - men doing guard duty - in the woods, etc. The outposts no one can pass these pickets in the day time unless he has a written pass from

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<sup>93</sup> British tool supplier from South Yorkshire, England.

headquarters nor can he pass at night unless he has the countersign – this is what we call the picket line. Outside of this line is rebel country and the inhabitants are reb, or appear to be union when they want to come to town and reb if a party of guerrillas happen to come to their farms.

Police duty is clearing up the quarters, carrying off rubbish, etc. – men are detailed regularly every day. Our band is now getting along very well – we had the musicians and then sent for the instruments, we expect to have some music soon.

Have got to go to headquarters. With much love to all at the house.

I am affectionately your son (in haste), Lucas

### **Camp Hancock; Saturday; July 30, 1864**

My Dear Mother,

I have so many letters to answer that I hardly know how to commence. The last letter I wrote home was one on last Thursday to Clem and Willie. I have not been able to write since then as I have had command of the pickets – had command from seven a.m. till eleven a.m. today. I tried to write yesterday but could not – had no means of writing. I will try to commence on the first letter received.

Father's letter - enclosing one from you of last Sunday [which] was the last letter from home. I am sorry that you were disappointed on last Sunday by not receiving any letter from me. I thought of you that day and blamed myself for not writing at the proper time but you may rest assured that there was something that kept me from writing. The boys are

already talking about how they would like to go home by what route and what time of day they will arrive in Chicago. Our time will be up on the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> of September some forty days more – time will pass pretty quickly.

Am glad that you have seen Southworth and Colburn – am very happy to hear that Colburn is getting better and that his father is with him. Colburn surely will between our family, the Dickenson's and Fauntleroy's received every attention. Too bad that Mr. Colburn should have missed his son in the passing trains.

Glad you have heard from England but am exceedingly sorry to hear of Mr. D. W. Mathis' death. I had often thought when you mentioned his sickness what a severe blow it would be to the family. I am sorry for poor Miss Emily. Am glad you have gotten rid of Cowing & Co.'s goods – does the matter come out straight? I suppose this part of the year is the dull season. Farmers will all be busy getting in their harvest. Have you screws enough – after sending the 4 casks back? I don't recollect how many were imported but it seems to me to send such a quantity back is cutting our supplies short. Am glad Bonniwell has returned to the store. I see Scott Fergus once in a while – he is in Company C. Captain Thayer, his captain is next to mine. I always speak to him when I see him. I should want Hamilton to make a trip as soon as soon as ever – I get back somewhere.

Received the *Journal*. I hope you are not going to have any more trouble with your servants – hope the German sisters will suit you. Clem deserves to go without his dinner for making such a bull. I

laugh most heartily when I read that part of the letter. I write the letter by "jerks" – am called away every little while.

This a.m. about 3 o'clock the pickets belonging to my post shot at a man who was trying to run the guard. They halted him but he ran on then they fired twice at him. If the sergeant's revolver had not missed fired he would have killed the man. They ran after the man – he hid – they found him and brought him up to me. I sent him down to the military prison under guard. They said at the prison that he was a very hard case and that he had gotten out of the jail the day before. They said they wished we had shot the man, etc.

Sunday a.m. 5 o'clock. Last night received Louisa & father's and a few lines from you of the 29<sup>th</sup>. This will be the last letter you will receive from me here. We received marching orders last evening for Paducah last evening – will start today. Your affectionate son, Lucas.

Received the package - the cheese is exceedingly good, cutlery just what we wanted. Am very much obliged to you – am very busy getting ready to move. Received the *Journal*, Fauntleroy's letter not yet at hand – will be busy possibly can before the next week so don't be surprised if my letter are irregular. Feel rather sorry having to move on Sunday but have to obey orders. Had a very large mail last night.

With kind regards to all the clerks – Meyer's, John and Mike. Your affectionate son (in haste) Lucas.

Kind regards to Chapin. Direct via Cairo.

Lieutenant Hunt departed with his company from Columbus on the steamship "Graham" on the morning of August 1, 1864. They reached Cairo that afternoon and immediately boarded the waiting steamer "Convoy" for Paducah. Low water delayed their trip but arrived at Paducah the following morning at 8:00 a.m. The next series of letters will cover Lieutenant Hunt's adventures from August 2, 1864 to September 18, 1864. During that period he witnessed the Union occupation of Paducah, served a brief time on the staff of Brigadier General E. A. Paine, observed the capture of Mayfield and recounted the fortifications built about the Graves County Courthouse.

The Andrew Lucas Hunt Papers are located in the Southern Historical Collection at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill (MS#3225).

**About the Author:**

**Dieter C. Ullrich** is the Director of Special Collections and University Archives at Murray State University. He has authored several articles on local battles and historical sites in the Jackson Purchase Area, including the Battle of Lochridge's Mills, the Battle of Paris and the Confederate post at Camp Beauregard. He is current conducting research on the Union occupation of Paducah and Mayfield under General E. A. Paine during the summer of 1864.