



Front of Envelope



Weathered Bank Note

up and I shall have to  
bid you a good bye.  
From your dear son

Aucius W. Suttan

8

Sharpsburg Sept 1862

My dear Mother

I sit down this  
morning to write you  
a few lines. I am still  
at the hospital taking care  
of the sick and wounded  
of our company. I am in  
good health and I hope you  
and the rest are the same.  
I sent you a "seal" envelope  
and some stamps and a bill  
and I sent you and your one  
too. I did not know but you  
would like to have  
them to keep as a relic.

I suppose you would  
like to get my cap to

keep as a relic too.

Capt told me to try and  
keep it because he said  
you would like to have  
me keep it. Thad Lewis  
of our company was killed.  
He was shot through the  
head. We all thought a great  
deal of him. When Capt & Simp  
heard of it they sat down  
and cried like babies. Capt  
was sick after the battle.

It made him sick to see  
so many of his boys wounded  
and killed. I wish you  
could send me a standard  
once in a while to read.

We don't have nothing to  
send and we get so lousy  
we don't know what to do.

I tell you mother I t comes  
hard on me to have to  
come down to head, bread  
and coffee and nothing else  
when to home I could go  
to the cupboard and get any  
thing I wanted. I tell you  
I miss the old cupboard.  
I wish you could get up  
kind of a club and send  
some things to eat and  
drink on to me in a box  
and I would like to get some  
shirts if I could. Give my  
love to all the folks.  
Tell Mrs Essey I will write  
to her as soon as I can  
get a chance.

My paper is getting rised

Pages 1 & 4

Pages 2 & 3

Sharpsburg [Maryland]

September 1862

My dear Mother,

I sit down this morning to write you a few lines. I am still at the hospital taking care of the sick and wounded of our company. I am in good health and I hope you and the rest are the same. I sent you a "secesh" envelope and some stamps and a [Confederate] bill and I sent Gus and Josey one to. I did not know but you would like to have them to keep as a relic. I suppose you would like to get my cap to keep as a relic too. Capt. told me to try and keep it because he said you would like to have me keep it.

Thad Lewis <sup>1</sup> of our company was killed. He was shot through the head. We all thought a great deal of him. When Capt. & Lieut. heard of it, they sat down and cried like babies. Capt. was sick after the battle. It made him sick to see so many of his boys wounded and killed.

I wish you could send me a Standard once in awhile to read. We don't have nothing to read and "we get so lonely we don't know what to do."

I tell you, Mother, it comes hard on me to have to come down to hard bread and coffee and nothing else when to home I could go to the cupboard and get anything I wanted. I tell you, I miss the old cupboard. I wish you could get up of a club and send some things to eat and drink on to me in a box and I would like to get some shirts if I could. Give my love to all the folks. Tell Mrs. Grey I will write to her as soon as I can get a chance.

My paper is getting used up and I shall have to bid you a goodbye. From your dear son, — Lucien W. Hubbard

<sup>1</sup> Thaddeus Waterman Lewis (1844-1862) died on 17 September 1862 at the Battle of Antietam. He was the son of George Shelton Lewis (1818-1893) and Elizabeth Waterman (1812-1860) of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

# Bio of Lucien Hubbard

Born on July 9, 1848, in Fairfield County, Connecticut, USA. At 14 years of age, Lucien enlisted in July 1862, where the drummer in the 14th Connecticut began a momentous, 21-month journey.

On October 14, 1863, during the Battle of Bristoe Station in Virginia, Lucien was captured by Confederate Cavalry. Lucien was sent to the notorious Belle Isle prison camp on the James River in Richmond, Virginia.

The bitter cold, the dampness, the scarcity of food, and medical care took their toll. Tragically, on April 16, 1864, Lucien Hubbard lost his battle to the rain diseases around him. He was just 15 years old when he breathed his last on Virginian soil 574 miles from home.