



Envelope



Calista Hubbard

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Bridgeport Sept, 17th 1862

My Dear Son

Although I am not permitted to hear from you for so long a time, I sit down to write a few lines feeling that they will be kindly received; we hear of battles and we think perhaps your regiment may be engaged in some of them and it casts a sadness over my feelings and my heart is filled with anxiety until I shall hear that you are safe, I know that you must have had a pretty hard time since you left but all that I can do for you is to pray for you that God would strengthen you and help you and give you courage to endure all that he in his providence shall call you to pass through, you may think because you do not hear from me often that I have forgotten you, do Lucian your Mother has not; I think of you in your long weary marches, in your tents, or your lodgings on the ground, and your scanty meals

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and I pray God that this dreadful war may soon be over but he alone knows when it will be Sarah has been crying about you a long time tonight we are all very anxious to hear from you Mrs Perry wished me to give her love to you she is well your Father writes he has not received a letter from you yet he seems to feel bad because you have not written we are all well and send love, I have been most sick for nearly a week but I feel some better now Phil has gone to Heaven to work a Augusta is going before long; the North Sabbath School are to have a pick nic on Saturday if it is pleasant I wish you was here to go, Miss Hattie Houston is to be married tomorrow night, I don't know as I have much news to write, all the men most want to know if I have heard from you, they think you have good luck to go to war so young as you are; do be careful of your health or I fear you will ruin your constitution for life take good care of yourself write as often as you can and try to improve in writing and composition for your school days are gone; Good night my dear boy may Heaven protect you & listad H. S. Board

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Bridgeport [Connecticut
September 17, 1862

My Dear Son

Although I am not permitted to hear from you for so long a time, I sit down to write a few lines feeling that they will be kindly received. We hear of battles and we think perhaps your regiment may be engaged in some of them and it casts a sadness over my feelings and my heart is filled with anxiety until I shall hear that you are safe. I know that you must have had a pretty hard time since you left but all that I can do for you is to pray for you that God would strengthen you and keep you and give you courage to endure all that He in His Providence shall shall call you to pass through.

You may think because you do not hear from me often that I have forgotten you. No! Lucien, your Mother has not. I think of you in your long weary marches, in your tents, or your lodgings on the ground, and your scanty meals and I pray God that this dreadful war may soon be over. But He alone knows when it will be. Sarah has been crying about you a long time tonight. We are all anxious to hear from you.

Mrs. Perry wished me to give her love to you. She is well. Your Father writes he has not received a letter from you yet. He seems to feel bad because you have not written. We are all well and send love. I have been most sick for nearly a week but I feel some better now. Philo has gone to New Haven to work and Augusta is going before long.

The North Sabbath School are to have a picnic on Saturday if it is pleasant. I wish you was here to go. Miss Hattie Houston is to be married tomorrow night. I don't know as I have much news to write. All the men most want to know if I have heard from you. They think you have good pluck to go to war so young as you are. Do be careful of your health or I fear you will ruin your constitution for life. Take good care of yourself. Write as often as you can and try to improve in writing and composition for your school days are gone.

Goodnight, my dear boy. May Heaven protect you. — Calista Hubbard

Bio of Calista Hubbard

It is unknown if Calista and husband Timothy Hubbard gave consent for their son to join the Union Army. Timothy was a 52-year-old ship carpenter who sometimes plied his trade in New York. In addition to Lucien, the Hubbard's had five other children, ranging from 4 to 24. What we know for certain is the great anxiety 45-year-old Calista felt because of her son's absence from home in Bridgeport, Conn. Throughout her son's time in the war, she wrote her boy many times. Allowing us as readers to see into the civilian side of the war. Miss Castila signed off this letter with the sweetness of a loving mother. Goodnight, my dear boy. May Heaven protect you.