



Front of Envelope

anxious to hear from  
you.

From your son

J. W. Whitcomb

Middleton Valley  
Sept 15 1862

Dear Mother  
I have not done  
on the battle field to  
write you a few lines.  
I wrote in my last letter  
that we had got the mail  
We started on Sunday about  
12 o'clock and marched to  
Rockville over 20 miles. We  
marched very nearly all night  
we got to bed about 1 o'clock  
The next morning we marched  
~~to~~ about 25 or 30 miles  
and encamped that night  
in the woods. That night  
you know I suppose that  
we did not have any tents  
to sleep in we had to  
lie down on our rubber

Blankets with our over  
coats on and that's all  
we had to keep warm  
with. The next morning  
which was Wednesday we  
marched to Clarkburg  
and to possession of that  
city. We marched into the  
city with the band playing  
the Yankee doodle and  
the flags flying. We staid  
there all night raining  
like any thing. The next  
morning we marched to  
Kygates Town. The next  
morning we went to  
Poolville the rebels had  
possession of that town but  
they left overnight and  
we are advanced. Satur-  
day we started for Freedom  
we reached there ~~Saturday~~  
noon Saturday noon

We stayed there one  
night where we could  
hear the cannon firing  
McClellan & Burnside and  
through the lines and if  
ever you heard cheering  
you heard it there.

Sunday morning we started  
on the battle field and  
marched all night long  
until we reached it.  
We expect to have the  
ye into the fight very  
minute of our side it  
has been promoted to  
Brig Gen.

We have got to march  
so I shall have to bid  
you good bye.

Please write as soon as  
you can I have not  
received any letter from  
you yet. I am.

Middletown Valley  
September 15, 1862

Dear Mother,

I have sit down on the battlefield to write you a few lines. I wrote in my last letter that we had got to march. We started on Sunday about 12 o'clock and marched to Rockville—over 20 miles. We marched very nearly all night. We got to bed about 1 o'clock. The next morning we marched about 25 or 30 miles and encamped that night in the woods. You know, I suppose, that we did not have any tents to sleep in [so] we had to lie down on our rubber blankets with our overcoats on and that's all we had to keep warm with.

The next morning—which was Wednesday—we marched to Clarksburg and took possession of that city. We marched into the city with the band playing *Yankee Doodle* and the flags flying. We staid there all night, raining like everything. The next morning we marched to Hyatt's Town. The next morning we went to Poolesville. The rebels had possession of that town but they left mighty sudden when we advanced.

Saturday we started for Frederick. We reached there Saturday noon. We stayed there overnight where we could hear the cannon firing. McClellan & Burnside rode through the lines, and if you ever heard cheering, you heard it then.

Sunday morning we started for the battlefield and marched all night long until we reached it. We expect to have to go into the fight any minute. Our Colonel has been promoted to Brigadier General. We have got to march so I shall have to bid you goodbye. Please write as soon as you can. I have not received any letter from you yet. I am anxious to hear from you.

From your son, — L. W. Hubbard

# 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.