

Polivan Heights Oct. 19

Dear Mother,

It is Sunday and I take my pencil in hand to write you a few lines. I am well and I hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not heard from you this week, and I feel worried about you. Have you sent that box yet. It is bitter cold out here out top of these heights where we are. I all most freeze some times. I wish you would send me a little money 2 dollars. I am entirely out and I want to buy things to eat once in a while and I can go down into the city and buy any thing as cheap as I can at home. We dont have nothing but hard crackers and pork and once in a while some fresh beef

I wish you would send some money. I cant do without it. We dont get paid out till 1st December. I have wrote to you and Jo and have not received any answer and I feel bad because they dont think enough of me to write to me once in a while. If I have ever done any thing to them I hope they will forgive me. Saturday the 11 we had some snow here and it was most bitter cold. I tell you Mother if I could get some of your bread and butter and big ginger cakes I would lay with them. It is almost time for buckwheat cake but I do not expect to have any unless you can send some. Buckwheat and I cook them myself.

And if you could send some chocolate or cocoa to make some coffee with. I would like it. But be sure and send me some money. I wish I was home the day and could go to church. When you write you can direct your letters to Sharpes Ferry instead of Washington and I will get them sooner. Give my respects to all the family and to Mrs Perry and Phil and Mrs Grey. I do not think of anything more so good bye. Give my love to Father I am out of stamps I wrote to Smith and one to Mrs Grey. From your son J. W. Lee

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Bolivar Heights

October 19, 1862

Dear Mother,

It is Sunday and I take my pencil in hand to write you a few lines. I am well and I hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not heard from you this week and I feel worried about you. Have you sent that box yet?

It is bitter cold out here on top of the heights where we are. I shall most freeze some times. I wish you would send me a little money—2 dollars. I am entirely out and I want to buy things to eat once in awhile and I can go down into the city and buy anything as cheap as I can at home. We don't have nothing but hard crackers and pork and once in awhile some fresh beef. I wish you would send some money. I can't do without it. We don't get paid—not till 1st December.

I have wrote to Gus and Jo and have not received any answer and I feel bad because they don't think enough of me to write to me once in awhile. If I have ever done anything to them, I hope they will forgive me.

Saturday the 11th we had some snow here and it was most cold. I tell you, Mother, if I could get some of your bread and butter and big ginger cakes, I would lay into them. It is almost time for buckwheat cakes but I do not expect to have any unless you can send some buckwheat and I cook them myself. And if you could send some chocolate or cocoa to make some coffee with, I would like it. But be sure and send me some money.

I wish I was home today and could go to church. When you write, you can direct your letters to Harper's Ferry instead of Washington and I will get them sooner. Give my respects to all the family and to Mrs. Perry and Phil and Mrs. Gray. I do not think of anything more so goodbye. Give my love to Father. I am out of stamps. I wrote to [Charlie] Smith and one to Mrs. Levy [?].

Your son, — L. W. H.

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.