



Front of envelope

The Battle Field Sept 18 1862

Dear Mother

I have found a few minutes to spend and I thought I would write as you might think I was killed in the battle Wednesday Sept 17. I was in the battle bringing off the wounded the balls flying thick and fast. The nearest I had to ~~me~~ was one through my hat. Our regiment was cut up terribly. We did not muster but 300 men this morning and before the action we numbered 1000. I have been at work all day long and have been up all night helping the wounded & dressing the wounds. Our regt lost 2 Capts that were thought a great deal of their names were Bliss & Williards. It was one of the biggest & hardest battles ever fought. Gen Smith (our old Col) says it has been

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the hardest battle ever fought.  
I will give you the names of some of  
our killed in our company. Company A.  
E. H. C. Bridge was wounded in the leg,  
and Frank Curtis of Stratford had his  
shoulder all blown off. Phil knows him  
Oscar Bess was not in the action  
he staid back at Ft. Allen because  
he was sick. I am in good health  
and stand it may well. We have  
not received any letters since we  
came to the top of the mountain  
could not reach us we were marching  
all the time day and night.  
If I could get home I would not  
care about coming again, not because  
I am sick of it but I do not like  
the looks of some of the wounds I  
have to see to, you cant imagine  
any thing about it. The men are  
in the head arms hands legs and all  
over their body one fellow had five  
balls in him & he did not stop

fighting until a shell hit him  
and knocked his leg clean off.  
I dont want to have you worry  
about me because I am all right  
and will take care of my self.  
I read a psalm every night & morning  
and read a verse in that book you  
gave me. Give my love to all  
the boys and girls tell them  
to remember old ~~Lucien~~ Lucien.  
I have wrote to ~~the~~ Charley Smith  
but have not received any answer  
Give my love to ~~the~~ my dear sisters  
and to Charlie tell him he must be  
a good boy and mind his mother  
Give my love to Mrs Perry & Lewis  
Mrs Lewis Aunt Sarah, and all  
the folks. I have not got any more  
time to write so I shall have  
to bid you a cheerful bye.

From your own dear Son  
Lucien V. Kuttner

you will no direct  
P. S. my letter in care of ~~some~~  
Direct to  
Lucien V. Kuttner  
Co. A. 14th Regt. C. T.  
Washington  
(or Chambers) D. C.  
I have not received any answer  
from Charley Smith  
I have not got any more  
time to write so I shall have  
to bid you a cheerful bye

The Battlefield

September 18, 1862

Dear Mother,

I have found a few minutes to spend and I thought I would write as you might think I was killed in the battle Wednesday, September 17th. I was in the battle bringing off the wounded—the balls flying thick and fast. The nearest I had one to me was one through my hat. Our regiment was cut up terribly. We did not muster but 300 men this morning and before the action we numbered 1,000. I have been to work all day long and have been up all night helping the wounded & dressing the wounds.

Our regiment lost 2 captains that were thought a great deal of. Their names were Blinn & Williards. It was one of the biggest & hardest battles ever fought. Gen. [Dwight] Morris (our old Colonel) says it has been the hardest battle ever fought.

I will give you the names of some of our killed in our company—Company A. E. Crolgy was wounded in the leg. And Frank Curtiss of Stratford had his shoulder all blown off. Philo knows him. Oscar Beers was not in the action. He staid back at Ft. Allen because he was sick. I am in good health and stand it very well. We have not received any letters since we left Hartford. The mail could not reach us. We were marching all the time day and night.

If I could get home, I would not care about coming again—not because I am sick of it, but I do not like the looks of some of the wounds I have to see to. You can't imagine anything about it. [I] see men wounded in the head, arms, hands, legs, and all over the body. One fellow had five balls in him & he did not stop fighting until a shell hit him and knocked his leg clean off. I don't want to have you worry about me because I am alright and will take care of myself.

I read a Psalm every night & morning and read a verse in that book you gave me. Give my love to all the boys and girls. Tell them to remember Old Lush.

have wrote to Charley Smith but have not received any answer. Give my love to my dear sisters and to Charlie, tell him he must be a good boy and mind his mother. Give my love to Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Lewis, Aunt Sarah, and all the folks. I have not got anymore time to write so I shall have to bid you a dear goodbye.

From your own dear son, — Lucien W. Hubbard

P. S. You need not direct my letters in care of [?]. Direct it to Lucien W. Hubbard, Co. A, 14th Regt. C. V., Washington D. C. (or elsewhere)

# 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.