

GW Hunt Letter to His Brother

Camp near Murfreesboro. Tenn.

Dec. 12, 1862

[beginning is missing]

since I came home from prison It would take time and space to give you anything like a detail of all our travels But let it suffice that we are here now and may leave at any hour. I guess you have seen an account of the fight near Hartsville Tenn Early on sunday [sic] morning last Our Regt and the 9th Ky and one of Morgans [sic] Regts [sic] made an attack on the Federals numbering about two thousand. They occupied a strong position on a high hill in the bend of the river about a mile from Hartsville. The fighting commenced about sunrise and lasted about an hour and fifteen minutes We drove them from every position and captured them after having driven them to the river. It was a hard contested fight. Our Regt led [word scribbled out] [illegible] and suffered most two of our Company were killed dead on this [8 illegible words due to the crease of the paper] John Usrey was one and James Pryor They were both brave boys and fell in the fore [sic] most ranks. We were charging a battery and had got within a few spaces [illegible word crossed out] in front of the Canons [sic] when John was killed. We had almost succeeded in taking the pickets but John brave fellow did not live to enjoy the victory He was shot in the [illegible] Several of our boys were wounded Dick Pryor was shot in the arm near the elbow Thos. Boaz was shot in the leg. Irby had his arm shattered Amos West received a slight wound in the shoulder. [illegible due to spot on the paper] Pryor a slight wound in the arm Marsh Sullivan slightly in the thigh I came through unharmed. My bayonet scabbard was cut from my belt during the engagement Our Regt carried three hundred and seventy five men in the fight and our loss killed and wounded about seventy. The nighth [sic] Ky only lost [missing text]

notwithstanding we fought against odds we cleaned them out nicely Our side numbered about eleven hundred men and theirs over two thousand A right nice affair you will doubtless say paying them back for the Donnelson [sic] spree I will tell you how far we marched in so short a time. We left Murfreesboro on last friday [sic] about eleven oclock [sic] in heavy snow storm and encamped that night at Beards mill nineteen miles from Murfreesboro. Then saturday [sic] about twelve o clock [sic] we left the mill then to Cumberland River about five miles above Hartsville fifteen miles from Lebanon we their [sic] marched around and attacked the enemy early sunday [sic] morning making over thirty five miles in a few hours so pretty brisk [illegible] don't [sci] you think you would have thought so had you been with us. We had barely time to whip the Yankes [sic] and then across this [illegible] [illegible] when the Yankes [sic] six thousand strong came from [illegible due to spot on letter] to reinforce the two thousand in the bend near Hartsville but they were to [sic] late or we were to [sic] fast as you please

Now for another theme How are the good people of Graves getting along All subjugated I suppose and as docile as an ox wearing the yoke with out a murmur well it cant [sic] be helped [rest is missing]

strife. Who can tell the feelings that passes through a person when he stands on the eve of battle. The loud roar of the first big gun as it reverberates from hill to hill tells the hour is come then comes a sharp skirmish then the dread of the general engagement. Every one thinks perhaps there I shall fall to rise no more far away from home and [illegible due to spot on the letter] list of casualties awfully brief will bear my name like a dagger to the hearts of those who love me. Such are the thoughts of many Such one mind at the commencement of a battle but do soon forget all in the excitement as the battle grows fiercer When the enemy waver then we press on with renewed energy thinking only victory. I am not anxious to fight but when it is necessary I can go into it calm and without fear knowing [rest is missing]

present. Write the first chance Your Br as ever

GW Hunt

Dec 27th What sort of a Christmas have you had a very pleasant one You will have a chance to send me a letter by the bearer of this Pass your letters through the same hands that this goes through

GWH

Unknown Letter

[Beginning of letter is missing] heavy snow storm and encamped that night at Boards Mill nineteen miles from Murfreesboro. Then saturday [sic] about twelve o clock we left the mills and went through Lebanon seven miles from the mils then to Cumberland River about five miles about Hartsville fifteen miles from Lebanon We then march around and attack the enemy early sunday [sic] morning making over thirty five miles in a few hours. Pretty brisk traveling dont [sic] you think you would have thought so had you been with us We had I only time to whip the yanks and take them across the River with us when the yankees six thousand strong came from Gallatin to reinforce the two thousand in the field near Hartsville. They were to late or we were to [sic] fast as [illegible]

No for another theme, How are the good people of Graves getting along All subjugated I suppose and docile as an ox wearing the yoke without a murmur well it cant [sic] be helped respectively is in a doleful condition. And it seems as if she will so for a long time. Old Abe has his fort on her neck now and will keep it there as long as possible. The people are afraid to "whine" Sometimes I think Kentucky ought not to be relied much. For she once had the power to help herself and she was [illegible due to dark spot]. She let the golden moment slip and it is too late

But Will I want her with the South. She is the garden spot of the worlds so far as I have seen. I may say this because my is there I would not give Ky for a dozen States like Mississippi Kentuckians did me the best [letter stops]

Letter from Camp Douglas Chicago, Ill. April

Treading the sunny plains of Dixie...

Camp Douglas

Chicago, Ill. April

Bro Robert

I am still right side up with care though on the wrong side of the Ohio Get I expect to have the good fortune of treading the sunny plains of Dixie again. This could climate is not very genial to my feelings. I have not see any thing green this spring (except people) Not a bud or blossom is to be seen no where. But I haven't beheld much outside the enclosure in which the prisoners are kept.

We cannot complain of our treatment. I assure you that we are taken care of as well as they can with plenty to eat good water to drink and comfortable barracks to stay in. My health has been bad but I am not improving. I had a spell of billious [sic] fever I was confined to my room for two or three weeks. There is not so much sicking now as there was when we first came here. Only one death in our company. Frank Drinkard died the 6 of March last. He died of the Typhoid fever. Tell his father of this. I would like above all things to you all. It has been almost ten months since I left home. But I hope to be there again though it may be sometime.

Write on the reception of this for I love to get letters from you. Give my love to all the folks. Tell Pa not to be over anxious on my account for I think [letter ends]