

Philip Peter Lash Official Civil War Record

Biographical Information

Born 4 Apr. 1835, Bellville, Richland County, Ohio. S/O Jacob and Margaret Huntsman. Married Rhoda Hughes, D/O John Hughes and Margaret Brindley, on 14 Aug. 1859 in Noble County, Indiana. First child, Mary Malinda Lash, born 22 Mar. 1860.

Enlisted as a Private in Co. F, 30th Indiana Infantry, on 24 Sept. 1861

Took part in battles at Shiloh [7 Apr. 1862], Corinth [30 May 1862] and Stone [sic] River [31 Dec 1862-3 Jan. 1863].

Promoted to 2nd Lieutenant on 30 Jan. 1863.

Was in battle at Liberty Gap [28 June 1863] after which he was confined to Hospital Number 7 in Louisville, Kentucky during June and July 1863 [no diagnosis given].

Rejoined his Company for the battle of Chickamauga [19 Sept. 1863] where he was wounded in the thigh and taken prisoner. He escaped and continued with his Company to the battle of Lookout Mountain [28 Nov. 1863], Lost Mountain [15 June 1864] and Kennesaw Mountain [19 June 1864] where he was again wounded, this time in the wrist. Confined to the Officer's Hospital in Nashville, Tennessee during June and July 1864.

Given medical discharge on 29 Sept. 1864 by D.C. Wilson, MD, Post Surgeon.

Children born after the war: Jacob Franklin, 19 Mar. 1865; Martha Ellen, 16 May 1868; Dora Electa, 20 Sept. 1870; Maggie May, 3 Dec. 1873; Fred Howard, 19 Apr. 1876; Phillip Roy, 12 July 1879; Perry Elmer, 15 Oct. 1882.

Philip died 13 June 1900 in Wayne Twp, Noble County, Indiana, and is buried in Lakeview Cemetary [sic] on the northern edge of Kendallville. Rhoda applied for his pension on 8 Aug. 1900. She died 31 Oct. 1926 and is laid to rest next to Philip.

[image: photo of 2nd Lt. Philip P. Lash Co. F 30th Indiana]

CAMP FORTIFICATIONS - MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE MARCH the 18th 1863

Dearest Wife,

Permit me to inform you this Pleasant morning that I am well And sure hope that this hasty written Letter will reach and find you and my Darling little Babe in good health. I received your ever kind and welcome Letter yesterday your letters to me are like blessings dropped from Heaven. you was very kind in writing to me, I write evry [sic] oppertunity [sic] I have And yet it seems to me I dont [sic] write often enough I sent Milbern a Letter some two weeks ago and in it I sent you Ten Dollars in [illegible] But I hope you will get it. I was glad to hear of Bailey paying that she borrowed.

We are still at work on Fortifications evry [sic] day Besides this we drill one hour evry [sic] day, either Battalion or Company drill or [sic] Boys and some of the 28th Boys had a dance in front of our tents last night It would of [sic] done you good to of [sic] seen them perform. To night [sic] they go up to the 28th to have a dance. Our Company has a Fiddle Charles Kline, Lindley [illegible initial] Moore, Pete Muter, William Hoagland. Mathias Marker, Eligah F. Coats owns the Fiddle. But Dearest one it makes me feel sad even while the Boys are having their jubilee for we no [sic] not the hour that some of us may fall never to raise again only at that day when we all are summoned to appear at the Tribunal bar there to give an Account of deeds done here in the Body I think of these things Dear Rhoda if I am a Soldier I have Periled my life for my Country, for you and my Little Innocent Babe, and for Friends that are near and dear to me by the ties of Nature. Dear Rhoda I must write you a few more verses you will read them I no [sic] you will.

I will head it thus

THE SENTINEL By P.P. Lash

At midnight on my lonely beat
When darkness fills the wood and lea
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home who prays for me
The roses bloom upon her cheek
Her form seems to me like a dream
And on her face so fair and meek
A host of holy beauties gleam
For softly shines her fluxen [sic] hair
A smile is ever on her face
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moonlight grace
She prays for me that's far away
The Soldier in his holy fight
And asks that God in mercy may
Shield the loved one and bless the right
Until though leagues lie far between

This silent incense of her heart
Steals oer [sic] my soul with breath serene
And we no longer are apart

Head Quarters Co. F 30th Ind. Reg.t
CAMP DRAKE MURFREESBORO, TENN. April 30th 1863
My Dear Companion,

It is once more threw [sic] the kindness of Him who Ruleth [sic] all things that I am Permitted to Pen you a few lines. I am well at this time and I trust my Loved ones are well at Home I have not Received a Letter from any one for two weeks and it seems almost an age to me. Neither have I had time to write any Letters for I have had to take the Company out on the works evry [sic] day Then we would come in at 5 o'clock and at six we would have dress Parade. And now we was mustered to day and I have four Muster Rolls to make out to night and expect to have the Pay Rolls to make out in a day or two. And I tell you it is no small job alone.

Our First Lieutenant is sick now and has bin [sic] for a week.

I answer all your letters and I hope I will be able to as long as I am in the service. Oh Dear Rhoda you don't no [sic] what Pleasure it gives me to read your ever welcome Letters. This afternoon we did not work. Our Brigade was all to meeting. We had a very good sermond [sic] Preached. I saw two women they was at the meeting too. One of them was the Colonel's wife of the 78th Illinois. The other was the wife of the Adjutants of the same Regiment.

It will be quite a sight to them to see so many Troops and our Forts here. I don't believe they ever will Regret the Money they Paid a coming down here, But still it don't look rite [sic] to me to see Women here where there is so much danger all the time. I love to see Women But I want them far from the Cannons [sic] deadly roar.

Our men had a pretty hard fight yesterday with the Rebs on our left, but we whipped them and drove them back. I expect we will have a big fight here before many days, But we will give them the best we have in the shop. I don't crave to get in another Battle but if it is my luck to get in another Fight I will not show the White Feather.

Oh Dearest would that Peace was restored again to our Peaceful and once happy nation. Them [sic] Dearest would you not welcome me Home to live with you the rest of my days. Yes Loved one, though art mine and I am Thine, is it not so Methinks I hear you say come to me my own Loved one For I'll be true for life.

I sent you some money a few weeks ago, let me know if you got it. Also How your Father and Mother is and all the rest of the Family Excuse this Poor writing if you

Please for I am in a hurry If you can't read it keep it till I return I will try and read it for you Then kiss you for my trouble.

My Loved Ones I bid you good Night. May you have happy dreams of one that will never cease to Love you.

Lieutenant P.P. Lash

To Rhoda and Mary Lash Kiss Baby for me Write as often as you can Good By

[image on top of paper of a female sitting with a shield and the word UNION. written underneath.]

CAMP NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE - DECEMBER the 25 / '62

Dear Wife,

I will endeavor to write you a few lines and try in this way to pass Christmas. I am well to day, but I am lonesome so far away from home. Rhoda tell me if you got them 10 dollars I sent you from Indianapolis.

I have not heard from Lon Crofoot as yet, Anna sayes [sic] she is his Dear Wife, but don't tell her how I found out. Philip Geddis is over to se [sic] me to day. He is discharged and is coming home in a few days, but sayes [sic] that he haits [sic] to come down to see you for fear that you will kick him all over the place. But he sayes [sic] he will come and see the baby anyway.

We have skirmishing here evry [sic] day. I know what it is to hear bullets whiz aready [sic]. I only wish I was at home one week from to day, but I will hafto [sic] put up with wishing you all well and a happy New Year.

I want you to get that money Jake Stout owes you if you hafto [sic] dun him evry [sic] day. Now Rhoda, my own dear one, remember one that knows no other but you. Kiss my little baby. May God spare me to see it once more.

It is warm and nice here. I sent old Rimmel a letter yesterday. Thare [sic] was a fight at Gallatin, Kentucky yesterday, our men was best. I think it was with Morgan. I think we will have a big fight here in a few days.