Camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Dec. 12, 1862

direct from

since I came from prison It would take time & 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 morning last Our Regt and the 9th Ky and one of Morgans Regts 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 an hour & 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 the van and suffered most. Two of our Company were killed dead on the ~~[illegible]~~ John Lesrey was one and James Pryor They were both brave boys and fell in the foremost rank. We were charging a battery and had got within a few spaces of in front of the Canons when John was killed. We had almost succeeded in taking the pieces. but John brave fellow did not live to enjoy the Victory He was shot in the neck & 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. Sam Pryor a slight wound in the arm Massh 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 ninth Ky only lost

Letter to brother...

continued...

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 spree)
I will tell you how far we marched in so short a time. We left Murfreesboro on last friday about eleven o'clock in heavy snow storm and encamped that night at Beards mill nineteen miles from Murfreesboro. Then saturday about twelve o'clock we left the mill then to Cumberland River about five miles above Hartsville fifteen miles from Lebanon we their marched around and attacked the enemy early sunday morning making over thirty five miles in a few hours pretty brisk traveling don't you think you would have thought so had you been with us, we had [illegible] to whip the Yankes and them across the [illegible] when the Yankes six thousand strong [illegible] to reinforce the two thousand in the bend near Hartsville but they were to late or we were to fast as you please

Now for another theme How are the good people of Graves getting along All subjujated I suppose And as docile as an ox wearing the [illegible] with out a murmur well it cant be helped [illegible]

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 some list of casualities awfully brief will bear my name like a dagger to the hearts of those who love me. Such are the thoughts of many

Such are mine at the commencement of a battle. but so soon forget all in the excitement as the battle grows fiecer when the enemy waves 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

present Write the first Chance Your Ans as ever

G W Hunt

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

G W H

heavy snow storm and encamped that night at Boards Mills. Nineteen miles from Murfreesboro. Then Saturday about twelve oclock we left the mills and went through Lebanon seven miles from the mills then to Cumberland River about five mile above Hartsville fifteen miles from Lebanon We then marched around and attack the enemy early Sunday morning making over thirty five miles in a few hours. Pretty brisk traveling dont you think you would have thought so had you been with us We had barely time to whip the Yankees and take them accross the River with us when the Yankees six thousand strong came from Gallatin to reinforce the two thousand in the bend near Hartsville but they were to late. or we were to 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 without a murmur. Well it cant be helped Kentucky is in a doleful condition. And it seems as if she will remain so for a long time. Old Abe has his foot on her neck now and will keep it there as long as possible. The people are afraid to "whine" Sometimes I think Kentucky aught not to be pitied much. for she once had the power to help herself and she was afraid. She let the golden moment slip and it is now too late

But still I want her with the South She is the garden spot of the world so far as I have seen. I may say this because my is there. I wouldnt give ky for a dozen States like Mississippi Kentuckians suit me the best

2nd 05

... treading the sunny plains of Dixie ...

Camp Douglas
Chicago Ill April

Bro Robert

I am still right side up with care, though. For the wrong side of the Ohio yet I expect to have the good fortune of treading the sunny plains of Dixie again. This cold climate is not very genial to my feelings. I have not seen anything green this spring (except people) Not a bud or blossom is to be seen no where. But I have not 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 now improving. I had a spell of Billious fever. I was confined to my room for two or three weeks. There is not so much sickness 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 receipt of this for I love to get letters from you. Give my love to all the folks. Let Pa not be uneasy on my account, for I think