

John Mott Letters

Company F, 27th Illinois Volunteers

Camp Stone [sic] River

January 4, 1863

My dear Sister,

I wrote to you the day after the Battle informing you that I was still in the land of the living. I had I been where I could have telegraphed to you I should have done so for I know you are or were very uneasy to learn to result in my case. I had but little time and a very poor opportunity to send you the few lines I did, yet they sufficed to let you know I escaped unhurt. We are again in camp thirty two [sic] miles south of Nashville in a very pleasant grove where once the enemy had theirs. It is on the north bank of Stone [sic] River, very nice stream from which it derives its name.

I have written to James also since the Days of Blood so by this time I hope you have heard of my safety.

For six days previous to the engagement we had been exposed to the weather. Half of the time it was raining at that. At one time I was wet as a drowned rat for thirty six [sic] hours with no blanket and (had) to lay down on the wet ground to sleep like a cow. I have been out all night in a steady rain on a pile of brush and slept as sound as though I was in a good bed. So much to getting use to anything. I am nearly persuaded that I could stand married life after going through what I have since we left Camp Sheridan.

The morning of the 31st Dec. 1862 saw many a man living who ere [sic] the sun set had gone to his long home. The Battle began as soon as it was light enough for us to see each other and closed with the day.

Our Regt. as well as many others entered upon that Bloody days [sic] work with nothing to eat and fought hard all day. I saw many a poor fellow fall. I am more than ever desirous of meeting them again and in all probability will. Rosecrans will soon be after them again.

I am at loss to know what to say in answer to what you have said in the case of Miss Allen and myself. We have acted like two little children and I often laugh at what

[rest is missing]

Camp on Stone River

January 27, 1863

My dear Sister,

I will again write you a short letter hoping you meet with better fortune in receiving mine than I do yours. I have received one and but one from you in the past two months. I do not doubt but you have written, yet they do not reach me from some cause.

I am very anxious to know whether you have heard from me since the battle or not. I have written twice to James and this is the third to you since that time and I do hope you have received them. I have no news of importance to communicate – everything is very dull. We look with interest for the news from the East and down the River.

The health of the army was never better also that of the Regt.

I am as fat as a Boar Shoat and weight 180 pounds. I never felt better. In your next letter send me a bottle of good “wiskey”. [sic] It is a very scarce article with us. Sometimes I can get to smell a little but none to drink.

Tell Glenn I want to see him. Tell him the canon [sic] make a big noise when they are cocked and shot off.

Enclosed you will find a 20 Secech [sic] bill which I took from the pocket of a dead Rebel Capt. There was (70.50) seventy dollars and fifty cents in his Pocket Book and a gold pen which I have. He was the only man whose pocket I picked and this done as he was to be buried and I thought it no harm. I found papers that proved him to be Capt. Wm Houstin.

Keep this 20 for me till I return if I ever do. You may not tell how I got it, no not to any one. [sic] I would give anything to hear from you and to know how everything is getting along. We are expecting a large mail in a day or so and if I don't get a letter I will feel very much disappointed.

Good night from

John

A note:

I wish the half hearted poor miserable stinking cowards, pests of society, who are at home talking about “Southern [rest is missing]