


7-17-1862

Letter from Robert Hanson to Thomas S. Armstrong

Robert Hanson

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GRAND JUNCTION, TENN. }
July 17th, 1862. }

DEAR FRIEND TOM:—I have received three letters from you since you left, but have not received any that were written in June, as our mail for that month has not come to hand yet, and I fear never will.

Our Postmasters do not take as much interest in sending our letters, as they should.

H. Baughman, of Brush Creek, belonging to one of the Illinois Regiments, has been with Co. B, for some six weeks, and left for his Regiment, this morning. Lew Myers, C. Roberts and Brans Miller arrived at camp last night, having been home. Ham Gardner, Lew Rusk and Zolly are getting to be famous cooks. Holy Moses, don't they cook green corn to perfection! Apples and peaches are plenty. Government would make money, if they would give the soldier the privilege of confiscating the above mentioned articles, or, in other word, let us "go for 'em." Ham went out the other day for peaches, and came along where there was a secesh mule. He "went

for him." It would have done you good to have seen him astride the long-eared gentleman with a bag of apples and peaches, riding thro' the city, on his way to camp. Mr. Mule doing *his tallest* to keep time to the music (not of the spheres) of the spur attached to Ham's heel.

As soon as he arrived we made on a fire, and soon had a *glorious* cup of coffee and other fixens that made us feel about a foot taller in our boots, than we did before.

But I positively think old mess No. 2 is all right. We have lost some of our boys.—

"Brock," John Spring and Lee Roberts.—

"Slong," is in No. 2 now, and he is a very neat hand in the business of cleaning corn

stalks, of their juicy ears. Lew is acting

Orderly, and if I am a judge, makes a very good one. Lieut. Porter is all right.—

After I was hurt he carried me on his back, to a nice grassy spot, where Ham had a bed prepared, and there I had to lay, without the

power to do for myself, and had to be waited on, like an infant. Bob White is the same

as usual, always ready for any duty. I tell you, after mature reflection on the point, No.

2 are *regular pressed* bricks. I would not care about having one in my lot! Capt. Wiles

is well, now, and is making his mark as an officer, and a man. This place is beginning

to assume a business aspect. The platforms along the Railroad are full of cotton, and the

cars cannot take it away *fast* enough. The boys enjoy themselves tolerably well here, but,

not as well, I think, as they did in Parry, Bolivar, or Jackson. Two ladies have just

come in to get some work done, (Bob is a shoemaker) and get some *snuff*. I cannot

furnish *snuff*, but I can do the work—I have had several calls from the ladies for new

shoes. Last night and this morning, rain fell to the depth of one foot in a tub set out in the

yard.—Ham was here just now, and says, his mule does not kick, but behaves himself about

as well as his *short-eared* brethren.

Why do you not send some of the Daily Couriers, especially those that have something from 78th? We get the dailies regularly,

only two days old.—Last night I bought a paper of the 14th inst. for the small sum of 15

cents, and sold it this morning for the same. Cheap news that!

Well, we are ordered to Bolivar—two companies have gone—and we will go Saturday, or Sunday. It is *very* hot and I am nearly suffocated—Col Leggett is acting Brigadier

General. The 78th, 68th and 20th O. V. I. are in his brigade. Now, farewell, until, I see you again. God bless you. From your friend,

BOB HANSON.

July 17, 1862

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¹ Daily Zanesville Courier, August 5, 1862, p. 3

BOB HANSON