

Summary of Historic Family Letters

File Number: 1863 (1)

Date: May 8, 1863

From: Wells W. Leggett
Head Quarters 2nd Brig. 3rd Division, 17th Army Corps
Big Black River Miss
78th OIR

To: Master Marcellus Leggett
C/O Mrs. M. W. Leggett
Logansville, Ohio

Format: Folded two page in envelop; outside written "orders to
march at 10 O'clock towards Vicksburg"

Relationships: Brother

General Content:

- Tells of joke played on suspected Southern leaning family by pretending to be rebels and then other friends pretended to arrest them for being outside the line.
- Appears to be an officer
- Marcellus appears to be in school
- Expects to be in a battle at Vicksburg or Jackson

Head Quarters 2nd Brig 3rd Division
17th Army Corps.

Big Black River Miss May 8th 1863

Dear Brother Marcellus. 78th O.S.

I believe I said, several days ago that I intended to write to you the next day, and as the next day is always called tomorrow, I will be a little ahead of time and write to you today.

Now here is something that I want you to read to ma and Macky — Last night "Mack", who has been staying with Genl. Logan for the last month, and Capt Holcomb, the Division Picket Officer, thought they would have some amusement, so they agreed upon this plan, that they would go over to a house, in which was a family supposed to be Union, but doubted by most, and that "Mack" should play off scuse and pretend to have been captured by Capt. H. at the battle of Port Gibson, so while Mack was running down, the Union Government, the women ordered supper to be prepared and joined in his threats and illusage of the Government, and cursing Abv Lincoln and all Union Soldiers. — but just as supper was ready and they were glorying in the joke, in came 6 men with guns, and told them that it was Genl. McPhersons order to arrest all Officers or men found outside of Guards after dark, so instead of getting their supper, they were marched up

to Genl Logans before they recognized in their captors the following men — Maj Stolbrand, chief of Art. 3rd Div. — Capt Trocillian, chief engineer, — Capt Moors, chief of Police, — the A.A. G. M. 3rd Div. Lieut Hoover, Adjt of Genl Logans — and Major Fry, now Prov. Marshal 3rd Div. and they were so completely disguised that neither of them mistrusted at all, so instead of their playing off a joke and getting some supper, they were played off on nicely, —

Now this is to you again, you know Bob Hanson, well he wants to know how Dixie is getting along and how "Dub" as he calls you is getting along without any water-mellons or peaches to eat.

We are just beginning to have plumbs again, I wish you were here to help us eat some plumbs, and black berries, and dew berries, too, and before long we will have Green corn, and peaches and now Sweet Potatoes and C. and C. — Green peas are almost all gone and we have not had a single one yet, and if we don't have some before long, I will get mad and throw Uncle Joes old cobs loose, just for spite.

I expect you are having just lots of fun, and jumping and playing as usual with Katie Granger and little Ollie Granger.

It has been pretty cold here for a few days past and tonight we have a large log rolled up in front of the tent and a big fire made so as to keep us warm.

The Quarter Master says that old Jim has been promoted to a Sergeant in the 78th Ohio and ranks you, and that you must sign yourself as 2^d Lieut so as to get ahead of him again.

I think you are getting along real well in your studies and you write very prettily for a new beginner. But you must pitch in and see if you cannot beat every one in your class in reading and spelling, and writing too, and then if Mary isent pretty careful, you will catch up to her and beat her too.

We are expecting Ed this evening, and if he dont come we will feel real bad, for they all want him to be here and take lead in the battle before Vicksburg, or Jackson, or some other place.

Since we first arrived at the Big Black, we have moved up to a place 5 miles further up the river, hence I date it just the same as I did down at the other place

Now Marcellus, you must be a good boy, and write to me real often and some longer letters than your others, and must give my love to all the folks.

Write real soon to

Your Brother

Wells W. Lytle.