

SIMON HUNTINGTON, 101ST OHIO WAS FATALLY WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER - January 1863

SIMON HUNTINGTON IS IN THE HOSPITAL - Simon Huntington wrote to his family on January 7 from "Hospital No. 4, Nashville, Wednesday – Dear Folks. Well here I am, not in camp of the 101st OVI as heretofore but in hospital No. 4 flat on my back so helpless that I can



scarcely kick, bite or scratch. After helping drive the Rebels from Nolansville and taking one cannon from them, we found ourselves Tuesday night the 30th, Dec. [before] a large army in front of Murfreesborough. On the morning of the 31st, we went in but soon being flanked in consequence of the next Division on the right of us (Johnsons) giving away, we had to retreat, firing as we went. After hitting me twice without hurting me much, the Rebels succeeded in throwing an ounce of lead plum through my left leg below the knee, cutting the largest of the two bones in two. After lying on the cold and wet ground for 12 hours, the Secesh took me in a government wagon to our hospital...

After being in Rebel hands, but in care of our nurses and Doctors till Sunday noon, our men drove the Rebels away and sent us Monday morning to this place. I arrived here at 12 o'clock at night most used.

I am in a good hospital and well cared for. Am in considerable pain and a good deal of the time I can't make my bow leg fit a straight bed. Things will be fixed different soon. I could be moved to Cincinnati if it could be done by water. I shall not be able to be up for a long time as my leg is broken. The Doctor says by care the leg can be saved. John Ward was not in the fight. I wrote to you a week ago Sunday but had no chance to send it. I put it in my ridge box and tore it up while lying on the field. If any of you come here I think I can be moved. Yours &c. Simon." His underlying fear is very apparent; as he realized that he may never see his family again.

SIMON'S BROTHER TRAVELS TO THE HOSPITAL - Erastus Huntington, who was



already traveling south, learned that his brother Simon had been injured. The account of his injury and subsequent letters chronicling his decline and finally his bravery in the face of death appeared in the pages of the Islander. 'Ras' was now at the Nashville hospital where he stayed with his brother for 10 days. "January 10 - Nashville Tenn. – Dear Mother [Emeline] – I am in hospital No. 4 with Simon. I came here about 10 o'clock this morning; found he was here by the medical directory.. Well, I can't tell you my feelings when I saw Simon with his left leg amputated above the knee, lying asleep. He soon woke up and you never saw a happier person in your life than he was. I feel very anxious about him... He is in good spirits but I feel very uneasy. I don't suppose you can get here but I will take him to Cincinnati on a hospital steamer as soon as he can be moved. We can't get him home before spring it is most likely.

I saw John Ward, Bill Hutton, Jacob Rush and Brad [Severy] to-day. Bradford is very sick. Bill is getting better. The other two are tolerably well but not on duty. It did the boys a great deal of good, you can imagine, when I took hold of their paws. For all I am worth, I would not have missed being here this minute. Nothing would have saved Simon except one of our folks and if he gets along all right I shall give my expense credit for the principal and a thousand per cent interest. If the worst should happen, I certainly want to be here to go home with his body. Erastus"

January 12 1863 - Hospital, Nashville, Monday - "Deliver me from ever being housed in a hospital full of wounded soldiers again. I have seen more deaths in the past two days than I ever expect to again. The excitement is all that keeps me alive, and I am looking forward to the next week very anxiously. Simon's fate will most likely be determined in the next three days. The Doctor told me Saturday that the chances were decidedly against him. I asked him how long it

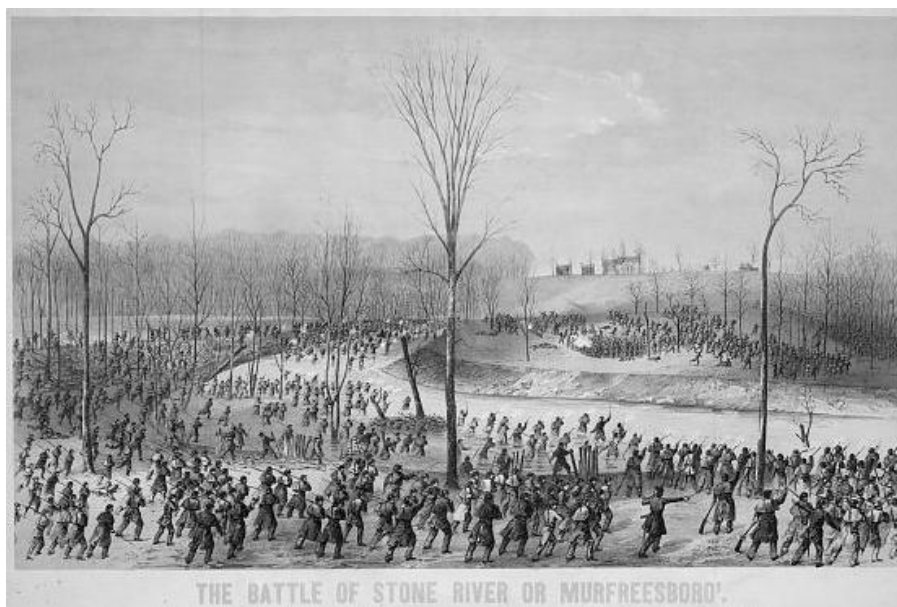
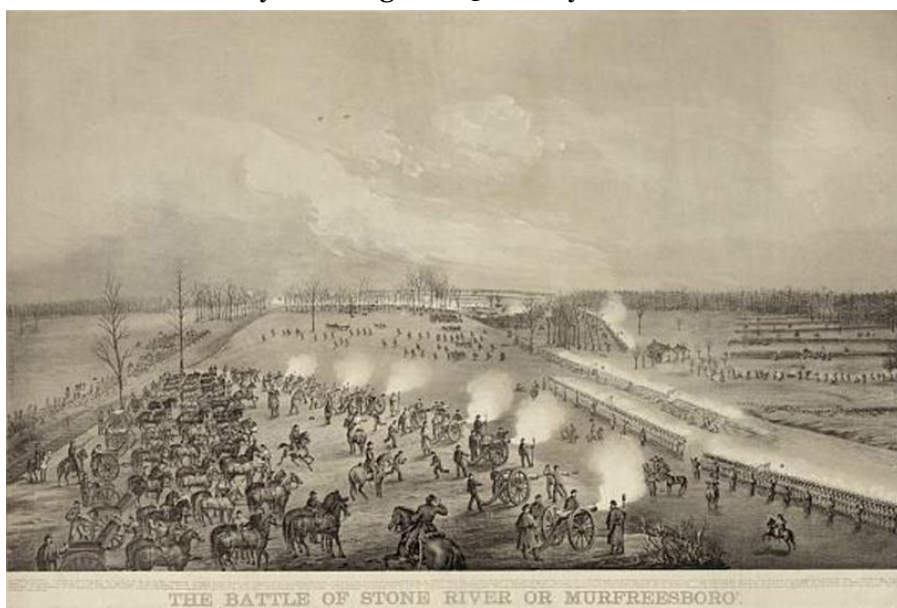
would be before he could tell which turn it would take. He said two or three days. That is if he didn't keep growing worse during that time he would stand a good chance to get well.

This is the third day since his leg was taken off and he is gaining slowly, is in good spirits, and says he wants to get aboard of a steamer pretty soon and go to Cincinnati where he can see Father and Mother and where he can get something to eat.

I got half of a chicken for him yesterday costing 50¢. The price I cared nothing about, but I had to hunt two hours to find a piece even at that price. Could find no apples at all, but heard there had been some small ones in town at 5¢ each, neither are there any potatoes at any price. In fact there is no fruit or vegetables to be had anywhere this side of the blue grass region in Kentucky. ...

This Hospital is nearly a mile from the State House, on a hill, very pleasantly situated. It used to be a high school building; is high between joints, windows on all sides, which gives it good ventilation. A man died of lock jaw last night in this hospital, caused by a wound received at the last battle."

HOW SIMON WAS WOUNDED – "Simon was wounded in the left leg below the knee, about 8 o'clock Wednesday morning Dec. 31st. Lay in the field until the rebels drove our forces off the



field, and about dark they carried him to a camp fire with other wounded persons.

Afterwards (the next day he thinks) they took him to a sort of hospital where he stayed until Sunday morning, when our forces captured it again. Simon says it looked dark until our forces came up and it made him feel good then. Monday forenoon, he was put into an ambulance and had to lie there till the whole train was loaded up. Say three hours. Then he says the ambulance went like 60 over everything and most used him up. He laid in this hospital from Monday night at 11 o'clock until Friday without much change, but Friday afternoon the Dr. said he could not live in that way and took off his leg above the knee. His leg bone, below the knee, was all jammed to pieces by a bullet. He has not got over however the effects

of the chloroform and morphine yet. He says he was struck three times. Once by a spent ball, that did not hurt much, and one ball grazed his chin, that he thought had taken his jaw off, but only benumbed it for a short time.

He and Jerome Holly were the only Island boys in the battle that day. The Secesh soldiers were picking our Soldier's pockets as they lay around the campfires. Simon asked them if they hadn't any more respect for themselves or their cause than to do that. A Lieutenant stood close by who told them to stop it, so he saved his watch and pocket book. They confiscated his knapsack, guns, etc. If he lives through it, he will stand anything. I never could have gone through as much. Yours, Erastus"

Simon died on February 9, 1863 and is buried in the Island cemetery.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE—SIMON HUNTINGTON OF Co. B, 101st OHIO.—Information was yesterday received of the death of Simon Huntington, of Co. B, 101st Ohio, who was severely wounded in the recent terrible battles at Murfreesboro. He had suffered amputation of one of his legs, but that did not save his life, and he is added to the many lives already taken by the infamous rebellion. We are not advised as to the time of his death, but it probably occurred two or three days ago. His brother was with him to the last, and will come home with his remains, which we suppose to be already on their way. Mrs. Huntington, the mother of the deceased, was at Cincinnati, and would await the remains of her son there.

Simon Huntington was 23 years of age, in the full flush of life, and deliberately and as a matter of duty had volunteered to fight for his country. We had the pleasure of a conversation with him only a day



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