

Camp Douglas.

Chicago Illinois

October 17<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Mr Thomas M. Potts.

Dear Brother,

Having plenty of time and nothing to do this afternoon I thought I would try and amuse myself by writing a few lines to you. Time passes here mighty slow at best and there is nothing to pass away the time unless it is by writing or playing back or even up which Sam and I sometimes do just to live along through the day until night brings relief from ceasing even in sleep. we have plenty of rumors here at least one every hour, and each one differing from the other. there was one came in at noon purporting to be from our Surgeon; Dr. Hammond, who has gone to Albany I believe to see about getting us away from here. to the effect that some one had received a letter from him, in which he said that we would all be discharged in less than two weeks. very soon after it was reported that he had written that Seneca County had offered

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three thousand Dollars bonds for every man if they would allow us to come home until we are exchanged, neither of them were credited of course. the next one will I probably be that we will be exchanged within a week. there is a great deal of dissatisfaction manifested by all the paroled prisoners. they believe it to be contrary to the terms of our parole to drill, or do any duty whatever. the day before yesterday we were ordered to fall in for Company drill at ten o'clock. our Co. refused to do so with the exception of six men. the ~~at~~ Captain afterward came to us and asked us separately if we were willing to drill I with a very large majority of the boys told him no. he then took our names and reported us to headquarters a part of Companies C & H and Drilled after a fashion the rest refused. since then they have not required any part of the regiment to drill. to day there were nineteen men detailed to build up the fence which the boys have torn down to get down to the city at noon when they came to dinner they reported that they had done nothing yet and they have not been called on this P. M. but I observe that the fence is being put up by some body. however I suppose

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there will be as much torn down to night as there is built up to day. the guards appear to be very much afraid of the Harper Ferry Cavalry as were called by two or three persons shortly after our arrival. one of the Suttlers called one of the boys of another regiment that name one Saturday night and the next day they cleared out his establishment and an other a day or two afterward. we have had another fire here. last night at about half past one I was aroused from my downy couch by the cry of fire. jumped up as soon as possible and proceeded to the scene of conflagration and there I beheld a magnificent sight. the barracks are roofed a kind of cement which contains a large quantity of tar, and the wind was blowing violently from the north west. the barracks are built so as to form a hollow square for a parade ground. the fire was set in the north west corner. so of course the fire swept them in both directions. and ran along on the roof with a rapidity which threaten to consume the entire square. and for some time it feared by some and hoped by others that it would but the steam fire engines coming from the city succeeded in putting a stop to it after it had burned out one or two regiments. there is no telling

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how soon we may wake up and find our own barracks on fire. and I dont know as anyone cares particularly. a great many of the boys are leaving on furlongs of their own. you need not answer this until you hear from me again. but I hope Lewis has answered my other one before this if not I hope she will as soon as possible. I have been looking for a letter with the greatest anxiety for the last week.

my love to all.

yours truly

George S. Baugher

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Camp Douglas

Chicago, Illinois

October 17, 1862

Mt. Thomas N. Youngs

Dear Brother,

Having plenty of time and nothing to do this afternoon, I thought I would try and amuse myself by writing a few lines to you. Time passes here mighty slow at best and there is nothing to pass way the time unless it is by writing or playing Euchre or Seven-up which Sam and I sometimes do just to live along through the day until night brings relief from excessive ennui in sleep. We have plenty of rumors here — at least one every hour — and each one differing from the other. There was one came in at noon purporting to be from our surgeon, Dr. Hammond, who has gone to Albany I believe to see about getting us away from here to the effect that someone had received a letter from him in which he said that we would all be discharged in less than two weeks.

Very soon after, it was reported that he had written that Seneca county had offered three thousand dollar bonds for every man if they would allow us to come home until we are exchanged. Neither of them were credited of course. The next one will probably be that we will be exchanged within a week.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction manifested by all the paroled prisoners. They believe it to be contrary to the terms of our parole to drill or do any duty whatever. The day before yesterday we were ordered to fall in for company drill at ten o'clock. Our company refused to do so with the exception of six men. The captain afterward came to see us and asked us separately if we were willing to drill. I with a very large majority of the boys told him no. He then took our names and reported us to headquarters. A part of companies A, C. H and drilled after a fashion. The rest refused. Since then they have not required any part of the regiment to drill.

Today there were nineteen men detailed to build up the fence which the boys have torn down to get down to the city at noon. When they all came to dinner, they reported that they had done nothing yet and they had not been called on this P. M.

But I observe that the fence is being put up by somebody. However, I suppose there will be as much torn down tonight as there is built up today.

The guards appear to be very much afraid of the Harper's Ferry cowards as we're called by two or three persons. Shortly after our arrival, one of the sutlers called one of the boys of another regiment that name one Saturday night and the next day they cleaned out his establishment and on another day or two afterward.

We have had another fire here. Last night at about half past one, I was aroused from my downy couch by the cry of fire. Jumped up as soon as possible and proceeded to the scene of conflagration and there I beheld a magnificent sight. The barracks are roofed [with] a kind of cement which contains a large quantity of tar and the wind was blowing violently from the northwest. The barracks are built so as to form a hollow square for a parade ground. The fire was set in the northwest corner so of course the fire swept them in both directions and ran along on the roof with a rapidity which threatened to consume the entire square and for some time it [was] feared by some and hoped by others that it would.

But the steam fire engines coming from the city succeeded in putting a stop to it after it had burned out one or two regiments. There is no telling how soon we may wake up and find our own barracks on fire and I don't know as anyone cares particularly.

A great many of the boys are leaving on furloughs of their own. You need not answer this until you hear from me again but I hope Louisa has answered my other one before this. If not, I hope she will as soon as possible. I have been looking for a letter with the greatest anxiety for the last week.

My love to all. Yours truly, — George S. Youngs

# Bio of George S. Youngs

Born in 1843 to James and Effie Youngs at Waterloo, Seneca County, New York. He was one of four children; Youngs served with the 126th New York Infantry throughout the war and saw action in many of the most prominent battles of the war. He was promoted to corporal in February of 1865 and was mustered out on June 3, 1865, at Alexandria, VA.

Youngs survived the war and returned to Waterloo where he resumed his work as a carpenter. He later married and he and his wife Hattie lived to the end of their lives in the vicinity of Cleveland, OH. He lived to be 79 and was finally laid to rest in Maple Grove Cemetery in Waterloo after his death in 1922.