

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.
General Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.)
October 12th, 1862.

Ed. Pioneer:

I write the following for publication in your paper. It is intended for the benefit of a few of my young friends whom I left behind me, a little better than a year ago, and ventured my life in defense of my country. But to proceed, my life and our country have thus far been saved, but I wish

to tell you, as I have had some experience with those " butter-nuts," as they are called, in order that you may not deceive yourselves and g-o, that they are a very bold, impudent, ignorant, and a most dreadful awkward set of individuals with their fire-arms, at least they appeared so to me at the late battle of Iuka, which you have all read of. Well, while the butternut bullets were buzzing through our Battery, and about my head, like so many hornets when their nest has once been disturbed, as the smoke from our cannon drifted away a little, my attention was suddenly drawn by one of those butternuts, who was standing fifteen or twenty feet distant from me, and the devil had the impudence to discharge his musket right into my face, before I had time to tell him not to point his gun toward me, and he was so awkward about it that the bullet (which was about as large as a hickorynut) entered the left corner of my mouth,- shelling all the ivory of my lower jaw, except four snags not down my throat, but through the right side of the chops and neck, each tooth and the bullet picking their own road, and the consequence was, that a hole was left in the side of my face about as large as a barn door So that is the kind of fellows they are down South Now, boys, you can go if you choose, but I will not advise you to g-o, lest you get h-u-r-t, and then you might blame me for advising you to g-o.

I for my part have about come to the conclusion to try city life, as winter is coming on soon.

I'm in the City Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.

A Private of the 11th Ohio battery.

N. B. The friends I mentioned were

boys in my neighborhood who were always going to war but never went !

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But to proceed, my life and our country have thus far been saved, but I wish to tell you, as I have had some experience with those "butter-nuts," as they are called, in order that you may not deceive yourselves and [G-O], that they are a very bold, impudent, ignorant, and a most dreadful *awkward* set of individuals with their fire-arms, at least they appeared so to me at the late battle of Iuka, which you have all read of. Well, while the butternut bullets were buzzing through our Battery, and about my head, like so many hornets when their nest has once

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So that is the kind of fellows they are down South. Now, boys, you can go if you choose, but I will not advise you to go, lest you get hurt, and then you might blame me for advising you to go. I for my part have about come to the conclusion to try city life, as winter is coming on soon. I'm in the City Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.

A PRIVATE
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