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Chattanooga Tenn., June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1864

Dear Friend Lottie:

Your kind and welcome messenger commenced on May 22<sup>nd</sup> and finished on the 23<sup>rd</sup> greeted me as I went into camp tonight. I got 3 but yours was the first to be opened and perused, then mother's came, and then came one from Chas. B. Quick, the young gentleman who came home with me last summer. After perusing the letters I came to the conclusion that I was indeed blessed with kind friends. I never had an idea that as many of the ones I had called friends when at home, would

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prove such true ones when once I had left there. But I am happily disappointed. I have many more friends than I ever expected to have. Oh! I shall never tire of being a soldier as long as I receive my mail regularly. When that stops coming then you may expect to hear of some pretty tall grumbling.

Our armies have done nobly this spring. The "Army of the Potomac" has literally fought its way to the very doors of the Rebel Capital. Whilst they have been so busily engaged there the "Army of the Cumberland" has not been idle.

The Cumberland army has not met with such stubborn resistance as has the Potomac army, but they have gained a great deal of territory and have lost many a good man. They have fought their way from here to within a few miles of Atlanta Ga and I should not be the least surprised to hear at any moment that they had got that place. I saw a fellow a day or two since with whom I was acquainted, who was wounded within fourteen miles of that place, one week ago today. When he left the front the Army was still advancing. Things look more cheerful at the present time than at any future period since the Rebellion broke out. God grant that this summer will wind up this unholy war and that too with as little loss of life as possible. It is horrible to contemplate how many good, brave, and true men have and are yet to fall. It makes one heart sick to contemplate it.

Well, to think that I am corresponding with a school ma'am (?) [underlined], and then to anticipate how she will and [sic] train the young mind how to shoot, Oh! I should like to attend your school this summer, that is if, when I did any thing wrong, you would send me to sit with the big girls for

punishment. That, you know, would be the most severe punishment which you could inflict upon me. Does either

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Of the Misses Browns attend your school? You say I am very inquisitive, but then, I want to know. I should not find as much fault as you did if I should receive a call from Mr and Miss Comeforth(?), even if the[sic] did come unannounced.

When Cassie reads "Old Homestead" I want you go keep it as I think a great deal of the book. It was a present and I value it very highly. Keep it for me until you get further instructions, "If you please!"

I have not had the pleasure of perusing the works you speak of but think I should like them very much. Today I have been reading a work entitled "Amy Lawrence," the freemasons daughter. It is a very interesting work.

Since last I wrote you I have seen Ed Edwin and have been over "Mission Ridge," "Lookout Mountain" and through "Lookout Valley." The scenery is most beautiful. I wish you were here long enough to go with me and get some wise[sic] cherries. I foraged all I could eat day before yesterday. Oh! They tasted delicious. I tell you, I hope that when when [sic] I again visit Mellean(?) County – the "steam horse" will be drawing the wagon up Potatoe Creek.

Well, I will wind up this uninteresting epistle. When next I write I hope to be better fitted to write a letter. The weather being very sultry, and having (illegible?) all day, I have a very severe headache.

Ever your friend, George L. Young