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2015.001.046 transcription

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Rooms General Court Martial

Chattanooga, August 15th 1864

Dear Friend Lottie:

Again I am seated for the purpose of writing you. It is with feelings of pleasure that I do so. It seems like you were sitting near me talking. Oh! What a gay old chat we would have were such the case. I think that I could surely weary you were such the case for I could talk a "steady stream" for a long while. I think your eyelids would droop and your head nod before I felt weary of talking. When I found that you were getting weary I would rise bid you good evening and start for home. And rest assured

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I would not feel sleepy or drowsy in going that distance. Your smiling face would haunt me all the way home, and I am not sure, but I should think of you in my dreams, as I did last night. I thought that I was home and that I had driven up to Deacon Lasher's, hitched my horse and walked boldly up to the front door and knocked, then the door was opened by Cassie. She did not know me. Without making myself known I enquired for you and was informed that you were at home and invited to walk into the sitting room. Cassie said she would go and find you. She went back into the dining room and I heard her say - Lottie there is a soldier in the sitting room who wishes to see you!" I rather guess you had been washing, for it was some time before you made your appearance. While waiting for you I was amusing myself in looking at the books and other articles lying on the table. I there saw among other things my copy of the "Old Homestead" and also my "Photo." I need not say that it pleased me whilst busily engaged in writing my name on the Photo you came in, all smiles, but on seeing me you [sic] smile left and a look of surprise came over your face. You could hardly believe what you saw. At last you could no longer disbelieve your eyesight for I spoke. I said: "Lottie, have you forgotten me?" And then, but I will not say what transpired then as it was all a dream, but I really wish it had been a reality. Well after the greeting was over we sat down on the lounge (both on one end) and had a nice little chat. After a while Cassie came in and I spoke to her and asked her if that was the way she greeted an old friend, she couldn't see the friend, at last I told her who I was and got a very friendly

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Greeting from her, but she soon left the room and I could cite by the rattle of kettles and other noise what she was at. We had a jolly old time in canvassing old times. Mrs. Downey came in for a share in our conversation but I don't think she would be very highly flattered could she have heard what I said. Cassie broke in upon us with "Come to tea!" There I met your father and he greeted me very cordially. In fact I was happy after tea I asked you to go and take a ride whilst we called on some of our friends but you said - "No, tomorrow will do for that and made me go and put out (?) my horse, which by the way I was nothing both (?) to do. We passed a very pleasant evening. Your father and Cassie were with us until about 10 o'clock, and I recounted many little anecdotes of camp life that pleased them amazingly. After they retired we sat and talked until the old rooster in the barn told us that we had better retire if we

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Did not wish to have it said that we did not go to bed at all, and for various reasons we concluded that would not do as I remembered that your father was fond of punning(?) and half-closed eyes at breakfast would give him a subject for his puns. We had the proposed ride and visits and when we got back to your house I jumped out of the buggy, and lo! I found myself lying on the floor of the court room at Chattanooga. At first I could not believe it. When I was fully awake I was almost, if not quite, mad to think it was all a dream. What do you think of it, was it not gay. I only regret it was not a reality. Time may come when it will be a reality we will think so at least.

The weather is very uncertain now. One day it will look like rain and clear off. The next will open

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Fair and bright and before noon it will be raining a very tempest. Still it is very warm summer a great deal than I could wish it.

Yesterday I rode out some 10 miles into the country. While gone I got Peaches, Pears, Apples, Musk Mellons, Watermellons, and Tomatoes. I think my horse had a pretty good load; what think you. You know I am commissary for our mess, and that is one of my jobs to go out and get whatever I can find that is eatable. I was informed this noon that the mess was in want of some potatoes, eggs, butter, and onions and asked whether I could not go again today. I rather thought not, and later then I wished to throw up my commission. They could not see that neither could I see going out again this afternoon.

Lieut. Nitschelen(?) , the commanding officer of our Battery, died this morning, after an illness of only one week, his disease was inflammation on the bowels.

He was a German(?) and not a very good officer therefore his loss is less keenly felt by many of the boys. Don't think that am [sic] casting any reflections on the Germans, I did not notice how it was going to sound until it was written, and had it been any one else but you I should torn [sic] up this sheet and written it over again but I knew you would take it as I meant, not as I wrote it.

My health continues good,

My compliments to all,

Excuse all mistakes and do not get angry in studying out the characters which I call writing.

Your friend and well wisher, George L. Young

PS May I expect to hear from you soon. G.L.Y.