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2015.001.053 transcription

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Rooms General Court Marshal,

Chattanooga, 30th July, 1864

Dear friend Lottie:

Your letter of July 15th was rec'd on the 28th since the time I rec'd it until this evening I have not had an opportunity to answer it. My duties have been very arduous for the past two weeks, often starting out at early dawn and not returning until late in the evening.

This is my first evening to myself for a whole week and I propose to devote a portion of it to my dear friend Lottie.

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The first thing I see in your letter is a piece of poetry addressed "To a friend." If I could only think that some portion of said poetry were intended for me I should be most happy. The last two lines of the first stanza reads thus:

"Still our thoughts are turning ever,
Fondly turning into thee(?)."

As I said before. If I could only bring myself to believe that you intended those lines to me I should be most happy. It does not seem possible. I had always thought you a friend (as the world sees it). But those two lines denote that you are what I term a true friend, one that will stand by a person in adversity as well as in prosperity. I am most happy to learn that I have such friends. And I begin to think I have several. Before I left home I only knew of our Chas B. Quick. I am most happy that I have found an addition to the then short list.

The last two lines ~~speak~~ of the second stanza speak volumes in themselves, here they are:

"Whichsoever way we look,
Still we ever look for Thee"

They need no comment. They are now plainer than I could make them if I were to devote to [sic]pages to them, all I will say is that I thank you!

I am of the same opinion of yourself as regards to the receiving of letters from "loved ones far away." And think I have a better opportunity of judging than you for I am far, far away from home and friends and among strangers. I can feel the truth of that sentence and plainly(?) too. I verily believe I can appreciate the whole of it.

I had heard that the 58th were at home through Mother. I would like

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very much to be there and visit with them. As it is I cannot and must content myself with my lot.

Really I would have been most happy to have been one of your party when you went to Olean(?). I could have helped you to enjoy it or at least I should [have] enjoyed it highly myself. Never mind my time will come after a while and then I can enjoy it so much the more.

I always supposed you knew my mother. I wish you did she is a dear good mother. I am sorry, on her account that I enlisted again. I had promised her that I would not but really I could not help it I felt it my duty to go and go I did. You must call at our house sometime when you are in town. Tell mother that you are a friend of mine and you will not lack entertainment.

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Met the boys-- the first thing that greeted me was "George, when is the Geese(?)" I replied very laconically "Eaten Up!" The next thing was -- "Well you got the geese and we got H--!" Excuse the expression. It is rude I know but soldiers use very expressive language at times and it would spoil the story to leave it out. The cause of the expression was in this wise. It appears that 3 parties claimed the geese. Major Genl. Steadman being one of the claimants the other two were men that I messed with. When the Genl wanted a goose for dinner he sent to the wagon for one. None were there for him and the driver said the "Orderlies" took them the orderlies were called

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an investigation was held. No one knew who took the geese. At last one man said he cut the heads off and another claimed that he helped to dress them. No one could tell who took them from the wagon. The General stormed(?) - the boys still persisted in not knowing who took the geese from the wagon. The General stamped and cursed, but all to no purpose. After awhile he commenced to lecture them he held forth for about 15 minutes finally he wound up by sending them all out to forage more geese. You now know the cause of the expression. Do you blame them for making the expression? I rather think you will not.

New Years found me in Courtland Alabama. About 11 o'clock a.m. I was called in to dinner (I had fasted since the previous evening, having had an intimation of what we were to have for dinner.) I was somewhat taken back upon walking into the room. Fancy yourself stepping into a room say 18

feet square. On the floor in the centre of said room sits a 5 pail(?) kettle, full of chickens (??) and Irish potatoes. Also two large camp kettles each holding about 6 gallons filled with sweet potatoes. Around these kettles at intervals of about 2 feet were placed 9 tin cups filled with coffee and 9 piles of "hard bread." Still to the outside sat my messmates, 8 in number. All were dipping into the large into the large [sic] kettle in the center. I saw at a glance that if I wished to place myself on an equal footing with them that I must commence immediately as they were getting

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the start of me. I off with my coat, rolled up my sleeves and - "went in!" How do you think you would enjoyed [sic] that dinner? Highly I fancy.

Well I guess I have written nonsense enough I will close.

My compliments to all.

Your friend

Geo. L. Young