

# CHATTANOOGA HISTORY CENTER

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## 2015.001.055 transcription

### 2015.001.055(1)

[NOTE: This letter both begins and ends on scan 2015.001.055(1). He ran out of room on back page and continued at a right angle in the top margin of page one. The transcription will read beginning to end.]

Ordinance Office, District of the Etowah

Chattanooga, Nov. 25<sup>th</sup>, 1864

My Dear Friend:

Excuse me for delaying so long in answering your last letter. I rec'd it on the 17<sup>th</sup> inst. the same day I had mailed one to you and concluded to wait a few days, say 2 or 3. Well. I had intended to devote the sabbath to letter writing. How true the old problem "Man proposeth, God disposeth." Saturday evening I retired at 10 o'clock intending to remain in my little cot until at least 8 the coming morning. At 4 o'clock there was somebody pounding

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on the door of the office (I sleep in the office). I had wakened a little before. It was raining. I did not feel disposed to answer the summons, but for the peace of my neighbors I concluded to. I asked who was there. The answer was "Get up, open the door, here is an order for ammunition. It is wanted immediately!" I got up, opened the door, and sure enough there was an order. It gave me two hours to draw and get loaded on the cars, 185,000 rounds of ammunition. The ammunition was loaded, then George was told that he was to accompany it and see it properly disposed of. As it was only going to Dalton at the farthest I thought to get back that evening. Went without my blanket or rations. It was 4 days before I again saw Chattanooga and most of the time it was either raining or snowing. On Tuesday morning I found ice that bore my weight without the least show of breaking. Oh! How I did love it, staying in a boxcar, and didn't dare to have a fire within 25 paces of the car, fire and ammunition do not agree they will not consent to be neighborly, if they are placed close neighbors, they get into a quarrel and then lookers on, look out for your health. I must say I was glad when I got back here and got between my good warm blankets.

If you attend school at Smethport this winter I shall not be obliged to go up to "Uncle Henry's before I see you. I shall probably be at home about the 25<sup>th</sup> of January. Of course there will be sleighing and of course we will, some evening, after school is closed, "Jump into the cutter(?) and take a ride" up to "Uncle Henry's."

The muddy roads you have there "cannot hold a candle" to those we have here there is no bottom to the mud in Chattanooga.

Tell that Miss Campbell "that fellow" is in Chattanooga, "A brave soldier boy," who would be happy to hear from all his lady acquaintances by letter. Of course I saw(?)

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her that day, and do you remember how I "gripped you going home?"

I am "up to my eyes" in business. It is almost impossible for me to get time to write a letter. I have to "steal it," the time.

I am going to ask a favor of you and hope you will see fit to ~~answer~~ grant it. I really want your Photo. I want to look at you over in a while I think you have an undue advantage of me. You can feast your eyes by gazing on my beautiful Phiz as often as you choose and all I can do is to look at you by memory. Please send me one of your Photos. I want it very bad.

Tell Charlie I'll not answer his few lines, perhaps he will conclude to write me a letter all by himself by that means.

The sun has shown his face to-day. How long will he dare to look

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[NOTE: End of the letter continued in top margin of page one.]

Down on us poor mortals with so smiling a face I cannot say but if he continues to do so all day I shall be very much surprised. My compliments to your father, Cassie, Lyda and all others you see fit to be sure[?]and take a small piece for yourself.

In haste

Your friend

Geo. L. Young