

# CHATTANOOGA HISTORY CENTER

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2015.001.062 transcription

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No (3)

Office A.A.Q.M., Gen Arty(?)

Chattanooga May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1865

Friend Lottie: -

I am up, and washed, and for a breakfast spell I am going to write a last letter to you. What shall I write about? I am at a loss to know.

Now this war is over there is no battles [sic] to tell of. The country has all been described by many a better scribbler than myself. It would be sheer nonsense for me to undertake to give you a description of the Tennessee River as I have nothing to do but to pick up some paper from the north and copy [sic]. Then you accuse me of stealing and I would not have that name

[in left margin sideways on page 1]

P.S. How to you like "Boarding service(?)"

(?)th ohio Battery

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for no consideration. I might perhaps take an imaginary sail, in our little sail boat, but then the wind is always a head wind, and if we start up the river we will find after an hours sailing that we have two hours hard pulling to get the craft to her dock.

Again I might tell you that I expected Uncle Sam would be so kind and obliging as to let me come home and stay there, and that too ere many weeks passed, and I would surely be telling you that which I know nothing about. All I know is that every Company in this Garrison expects to have their muster out rolls sent in to the company commanders immediately if not sooner. As yet none have come, and I am of the opinion that it will be some time ere they do come.

Oh! this is a beautiful morning. Old sol sends forth bright rays to greet us, and, must I say it, said rays greeted me whilst I was still in my bed. I am ashamed to tell it you, nevertheless it is a fixed fact

- I am getting lazy. I want to get out of the service for fear that laziness will become a constitutional failing. That and using tobacco are my only bad habits now, and if "Uncle" does not send along some greenbacks soon I shall be obliged to give up the tobacco.

We are busily engaged in turning over the stores. Yesterday we turned in to Capt Dean(?) the horses, mules, wagons, harness, etc. Today we will get rid of the tents, axes, picks, shovels, spades, paints and paint brushes, etc., etc.

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We have a large amount of stores to get [illegible]. The Lieut. is angry to think he cannot get things arranged this week. He wants to resign and go home. His family is sick, and he is very anxious to go to them.

Why is it that every body is in such haste to get married, almost every letter I get from home tells me of some one that has slipped on the halter. I suppose that I shall have a brother-in-law on the 1<sup>st</sup> of June. What think you of that?

I hear that Miss Rose Bennett intends stepping off soon. How am I to console myself? First I hear that Orpha has cut those that Rose contemplates the same. (?) Oh! how bad I feel. My sheet is full, of what, nonsense. I quit.

Sincerely your friend

George L. Young 20<sup>th</sup> Ohio Battery