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2015.001.063 transcription

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Ordnance Office, District of the Etowah,

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct 13<sup>th</sup> 1864

Ever Cherished Friend: -

Here I am, after a hard days work, seated to have a social chat with you. Do not know how long it will be before I shall be obliged to leave you and attend to issuing ammunition and guns. I have been at it all day. I had commenced a letter to you once before, this evening, when I was interrupted by Lieut Stokes, and told to make out an invoice of 4 3(or 8?) inch Rodman(?) Guns with implements(?) complete. I have done it and will now try and finish the letter I have now begun.

I received your long-looked-for letter to-day[sic]. I had started two or three times to write to you and would as often postpone it saying to myself: "I will surely get a letter from her tomorrow." Tomorrow came,

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but alas, no letter from my dear friend Lottie. This morning I promised myself I would write you this evening whether I heard from you or no.

A little after noon the mail courier of the Battery sent me your letter and another, and wrapped around the two was the following good, glorious, exhilarating and soul stirring news: I will give it verbertim, as he sent it me. It ran this wise:

"George L Young,  
Ohio 40,000 Union Majority!  
Indiana 36,000 Union Majority!!  
Pennsylvania 126,000 Union Majority!!!  
Post. est. vet ami (?)  
Frank"

Hurrah for Ohio! The Buckeyes are wide awake. There goes one plank out of the Chicago Platform. Three times three for the Hoosier State. She takes 4 plank from said platform.

Hurrah until you are home for the old Keystone state. The Chicago Platform is falling fast. I can see it going. No I can't either it fell so quick after the last blow that I could see nothing but a little dust arise as it struck the ground.

Three times three is not half enough for the old Keystone, do not stop applauding her as long as you can make the least wise(?)

You ask: "What do you think of 'Little Mack' for President, and his accepting the nomination on the Chicago Platform, and what do the soldiers in the vicinity think of it? Do you think he will get many army votes?"

What do I think of "Little Mack," I think he is like Old Dog Tray(?), caught in bad company, and of course he will have to be punished for it. He cut his own throat when he accepted that nomination. There were some

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men who still thought he was honest until he came out with that "Letter of Acceptance," but now no honest man who has the good of his country at heart will have anything to do with him.

What do the soldiers in this vicinity think of him, I will state what they think of him in four words. They think he is crazy (sic). I think he is a little cracked in the head. Will he get many soldier votes, he will barely get 5 out of every 100 of the soldier votes. "Old Abe" suits us soldiers well enough. We want no change, nor will we cast a vote for a change. Abraham Lincoln has shown himself the right man in the right place, and why should we cast of a tried and true man for one we know nothing about. McClellan may be a good cardinal(?) man, but it takes a man of more brains than I think he has to run the United States.

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[At top of page is written upside down: N.B. – Please Direct(?) as before - George]

Since last I wrote you I have again been detailed from the Battery, as [you] will see by the caption of my letter. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of Sept. just after noon roll call, Lt. Backus, senior officer of our Battery called me to him and asked me my occupation before I enlisted. I told him. He then asked me if I had ever had any experience in clerking. I told him I had not. He then told me that Lt. Stokes, Ordnance Officer, District of the Etowah wanted a clerk and that he thought I would suit. I told him I thought I would not suit as I knew nothing of the business, and even if I did I would much rather stay with the Battery. He then said "You will do, get ready and go with me." I could not disobey him so [I] got ready. (Getting ready consisted in blacking my boots and combing my hair.)

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I went with him to Lieut Stokes office. There I tried to get off by pleading ignorance. I told Stokes I was not the man he wanted. He said: "I would rather have you than any other man in your Battery, for I know you." (I had made his acquaintance during the summer.) I could say nothing more. I went to the Battery, packed up my things, and moved my bed and board. I served in the capacity of clerk

until the 6<sup>th</sup> inst. when he told me that he had detailed another man as clerk, and that I was to act [as] Ordnance Sergeant. I was well pleased with the change. It gave me an opportunity to see more of the country. On the morning of the 7<sup>th</sup> inst. I entered on the duties of my new "parish." The first thing I did was to go to the Ordnance Depot at this place and draw 120 boxes of artillery ammunition and put it on the cars. I was then ordered to go with it to Cartersville, Georgia and turn it over to Lt. Brand, Ordnance Officer, 3<sup>rd</sup> Division 15<sup>th</sup> Army Corps. That pleased me. I would have an opportunity to see a great deal of the country which Gen Sherman had taken from the Enemy this summer, "with his big company" (as the Rebel ladies say) That night I reached Resaca. The next day (Saturday) I was in Cartersville. Sunday morning I turned the ammunition over to Lieut Branch. In the afternoon, I got a horse from an accommodating captain and went to Allatoona, where 2,500 of our men whipped a division of about 8,000 of the Enemy on the 4<sup>th</sup> inst. I saw a great many of the Rebel wounded (our wounded having been removed to Rome, Ga.) Conversed with some of the "Rebs." They are all heartily sick of the war and are also McClellan men to the backbone. Monday morning I saw Gen. Sherman for the first time. He looks rather worn, and no wonder, he has done

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work enough within the past five months for a lifetime. I also saw Gen Stoneman(?) he has just been exchanged, he shows rough usage. Monday evening started back for Chattanooga where I arrived on Tuesday evening.

You will undoubtedly hear that Gen Hood is [in] Gen Shermans rear. That is so but instead of damaging our cause I have reasons to know that it is the very thing Gen Sherman wanted him to do. I heard Gen Sherman say that he would be glad if Hood would make for Bridgeport. He would let him get down to the banks of the Tennessee and there he would have him where he could not run from him. I also heard him say he would not stand to attack Hood with a very inferior force. It made an [illegible] how much inferior his force might be he was sure of success.

So, Charlie you were bound to have a price of your life in were you? (?) All right, old fellow, only next time sit you down and write me a good long letter while Lottie is writing. It will look better – you know – and I would like very much if you would do so.

How is Lydia getting along I hope she is nearly well by this time. My good wishes to her if Charlie will permit it.

My kind regards to your father, Cassie, Lydia & Charlie. Also to all others that you feel disposed to. How is Mr. A.P. Brewer(?) getting along? He is a good man. Write soon to

Your friend George L. Young