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Chattanooga Tennessee

Jan 9th 1865

Dear friend Lottie:-

On the evening of the 7th inst. I arrived in this place after an absence of Six weeks. Upon going to the Battery I found a letter from you. It had preceeded me, or rather got here before I did, as I went off into Alabama after I left Nashville. After the fight at Nashville our Division was selected for the difficult job of heading off the rebel army, and keep them from crossing the Tennessee River until

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Genl. Thomas came up in their rear and "pitched(?) into them" again like he did at Nashville, but the rebels had an "eye to business" and destroyed so much of the railroad that we did not reach the river until they had crossed. Still we did not get there for nothing. As we captured a pontoon train, 600 horses and mules, 200 or 300 hogs, and about 600 Ragamufins, generally called in the Confederacy, soldiers.

Since last I wrote you I have hardly seen an hours leisure time Night and day I labored. At last I came to the conclusion that "there was no rest for the weary." I think that I came to a proper conclusion. Now that I have got back I ought naturally to have a little leisure. But no "thats played out." the 4th quarters Ordnance Return of 1864 is on hand. Should now be on its way to Washington and as yet we have not began it. There is at least 10 days work then again. Lieut Stokes time is out and an Inventory of all the stores on hand has to be taken. When I get that completed I shall be ready to start home. If I can get my furlough approved. Lieut Stokes will do all in his power for me and I have but little doubt that it will go through all right. I am afraid I shall not get home in time to see you. In fact I knew I shall not if you start as soon as the 25th of this month. I shall be very much disappointed if you are gone when I reach there. Tell Sister Mary to wait. She can do it. I should like very much to see her. Where does

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she live when at home. I think you told me it was in Crawford county Pennsylvania, am I mistaken?

Really, I should enjoyed very much spending Christmas in company with you. You ask how I spent my Christmas. My residence for that day was in a "Cotton Gin" about 4 miles up the Tennessee River from Decatur. It fell to me to cook the Christmas dinner for 16 of us two rousing [roasting?] geese were placed in my hands with the injunction to "cook them well!" I had got them nicely cooking when all but myself were ordered away. (I was left in charge of the ammunition.) When the geese were well cooked, I sat down by the fire and "went in." It was 4 days before I again