

CHATTANOOGA HISTORY CENTER

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Chattanooga, Tenn July 31, 1863

Sister Juliar

As I have time I will write you a few lines to let you know whare [sic] I am. I am five miles south east of Chattanooga. We have a hilley [sic] camp but we have got the best kind of limestone water. The water runs out of a mountin [sic] it is a good large branch gust be low [sic] the spring. We ar camped in Tennasee [sic] but we go over in Georgia to get water you may judg by that we ar on the line Juliar it has binn [sic] two weaks [sic] this morning since we left Tuscaloosa we marched from there to Marion. There we taken the cars for Celma [Selma] we left there yesterday evening a weak a go [sic]. I left my companey there as I had to come with the music [?]. I have not heard from them but one time since I left them I saw some Tennaseeans that past up the River They told me that they was there yet we got on the boat at six Oclock in the evening that night about aleven Oclock the pilet [sic] run a gane [against) a log and bursted the old boat it was but a little while till it begun to sink they run her to the share [shore] where the water was shaller the bare [?] deck was coverd four feet in water exsept the bow it was not coverd for three feet rite at the bow I was up on harican deck I stood there and looked at them drag there tents and other things out of of the water I tell you they was mad [?] squalley [?] times there for a little while I stade a board till the capten told us to go a shore when the orders was for every man to go a shore I thought it was time for me to be getting a way I gatherd my knapsack and poat [put]out I left my old base

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Till next morning I went out and clome [climbed]the bank and went out in the swamp and spred down my blanket and went to sleap as though they had bin nothing the matter for it was nothing to me. We stade in that doleful swamp nearly three days and nits [nights] after so long a time an old boat came and brout us out of the wilderness as she started off with us she plade the old gray hors which was very a properate song for I felt quite glad when we

left our sandy camp We lande at Montgomery next morning an staid there one day and knight then we taken tre [three?]cars for west point georgia then to Atlanter from there to Chattanooga the hold [whole]rout by railroad was three hundred and thirty eight miles We got there day before yesterday evening and staid there all nite and marched down hear yesterday morning. There is a Georgia Regt camped near us I don't know how long we will stay hear We may be ordered a way from hear soon There is a grate many soldiers Round a bout hear they ar sending a good many down the river a bout twenty miles The Yankeys ar close by and some ar exspecting a fight soon We have not drawed any arms yet nor I dont expect we will till Lolhert/Talhert came with the left of the Regt. Juliar I can hear the Drums in a most any dyrection it make me think pretty srong of fighting the yankeys They say our pickets brings in yankeys every day or two Times is quiet in our camps this morning some ar washing there clothes some is a sleep some gon to town some cooking I tell you we have a time of it a cooking Perhaps you would like to know whare I mess

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Since I left my company I mess with the Drummers we mess to our selves and do our own coocking our Drum Magor is quite a clever man I like him fine so far I had though I would quit the drum but Bundle got sick and I had to take it a gane Juliar the boys was all well when I left them I wish they would come up for I would like to see them I hope they will bee hear in a few days Lorne thinks that we will not bee idle hear long and some think that it will bee some time before there will bee any fighting hear but not knowing I cannot say what will bee Juliar do the best you can for your self and rest a shured we will do the same I in joyed the trip fine I have bin well ever since I left home I feel thankful two that I have had good helth and no bad luck some of the boys lost there clothes Juliar tell Sister Jane that Sidney improved every day after we left Tuscaloosa till I left him show this letter to Mr. Fox tell him I will write to him soon This leaves me well and hardy I want you to write to me as soon as you get this Juliar don't for get me I hope you will not Gave my best respects to all the friend you must not expect me to write verry often I will write as often as I can our chance is bad a bout geting our letters to the ofice as it is a bout five miles to town I must close for Mr Clark is wating on me Juliar pray for me I will close I remain your affectionate Brother till Death

W. H. White