

pardon my
carelessness

Trenton Ga.

August 6th 1863

My Dear Loved Wife:

With characteristic laziness, your sleep-loving spouse, instead of staying up this morning, when the rattling reveille, had called me to preside at roll-call, and when the morning sun waked me to remain and gaze upon the glories he unveiled, instead of staying up then, lagged I-like crawled under the blankets again only grateful that it was still ~~out~~ enough to sleep - And so you did not get a letter "fresh with the dew of the morning."

So he dreamed away the dawn and drifted away the morning, and now the hot noon is upon us and I have just got out my exercise to write to my Darling. Are you provoked that the holy thoughts of morning were not given to you? Does it vex you that I should return to the rough couch where there was no wife and slept in quiet, while the soft bed where love lay dreaming, was rendered harsh and ungrateful, by apprehension for the absent loved one? — Well, I can't blame you much, but if you will just think that for three days and two nights, I, with the squad "G" have been on duty as guard of the Division Ammunition train, that our maps have been rather shorter and more uncertain than those commonly known as "cat-naps", and that by day we have had to push, heavy wagons, and drive bulky mules up almost impassable roads until we all voted war a nuisance, and wagon trains a bore. A scarcity of rations and the rumbling of cannon off to the left where some poor rebel are trying to stop the

advance of four brace days) anticipating what might be in store for us did not do much to happyfy the march - and yet this strange half fear - This wierd pleasure constitutes the chiefest charm of a soldier's life. I do not remember anything in my life more exciting than this march has been. Through the most romantic country and the richest scenery that our American Switzerland can furnish we have come most audaciously into the teeth of the enemy, aiming by a strong and sudden blow to surprise his rear and seize his communications. Sometimes the train was miles behind the troops and its flanks completely exposed to the enemy. One day we only made three miles between daylight and dark and were obliged to stop in a deep cut on one side of the mountains while our troops were camped on the other, at least five miles away. 100 determined men could have cut our train in two, and destroyed our half of our ammunition supply, thus doing incalculable injury.

You see I have become anxious to see my Southern friends again, and am already pretty well advanced on the road to Atlanta. I rather think I shall stop a few days, as before, at Chattanooga. I have not fully decided as to that yet. I've not seen "hide or hair" of the box yet, and do not expect to until we are encamped in Chattanooga. The old 14th Army Corps, is bound to sustain its old repute "One, but a lion" is its index. With "Old Pap Thomas" to "lead the way and guide the fight" we feel sure of victory. As an old "seer" here, said last night, "I think there is a right & infallible chance for the Rebellion to go down." It may be that the "stars and bars" will set in blood, and that too in the valley of the Chickamauga. But that we should fail is scarcely probable. Old Rosey has laid 'the wires' too well,

I do not remember whether I have written to you before since crossing the reach or not. I have been very busy and am of the opinion that I have not. We crossed at Shell Mount Station on the Nashville and Chattanooga R.R. I was not at home so as to visit Mrs. Gage while there, which I really regretted. I had an adventure there however which would be worth a sheet by itself. It was nothing more or less than a trip into Kickjacks Cave, near Shell Mount. We, Dr Turnbull ^{Surg} your regt and an especial friend of mine, Sergt Thompson and myself on a tour of exploration about 6 o'clock P.M. We were well armed with torches, matches and candles. We passed on into the cave - of whose vastness I can give you no adequate idea - until we came to a creek which flows through it, there we were fortunate enough to find the canoe not in use. It was about 20 ft in length and perhaps 20 inches wide in the middle. Neither the Doctor nor the Sergt had ever been in a canoe before and of course were quite unable to paddle the machine up the crooked, rapid Kickjacks. So your spouse - whom supposed to be able to do anything, I believe, - took the paddle & sat in the stern, Sergt T - held torch and sat in the middle while the Dr sat with a stick in the bow to keep her head off the rocks. In this order we paddled on for some three miles - think of rowing three miles underground, - with an occasional ducking in deep water putting out torches and leaving darkness at most visible, with roars of laughter which echoed and reached through the long dark vault, we went on

and I on, almost unmineralful of time. It was almost
morning when we reached the mouth again. — It was
worth a long seige of soget life that trip in that seemingly
dreamless care. But I have some letters of business
to write and I will leave this until tonight and finish
it then if I have a chance.

Husband — Albion

Evening

I did not give you my morning thoughts this
morning, or rather I didn't have any and so I could not
but my twilight-reverie is yours. As usual Rosecrans has
rested his army on Sunday and the day was never more
grateful to our soldiers than at this time. I feel quite
rested, after three days of fatigue. I am just as well
as can be excepting some few bruises received in putting out
a burning house which endangered our ammunition train
the other day. It gave me a very lame shoulder and a sprained
wrist by falling on me but I saved the train and so did not care
much. — I wonder what my Darling is doing tonight, I'll warrant
that unworthy I has a good large place in her reverie. I know
she is meditating somewhere, for who ever knew her to do anything else
of unordinary evening — unless indeed she had me to get off with
her in some dark corner — and then it was more than likely though
much was said nothing was spoken. How many happy Sabbath evenings
have we passed together. I wonder if we shall be granted more. The chance
sometimes looks very poor but we must hope and wait patiently the open-
ing of the sealed Scripture. Let me see. You must have got my likenesses before
or if my shadow cannot be made satisfactory how can the substance hope to be?
I was very much amused at your account of your chat with Father. I am afraid
he would not approve my course so heartily if I should resign as I intend