

Chattanooga Tennessee

Oct 11<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Darling:

It is very strange that I get no more letters from you, but I know they are on the road somewhere or other. I do get <sup>not</sup> impatient sometimes - not that affairs are so very dull here just now, but one wants something kind and human as well as cruel and barbarous. I want them to keep you from becoming totally depressed. You say in one of your letters that you do not think I appreciate your "curiosity." Well, Darling, I do not think I do. I am very peculiar about that thing and I hardly know how it became to be so. I know I want to be curious enough about everything but I have got - frankly over it. My curiosity is almost entirely of an intellectual character. I would go on hundred miles for an odd old book, but not half the distance to see the author. My curiosity seems to be entirely confined to certain particular things. Sometimes, though I am considered anything but immobile, but I am hardly ever surprised at anything that may occur. Somehow everything seems to be almost anticipated, however or whenever it may occur.

— Oct 11<sup>th</sup> 1863 This thing has been hanging around here for two days and even now I can't finish it - ~~So~~ here it goes into the desk again -  
See Reviv - Alton

Monday Oct 12<sup>th</sup> 1863

Well Darling, I am bound to try it again. It may be that I shall get off a letter to you yet. I have been very busy of late, settling up Capt Spalding's affairs and giving receipts &c, for the Ordnance, Camp & Garrison Equipage of the Company. It is an almost interminable job to straighten a man's military accounts so as to be satisfactory, unless he has exercised more than ordinary care in keeping his accounts. Capt Spalding was good but there is yet perhaps 150 or 200 Dols worth of property quite unaccounted for. This may, but I hope will not be taken from the pay now due his heirs. I intend to receipt for some that I do not get and make myself good on it - according to military phrases - as I best can. Joe has been staying with me over night. He now sits skiving by me, pretending to read an old magazine. I know he just more than wishes there was a fire. He has been living down town, in a room and is grown as tender as a kitten. He was almost inclined to wish the enemy would open fire on us <sup>just</sup> to see him get up and climb for the ditch. We were a little bit, however, and slept as sweetly as soldiers usually do. I do not know a thing as a soldier can be said to sleep sweetly as a general thing. He sleeps sound enough, but the rough blanket, and long, pants do I know much of the luxury which is usually connected with a tent. I sleep in a time which always brings up visions of the yielding couch, downy pillow, and spotted drapery, perhaps too of a hand pressed and a soft embrace. Enough that is nearly so good by - I may not have a chance to get hold of this again today. Altho

Oct. 15<sup>th</sup> 1863

Morning

I am in a writing mood this morning, which, considering that I have not been in that peculiar frame of mind for some weeks, is rather remarkable. It is peculiar for another reason too, for it has now rained incessantly for three days and nights. Everything and everybody is wet "sopping wet" as a woman would say. I am writing on wet paper, on a wet desk, in a wet tent, sitting on a wet stool, with wet clothes. Don't you think it would be quite unusual for me to get off, anything "dry"? But the worst of it is, there is as yet no prospect of its "holding up" - Rain, rain, rain, drip, drip, and to-morrow - picked - Heaven grant it be drier than now. This is the worst rain I ever saw. The river had raised five feet last night and if this continues I know not how we are to get rations or anything else across - However, we trust in Providence and take heart. Would to Heaven we had a steamboat or two above the shoals. It's all folly to wish however, we have only to wait and fight if we must.

I had a letter from you yesterday, from Erie, - the first in a long time. It did me as much good to see that you were so happy and contented. I am sorry you have had to wait so long for tidings from me - It is not my fault for I write as soon as possible. The mail does not, as a general thing, go north of Nashville - In fact our army mail is all carried by Special Contract and the times are such that it is impossible to hold the contractors strictly.

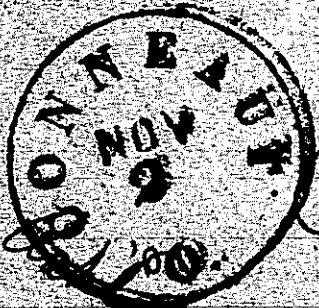
responsible for delays and losses <sup>in the</sup> ~~some~~ get our mail-matter  
~~some~~ times - pretty regularly - sometimes very irregularly and sometimes  
not at all. I am afraid I shall ~~have~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~get~~ <sup>get</sup> our mail-matter  
down and stay with me this winter. ~~The~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Army~~ <sup>Army</sup> has been reorganized so that I have  
lost my chances for a Staff appointment. ~~It~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~things~~ <sup>things</sup> remained "in statu quo," I  
would have been on the Staff of ~~Gen.~~ <sup>Gen.</sup> Reynolds, but he has now been made  
Chief of Department Staff and ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> out there. Besides that I do not know  
as affairs will get so that ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> will be any chance for you to be  
boarded during the winter. ~~The~~ <sup>the</sup> inhabitants nearly all left <sup>the</sup> place before we  
came in, especially the women ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> were afraid the "ravishing" would begin  
as soon as the Yankees came, - so that nearly all the women here  
are some who have no objections to being ravished. The decent houses  
have almost all been taken for hospitals, and the rest torn down. So  
I don't know where I could put you if I had you here - It may  
get more civilized before winter, however, and in that case I shall  
surely have you come. Somehow it seems that I shall surely see  
you during the winter though I don't see just now exactly how  
it is to be wrought out. Unless I am promoted, I shall resign  
and then will scrub my fingers at Military laws, and claim ac-  
commodations. I am awaiting anxiously for the "wife" in the next  
letter. - The Sergt. Major has just poked his head inside my tent  
and said "Sgt. Major you are detailed as Officer of the Day". Am I  
not rejoiced? Let me tell you why. There will be several lieutenants  
detailed from this regt tomorrow for picket. It will be wet and  
rusty if it does not rain. I should have been one of them but it  
not be for this detail. Now the Off of Day has, literally nothing to  
do. He walks through camp now and then, wears his sword all the  
time, and sits in his tent, pines at the drummers, for not hitting calls right  
evokes for not cooking right or commands for not acting right, during the day  
at night lies down in his blankets and sleeps - and I sleep? ~~Albin~~

- Mr. & Mrs. Garrison -

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