

Chattanooga Tenn.

Oct 7th 1863

My Dear Wife.

It is just after-
lunch and as I can now have a few moments
of quiet, I will try and send you a letter
by tomorrow's mail. We have had a very
quiet day. Our guns have fired
a few shots at some points where the
enemy showed themselves too saucily.

Yesterday was very quiet too, only a few
shells thrown among us, but the day before -
Oh! My! - as you ladies say, what a howling!

I was sitting in front of my tent
taking a quiet after-dinner day-dream
(you would smile if you knew what ~~was~~
my thought) when there was a sharp report
away over on the mountain-side. It was
the first for several days and all looked
with some curiosity, to see what the
"rebs" were about. Half absorbed in my

reverie, I too, looked up. I heard
the whizzing of the shell, which followed
hard on the report, and smiled to see the
men, making tracks towards the trench. I had
no idea that they could reach us from that
point - All at once - chug! Crash! - The
dirt was in my face, the hat was off my
head and instead of sitting quietly in my
carpet-bottomed stool I was sprawling on the
ground. The shell had struck just a little
way from me, kicked up a tremendous
dust, and sent an ugly fragment to break
the legs of my stool, and knock my favorite
double-X into pie. I did not wait to ask if
those stool-legs would ever do duty again,
but duly thankful that my own, were sound
I brought them into requisition by making tracks
for the ditch "right smart". And there we
stood for six mortal hours, while the air above
us was beset with the shrieks of those
pot metal demons, yeapt shells - Not many
were hurt, but there was a sore disregard of
property and I guess all were glad when it

was over. — But I, — in whom
I am so selfish as to suppose you to be
particularly interested — am yet quite
unhurt — Though not exactly unscathed —
You are a brave-hearted darling. Oh! I know
how terribly your heart must have been ~~swung~~ and
love you still more for your brave letter of the 23rd ult.
Ah! well! — you have had your reward even this
in the knowledge of my safety. My precious love!
It almost seems as if God had spared me as an
answer to your prayers. Somehow, whatever danger
threatens me, I feel that I shall live to meet
you again on earth. The dark cold night has
settled down over the camp — Oh! I would that
war were over and that you were felled to
my breast in quiet slumber — My thoughts
have been off and gathering so long that I
must now retire, for tomorrow I go on picket —
God keep my Darling —

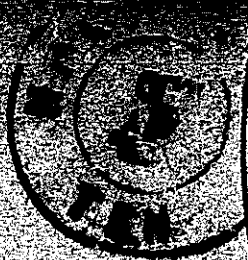
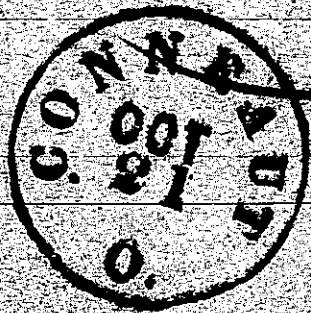
Husband — Allie —

P.F. 1

If you could get a
little acetate of cobalt, or
a little minute of copper
(you would probably find one at the other end
of almost any drug store) and send it to me,
I would be infinitely obliged and you need not
sorry, perhaps. If you have to get the solution
little, put the vial in some little paper box
and send by mail. I would but very
like first name. I would prefer

Albin

Due 2



Mrs. A. W. Frisbee

~~Connecticut~~

Miss
Fr

Address

City

Shattanooga Oct 7 1862