

Franklin Tennessee
Thursday, Nov. 10th 1864.
My own dear wife,
I write this beautiful morning
under peculiar circumstances. You will see by the date of
this that I have not yet reached my command. I have
been trying since last Saturday to reach it, but have not
yet succeeded. I will give you a short history of my
pilgrimage. I reached Nashville one week ago today.
On the following day I took a freight train (there is no other
kind run on these military roads) for Chattanooga, reached
there the next morning through rain and darkness and
wind interminable, found our corps had gone to Pulaski.
I could find no one that I knew, so I took the first train
back to Stephenson, expecting to go on the road running
down by the way of Huntsville Ala. I reached Stephenson
after dark, it was raining and very dark and muddy,
I prowled around until I found the "soldier's home"
and such a home! but it was a shelter from the storm
at least and I stayed there for the night, and wrote
you a short note, which I hope reached you.
Here I met some officers from our corps who had been

down that road and returned, not able to get through.
I then took the next up train for Nashville and
after a very tiresome and sleepless ride all night, reached
there the next morning (Sunday) On Monday morning
I took the Pulaski train on the other road, running
directly south from Nashville, by the way of this place and
Columbia, everything progressed well until about ten o'clock
A.M. after getting to Thompson's station about ten miles
beyond this place, we felt a sudden jar. the train stopped
and heard a volley of musketry, we made a dash for
the door of the car, saw the engine was off the track and
some soldiers creeping out, guerillas!! There happened
to be about two hundred armed soldiers aboard and
they immediately deployed out and commenced firing
on them but the cowardly whelps had escaped, we after-
wards learned they were a scouting party of Forrest's
men, the main body numbered one hundred and fifty
but not more than seven or eight were seen. They had cut
the track in a deep cut right in the midst of which was
a short curve so that one could not see ahead more than
twenty yards, the engineer saw it and reversed his engine
but was not quite quick enough, it went over with a crash
but hurt no one, the rebels fired at the engineer thinking
no doubt to kill him and capture the train, but finding

So many soldiers aboard, fled in haste. Finding myself
The ranking officer on the train I took command, threw
out tickets and prepared to defend ourselves as well as we
could and had to stay there forty eight hours. I was a
little frightened at first and confess that unpleasant visions
of Libby Prison flitted through my mind for a few minutes,
but I soon recovered my self possession, threw out tickets and
felt secure against what might be brought to bear against us.
But although we might have been in a much worse fix, we
did not think it a very desirable situation to be placed in.
As customary, having failed in getting our engine on the track
and learning that three bridges were washed away further
ahead, I sent a despatch to the Commandant of the Post
here to send us another engine to haul us off, in
the evening it came and brought us back to this place.
We reached here a little before night and an Illinois
capt & I found a very comfortable place to stay in a
private boarding house, we have everything as pleasant
as could be desired, with the exception that we are
 broke, I haven't had a dollar since I first
reached Nashville, but I have not wanted for any
thing, my shoulder straps are sufficient vouchers, an
officer of Genl. Schofield's staff offered to loan me
all the money I wanted, but I declined taking more.

than five dollars. I was sorry afterwards I did not
take more, it is all gone again. I dont know
when I shall get thrown, Least night some
down or right train of troops passed down
towards Pulaski but they aint get much further
than we did until one of them ran off the track
and the whole are detained or will have to march
a foot through, But I am very comfortably situated and
guess I will remain here until the road is
open again, which may be several days.

As soon as the accident occurred at Thompson's
Station, I sent out and arrested all the citizens for
a mile around and held them as hostages, and
had a notion to burn all the houses near but
thought I wouldnt, An old gentleman Dr. Thompson
living near came down and invited me and two
or three officers to his house, when we went up I found
that one of our prisoners was from his house had married
a member of his family, he besought me to release him
I did so, and the old man fed us while we stayed and
treated us very kindly, so you see I am very fine,
and I dont intend to get in a splutter about getting to
my command if I dont reach it for a month.

There is plenty of our troops around now and the
road is safe enough as soon as the bridges are repaired,
I felt a good deal of anxiety about not reaching the
regiment in time to vote, but fortunately we had enough
Ohio soldiers and Pennsylvania soldiers, to open polls
where we were and by accident an officer with us
had a lot of poll books and tally sheets, so we had
a poll for each state and voted for "old Abe"

I am enjoying fine health, and although it has rained
constantly ever since I left Louisville, I am about rid of
my cough, This morning however it has cleared away.