

Since your letter to the regiment on Monday, I will see how you are off for Monday night. If I know of a ward to be born of that kind, I will try to get you in lodgings very much.

Cumberland Hospital

Nashville, Tennessee,

"Sabbath day" Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> 1864.

My darling.

I wrote you a hurried note yesterday, giving you an idea of my situation. To day I have very little to communicate in addition to what I then said, only that I am doing finely. My back and shoulder is pretty sore and keeps me looking very unpleasant, but the Surgeon thinks it will pass away in a few days. I did not go to the officers Hospital, that institution being full. The surgeon with whom I came in from the field, having charge of the ambulance train very kindly asked me to come with him to the Cumberland, Genl. H., where he introduced me to a Surgeon Ayers, having charge of one of the wards, a very clever little fellow and he fixed me a place in his room; and I am sitting around, reading the newspapers and enjoying a smoke "mit mine pipe" This is a

any extensive Hospital arrangement put up last  
summer just out of the edge of town a little,  
and a very comfortable and pleasant place,  
Sergeant Thorp, who brought me here, and of whom  
I spoke before, I met last fall, while in Lincoln  
Co; He is a clever gentleman, He has my horse  
taking care of him for the use of him, He was out  
last night to the front and returned just a few  
minutes ago, having found our army at Franklin  
twenty miles from <sup>here</sup>, still driving the enemy and  
capturing large numbers of prisoners, artillery &c.  
Hood's army is a complete rout, This will end  
our winter campaign, if not end it entirely in  
this Department, Capt. Davis is here with me,  
slightly wounded in the head again, These little  
affairs don't bother us much, I reciev'd your good  
letter of the 13<sup>th</sup> inst. yesterday, The Chaplain came in  
with it, huffing and blowing, poor fellow had walked  
in from the field 5 or 6 miles and was hurrying out  
again to catch up with the regiment before it would  
get too far out, He is the only fighting parson I  
know of in this army, he stays right up under fire  
and rallies the men and is just as useful as any

line officer in a fight; he is worth half a dozen  
ordinary Chaplains. But to your letter, O. It is  
so kind of you to write so often and just such  
tender, sympathizing and loving letters as you know  
suits me, I know not how I could live in  
the army without them, "Prox ainy" was it troubles  
about my reparations at Franklin. The next  
time Chorry wants to find me in a fight he had  
better come up a little farther to the front, as  
he will always find me at my post. I don't think  
he intended to enjoy the impression you got, he  
knows better. It was difficult however to find  
any body that night. The fighting was mostly done  
just after dark, when it was so dark you could  
not tell one man from another, I was not too  
rods away from the front line at any time,  
I worked two or three hours drawing my men off,  
had to hunt around in the dark. They were all  
massed up together with a dozen other regiments  
all fighting together. Genl. Wayne was down at  
the river a mile in the rear, pretty well "how come  
you so," but these things are for your private ear  
his removal from command explaining it; but

don't mention these things, my dear, I saw  
nothing of Charly until we crossed the river  
at 12 o'clock when he came riding up and told  
me what he had been doing. I felt very grateful  
to him for the interest he manifested in my behalf  
and I think it was sincere. I am very sure  
he didn't mean anything by the remark which gave  
you uneasiness. No my dear, you must not think  
for a moment, that I will ever act in that way. I  
would much rather come to you a lifeless corpse  
than with a ruined reputation. I hope it will be  
neither, my regiment was fighting behind a small  
breastwork when I was wounded, we were con-  
fronting the enemy's strongest position on the Franklin  
Ridge. I had been on my horse but a few minutes  
before, I got notice that the Brigade on my left was going  
to charge, and that I should keep up a strong fire from  
the works. I had given the orders to my men, and was  
standing in my place in the line directing the firing  
when I was hit. the ball was by my side. The shell  
burst over my head and apparently came straight  
down, passing my head and striking below. I didn't  
have my back to the enemy my dear!

It is one of the annoying incidents of this war that a man  
has to watch the enemy in front and at the same time  
watch a factious and contemptible public sentiment  
at home. Well my little swan is all right, O. Pea  
likes so much to get her cute little sayings and  
sayings. She has not forgotten the little jolls she got on  
Pa about the shirt. I would love to see you all very  
much indeed, but I will not think of carrying  
home now. I don't know what to say about the box  
if you send one let it be a very small one. I  
may be gone to the front before it comes. and  
then I am fairly very well, yet I would enjoy