

Near Nashville, Tennessee.

May 12th '65.

My darling,

We are so built up with the prospect of getting home that it absorbs every other thought and every other theme of ambition. The boys are constantly trying to gather grape vine news to spread around camp to gratify the universal desire for news as to what is coming next how soon we are to go northward - how soon we are to be mustered out and all that. Every ten minutes during the day some body brings a new version of the old story about the troops being ordered to Louisville (Camp Lebanon, Columbus &c). You have no idea, my love, how great is the suspense, just now, the war being over - no longer anything to keep us here, we wonder and wait and long for the Talismanic word that shall transform us from a veteran old army into citizens free - independent men once more, to come again to our long absent homes, to have our loved ones get up and push the chairs back and make room for us around the fire side circle again, resume our old places there and once more be happy with those who are so dear to us. You need not be alarmed, dearest, about my going to war again, I have had enough. I am not in favor of the next war. If I were back to budding manhood again emerging from my teens with the experience I have I should like very well to be a West Point cadet and go into the regular army, but that time is passed

and I have no regrets, as for the volunteer service, I have done my full share and am content, I long to be at home where I can cultivate the arts of peace and domestic enjoyment, with those I love, and by whom I am loved.

I believe I wrote you some account of our grand review the other day. It was a day long to be remembered by the 4th corps. Yesterday was cold and chilly and wet, having no fire in our tents and being too wet to stand outside we had to go to bed to keep warm, most of the day. This morning Col. McLaughan and Will Belock came over, (we are ten miles apart,) after dinner we rode over to General Harding's place a mile or two from here to see his park, I believe I told you about it before. This is such a delightful country around here, what a pity it is not owned by white people. Day before yesterday we went to the 176th in the city, got our dinner and supper with some Jersey boys saw the regiment drill with their white gloves and paper collars on, made a "speen" display, they never had their fine lines broken by the enemy's shot and shell and by marching through cane brakes and thorn thickets, as the old 4th corps has. Since we returned from our ride I have received your letter of the 8th - last Monday. O it is so good to get your kind loving and interesting letters. What will I do for such nice letters when I get home, O never mind, I will then get them right warm from your dear lips. Yes, and that won't be all I'll get from those lips. Will it darling? and I'll try to act upon Mother's suggestion and

and try to take some of the witiness out of Toga's head. It is perhaps
as well now that she runs out a good deal, it relieves you a good
deal, does it not,[?] and then she gets fresh air which seems to develop
her physically, after a while she must begin to learn her books, and
be a little lady. O what tremendous events are upon us as a nation!
When I think of what is transpiring around us, I am completely
overwhelmed with amazement and wonder. You must not be too
impatient my dear for the soldiers (soldier) to get home, I fully real-
ize your anxiety and impatience. You must not forget that our army
is a tremendous piece of human machinery. It has taken more
than four years to organize it, and certainly it can not be dis-
organized in a day. The great machine must be unscattered
piece at a time and taken apart very carefully. It is now very
apparent that we (the 62 troops) will be mustered out first after
those in hospitals. Next week, it is asserted, we are to be paid in
part of our dues, perhaps not more than half down that is coming
to us. I understand most fully the importance that attaches to the great
sacrifices and heartburnings and self denials endured by our dear
wives who have stood sentinel as it were in our little home castles
during these long years of fighting and worry and suffering. No indeed
my dear, you too shall have your full share in the glory that shall
envelop the returning heroes, you too shall have your place in his-
tory, and live while the memory of this great war shall be cherished
in this and in all future generations, and you my dear shall

nestle closer to my aching heart, where your legitimate place
has never been vacant, but where through the dangers and
vicissitudes of this long struggle some image has ever been an
anchor of hope, and where your kind loving and burning words of
counsel and encouragement have ever been a shield and a safeguard.
A great excitement is beginning to prevail in the army about going to
Mexico to drive Maximilian out of that country, I have no doubt that
thousands will flock there as soon as our forces are disbanded, To a
young man who wants for glory and romantic adventure it certainly
opens an inviting field, but, as I am, I have but little ambitious wish
direction, and when the subject is talked of I tell them my wife has
notified me in advance that she is not in favor of the next war,
That will no doubt be the theatre of the greatest excitement for the
next few years, and I think I will enjoy it just as well to sit
by you of evenings and "read the day" and with the help of my
"Spanish" get what interest there is in it in that way just as well.
What kind of a demonstration will we 4th corps folks meet with habitually
when we come, I wonder? The good people will have to devise some
other form of greeting than the old one "how are ^{you}? when are ^{you} going back?"
I hardly know how I'll be riding up street, on old Bill with people
gazing at me all along the side walks, I rather think I'll ride up the
back way, with my busiest habiliments, I won't have to disguise myself in the
least it looks like an old actor, for I am getting so shabby I am almost
ashamed of myself. It takes me clear a back about Rosey coming back home
alone, not much wonder though, is it? all things considered. As to Miss
Johnson and Charley, I think perhaps they are well suited in that old
Hotel Stand, they ought to be partners, by all means. I never got Charley's
letter that he spoke about, but will send him the assured papers.
How will Melissa like to be Lord Lady? Do they have Melians back
again? well I am like you, I have not anything to say,
There dearest, it is getting late and quite cool and the Captain is
going bed and I must go too, so good night love, would I were
with you in your nice little nest instead of lying down on a bed of nails
your own million.