



Stevenson Alabama, May 2<sup>nd</sup> / 64.  
Cousin J. A. L. H.

It has been almost a month since I have heard from you. I think I will start along another letter and see what success that will have. My letters always reach me but they often stray about a long time before I see them. I have moved again since I wrote you last. I left Crow Creek about a week ago, am now upon detached service, am acting commissary sergeant of the Transient & Convalescent Camp at this Post. I like my present situation very well indeed. The camp is pleasantly located about a mile from Stevenson upon the Bridgeport road. It stands upon an elevation of land at the foot of a mountain and in a very sightly place. I can look down upon the valley with its forts, stockades, camps &c. spread out before me. There is a signal station upon the top of the mountain, the view from there is very fine indeed. I have nice quarters. The officer in charge of the camp and myself have a small house fitted up expressly for us. That is my office. I have another building where I store and issue rations. My duties are very light. I have two good clerks to do the most of the work but I have to superintend the business and be responsible for everything. I have the afternoon and evening

to myself to do as I please. I have a pass till further  
orders from the commander of the Post to pass all  
guards and pickets. I was out in the country  
Squirrel hunting yesterday. if I do not enjoy  
myself it is my own fault. My house is  
a cosy little nest, a model bachelors retreat  
I am not pestered with any women to turn  
things upside down. My walk in front is  
shaded with fruit trees. There is a spring of  
clear, cold water that runs from the side of the  
mountain close by. Don't you think I am one  
of the fortunate ones? There are four of us  
in our mess, one top line gistrate, have every-  
thing that the commissary department affords  
such as flour, hard bread, soft bread, bacon,  
pork, ham, beef, beans, rice, hominy, coffee, tea  
sugar &c. We have a little red headed Alabama  
woman for a cook, she is the widow of a  
rebel soldier, she is a poor cook but as  
good as is generally found in this country  
She is a "larned" one among the natives being  
able to read and write. Her worst fault is  
that she will persist in snuff dipping and  
chewing "plug" Tobacco. A man woman in this  
part of the country would be a curiosity that  
would rival Barmine's "What is it". Many  
little things serve to remind me that I am  
with the Romans now and must do  
as the Romans do.

Several families of natives live close to my quarters, there are some "right peart gals" among them. I have noticed one that appeared to be better dressed than the rest - the only one that wears hoops - she looks neat and intelligent. I noticed her smoking a cigar this morning. The most of them use the weed in some form.

Some of the inhabitants about here have really been in a starving condition and some have actually starved to death. They drew rations from government last Winter and have just commenced to draw again. The most of them are women and children, the men being in the army, the most of them are rebe. It is very amusing to see a woman drawing rations to keep from starving while at the same time she is cursing the "Yanks". You would think it a hard sight to see women and children out gathering the scattering grains of corn where our mule trains had been fed to keep them from starving. They did it here. The most of them are a poor, ignorant, degraded set. They were "poor white trash" when the war began and have become sadly demoralized since. The picture is truly a sad one. When will it change for the better? When will this trying ordeal be passed? Who will be benefitted by this terrible baptism of fire and blood which we as a nation are experiencing?

News from our front still continues favorable. I will not give particulars because you will get them by telegraph before this reaches you.

Trains from Chattanooga bring prisoners and one wounded and the down trains are loaded with supplies and troops. Sherman is being vigorously supported and strengthened and all are confident of success.

My Regt is being paid today. I should not be surprised if we go to the front shortly. I have just received an order to report in town to draw my pay so will close this and take it to the office. Direct as usual to Stinson Ala. Write whenever convenient for I am always glad to hear from you. I send love to all  
From your cousin  
Nat

Stevenson Alabama, May 21st/64

Cousin Juliett:

It has been almost a month since I have heard from you. I think I will start along another letter and see what success that will have. My letters always reach me but they often stray about a long time before I see them. I have moved again since I wrote you last. I left Crow Creek about a week ago, am now upon detached service, am acting commissary sergeant of the Transient & Convalescent camp at this post. I like my present situation very well indeed. The camp is pleasantly located about a mile from Stevenson upon the Bridgeport road. It stands upon an elevation of land at the foot of a mountain and in a very sightly place. I can look down upon the valley with its forts, stockades, camps etc, spread out before me. There is a signal station upon the top of the mountain. The view from there is very fine indeed. I have nice quarters. The officer in charge of the camp and myself have a small house fitted up expressly for us. That is my office. I have another building where I store and issue rations. My duties are very light. I have two good clerks to do the most of the work but I have to superintend the business and be responsible for everything. I have the afternoon and evening

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