

Nashville, Tenn. Dec. 19th 64.

Henry my Dear Sir,

I don't want you to infer what poverty or pennury has driven me to use this style of paper, though I am not ashamed to confess that my funds are getting most desperately low, but no matter for that I have plenty of writing material left yet, though they don't happen to be just exactly where I am. I was passing by the Christian Commission rooms and I am intended to just drop in and give you a slight hint of my whereabouts, Business amusements etc etc. Well you will see by the mail marks that I am at Nashville and have been here since Dec. 3rd awaiting an opportunity to go to my command which is with Sherman for I have been changing around ever since my arrival at the Soldiers Home. The old Sup't in charge of the institution has given us several polite hints to leave and report to the zollicoffer barracks or to the Gen. Miller which is the same. Well that's all right enough for recruits, but vets. won't "see it," and here we have been some half doz of us sponging or grub the best way possible. The Sup't. gives tickets for each meal which are taken at the entrance of the Dining Room, and the old chap has become so well acquainted with us that he has become so he won't give us any more tickets unless we can tell him some thundering lie or other to excuse ourselves and I have about lied myself out of lies and I get my tickets by being on good terms with some of the Boys who have good excuses for remaining here and to whom the old Gent. has no objections to giving meals.

One day I went to work and manufactured a lot and they went off like powder. I am still four ahead so I'm all right for a day or two to come. They have two meals per day which are generally pretty good and at night I sleep on a table. Many of Sherman's men were here organized into detachments for duty, but I shouldn't wonder if I wound up by being shoved into the Guard house or some other such hole. They can't arrest me for a Deserter I defy them to do that because my Officers know I can't get to the Co. I just loaf around the city dodging the Provost Guards and bumming a little. Shall go to Sherman soon as possible.

You have heard of the Battle between Thomas and Hood. Oh, the Lord, Henry but didn't the Rebs get the devil sure enough. I was out to the field on the second days fight and just as I got there the 4th A. Co. made a charge on Rebel position and of all the howling ever you heard, it was done there. The Rebs broke and fled in confusion leaving everything they had throwing away guns, knapsacks, and everything else, and our boys after em pelting shot and shell and bullets into their broken ranks, slaying them by the

dozen many of them wouldn't run at all, but surrendered without moving from their works. Oh the devil was to pay. I never saw the like in my life and many an old Soldier I have talked with have the same thing. Why one man would get ahead of fifty Rebs and yell out "Surrender" the whole operation would just come right in. One entire Brigade with the Gen. commanding gave up our lads. I have no idea how many prisoners were taken but there was an awful pile of them came through the city. Our wounded were not all brought in from the field yesterday morning and all the carriages and hacks in the city were being pressed by the military to go after them, and the Roman Catholic church was grabbed the other day to be converted into a hospital. I couldn't help laughing yesterday to see the folks going to Church, and when they arrived to see the guard pacing to and fro on the steps in front. You can bet some some of the women gnashed their teeth and growled.

The men had nothing whatever to say, simply because they were well aware it was useless.

Our Army is still pushing on after the retreating foe and were on the other side of Franklin last night a going for 'em. I think it will end in the complete overthrow of Hoods Army.

But little excitement prevailed throughout the entire city during the entire two days Battle. Imagine if Hood had made the attack instead of Thomas. Things would have been different. Some few of the Jews on Broadway pretended to be afraid of the Rebs, but the white population didn't care. The women of the city casually rode out to the front in carriages and on horseback during the Battle wherever the Officers would allow them to do so, and they sat looking on as coolly as though t'was nothing more than a Cock fight, citizens were there too, and the Gen Commanding issued an order for them to be taken under guard and be compelled to dig graves to bury the dead. Many of the citizens voluntarily entered the ranks and fought like tigers. I have heard there were as many as two Regiments of them. Any many were wounded and killed during the engagement, but I don't much believe what they say in regard to that.

You will learn all you want to I guess in the papers, o I think I'll stop on that subject.

When I left ?? I went to ?? from there to ?? a week and returned to Brush Creek where I had a pretty good time. The girls were as full of fun as ever and particularly ?? 16, she's one of 'em. If the ain't fast I don't know where you'll go to find them Cal. I think is more sober and quiet than she used to be and is more womanly too, but she looks ?? the responsibility of the family are entirely too much for her, especially after being brought up

the way she was. Her mother you know never gave her a chance to do much and when she died Cal. All unused to housekeeping without directions from some one naturally found things all in a huddle. She said she never knew how in the world she got them straight and I must confess I can't see ?? Vina don't like to do much work, but she's found of fun and full of chat as usual. I tell you I made the old Viol ring more than once on Brush Creek. I wish I had it here at the Christmas time I think I could make a few dimes playing for ??? When you write address to the Regiment 3rd Brig. 1st Div. 17th A.C. and I can get it when I get there, if I ever do. Say I lost the paper containing address of the young ladies you gave me, Give it again and if possible I will most assuredly write them.

Well I must quit. Give my best respect to your mother, father, and John, and Lady. Don't know how long I shall remain here, but I hope not much longer. Good bye and write soon.

Yours Truly,
Charles Grundy