

MS92_9_6_09

Camp Andy Johnson near Nashville,

March 10th 1862

My dear cousin Mattie,

Are now within six miles of Nashville, arrived yesterday at 12M, after hard marching since the morning of the 5th (inst). The first and second days we marched 15 miles each day, the third day 20 miles and yesterday 10 miles by noon, making in all 60 miles, and through a splendid country. The plantations we have passed were usually larger, having longer and more elegant houses on them and plenty of the "peculiar institutions I have seen as many as 100 at one single plantation, making rather large squads, and very cloudy ones I assure you. But the relieving feature of the "dark" picture almost always appeared in the person of some exceedingly beautiful young Lady. I thought that I had before this march, been about in the world to see about as beautiful "beings" as lived in it, but

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I think I have been mistaken. Now if you were not My Cousin and a very amiable one at that, I would not write thus, but I know you will not be offended, besides you will bear patiently with the romance of a very romantic young man. Then without joking, talking nonsense, or foolishness or anything of the kind, I must be permitted to say, that during the last March I have seen and talked with three or four of the most beautiful young Ladies I ever saw in my life. Both beautiful and intelligent, and you have no idea how much more I felt like conquering a (pencer/peace?), after I had talked with them and heard their high compliments upon the fine appearances and gentlemanly bearing of the Northern soldiers in comparison with the Southern ones, and particularly the Officers. Those of the South, they said, were cruel and haughty, and treated no one they met, with any kind of courtesy, while those of the Northern army, as they call us all,

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Were kind to our men and courteous and gentlemanly to all citizens we met, and not found in arms against the Government. They said we had been grossly misrepresented, that from the description of us, given them by Officers of the Southern Army, they expected to see a perfect horde of regular Barbarians, rude, uncouth in our Manners, killing without mercy, every person we met and destroying every kind of property that chanced in our way. But instead of such persons as we had been represented to them, they had found us courteous and affable gentlemen, respecting the rights of all and protectors of property instead of destroyers, and they had concluded that we were the real patriots instead of the others, although they had friends and

brothers in the Southern Army. There is no South, but that the North and Northern men have been greatly scandalized and grossly misrepresented, to those who knew no better, by those who did