



Natchitoches

Apr 4th 1864

Dear Mother

I now seat myself
to write a few lines to
let you know that i
am well & where i
am we got hear on the
2d if you look on the
map you can see where
we are the Cavalry
drove the rebs out from
hear we started from
alexandria a week ago
to day we marched 90
miles last week we was
detained some we had
to lay pontoons across the
hane river before we
could cross I think
we can clear the rebs

out in this section
of Country in the
course of the Summer
this State you know
is in the union but
there is lots of rebels
hear yet I suppose
we will go into
Texas I suppose we
will leave here in
the morning the gun
boats has come & our
rations Dear Mother
we have lived well
we have had fresh
Park mutton chickens
Pancakes honey & Sugar
a plenty they go into
houses & I take any
thing they can find well
I hope I shall get a letter
from you in the next
mail I want to hear

from that money
I sent when I in
Washington I see
there is a place called
called Washington in
this State & a place
called Alexandria
you look on the map
and you can see the
route we have come from
Franklin to Natchitoches
our boys has stood the war
march very well I have
eat to much & it makes
me lazy & I guess you
will think so by this writing
we have men to pick up
I help cattle for us & then
the boys pickes up chickens
& pork & mutton for them
selves so we have lived on
the top shelf we marched
some 15 days & never saw

a Stone over a Hill
now we can find a
stone of some hills

I Have Just Received 2
letters From you & Helen
so I will write on another
Piece of paper

Give my love
to Ann & all
the rest of my
Friend

Dear Mother

I was glad indeed to get that
Photograph & to hear from that

money My dear Mother I should
have tried to get off if we
had stayed in Washington
and other week now I think
that you can get one of us
clear if you get some
good man to work for
you & State the circumstances
if it is
me you want I shall
except the chance for
I cant bear the thoughts
of your being left alone
if you want me to come
& can get me clear
do it right off it will
do no hurt to try it

at least rite in
your next and
let me know what
the Prospect is we
shall leave here
in the morning
I will have to close
By Bidding you good
By This is from your
Affectionate friend
Geth Hill

In This Dear Mother
~~A direct~~ Rite soon
So direct as before
Tell Helen that i
will rite to her as

soon as i can but
when we are on the
move all the time i
cant have much time
to rite

A RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

It's a cheerless, lonesome evening,
 When the soaking, sodden ground,
 Will not echo to the footfall
 Of the sentinel's dull round.

God's blue star-spangled banner
 To-night is not unfurled;
 Surely *He* has not deserted
 This weary, warring world.

I peer into the darkness,
 And the crowding fancies come;
 The night wind, blowing northward,
 Carries all my heart toward home.

For I 'listed in this army,
 Not exactly to my mind;
 But my country called for helpers,
 And I couldn't stay behind.

So, I've had a sight of drilling,
 And have roughed it many ways,
 And Death has nearly had me;
 Yet I think the service pays.

It's a blessed sort of feeling,
 Whether you live or die;
 You helped your country in her need,
 And fought right loyally.

But I can't help thinking sometimes
 When a wet day's leisure comes,
 And I hear the old home voices
 Talking louder than the drums,

And the far familiar faces
 Peep in at the tent door,
 And the little children's footsteps
 Go pit-pat on the floor—

I can't help thinking somehow
 Of all the parson reads
 About that other Soldier-life,
 Which every true man leads—

And wife, soft hearted creature,
 Seems a-saying in my ear
 "I'd rather have you in *those* ranks
 Than see you Brigadier."

I call myself a brave one,
 But in my heart I lie!
 For my Country and her Honor
 I am fiercely free to die;

But when the Lord, who bought me,
 Asks for my service here
 To "fight the good fight" faithfully,
 I'm skulking in the rear.

And yet I know this Captain
 All love and care to be;
He would never get impatient
 With a raw recruit like me.

And I know *He'd* not forget me
 When the Day of Peace appears;
 I should share with *Him* the victory
 Of all *His* volunteers.

And it's kind of cheerful, thinking,
 Beside the dull tent fire,
About that big promotion
 When *He* says "Come up higher."

And though it's dismal rainy;
 Even now, with the thoughts of *Him*,
 Camp life looks extra cheery,
 And death a deal less grim.

For I seem to see *Him* waiting,
 Where a gathered Heaven greets
 A great, victorious army,
 Surging up the golden streets.

And I hear *him* read the roll-call,
 And my heart is all aflame,
 Then the dear Redeeming Angel
 Writes down my happy name