

# John Miller:

## A Union Letter

Near Marietta, Georgia

June 26<sup>th</sup>, 1864

Dear Father,

I received your letter of the 12<sup>th</sup> inst. This morning, you may be sure I was glad to get it, as I had not received a letter from home since I was at Chattanooga last April. You have no idea how much good it does a soldier to get a letter from home and how eagerly he looks for the mail.

We have a poor chance to write. Besides, writing material is very scarce and hard to obtain at any price. I paid 10 cents for the sheet I'm writing in. I wish you would send me a package of paper and envelopes, and a few stamps for often when I have a chance to write I have nothing to write with.

My health is excellent, we have had some very hard times. Now it is awful hot, hard marching. The rainy weather and short rations have made a great many sick men. I have frequently had nothing for 36 hours but a cup of coffee and a few green apples.

We have had some fighting to do lately. Last Friday week the 17<sup>th</sup> we attacked the rebel lines and drove them about 3 miles. On the evening of the twenty 2<sup>nd</sup> the rebels charged our lines but they went back faster than they came up. The next day eight hundred rebels were buried just in front of our lines. In two charges the rebs have made lately, on the 20<sup>th</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup>, the rebs lost about 5 or 6 thousand men.

The boys are all well. Capt. Cowgill is hated by the whole company, he is a scoundrel. Joe Donohue is the favorite not only of the company but of the regt. Well I must close, give my love to all. Write often.

John Miller