

Missionary Ridge near Chattanooga
Tuesday Sept 27th 1863

My Dear Sister

I wrote you a short and hurried letter informing you of my whereabouts and of my safe escape through the late battle of Chickamauga. The day after I wrote I received a letter from you dated the 18th in which I was much gratified to learn that you and the dear little ones at home were all well. On Sunday morning (the 19th) a few minutes before the fight commenced, I received a letter from you the date of which I have now forgotten. I read it over two or three times and then burned it up fearing that I might get killed or taken prisoner and it should fall into the hands of strangers. You can not imagine my thoughts & emotions while reading that letter. We were drawn up in line of battle with a powerful enemy before us, whose recent successes had made him vain & boastful, and only awaiting for some little alteration to be made in our line on our sight, when the order would be given to

to me to move forward & meet him. I felt
rejoiced that I was permitted to read a letter
from the one who is nearest & dearest to me
of all others on earth and that, if I should
fall a victim to the enemies bullets, we
would meet again where wars & strife
are unknown. But God be praised, I
was spared and have been permitted to pursue
another of your dear epistles. The smoke
of the great battle has cleared away and doubtless
its bloody scenes will soon be forgotten by many
whilst its fearful carnage will ever be remembered
with sorrow by others. It has now been ascer-
-tained, that the killed & wounded on both sides
will amount to about 50 thousand. Our loss
twenty, & that of the enemy thirty thousand. Such
battles were never known in the history of any nation
as has been fought during this war. Yesterday
Rosecrans sent out after all his wounded
which fell into our hands. Gen Bragg paroled
them all and allowed him to take them within
his own lines. He sent out a train of 192

wagons after them. He took only those who could
bear transportation. The Yankee still hold
Chattanooga & we occupy Missionary Ridge
just in front of it. We can see them all
the while digging away at their trenches.
Our Pickets & the reserves are only about 250 yds
apart. Newt was sent to the hospital at
Atlanta. I expect that he was furloughed
home. He was wounded early in the fight
and went to the rear. I did not know
until Sunday night what had become of
him. I did not get to see him until after
he was wounded ~~but~~ but was informed by
those who saw him, that his wound was
slight. I have been a little sick for several
days, but I still keep up. I have been
sleeping out in the open air for about a
month with nothing but my blanket and
over Coat to sleep on. The nights are very
cool and I sleep but little at night. I
have not seen our Wagon for three
weeks. All my clothing bedding, papers

We are in the wagon and my facilities for writing are very poor. I have not even a stamp to pay postage. How long this state of things will last I cannot tell. You wish to know what to do with George. I expect that you had better sell him, but I think that he ought to bring more than 100\$. I shall be satisfied with whatever you do. If Mr Thomas will take Confederate Money you had better pay it to him. It is getting dark and I must close. I wrote to Mr Norris & Sister Emily some time ago, but they have not answered my letter yet. Give my love to Pappa & Mother & all the family. I would write to Pappa if I had any ink & pen to write with. Tell all the dear children howdy & kiss them for Pa. May God Bless you. Good Bye!
Your devoted Husband
Newton

Missionary Ridge Near Chattanooga.
Tuesday Sept. 29th, 1863.

My Dear Bettie:

I wrote you a short and hurried letter informing you of my whereabouts and of my safe **escape** through the late battle of Chicamauga. The day after I wrote I received a letter from you dated the 12th in which I was much gratified to learn that you and the dear little ones at home were all well. On Sunday morning (the 19th) a few minutes before the fight commenced I received a letter from you the date of which I have now forgotten. I read it over two or three times and then burned it up fearing that I might get killed or taken prisoner and it should fall into the hands of strangers. You cannot imagine my thoughts & emotions while reading that letter. We were drawn up in line of battle with a powerful enemy before us whose recent successes had made him vain & boastful and only awaiting for some little alteration to be made in our line on our right when the order would be given to us to move forward & meet him. I felt rejoiced that I was permitted to read a letter from the one who is nearest & dearest to me of all others on earth and that if I should fall a victim to the enemies bullets, we would meet again when wars & strife are unknown. But God be praised, I was spared and have been permitted to persue another of your dear epistles. The smoke of the great battle has cleared away and doubtless its bloody scenes will soon be forgotten by many whilst its fearful carnage will ever be remembered with sorrow by others. It has now been ascertained that the killed & wounded on both sides will amount to about 50 thousand. Our loss twenty & that of the enemy Thirty thousand. Such battles were never known in the history of any nation as has been fought during this war. Yesterday Rosencrans sent out after all his wounded which fell into our hands. Gen. Bragg paralled them all and allowed him to take them within his own lines. He sent out a train of 192 wagons after them. He took only those who could bear transportation. The Yanks still hold Chattanooga & we occupy Missionary Ridge just in front of it. We can see them all the while digging away at their trenches. Our Pickets & the enemies are only about 250 yds. apart.

Newt was sent to the hospital at Atlanta. I expect that he was furloughed home. He was wounded early in the fight and went to the rear. I did not know until Sunday night what had become of him. I did not get to see him after he was wounded but was informed by those who saw him that his wound was slight. I have been a little sick for several days, but I still keep up. I have been sleeping out in the open air for about a month with nothing but my blanket and over coat to sleep on. The nights are very cool and I sleep but little at night. I have not seen our wagons for three weeks. All my clothing, bedding, paper etc. are in the wagons and my facilities for writing are very poor. I have not even a stamp to pay postage. How long this state of things will last I cannot tell. You wish to know what to do with George. I expect that you had better sell him, but I think that he ought to bring more than \$100. I shall be satisfied with whatever you do. If Mr. Thomas will take Confederate Money you had better pay it to him.

02/3/15

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It is getting dark and I must close. I wrote to Mr. Norris & Sister Emily some time ago, but they have not answered my letter yet. Give my love to Pappa & Mother & all the family. I would write to Pappa if I had any ink & pen to write with. Tell all the dear children howdy & kiss them for Pa.

May God Bless you. Good Bye.

Your Devoted Husband,
Newton.