

Wagon Camp 24th Ala. Regt
Sunday October 11th 1863

My Dear - dear Pettee

Alas, the grim messenger of death has again visited our humble hearth-stone, and taken from us our darling little Boy. Oh! can you imagine how desolate and heart-Broken I felt, when I first read the Doctors short note informing me of his untimely death. How true is the proverb, that in the midst of life we are in death. The fairest Flower is often doomed to fall the soonest. How hard it is to realize the solemn fact, that I shall never behold the face of my sweet little Hammer again. His little Spirit has bid adieu to the scenes of earth, and gone to its blissful abode in Heaven. to join in Chorus of praise with his dear little Sister who had gone before. My dear Pettee, I can truly sympathize with you in our bereavement, and feel for you in your lonely and desolate condition with the little ones that are left behind. I know that your aching heart - broken and sad in your bereavement and my daily prayer to God has been, that he would give you grace to sustain you in your bereavement and I sustain you in all your afflictions which the Wisdom and Providence of a just God has seen fit to impose upon us. How certainly have I a good deal to contend with, but your "patient endurance" and heroic fortitude" will I hope be sufficient to sustain you, under all your troubles. I have written you three times since the battle of Chickamauga and I hope that your anxiety has been relieved by this time in regard to my safety. My first letter to you after the battle was lost on account of the mail being stolen near Chickamauga Station. The envelop enclosing the letter was found and returned to me. I regret it very much as

It contained a description of the battle together with all the part
taken in it by my Regiment. I cannot now undertake to write
it over as I do not feel at all in the humor. I will simply say
this much, that it was the hardest fought battle we have ever
been engaged in. The fight from 3 o'clock P.M. until night under
a perfect hailstorm of Bullets Canister Shot & Shells from the
enemy. It was the most terrific firing that I ever heard
I shall ever feel grateful to Almighty God that I was spared
and permitted to pass safely through without injury. My Regiment
lost 119 Killed & Wounded. Your Brother Hunt was slightly
wounded in the arm. He was afterwards sent to the Hospital
at Marietta Georgia. I am informed two days since that
he was dangerously ill with Typhoid Pneumonia. I wrote to
your Papa informing ^{him} of the fact. John Moore was shot
through the wrist, & Tom Lawrence through the arm. His arm
has since been amputated, and Jim Hooper slightly wounded
in the forehead. I went to the wagon camp this morning
for the purpose of writing letters but feel so low in spirits and
gloomy that I cannot write you a long letter. I have no news
of any particular interest to write you. We are still con-
fronting the enemy here at Chattanooga. Every thing for the present
remains quiet. We will doubtless make some important
move soon. Kiss the dear little ones that are left
for Pa. Remember me with love to all the family.

May Heaven's richest blessings rest upon you
is the prayer of your

affectionate Husband,
Newlon

Wagon Camp 24th Ala. Regt.
Sunday, October 11th, 1863.

My Dear dear Bettie:

Alas the grim messenger of death has again visited our humble hearth stone, and taken from us our darling little boy. Oh! can you imagine how desolate and heart broken I felt, when I first read the Doctors' short note informing me of his untimely death. How true is the proverb that in the midst of life we are in death. The fairest flower is often doomed to fall the soonest. How hard it is to realize the solemn fact that I shall never behold the face of my sweet little Hammie again. His little Spirit, has bid adieu to the scenes of earth and gone to its blissful abode in Heaven to join in Peans of praise with his Sainted little Sister who had gone before. My dear Bettie I can truly simpathize with you in our bereavement and feel for you in your lonely and desolate condition with the little ones that are left behind. I know that you must feel heart broken and sad in your bereavement and my daily prayer to God has been that he would give you grace to sustain you in your bereavement and sustain you in all your afflictions which the wisdom and providence of a Just God has seen fit to impose upon us. You certainly have a good deal to contend with, but your "patient endurance" and "Heroic fortitude" will I hope be sufficient to sustain you under all your troubles.

I have written you three times since the battle of Chickamauga and I hope that your anxiety has been relieved by this time in regard to my safety. My first letter to you after the battle was lost on account of the mail being robed near Chickamauga Station. The envelope enclosing the letter was found and returned to me. I regret it very much as it contained a description of the battle together with all the part taken in it by my Regiment. I cannot now undertake to write it over as I do not feel at all in the humor. I will simply say this much, that it was the heaviest fought battle we have ever been engaged in. We fought from 3 o'clock P.M. until night under a perfect hailstorm of Bullets, canister Shot & shells from the enemy. It was the most terriffic firing that I ever heard. I shall ever feel grateful to Almighty God that I was spared and permitted to pass safely through without injury. My Regiment lost 119 killed & wounded. Your Brother Newt was slightly wounded in the arm. He was afterwards sent to the hospital at Marietta, Georgia. I was informed two days since that he was dangerously ill with Typhoid, Pneumonia. I wrote to your Papa informing him of the fact.

John Moore was shot through the wrist, Tom Leonard through the arm. His arm has since been amputated and Jim Hooper slightly wounded in the forehead. I went to the wagon camp this morning for the purpose of writing letters, but feel so low in spirits and gloomy that I cannot write you a long letter. I have no news of any particular interest to write you. We are still confronting the enemy here at Chattanooga. Every thing for the present remains quiet. We will doubtless make some important move soon. Kiss the dear little ones that are left for Pa. Remember me with love to all the family.

May Heavens richest blessings rest upon you is the prayer of
your Affectionate Husband,
Newton.