

H. Q. Co. 24<sup>th</sup> Ala. Regiment  
Near Dalton Ga. Jan 5<sup>th</sup> 1864

My Dear Father

Night before last Billy Robinson arrived & brought me the painful intelligence that your Poppa had died. I never was more surprised in my life. Nothing that has happened since this cruel & unholy war commenced has caused me more mental suffering and cast a deeper gloom of despondency over my feelings, than this dreadful visitation of the Almighty. I have been so dejected in spirits that I have not felt like doing any thing since. I also received by Billy a letter from May informing me of your Poppa's condition the day before he died & that his life had been despaired of by the Doctor. Yesterday I went all day through the cold rains trying to get an application through to go home, but all my labour was in vain. I went to see all the different Generals through which my application had to pass, but none of them would consent to approve it but Gen Hindman. I was much enough of it would have done any good, to have cried over it. I troubleful for & sympathize with you all in this bereavement. How true it is, "that in the midst of life we are in death." Alas, the parent vine, around which we all delighted to dwell, beneath whose shade we used to hover for protection, for shelter, succor & comfort & whose delight it was to spread out its branches & drop its rich fruit to its young offspring below has been removed & taken

from us, but I trust that it has been transplanted to  
that Paradise above where it will rejuvenate & its scold  
& withered leaves be restored to all their beauty & freshness  
& beneath whose branches we may all hope to hover  
again when time with us shall be no more. How  
incomprehensible to us now, are the Providence of God.  
In all our sufferings & afflictions we should thank  
him for his grace. Thus an often. Blessings in dis-  
guise. In the language of that good old hymn. "Behind  
a frowning providence he hides a smiling face"

Poor Mother, how hard it must be to her to become  
reconciled to her affliction. From youth to hoary age  
they have suffered & toiled, bearing each others bur-  
dens & each sharing the others joys & sorrows, but now  
one of them has been taken & the other left. Oh that  
God would give her grace to comfort her in her afflictions  
and gently guide her along by his good spirit, through  
the devious pathway of life. May write me in her  
letter that you were at a loss what to do, in the event your  
Pappa should die. Under the present circumstances I hardly  
know what to advise you. It seems to me that Mother  
will be so lonely now by herself, that she will want  
some of you to remain with her, and as you are all-  
ready, there she may insist upon you staying with  
her. I wrote you a few days ago, giving you  
my opinion in regard to the disposition of your

of your Stock, corn fodder &c. I don't will  
see how you can carry on the farm profitably now  
and I think that it will be better not to attempt it.

If you conclude to stay with Mother, I think it  
will be the best & safest plan to sell every thing  
but the Negroes. It would not be prudent to leave  
your corn &c. to the mercy of the thieves in  
the neighborhood. I have confidence in your  
judgement & will be perfectly satisfied with  
any arrangements you may make. I long  
anxiously for the time to come when I may  
be permitted to visit you & give you my advice  
& assistance for a short time. Major Pierce  
I understand is recovering fast & I hope will  
be here soon & just as soon as he comes  
I think I will be permitted to go home.

God grant that it may be soon. My life here  
now is miserable & will be until I see you &  
the dear little ones again. A soldiers life in  
the army is hard enough at best. but it is  
made much more disagreeable & unpleasant by  
the injustice & partialities shewn by the General  
officers of the Army. Col Buck has made  
an eternal enemy to me in Gen Anderson  
by publishing my letter. Unfortunately for  
me he is now commanding our Division.

and all my applications for "leave of absence" have  
to go through his hands & if he can get any sort  
of excuse for doing so, he will always disapprove  
every application I make. I received a short  
note from Hunt which I will answer soon. I  
think it will be very difficult for him to find any  
person willing to take his place in Infantry. To  
let him go to the Cavalry. Tell Mary that I  
am very grateful to her for writing me, & I will  
answer her letter soon. & Tom Mullins also  
I have so much to do every day that it is but  
seldom that I have time to write a letter. I  
can never read or write at night from the  
simple fact, that I cannot get any candles. The  
weather for several days past has been bitter cold.  
The ice is thick enough to bear the weight of a horse.  
I am very sorry that you do not receive my letters  
more regularly. The last letter I had from you  
was brought by Mr. Hill. I have no news  
of interest to write. My health continues good.  
Kiss dear little Willie & Maggie for Pa. I know  
that it almost broke their little hearts to see poor Grand  
Pa. taken away from them & put in the cold ground.  
Remember me to poor Mother, her, Mary & all the  
family. May God in mercy bless & comfort  
you. Good Bye. Your devoted  
Newton

Hd. Qrs. 24th Ala. Regiment.  
Near Dalton, Ga. Jan. 5th, 1864.

My dear Bettie:

Night before last Billy Coleman arrived and brought me the painful intelligencer that your Papa had died. I never was more surprised in my life. Nothing that had happened since this cruel & unholy war commenced had caused me more mental suffering and can't a deeper gloom of depending over my feelings than this dreadful resitiation of the Almighty. I have been so depressed in spirits that I have not felt like doing any thing since. I also received by Billy a letter from Mag informing me of your Papa's condition the day before he died & that his life had been despaired of by the Doctor. Yesterday I rode all day through the cold & rain trying to get an application through to go home, but all my labor was in vain. I went to see all the different Generals through which my application had to pass, but none of them would consent to approve it but Gen. Hindman. I was mad enough if it would have done any good to have cried over it. I truly feel for & sympathize with you all in this bereavement. How true it is, "that in the midst of life we are in death". Alas, the parent tree around which we all delighted to dwell, beneath whose shade we used to hover for protection, for shelter, succor & comfort & whose delight it was to spread out its branches & drop its rich fruit to its young of spring below has been removed & taken from us, but I trust that it has been transplanted to that Paradise above where it will reginvinate & its seed & withered leaves be rutured to all their beauty & freshness & beneath whose branches we may all hope to hover again when time with us shall be no more. How incomprehensible to us now, are the Providences of God. In all our sufferings and afflictions we should trust him for his grace. They an often blessings in disguise. In the language of that good old hymn- "Behind a frowning providence he hides a smiling face".

Poor Mother, how hard it must be to her to become reconciled to her affliction. From youth to heavy age they have suffered and triled bearing each others burdens & each sharing the others joys & sorrows, but now one of them has been taken & the other left. Oh! that God would give her grace to comfort her in her afflictions and gently guide her along by his good spirit, through the devciuous pathway of life. Mag wrote me in her letter that you were at a loss what to do, in the event your papa should die. Under the present circumstances I hardly know what to advise you. It seems to me that Mother will be so lonely now by herself, that she will want some of you to remain with her, and as you are all ready there she may insist upon you staying with her. I wrote you a few days ago, giving you my opinion in regard to the disposition of your Stock, corn, fodder etc. I don't well see how you can carry on the farm profitably now, and I think that it will be better not to attempt it. If you can conclude to stay with Mother, I think it will be the best & safest plan to sell every thing but the negroes. It would not be prudent to have your corn, hogs, etc to the mercy of the thieves in the neighborhood. I have confidence in your judgment & will be perfectly satisfied with any arrangement you may make. I long anxiously for the time to come when I may be permitted to visit you & give you my advice & assistance for a short time. Major Pain I understand is recovering

fast & I hope will be here soon & just as soon as he comes I think I will be permitted to go home. God grant that it may be soon. My life here now is miserable & will be until I see you & the dear little ones again. A soldier's life in the army is hard enough at best, but it is made much more disagreeable & unpleasant by the injustice & partialations shown by the General Officers of the Army. Col. Burk has made an eternal enemy to me in Gen. Anderson by publishing my letter. Unfortunately for me he is now commanding our Division and all my applications for "leave of absence" have to go through his hands & if he can get any sort of excuse for doing so, he will always disapprove every application I make. I received a short note from Newt which I will answer soon. I think it will be very difficult for him to find any person willing to take his place in Infantry to let him go to the Cavalry. Tell Mag that I am very grateful to her for writing me, & I will answer her letter soon & Tom Mullins also. I have so much to do every day that it is but seldom that I have time to write a letter. I can never read or write at night from the simple fact, that I cannot get any candles. The weather for several days past has been bitter cold. The ice is thick enough to bear the weight of a horse. I am very sorry that you do not receive my letters more regularly. The last letter I had from you was brought by Mr. Wells. I have no news of interest to write. My health continues good. Kiss dear little Willie & Maggie for Pa. I know that it almost broke their little hearts to see poor Grandpa taken away from them & put in the cold ground. Remember me to poor Mother, Vic, Mary & all the family. May God in mercy bless & comfort you.

Good Bye.  
Your devoted Husband,  
Newton.