CSI 19th U.S. Inf, 1st Bttn. (3/1/XIV) 4

Bivouac near
Tullahoma June 30/63

Dear Parents,

We left camp at Murfreesboro bag and baggage on the 24' inst. about 9 o'clock A.M. As soon as we started it commenced raining and rained hard all day. At night we camped near Hoover's Gap about 17 or 18 miles from Murfreesboro on the manchester pike. Here our advance met the enemy who disputed our fpassage through the Gap. We laid there all night in the rain and on the morning of the 25th we moved up into position among the hills and bluffs around the Gap. The pickets kept up an incessant fire, the enemys sharp shooters picking off our men. With the exception of some artillery fighting that was all that was done. The rain still kept pouring down in torrents. We were wet through and on short rations. On the morning of the 26' we formed our line of battle the Regular Brigade in front, the 16' & 19' taking the advance, the rest of the Brigade acting as reserve. The rebels were just behind a hill 3/4 of a mile in front of us with an open field intervening, waving with wheat ready for the harvest. As soon as we commenced moving across the field the enemy formed a line on the hill and opened a battery giving us a severe fire. We started upon the run making for them as fast as we could giving cheer after cheer as we advanced. That was a nice little charge. I thought that every minute would be my last. There we were running toward the hill with a battery firing at us and a line of musketry. We could see them plain and as the wreaths of smoke curled up from the muzzles of their guns we thought that we were sure to be hit, but nothing could stop us. We were going to have them off of the hill or die every man of us. As soon as we got to the hill the rebs seeing that their fire would not stop us, turned and run. We were so exhausted that the line was halted and my company sent forward as skirmishers. We advanced and drove them into some woods 800 yds in rear of the field and held them there. Then our batteries which had got into position they opened upon them with shells, and they replied. Twas splendid. We being between the two fires the shells whistled over us very musical indeed. One shell fell about 10 ft. behind us and exploded hurting no one but making us dodge. We were soon relieved as skirmishers and returned to the brigade. Another brigade having relieved ours, we went to camp. One man from my company was shot through the head his brains coming out. He lived and was concious for a day or two. Several were killed and wounded in the brigade but not so many as would be expected from such a fire as we were exposed to. The enemy were driven out of the gap. On the 27' we started for Manchester our battalion guarding an ammunition train. The roads were very rough and we were until 2 oclock Sunday morning getting into Manchester. At Manchester we had a chance to get something to eat and clean the mud and dirt off a little. At 7 P.M. on Sunday we started for Tullahoma 12 miles distant. After going about 6 miles we camped, laying out with no shelter during the night. We had a shower which we highly appreciated having no

blankets. It has rained more or less every day since we left Murfreesboro. We have remained waiting for the battle to open at Tullahoma where it is said that Bragg's whole force is. We that is our battalion is still guarding an ammunition train. It is an important trust and if the rebels get in behind us and attack it we will have to fight. Still there is perhaps less danger than to go into the midst of the battle. You must excuse this letter. It is the best I can do. I am still safe, thank God. Give him all praise. Uncle will you please send this to Father & Mother as soon as you can. Good bye. Love to all. Soldiering has commenced again in earnest.

Yours truly
A. B. Carpenter

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters, Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

Camp near Deckard Tenne
July 9th 1863

Dear Brother,

I am very much obliged to you for your photograph. It gave me great pleasure to gaze once more upon your roguish face. It was a fine picture.

I am sorry now that I sent that miserable thing of mine home. I am pretty sure that I don't look quite as bad as it represrnts. We have moved about 3 or 4 miles from where we were when I wrote last. The roads are miserable. It has rained every day since we parted from Murfreesboro the 24th of June. I was pleased to read what Mother wrote about Rosecrans not moving at present in her letter of the 28' when we had been out 4 days. Twas not published in the Nashville papers for two or three days after we had moved.

When I say it rained every day I do not mean that it rained steady all of the time but that if there came a day in which it broke up there would be a very heavy shower before night that would flood the ground and make us all wet and disagreeable. We are now laying in camp waiting for rations. The supply trains are stuck in the woods at Elk River and it is impossible to get them through fast enough for us to continue advancing at present. If we had had good roads and pleasant weather we might have been a great way south of this. The rebels were half starved when they skedadled through here and the country is completely stripped of everything, so there is no chance of our subsisting on the country.

We are not as comfortable now as we were at Murfreesboro. All baggage has been reduced together with the transportation. All the officers are all living in one large tent, as thick as three in a bed. We are short of rations but do not grumble. It is our business to serve the country and we must practice self denial, and do all in our power to quell this wicked rebellion. We are living on good news now, viz: Gen Meade is whipping Lee in Pa. and Vicksburg has fallen. National salutes were fired by nearly every Battery in this army. We are doing the business now if we can only keep it up. I am in hopes that Gen Meade will do the thing up right with Lee and capture him. Then the backbone of the rebellion will be broken in earnest.

Mother says that you and Harren will be the only help that Father will have this summer. You must be . . . . When you are tired and sweating under the hot sun in the hay field, think of the thousands of poor soldiers who are plodding along here dirty and thirsty and foot sore with their heavy knapsacks on their backs or walking through the mud in some swamp with hardly anything to eat and at night have no soft feather bed to lie on at night but lie down on the ground with no covering [illegible] all night. You have no hardships to experience or endure with hope. You have plenty to eat and a good place to sleep. You should be thankful that you are living in a country where the war does not affect you. There is no danger that a large army will encamp upon your farm, and destroy your field of young corn &

Camp King near
Deckard Tenn
July 13"/63

Dear parents,

I received yours of the 4th inst last evening. I can remember how I used to go down street after milking, especially on such occassions as the 4" of Juyly. How many cows do you have now? We had no celebration on the 4". We left Elk River on that morning and had a hard time in getting through the mud. At noon while we were resting, the Batteries fired a national salute, which made the woods ring as the echo reverberated from hilltop to hilltop. Our 12 & 18 pr. parrot & Napoleon guns speak here. We had a splendid time at Hoovers Gap the day before we made the charge. We lay on the edge of a bluff, right in the edge of woods, and our skirmishers were through the other side of the woods, and as neither party were desirous of advancing, owing to the frequent heavy showers, we had not much to do, and nothing to disturb us, save the occassional whistle, and "chug" into the mud, of a bullet, as some "reb" happened to get a long range. About 600 yards behind us was a hill that tapered ;up to a point, and very high. We had one gun up there, which took 14 horses to draw up, and 3 more guns lower down, and 2 others at the foot of the hill, which had the range of the valley to the south, and also two more guns on the point of a hill to our right. The rebels had their guns posted on the different points of the hill in front of us, and all that day whenever the showers would break up, and it would stop raining, they would open the fire. Our position being between the two fires rendered it most exciting and charming. The snapping cracking sound of the report, the sharp shrill screeching sound of the shell as it pass through the air, and the dull deadening sound it makes when it strikes the ground and explodes, has an irresistable charm, and attraction which causes us to gaze with awe and admiration on the scene. That was pretty much all the fighting that day. The next day we made our gallant charge, in the face of musketry and a Battery. I have always thought twould be a nice thing when I was a boy and read in history the description & accounts of battles, but the reality of the thing is far different from the romance. Yet the excitement of the moment in a measure drives away fear, and perhaps pride more than courage does the rest. I do not think but what everyone, although they may be called the bravest of the brave, feels in some degree a little "shaky" just as he is going under fire. That is fear, but his pride overcomes it, if he had no pride he would run. I suppose you have been to church today, a privilege I cannot enjoy. The weather is not so very warm here. We have had today a splendid shower. our camp is in the woods, plenty of good spring water, and plenty of shade. Blackberries are here in abundance, but we have to go beyond the picket line to get them, which obliged us to keep only one eye on the berries, while the other is on the lookout for the Rebel guerillas. Officers sometimes take out their companies to pick and gather large quantities. They are very healthy, besides

being a luxury. The process of transporting rations & supplies to us from Murfreesboro is very slow, owing to the extensive rains. I believe the railroad is now in good condition as far as Elk River, and soon rations will be plenty. We send out nearly everyday a foraging party to get hogs and beef and other eatables, which answer our purposes. Sugar is very scarce, and is what we need very much. Apples and peaches will soon be ripe, and green corn in about a month. Then we will live like old times, when we were down here last year. It takes a hard heart to forage and resist the tears, cries, and touching appeals of old men & defenceless women whose sons and husbands have been taken away from them and compelled to fight against their own interests, many of them. That is the hardest part of this inhuman war. None can appreciate the inestimable blessings of peace so highly as these poor people who suffer all.

I wish you would all send me your photographs. I was very much pleased with Frank's. He could not have sent me a better present. Charlie Carpenter and myself keep up a corresondence. I do not see what his corps will do now at Vicksburg, as it is captured. Give my respects to all enquiring friends. Write soon. Good bye.

Yours Truly
A. B. Carpenter

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters [19 US], Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

Tullahoma Tenne.
August 2d 1863

Dear Parents:

I have nothing new to write about, still I know that you would like to hear from me. We are having pretty easy times here now. Most of the troops have gone to Manchester about 12 or 15 miles east of here. They captured a lot of flour & grain also a lot of ham & pork, that was destined to feed the Southern army. We have expected to hear of a fight out there as it is rumored that a considerable force of rebels are in the neighborhood. In consequence of the removal of our forces to Maznchester, the defense of this town has depended upon a very small force, viz: 5 companies of 18" Ohio Volunteers, our company, a company of 4" Kentucky Cavalry, a company of 7" Penn. Cavalry and a few sick men at the convalescent barracks, in all amountint to about 500 men. We have been expecting an attack every night, thinking that if the rebels heard of our small force they would make a dash upon us and get some of their men whom we are holding as prisoners. Some how aor other the prisoners got information that some of the Bush whackers were coming in to release them. The other night, they got pretty sassy. I was on guard that night and I got information from one of the sentries that they contemplated making their escape that night. I went down to the prison and gave all the sentries strict orders, and examined the rooms to see if no small arms fhad been smuggled in. The prisoners that night did not take of their boots as usual, and in the course of the night one of them raised a window, but the glitter of the polished steel bayonet, and the sharp distinct click of the lock of an Springfield Rifle as the hammer was being raised, suddenly gave "Old Butternut" a fit of the "ager", consequently the window dropped. No attempts have been made since. Yesterday we sent of six of the worst ones up north some where. The country all around seems to be infested with these infernal guerillas, they capture or hang all the union men, destroy their homes and act like the devil generallyl. About a dozen union men were compelled yesterday to leave their homes and come here for protection. They said that about 100 guerillas were in their neighborhood, and swore that they would hang all the union men they could catch. General Smith says that he knows how to use hemp also. This is the state of affairs in Tenne. & a part of Kentucky, and twill take some time to settle all these difficulties. How thankfull you ought to be that you live in a land of peace comparatively speaking. I am in good health and expect to serve my country some time yet. I am not fit for anything else. I have no trade, or business education, and farming is to hard and confining, and I am getting used to soldiering, so I guess that I had better stick to it. Give my respects to all and write soon. Direct 19th U.S. Infty, Tullahoma Tenne.

Yours Truly
A. B. Carpenter

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters [19 US], Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

Camp Scribner Cowan Tenne
August 9" 1863

Dear Parents,

I received your kind letter of the second inst. last evening. I know that you had a great deal to attend to and therefore did not wonder at your not writing. You must not work to hard. I have thought a great many times that I should like to be at home this month and help you through haying. It is a wonder to me how you all have the impression up north that we are in Georgia or Alabama. We have been in camp here nearly 4 weeks. Tomorrow we expect to move from here, and go to Stevenson Ala. Will not be a long march, and if it is managed judiciously will be accomplished with very little hardship, that is for old soldiers. I wonder if you are enjoying as beautiful a sabbath at home as we have here today. Somehow everything seems holy. The bright rays of the golden sun bring to us as is wide incense from heaven and every leaf as the mountain breezes gently sway them to and fro seem like so many tongues. Speaking of God and praising him for his goodness our ears are greeted by the solumn strains of sacred music executed by the different bands of the Division. All we want is a church, that blessing you are enjoying today and listening to the words of consolation and noble advice. Here those who delight in worshipping God have the blue canopy of heaven overhead, the green field and leafy bowers below and content themselves in listening to voice of nature and the teaching of their own conscience.

you ask if I have the head ache this hot weather? I do not. I am almost entirely free from the headache, and when I do have it which is only once in a great while, I have it very light. Sickness is almost unknown to me now. There is nothing like living out in the open air, enjoying God's goodness in everything. It is a wonder to me that I have not before this had the rhumatism from laying on the ground in all weathers cold, hot, wet and dry, but it has not effected me in the least.

I shall not I fear be able to go home and see you all this fall. You must all send me your photograph. Tell Homer i am very thankful for his. I should know him if I had come across it anywhere in the world. I shall not complain if I do not get a leave this fall. There are thousands who are in the same condition as myself, and in fact even worse. And if the draft does no more good than it appears now to do, I shall not want to go home. Every man is needed now in the field, or any emergency. Who knows but that any day a strike may be made that will crush the rebellion at one blow, if there are enough to do it. We will all stay here, and fight for those who are so selfish that they cannot sacrifice their own comfort and business affairs for the good of the country, and those very same people attempt to hide their selfishness under patriotic motives by saying that others can fight while they must stay at home and produce food and money to feed us and pay our expenses. Tell those who strive to be exempted and who pay their $300 that we are thankful for small favors, but we pity them for their want of patriotism. I send

love to grand mother Carpenter. I am proud to know that she calls a patriot, and I shall strive always to maintain that title. I also send a great deal of love to Grandfather Grant's folks, and thank them for their deep interest in me. Give love to all the friends, reserving a goodly share for yourself. Why will not "Ed" write to me? I have received my commission from the War Department, and have sent it to Uncle Brigham who will then send it to you, or take it in person. I want to have good care taken of it, put it when you get it in a safe place. Such a parchment as that is worth working for. Good bye. Write soon.

Yours Truly
A. B. Carpenter

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters [19 US], Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

"Camp Dawson"
Crow Creek Valley Tenne.
August 16: /63

Dear Parents,

I wrote you one week ago today from Cowan. We left there the next morning and travelled over the mountains marching 15 miles. The weather was warm, but we stood it remarkably well. The next day we marched 10 or 12 miles which brought us here. We are now about 10 miles from Stevenson Ala. The road that we traveled was very rough. Our artillery and transportation had a hard time in getting along. Some places the road wound along the tops of hills, right on the brink of precipices several hundred feet down, and occassionally a wagon would upset, sending its contents helter scelter down the hill. After exercising a great deal of patience the things would be gathered up and we would be ready to start again. The country after passing the mountains is very beautiful, splendid fields of luxuriant corn, which furnish an abundance of food, greet our eyes on every hand. Springs innumerable along the banks of "Crow Creek" of cool sparkling water moisten our parched throats, and cool our heated brows.

The march was not so very hard, yet it was harder than there was any necessity for. We are only encamped here for a week or so to repair the wagons, and perfect the means of transportation. I expect that we will soon be going to Stevenson, from there perhaps to Bridgeport.

We had divine service this morning in the camp of the 18" Infantry. Rev. somebody from Cincinnatti preached a sermon which he did very well, and to a good audience. Our band furnished the sacred music. Twas really refreshing. I believe that nothing of importance has occurred during the week to make special comment.

I see by the papers that Gen. Burnside and his old corps the 9" is coming south. The Corps has just returned from Vicksburg and vicinity. I should not be surprised if Charlie & I should meet here somewhere soon. What is the news about home? Are you all well as usual? Have you got my commission yet? Write soon. Direct as before.

Yours in haste,
A. B. Carpenter
2d Lieut 19" Infantry

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters [19 US], Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

Camp near Camp Dawson Tenne
Sunday August 23d 1863

Dear Parents,

Having a few spare moments to write, I will improve the opportunity by addressing a few lines to you, though I doubt whether you will find anything interesting in them.

Since i wrote you last, which was last Sunday I believe, our battalion has had quite a little campaign by itself. The next Monday morning we broke up camp at Camp Dawson and started for Stevenson. We were to pass over the road and make the necessary repairs for the transportation of the Division, which we expected would follow in a day or two. We accomplished our task by the middle of the afternoon the distance being only 8 miles and the road in better condition than we expected. We remained there until Friday when we were ordered to come back. While there by ourselves (that is we encamped outside of the town, there were other troops in and around town) we lived excellent, almost luxurious. In fact it was luxury to us soldiers. We had apples, peaches, melons, corn, potatoes, chickens, milk, butter, fresh country butter, and nice honey, and fresh biscuits. We regretted to leave very much, but pining and grumbling is only labor thrown away down here. We must take what comes with the best air and grace possible.

Our camp now is about 1 mile south of Camp Dawson, where I dated my last letter. it is a pretty camp beside of the railroad. The trains passing up and down impart a lively air to it, which almost makes one believe he is the land of civilization once more.

Our object in coming here was to guard a pontoon train secreted in the woods.

The army is very active now engaged in preparing for coming events. A month hence if I mistake not will tell a tale. Whether it be for weal or woe time will show. I think by that time no armed force of rebels will prowl around this department and perhaps many of us will fall in fierce engagements which must inevitably follow. Trust kind Providence for that. Twill be as he wills.

I suppose Charleston will soon be ours if it is not already so. This season I believe is to be frought with union victories, and by the 1st of january the war will be at an end. Then peace and rest await the tired hardworking soldier. Our soldiers have done a great amount of work this year and done it willingly too confident of success.

I received a letter the other day from Cousin Charlie Carpenter in the 9" Army Corps. They were then in camp at Covington Ky, having returned from their campaign in Miss. They will now operate with Gen Rosecrans. He seems in good spirits, and delighted at the manner we are whaling the "rebs" at every point we meet them. Our whole union army seems to be making a grand left wheel soon. Their only foot hold will be at Richmond. Davis will find his last ditch there. Give love to all. Write soon and let me know who is going to war from old Monson. Good

bye.

Yours Truly
A. B. Carpenter

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters [19 US], Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

Camp at Stevenson Ala.
Sept. 2d 1863

Dear Parents,

My last letter was dated at Camp Dawson Ala. We remained there about a week or ten days and then came here, arriving here on the evening of the 31st inst., leaving Camp Dawson about two P.M. the same day. The distance is 10 miles which is quite a pleasant walk for an afternoon in August, and dust so thick you can hardly see two rods ahead. However soldiers are cooler in such an atmosphere than if there were shell, grape & canister, and bullets, even if it is in August. There is something grand in seeing veteran troops on the march, going forward with measured tread through dust & mud, rain & the hot rays of the sun. Nothing it seems could stop them. Our Brigade now is engaged in doing guard duty in Stevenson and vicinity. We will be relieved where the reserve corps comes up, and then on to Chattanooga, or wherever our services are most needed in that vicinity. The rebels may give us a hard fight there but if they do, they are gone. They will either be captured or scattered and that most effectualy. Gen Rosecrans is not coming down here for no idle purpose. He is going to strike a blow here that will prove mortal to the fond and cherished hopes of the confederacy, and soon end her career. The prospect for this fall is very propitious. I believe union victories will follow until we have full and undisputed possession of all southern soil. The Chatanooga and Nashville Railroad between here and nashville presents now a very busy scene. Trains heavily loaded come puffing into town and deposit their burden of provisions, forage, and munitions of war, and then hasten back for more. The roads are crowded with government wagons which haul the stuff off to the different commands, and places of storage. Troops are moving here and there. One gazes on the scene with feelings of the highest veneration for the mastermind who causes and controlls the movements of all in this department. Everything is like clock work, order and system prevails in everything.

What is to be done with the army at New York? This question is exciting a great deal of interest at present. I see that the New York Herald seems to think that they are destined for Vera Cruze. The interferance of the French Emperor with affairs on this continent must be stoped. He will have to withdraw from Mexico or fight. If he chooses to engage in that costly luxury he will find us prepared to meet him. I inagine now that we are considerable of a fighting nation and can take a set too with most any body.

It has been rumored that our Brigade was or is to be ordered to New York, probably to join the grand expedition, but I do not place any reliance on the rumor, as we are needed here, and cannot very well be spared. I wish you would send some papers. Give love to all. Write soon. Direct as before.

Yours Truly
A. B. Carpenter

I am enjoying very good health. The nights here are very cold and it is very warm in the middle of the day. I came very near freezing one night, had to get into and put on all my cloths, including overcoat. This is not common for this country. I do not know how to account for it.

A. B. C.

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters [2 LT, 19 US], Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

Camp at the foot of lookout
mountains, pideon valley, Geo.
Sept 16" 1863

Dear Parents,

Our Brigade left Stevenson Ala. on the 9 inst. and marched 4 miles on the Bridgeport road, where we camped near a large spring, which boils out of the ground. It is 20 ft deep as clear as crystal and cold as ice large enough to run a mill. Such springs are common all through the northern part of this stte. The next morning we left camp at 3 o'clock and marched to Bridgeport, arriving there at 10 a.m. here we remained until 4 P.M. drew clothing and equiped ourselves for the front. At 4 P.M. we crossed the Tenne River on the pontoons and camped for the night. It seemed as though we had left the world behind us. All communication with the states stops here. Hands are at work on the bridge and it will be completed in 2 or 3 mos. [page illegible] Our division and Negley's division had a fight here before we arrived. They were driven back 5 miles when Brannan's division arrived and then the rebels retired. The rebels are said to be in force here, and we shall have to fight hard to advance. I am well and in good spirits notwithstanding I hurt my knee which bothered me some on the march. The country here in Geo. reimnds me very much of New England land. As the mail is going out soon I must close. You can get more news from here by the newspapers than I can give you. Love to all. Send me papers. Write soon. Pray for me.

Direct same as before.

Yours in haste
A. B. Carpenter

We advance tomorrow.

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters [2 LT, 19 US], Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

Chattanooga Tenne
Sept. 29" 1863

Dear Uncle,

I know that you are very anxious to hear from me, also the folks at home. I sent word that I was allright sometime ago by Mr Miller our sutler, who said he would call on you in person. It is with a feeling of sorrow, and gratitude that I write, sorrow that so many brave comrades have fallen. Some we know have been killed, of others we know nothing, only hope they are suffering as prisoners. And gratitude that I am spared, safe and sound. My preservation has been miraculous. How I could have escaped without a scratch is a wonder. I will give you a few details that occured.

We were preparing to go into camp on the afternoon of Sept. 18 in pigeon valley near the foot of lookout mountain and for that purpose were clearing a piece of ground for camp. We had nearly completed our labors when orders came for us to suply ourselves with three days rations, and get ready to march immediately. We started just at dark towards Chattanaooga. The rebels were going there too and we had to try and get there first. We marched all night tired and sleepy and suffering from the cold as the nights are very chilly. At daylight on the 19" inst. we were made aware that we were likely to have a quarrel with the rebels as to who should pass first. In order words we knew there was to be a "big discussion wid guns" by hearing sharp skirmishing in front. Our army moved into the woods and waited an hour or two, and then we commenced. How uneasy one feels while waiting for the strife, but when he is once in he is alright. The action commenced about 8 a.m. Everything went well for a while with us. We took a great many prisoners and drove the rebels rapidly in front of us. (Our brigade was not fighting with the rest of the division. We were sent to the left of our first position to assist Brannan's division.) After a while we discovered that the rebels had flanked us, and they charged down upon our rear with 5 brigades of Texans. Not being in proper position, we could not resist the charge and were driven back under a heavy fire. Nearly all the 16 Infantry were captured and many killed. Only 20 men & 5 officers of their command escaped. Major Dawson comdg. our Battallion was wounded. Capt Smith then took command. Many of our men were wounded. The rebels advanced up to our battery which could not get away. A brigade came to our assistance and we drove the rebels back so that we could get our battery off. We then had to retire under a heavy fire. The rebels came up to the battery. A sergeant had one of the guns double shotted with grape. The rebels only a few steps in front told him if he fired that gun they would kill him. "Kill and be damned" said the sergeant and he pulled the string. The grape mowed a lane through the rebel ranks. The next moment the brave Sergeant was pinned to the ground with rebel bayonets. The rest of the day was occupied in steady fighting, not much gained or lost. At night we lay down on our arms and were just getting a little sleep when the rebels commenced shelling the woods we were

in. We had to move back farther yet and lay on the cold ground with no blankets. The night was very cold and I thought that I should shake to pieces. Towards morning of the 20th we moved some distance to the rear in order to cook some coffee and get something to eat. Before daylight we were on the field of battle of Sunday the 20th. Lieut Curtis was detailed with his company to go to the front as skirmishers. As I was doing duty temporarily with that company I went also. We deployed the company and waited for the rebels. The sun rose clear, not a cloud dotted the sky. Hardly a sound disturbed the quiet of the beautiful sabbath morning. We pretty soon heard the rebels coming up into line. We could hear their commands very plain. Then we knew there was to be hot work. Our brigade moved off to the right which left Mr Curtis and myself with our skirmishers, without any support. The fight commenced at about 9 o'clock. The rebels came down in overwhelming masses. They drove in our company. We held them as long as we could and then fell back. They got between us and the brigade, so we could not join the Brigade at all, which was off to the right of us. They were fighting hard. We had lost all but 6 of our company and now had to fight anywhere. We would fight in one place and then in another. The rebels were driving us all day. Ten Thomas Corps held them in check towards night so that the rest of the army could fall back. Our corps saved the army that day. At night our corps fell back to a gap in the hills. With the exception of a few ammunition wagons and pieces of artillery, our army carried everything off the field. We had to leave our wounded and killed. Towards night our brigade was surrounded and of our battalion only one or two of the men escaped. A great many were known to be killed and wounded. Lieut Miller was wounded very bad in the legs early in the day. He was carried for two miles. He would not be carried any farther, his wounds pained him so much. He must have been taken prisoner. Lieut Fogarty was killed shot through the heart. He was superb, grand. No braver and gallant an officer or man was on that field during the battle. No braver man ever fought before, and he was as good as he was brave. He scorned to do a mean act. We feel his loss much. The rest of our officers are missing. We supposed they are taken prisoners. Saturday we went into the battle with 200 men and 14 officers. Sunday night found us with 45 men and 3 officers. Our men fought splendid. Monday night our army fell back to Chattanooga. Our division was in the rear. We arrived in Chattanooga about daylight. We are now entrenched here. Our position is very strong and we feel in good spirits, hoping that reinforcements will soon arrive, and help us to crush out the confounded graybacks who have the impudence of the devil by shooting at white folks.

We have skirmishes on the picket line most every day. Some poor fellow gets knocked over. A rebel sharpshooter killed one of our sentinels the other night. One of our men saw the flash and watched for him until morning. As soon as the clear morning appeared, he espied Mr. Rebel sharpshooter and brought him down. Some of the rebel pickets came out to get his body, when one of them tumbled over. "That will do" says our man and took a chew

of tobacco with a feeling of great satisfaction.

We are consolidated with the 16" both battalions make three companies of 50 men each. Capt. Crofton of the 16" commands. Gen King commands the brigade. Gen Rousseau has returned, and taken command of this Division since the fight. The division was commanded during the fight by Gen Baird. Old Gen Thomas commands our corps.

To sum up this fight, the rebels have been defeated. They sought to anihilate us and prevent us from getting into Chattanooga. They did not succeed. They lost as much as we did. I expect they will be trying us again pretty soon, as soon as they get ready.

We went into the battle of Chickamauga Creek with 14 officers. Major Dawson was wounded and sent to Nashville the first day. Lieut Fogarty was killed the second day alsoLieut Miller wounded & captured. The rest are missing except lieut Curtis, myself and Lieut Ayres. Lieut Ayres received a slight wound from a piece of shell. He rejoined us in a day or two. Lieut Curtis & myself were the only officers of the battalion who escaped without a scratch. How I got out I cant tell. I had given up all hopes and was resigned to my fate but God through his goodness spared me. Give love to all. Keep down all copperheads. Send this letter home.

Yours Truly
A. B. Carpenter

P.S. Did you ever hear of a little dog that chased a pig furiously, and when the pig turned round and made a stand, the dog ran back?

We followed up the rebels here pretty close. I thought we would go to Atlanta. We have come back here.

A. B. C.

Source: Augustus B. Carpenter Letters [2 LT, 19 US], Civil War Collection (MSS #619), Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University, New Haven, CT

Camp of the Regular Brigade
1st Division 14th Army Corps
Department of the Cumberland
Chattanooga Tenne
October 4th 1863

Dear Parents,

You have probably before this received the letter that I sent to Uncle B. in which I gave a hasty sketch of our operations in the fierce Battle of Chickamauga. Never have we fought a battle that was so hotly contested since the commencement of the war. All who came off that bloody field two weeks ago today own their safety to the gallant few who stood and stubbornly fought overwhelming numbers, and at last being completely surrounded were taken prisoners, while the army withdrew to form a new position. Eight of our officers are now prisoners of war in the southern confederacy.

Lieut Fogarty who fought gallantly & fearlessly so that his conduct was noticed by all on the field, was shot through the heart & died instantly without a groan or murmer. His contuct was superb, but the poet says that "Mars kills all brave soldiers." Lieut Miller was badly wounded and captured. yesterday we received information by means of a flag of truce, that went out to see to our wounded that he was dead. He died two days after the battle, away from home & friends. he was a young man about my own age, liked by all who knew him. His papers promoting him to 1st Lieut had just arrived from the War Department at Washington, but the poor fellow did not get a chance to see them. He was an only son and his father will suffer terribly from this severe blow in his old age. Major Dawson who commanded the Battallion when it went into the fight, was wounded in the leg. His wound was not very bad, and he has gone to Nashville. Lieut. Curtis, Lieut Ayres and myself are all that remains. The men lost in proportion, 50 our of 200 left. The 16" suffered as bad. What is left of the two battalions are put together, and commanded by Capt Crofton of the 16". Such is war. Tell Homer that fighting is harder than digging potatoes. We marched all night before the battle, arrived on the field just at sunrise. The pickets were firing at each other but did not provoke a general engagement until after the men had cooked some coffee, and then we went at it, as our Adjutant Lieut Ayres facetiously remarked, " had a big discussion wid guns," fighting all day without eating. After a hard march the night before and being in the presence of the enemy on the night of the 19" we could get no supper, as no fires could be made. So we went to bed on the cold frosty leaves, (for the nights are very chilly here) supperless. Presently we were disturbed by the rebels who were amusing themselves by throwing shells around us. We did not like it so we took a back seat, or retired beyond their range. In the morning of the 20" (as beautiful a morning as ever dawn of a Sabbath) we had time to get a little coffee. Then Gods holy day was marred by the booming of artillery and the roar of musketry which continued incessantly all day, mingled with the

stern & hoarse voice of command. Those who were killed could not have had a more fitting day for appearing before their maker, when thousands at home were uttering their prayers in God's holy house for the safety of our soldiers. I wonder if Christ did not open the gates of heaven, and beckon to the mutilated forms that covered that field, to enter the golden portals. Our wounded behaved splendidly they uttered not a groan, but set their teeth and manfully endured the pains and pangs of flesh & limbs torn & laccerated. We have recruited up lately not having much fatiguing labor of late. We are stronly entrenched here, and cannot be driven out only by starvation, and I do not think the rebels will deem it expedient to cut off our communications.

From our camp on an eminence we can see a good share of our own camps, and the camps of the Rebels. At night when the fires are all lighted, the appearance is magnificent. It is as some great city illuminated in commemoration of some great event. We have fine times on picket now. When we first took our position here after the Battle, the pickets would have to lay down, and keep under cover as much as possible, for if he stuck his head up in sight, a bullet would be sent after him (They are only 100 yards apart.), but now they exchange papers, and even go down between the lines and have a social talk about matters & things, make agreements not to shoot each other when on guard.

We live in daily expectation of the Rebel artillery opening upon us, and the shells falling thick & fast. Twill do them no good, and be not very amusing to us. I wish they would go home. I cant see what they want up here. I wish they would all catch the measles. How are things progressing at home? Give my respects to all. Write soon. I have all the official business of two companies to do. There are 4 officers here to carry on the official business of the Battalion and the 7 companies. One the adjutant attends to the Battalion, the other 3 to the 7 companies. It is very arduous. As I get time I will write more.

Yours Truly
A. B. Carpenter

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