Chattanooga, Tenn.,
Nov. 27th 1863.

My very dear love,

I have just telegraphed you of my safety and now I must write a word, but I am so exhausted, can nearly find no sleep and eat otherwise tolerably well. Thanks—Oh, thanks to the Great and Good Being who has been so kind and merciful to poor unworthy me. I know, dear, I do think I have been under His special care and protection, for when I look back and think over again what an ordeal I have just passed through it makes me almost tremble with awe. My heart has been filled with His praise for His great deliverance in this trying time! Join me, O, my dear wife, in aspirations of peace, to Him gone are the glory! You have been in the midst of the greatest battle on record. It has been a comprehensive, masterly and unprecedented victory, successful and complete in all its parts. The enemy is not only a victory but a complete and perfect rout of the great army of treason and rebellion in the South and West. On last Sabbath day Bragg's army encircled us from river around to river, occupying a high range of mountains thought to be perfectly impregnable. On Monday at one o'clock our army moved out to the front in full view of from their camps, they thought we were having a grand review, at a given signal we commenced the attack and charged right into their camps in the valley and drove them back to the position on Mission Ridge. It was a complete surprise, I had the crest of the front line of our Brigade but didn't lose a man.
we halted and threw up a line of defenses during the night. The next morning, Tuesday, Hooker attacked them on the right and drove them off Lookout Mountain. We lay and looked on, in amazement and wonder, as General Sherman crossed the river on our left and burned their other flanks. At about a signal of our guns was fired and the whole line moved forward our camps being in the center had to charge across the valley right in the face of Mission Ridge. By this time our orders were changed. Place each column was in our second line of the Bipalo, moving across the valley, about a mile on front line, drove them out of their. The set worked at the foot of the Mountain. We halted a few minutes as we rested, we halted and our men lay down, we were not right in front of the other ridge, and we had the top of the ridge. Their lines were broken up, their batteries opened with grape and canister, and the infantry was just pouring through their lines, rolling down the hillside until it disappeared among the shanties. The inferno line, factor. To assume that hill, 0 it looked a like rushing right into the very jaws of death! I was along the line, and told my men to be prepared to scale that hill. I found what was intended, although not one of us had been told what we were supposed to do. The front line was the line of battle at the foot of the ridge which was yet to be taken. It was about a mile ahead of us, all clear of firing ground, close enough! before I have got clear along my own line. I called the word again. I gave the word and every man strung at his feet and started with quiet. I struck the foot of the hill, advanced on the front line, Michael right through and over there on the top of the hill, on Rhoadan, but it was a hard place, but still down that slope as thick as hair, all bones of it and left me. I took off my hat waving to my men and charged along back and forth along the line—on the continuity I deduce think of was forward, forward men—
forward, it was enough to keep up. I was not a man of mine friends nor fell back until wounded. My poor horse was perfectly wild with excitement. He reared and bucked and reared and rocks over me, and his feet struck me. We went slowly, slowly, going ground by inches. Poor boys SKIPPING all around me. They were as anxious to know as I was. I was safe. We went on, and still the leaden hail poured in steady volleys, here a main, there a tree. One jolted a rock and charged his gun. We moved and started forward. I knew and hailed forward until my lungs almost gave out. We were gaining the trees, but slowly. Pushing on, we came near a woman in the trees. She was not aware of her danger. I got off, turned his head around, and told her to stay in the trees and turn to myself for her protection, but she would not go. But while she turned and charged right up the hill again, and I lost sight of them, he was going right into the rebel lines, but we were near the trees and the rebels were beginning to break — a few minutes more and we gained that hill, were on the top of Mission Ridge with enemy flying in confusion over the opposite side. I was nearly exhausted. My horse was perfectly frantic. He struck the top of the ridge right at Bragg's breast parapet. Cautious a number of prisoners. Very quiet. Bragg remained there until we were half way up, then he quit the spot. As soon as we could get into line again we started our arms and the enemy pursued directly home. One of my men with my horse. He had caught him, I mounted him again. It was more dark, followed on about a mile when the enemy halted on a hill covered with thick woods. Here we stopped and fought them for a solid hour without any support but our two regiments, private reinforcements came and again we drove them and occupied the ground two times, and too dark to go further.
General Wapper gave us great praise and once he might. General Harriett came up, also and complimented the boys. It is needless but perhaps not idle to state that just as the fight closed Col. Scott and the Adjutant came up.

Threw my dear wife, I have only given you an outline, I suspect trying to give you a picture of the reality. It is considered one of the most dramatic feats of the war. It was witnessed by one of our friends by General Grant and a number of others. I enclose a copy of General Thomas' order of congratulation, to show that I am not writing this to receive you my love. Major Moore was shot in the right hand just as we started up the Mission Ridge, but he came on as and fought well till he was ordered to the rear. He was not in the second battle after dark. I have it all alone, here my horse was already tired, more than, but they were spent balls and dare not hunt them much. The second was the most ugly of the two fights, for it was perfectly dark. We lost heavily in both. One loss is fifteen killed and one hundred and twenty-six wounded. Among the killed was poor Gen. Williams, the bravest of the brave. Capt. Rosser was wounded; President, slightly in the corner of his mouth. Major's wound is only a flesh wound across the palm of the hand and will heal easily. I was shot a few times but I am good. Twenty of the officers wounded five fatal, two officers killed, eight wounded: Moore, Hume, Rossiter, Mclaw, Mclain, Brady, Leirn, and Shutt. No others that you know. I believe. The my dear ones, I must get a little sleep. We are blessed you is my daily prayer.

Oh what a victory, what a victory!}

John W. McAllister.