

Camp near Shelbyville Tenn: Jan 29th 1863

My Dear Father

I wrote you on last Sunday and much to my sorrow I had to again inform you that I have received no letter from you yet. It is certainly very disheartening to a poor Soldier so far away from home and yet debarred the pleasure of hearing from his loved ones there, those that are nearest and dearest to him above all other earthly beings. It makes me so very sad that it disqualifies me from writing. When I sit down to write you a letter the thought comes across my mind that it will in all probability be a month before it will reach you and by that time will have lost all interest in consequence of being so old a date. A thousand things might have transpired since it was written and of which you will be none the wiser by having received a letter. I have written you so many letters since I received none from you that I hardly know what to write you and avoid repetition. Every thing remains just as it did when I last wrote you. Since then we have had some winter weather and a heavy fall of snow. The ground was covered about an inch deep but it would have been several inches deep had not the ground ^{been} so very wet. It was snowing for at least 12 hours before it commenced freezing. Yesterday we had a day of bright Sunshine and the snow nearly all disappeared. When I wrote you last I was suffering from Peashea but yesterday the Surgeon gave me some medicine which I think has checked it. I feel much better to day than I have for some time past. That disease has been very prevalent in camp since we

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have been at this place. We have every prospect now of
having some good weather and which I hope will tend
greatly to promote the health of the troops. I have had
a very unpleasant kind of it and we have had here a
quantity of bad weather. Mrs. Parker, Nathan and
Cecilia who arrived here three days ago from Camilton
informed me that they learned through Capt. May that
you and the children were well. They spent the night with
him when on their way to Cambridge. I wrote to Mr
Purgin yesterday. I hope my letter to him will reach
with a better fate than the one I wrote to Mr. Cyles.
It will soon be time to commence a new crop. You
ought to make John get all his tools and now get
all ready for work. I understand that soon is becoming
quite scarce in some sections of the County. Now is it
at home. You will see some time since that your
wheat was looking very well. Now is it down. I
think you did not sow it as thick as he has been in
the habit of doing. Now are your cows and pigs
doing well. I hope. Have your garden well
manured. By the way I expect that needs a new
fence very badly. I send some few grains of Pop
Corn for Hammie. I'll try to save them. Plant him
a little corn patch for him and Peter. I often wish
that I could get something better to send them but it is
impossible. Tell them that Papa has not forgotten them
I have not heard any thing from you or Eva lately.
I suppose they are still at Wallabong. I have no
idea of any intent to write relative to the new presents

Camp Near Shelbyville, Tenn.
Jan. 29th, 1863.

My Dear Bettie:

I wrote you on last Sunday and much to my sorrow I have to again inform you that I have received no letter from you yet. It is certainly very disheartening to a poor soldier so far away from home and yet debarred the pleasure of hearing from his loved ones there, those that are nearest and dearest to him above all earthly beings. It makes me so very sad that it disqualifies me from writing. When I sit down to write you a letter the thought comes across my mind that it will in all probability be a month before it will reach you and by that time will have lost all interest in consequence of being so old a date. A thousand things might have transpired since it was written and of which you will be none the wiser by having received a letter. I have written you so many letters since I received one from you that I hardly know what to write you and avoid repetition. Every thing remains just as it did when I last wrote you. Since then we have had some wretched bad weather and a heavy fall of snow. The ground was covered about an inch deep but it would have been several inches deep had not the ground been so very wet. It was snowing for at least 12 hours before it commenced freezing. Yesterday we had a day of bright sunshine and the snow nearly all disappeared. When I wrote you last I was suffering from diarrhea but yesterday the surgeon gave me some medicine which I think has checked it. I feel much better today than I have for some time past. That disease has been very prevalent in camp since we have been at this place. We have every prospect now of having some good weather and which I hope will tend greatly to promote the health of the troops. We have had a very unpleasant time of it since we have been here on account of bad weather. Misses Picket Latham and Carvin who arrived here three days ago from Carrollton informed me that they learned through Capt. McKay that you and the children were well. They spent the night with him on their way to Columbus. I wrote to Bro. Burgin yesterday. I hope my letter to him will meet with a better fate than the one I wrote to Bro. Lyles.

It will soon be time to commence a new crop. You ought to make John get all his plows and plow gear all ready for work. I understand that iron is becoming quite scarce in some sections of the country. How is it at home. You wrote me some time since that your wheat was looking very well. How is it now. I bet that John did not sow it as thick as he has been in the habit of doing. How are your sows and pigs, doing well I hope. Have your garden well manured. By the way I expect that needs a new finer very badly. I send some few grains of Pop Corn for Hammie. Tell him to save them to plant him a little corn patch for him and Willie. I often wish that I could get something pretty to send them, but it is impossible. Tell him that Papa has not forgotten them. I have not heard anything from Jim or Ira lately. I suppose they are still at Tullahoma. I hear no news of any interest to write relative to the movements of the army. The recent heavy rains and snow have rendered the roads altogether unsuitable for military operations except such as can be done by cavalry. They are kept on the tramp pretty much all the time. Your Bro. Newt is very well.

Page 2:

He is now engaged with some others in changing up the camp this being the first day we have had for some time that was suitable for that work. All the boys of your acquaintance are well. This post master has just arrived with the letters for the Regiment, but alas none for me. Shall I never get another letter from home. It is truly discouraging. Col. Dennett received two from his wife and I could hardly keep from envying him his good luck. Misery you know likes comfort. However it is to be hoped that luck will change form soon. I suppose I had better stop writing for fear I spoil what I have already written by writing across it. Remember me to Papa & Mother and all the family. Tell all the dear little ones howdy for Pa, and may the God of Heaven bless you my dear one.

Good Bye.
Your Devoted Husband,
Newton.

Since I finished writing heavy cannonading has commenced in the direction of Murfreesboro. I suppose that it is our Cavalry fighting with the enemies pickets. Judging from the sound I should think that it was some fifteen miles off.