

My Dear Mother

Picket Camp 4<sup>th</sup> Brigade

Feb - 8<sup>th</sup> 1863

Little did I think when I wrote you a hurried letter on Sunday night last, that our Brigade was to be sent off on Picket so soon, but such has been the fact. I went to sleep that night dreaming of you and home and before day was aroused up by a Courier with an order for our Brigade to start out on Picket that morning at Sun rise. We did not have time to cook Breakfast before marching. We are now on what is called the Triune Pike about Six Miles from Shelbyville. Since we arrived here on Monday morning we have had the most disagreeable weather I ever experienced. It has been raining, sleeting or snowing all the time. We are camped in a forest of Cedars and the Mud is nearly two months deep in every direction. Our duties are very hard especially so upon the Field Officers. I have to be up every third night to visit the out Posts - and I assure you that I have a very disagreeable time of it. We have had the coldest weather this week that we have had this winter. Ten days ago I had the Sick Head ache very badly, but since then I have been very well. Coming out here has cured me of the Diarrhea. We have much better water than we had at Shelbyville. I have just received a letter from you dated the 7<sup>th</sup> Jan and have consumed so much time in reading it and thinking of you and the dear children that it is getting almost too dark to finish my letter

I have written this in a great hurry with a pen in my hand  
to night. How good I was to hear from you once  
again although the letter was just a month old  
It seems that the letter was sent by Mr. D. another  
and kept by him in his pocket, untill the envelope  
was nearly worn off before he put it in the office  
I know that you were all very uneasy about us  
at the time the letter was written as you had  
just heard of the Battle of Munsieburong  
I wrote you as soon as I could after the Battle  
I never knew before what articles I had really  
got out of the package of clothes you sent me  
by Mr. Sting. I regret their loss very much  
but it cannot be helped now. I hope  
I will meet with better luck next time.  
I am wanting a pair of Boots very badly  
My old Boots are nearly worn out and my feet  
get very sore. I am glad to hear  
that you are all well at home. It is always  
such a relief to me to know that all is well  
there. I don't know how long we will be  
kept out here on Picket. I heard this morning  
that we were to be relieved on Monday next but  
whether true or not I cannot tell. If we could  
have good weather I would not mind it much  
LITTLE NEWS is well and all the other Boys of  
your acquaintance. God Bless all the Children  
Paper wants to see them just as bad as they  
do. When oh when will it be. God grant that  
it may be soon. Every thing out here is quiet  
we have heard nothing from the Yankee since  
we have been here. May Kind Heaven  
Bless and protect you my dearest one.  
Good Bye Your devoted Husband  
Norton

Picket Camp 4th Brigade  
Feb. 8, 1863.

My dear Bettie:

Little did I think when I wrote you a hurried letter on Sunday night last that our Brigade was to be sent off on picket so soon, but such has been the fact. I went to sleep that night dreaming of you and home and before day was aroused up by a courier with an order for our Brigade to start out on picket that morning at sun rise. We did not have time to cook breakfast before marching. We are now on what is called the Triune Pike about six miles from Shelbyville. Since we arrived here on Monday morning we have had the most disagreeable weather I ever experienced. It has been raining, sleeting or snowing all the time. We are camped in a forest of cedars and the mud is nearly shoe mouth deep in every direction. Our duties are very hard especially so upon the Field Officers. I have to be up every third night to visit the outposts and I assure you that I have a very disagreeable time of it. We have had the coldest weather this week that we have had this winter. Two days ago I had the sick headache very badly, but since then I have been very well. Coming out here has cured me of the Diarrhea. We have much better water than we had at Shelbyville. I have just received a letter from you dated the 7th Jan., and have consumed so much time in reading it and thinking of you and the dear children that it is getting almost too dark to finish my letter tonight. How proud I was to hear from you once again, although the letter was just a month old. It seems that the letter was sent by Mr. Garothiss and kept by him in his pocket until the envelope was nearly worn off before he put it in the office. I know that you were all very uneasy about us at the time the letter was written as you had just heard then of the Battle at Murfreesboro. I wrote you as soon as I could after the Battle. I never knew before what articles I had really lost out of the package of clothes you sent me by Mr. Story. I regret their loss very much but it cannot be helped now. I hope I will meet with better luck next time. I am wanting a pair of boots very badly. My old boots are nearly worn out and my feet get wet every rain. I am glad to hear that you are all well at home. It is always such a relief to me to know that all is well there. I don't know how long we will be kept out here on picket. I heard this morning that we were to be relieved on Monday next, but whether true or not I cannot tell. If we could have good weather I would not mind it much. Little Newt is well and all the other boys of your acquaintance. God Bless all the children. Papa wants to see them just as bad as they him. When Oh When will it be. God grant that it may be soon. Every thing out here is quiet. We have heard nothing from the Yanks since we have been here. May Kind Heaven Bless and Protect you my dearest one.

Good Bye  
Your devoted Husband,  
Newton.

I have written this in a great hurry with a very bad pen but I hope that you will be able to read it. This is all the paper I have. This is the first time I have let a week pass without writing to you for a long time but I could not do any better. I have had no writing material before today. I will write you again in a day

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or two, so you must excuse me this time as it was unavoidable. Remember me to Papa and Mother and all the family.