

Camp near Shelbyville Tenn:  
Tuesday March 17<sup>th</sup> 1863

My Dear Sister

My last letter to you was a short one and enclosed in one addressed to your Pappa, and I think it very probable that the present effort to write again, will wind up with one equally as short. It is remarkably dull in in Camp to day, there being no news of any interest abroad. Some of the Officers are trying to amuse themselves by having a jumping match while others are strolling lazily about through the Camp, their thoughts doubtless wandering back to the loud scenes of home while I am sitting here in vain trying to pinning my thoughts to the wheel, the Idol of all my affections. I fully expected a letter from you this morning but unfortunately we had no mail, owing I understand to a failure to make the connection some where on the road. We did <sup>not</sup> get any papers either which I regard very much as they usually afford us reading matter for a few hours every day and serve considerably in whiling away the dull monotony of Camp. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Joe Lee which consumed nearly all the idle time I had during the day. I have not written to Bro Lylie yet, but will do so in a few days if nothing happens to prevent me. It is now three o'clock P.M.

the time for Battalion Drill, and as Col Buck is too unwell to drill and Col Dumett is a member of a board of examiners which is now in session for the purpose of examining applicants for discharged under the provision of the Conscript Act; I will have to drill the Regiment.

I have just returned from drill and it is so late in the evening now that I will not have time to finish my letter before it becomes too dark to write and consequently I will have to get up soon in the morning to finish it in time for the mail. Such a thing as a candle we very rarely see. Occasionally the Dutchers bring into camp some very sorry Tallow candles for which they ask  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $50\%$ . It would require at least two of them to furnish light long enough to write a letter by, even were I disposed to be so extravagant. We had quite a pleasant drill this evening and the two hours to me, passed off very pleasantly. There were six or eight Regiments out on the field drilling at the same time. There was a Boap Band on the field to play for us all the time, and I enjoyed the music finely. It is getting too dark to write any longer to

night, and therefore I close until morning  
Wednesday. Morning March 18<sup>th</sup>. Last night very soon  
after I stoped writing, I was taken with a very severe  
pain over my left eye, and I suffered tortures for two  
or three hours. Finally I went to the Surgeon and got  
a dose of morphine which reliev'd me in fifteen minutes  
I cannot imagine what caused it, unless it was being out  
in the sun yesterday evening. I feel all right again  
this morning, except a little dull and stupid from the  
effects of the Morphine. The long looked for has come  
at last. Hoodmyle arrived last night bringing a  
Pa. Pants, Shirt, Under Shirt and pr Socks for me and a  
letter from your own dear Self. I was truly glad of  
the arrival. The Pants I have not tried on yet but I  
fear that they are too long, but that is a fault I can  
very soon have remedied, as we have two very good  
Tailors in our Regiment. The Shirt comes in very good  
time. I have seven Shirts but they are all wearing  
out very badly and will soon be entirely unsewable.  
Tell Mother when she makes any more goods for Shirts to  
save me a couple as I shall need them in all probability  
by the time I have another opportunity of getting any  
thing from home. I gave Newt his shirt, Drawers

and socks and the towel that the clothes were put up  
in. I named also a quilt which I neglected to mention  
before. I am all right now in the clothes line and  
will be all right for some time to come. I had my  
gray uniform coat renovated by a tailor in Shelbyville  
last week. He put new lining in it and put on a new  
collar and cuffs and charged me only the "reasonable price,"  
as he said, of fifteen Dollars. Being bold seems to have  
been all concerned in making charges for any and every  
thing. They always charge the greatest price they can get  
without any regard to the real value of the articles or the  
work done. My coat looks about as well now as when  
it was new and without an accident will I think  
last me another year. If I should have to remain in  
service that long, I had sent to Mobile for a pair  
of boots and a cap. I expect they will cost me a small  
price when I get them. Your letter and Hoodin's  
both informed me that you and the children were well,  
that you had commenced planting corn and were getting  
along very well, and that the seed sown in your  
garden had all come up and were looking very well.  
I am truly glad to hear that you are getting along  
so satisfactorily. I must have one or two letters

Camp Near Shelbyville, Tenn.  
Tuesday, March 17th, 1863.

My Dear Bettie:

My last letter to you was a short one and enclosed is one addressed to your Papa, and I think it very probable that the present effort to write again will wind up with one equally as short. It is remarkably dull in camp today, there being no news of any interest afloat. Some of the officers are trying to amuse themselves by having a jumping match while others are strolling lazily about through the camp, their thoughts doubtless wandering back to the loved scenes of home, while I am sitting here in my tent pinning my thoughts to the thee, the idol of all my affections.

I fully expected a letter from you this morning but unfortunately we had no mail, owing I understand to a failure to make the connection some where on the road. We did not get any papers either which I regret very much as they usually afford us reading matter for a few hours every day and serve considerably in whiling away the dull monotony of camp. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Joe Lee which consumed nearly all the idle time I had during the day. I have not written to Bro. Lyles yet, but will do so in a few days if nothing happens to prevent me. It is now three o'clock P.M. the time for Battalion Drill, and as Col. Buck is too unwell to drill and Col Dennett is a member of a board of examiners which is now in session for the purpose of examining applicants for discharged under the provision of the conscript Act; I will have to drill the Regiment.

I have just returned from drill and it is so late in the evening now that I will not have time to finish my letter before it becomes too dark to write and consequently I will have to get up soon in the morning to finish it in time for the mail. Such a thing as a candle we very rarely ever see. Occasionally the butchers bring into camp some very sorrow Tallow candles for which they ask 37½ to 50¢. It would require at least two of them to furnish light long enough to write a letter by, even were I disposed to be so extravagant. We had quite a pleasant drill this evening and the two hours to me, passed off very pleasantly. There were Six or Eight Regiments out on the field drilling at the same time. There was a Brass Band on the field to play for us all the time, and I enjoyed the music finely. It is getting too dark to write any longer to night and therefore I close until morning.

Wednesday Morning March 18th. Last night very soon after I stopped writing I was taken with a very severe pain over my left eye and I suffered tortures for two or three hours. Finally I went to the Surgeon and got a dose of morphine which relieved me in fifteen minutes. I cannot imagine what caused it unless it was being out in the sun yesterday evening. I feel all right again this morning except a little dull and stupied from the effects of the morphine. The long looked for has come at last. Hoodenpyle arrived last night bringing a pr. pants, shirts, under shirt and pr. socks for me and a letter from your own dear self. I was truly glad of the arrival. The pants I have not tried on yet, but I fear that they are too long, but that is a fault I can very soon have remedied as we have two very good Taylors in our Regiment.

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The shirt comes in very good time. I have seven shirts but they are all wearing out very badly and will soon be entirely unservisable. Tell Mother when she makes any more goods for shirts to save me a couple as I shall need them in all probability by the time I have another opportunity of getting any thing from home. I gave Newt his shirt, drawers, and socks and the towel that the clothes were put up in. I received also a quilt which I neglected to mention before. I am all right now in the clothes line and will be I trust for some time to come. I had my Grey uniform coat renovated by a Taylor in Shelbyville last week. He put unew lining in it and put on a new collar and cuffs and charged me only the "reasonable price" as he said of fifteen dollars. Every body seems to have lost all conscience in making charges for any and every thing. They always charge the greatest price they can get without any regard to the real value of the articles or the work done. My coat looks about as well now as when it was new and without an accident will I think last me another year if I should have to remain in service this long. I have sent to Mobile for a pair boots and a cap. I expect they will cost me a sweet price when I get them. Your letter and Hoodenpyle both inform me that you and the children were well, that you had commenced planting corn and were getting along very well, and that the seed sown in your garden had all come up and were looking very well. I am truly glad to hear that you are getting along so satisfactorily. I must have one or two letters behind yet. You mention in your letter by Hoodenpyle of having written me a few days previously. I suppose they will come along after a while. This was our regular week to go on picket, but fortunately for us another Brigade was ordered to take our place for this week, so you will not have to go until next Monday. God Bless the Dear little Children. They all say tell Papa howdy for them. Oh how I long to see you all again. Tell them all howdy again for Pa. The Post Master is ready to go so I must close. May God in Mercy bless you my dearest Wife.

Good Bye,  
Your Devoted Husband,  
Newton.