

Camp Curtin Near Harrisburgh
January 8th 1861 [sic]
[should be 1862]

Dear Wife,

I have waited anxiously for nearly a week to hear from you. I cannot wait longer. I must converse with one I love by the medium of the pen. It always gives me comfort to write to you and my heart always feels the lighter for frequent communications with you. I have felt quite sad all day to day owing to the state of my health. I have not been well at all to day scarcely able to be around but feel better this evening. Have just returned from a regular Nazarite prayer meeting where 30 or 40 Dutch Irish and Americans were all praying at the same time. I could not understand one word there was so much confusion. You know that I do not enjoy such meetings at all but do enjoy a quiet meek and humble prayer meeting where the spirit of God seems to flow meekly and harmoniously from soul to soul.

Oh that I could have one of our good sweet sessions of prayer with our dear Brothers and Sisters of Bradford(?).

We are still at Harrisburgh and I do not think that we will leave the State this Winter. It is my opinion that when we move again it will be to Philadelphia. I want to come home very much to see you. I enjoy myself as well as can be expected separated from my family. Ezra Holmes got a letter from home today. Emma McCarte died on the 4 inst. Nahay(?) has lost his last with that fearful and fatal disease Diphtheria. I feel thankful that I did not leave you there. I could not rest easy one moment. They seem to loose every case of diphtheria that has occurred since I left Bradford. Johnson is mourning considerable on account of my absence. He says[sic] it was entirely wrong my leaving and that I ought to come back.

Bro. Porter pledges himself to send two recruits in my place if the Col. will let me come home.

The legislature set on Tuesday last so Clark(?) is in the city now is hawling Enos Parsons over the coles[sic]. He says he has got him where he will give him a steady home for a while. It is on the Treasury money that he embezzled. I wish you would send me a dozen good mince pies. I think I would know what to do with them. I am messing at present with Quarter Master Holmes and Capt. Backus and C.D. Webster. We live in pretty good stile[sic] or at least you would think so if you were out of sight and could here us ask to have this dish and that dish and this sauce and that sauce this fowl and that fowl passed and will you have some of the Camvas(?) Buck Duck or Caperon or Fricassed Chicken Turkey and the like. These however are all imaginary and exist only in name but we must keep up appearances. Enclosed I send a card of Generals(?) for Ada. Give her a good kiss for me and tell her that she must send some word to me.

The Judge and Charley send their respects to you. You must let me know where to direct my next. I will send this to Cleveland as I think perhaps you may be there by this time. If not you will find it when you get there.

No news of importance to write.

I will write you again on the receipt of your next. Until then believe me yours in
love.

N.F. Marsh