

Camp Curtin near Harrisburg Pa.

January 14, 1862

Dear Wife,

It is almost two weeks since I have received a letter from you and every day seems to be about a week. Do not delay so long again. I think that your letters must have been miscarried. I have had the blues for a week and they are caused by nothing else only that I do not hear from you. I wrote to you last week and directed to Cleveland. The 16th is the last day of grace for us to fill up this Regt. and we are only about half full.

We have not received one cent of pay as yet and I have only nine cents in cash and a few postage stamps left and a few dollars lent which I cannot get in again until we receive pay from government. You do not know how near homesick it makes me to not hear from you. Once or twice I have come near crying because I did not get a letter and would had it not been for the name(?) of it. I keep all your letters and when I am disappointed by the mails I get the old ones and read them over again which is some consolation to me. C.D. Webster received a letter from home today. Mo Morrison(?) has lost his girl. We hear of some new death every time there is a letter from Bradford.

I am having a very comfortable time of it. I sleep in C.M(?) Holmes' marquee(?) with C.D. Webster and E. Holmes and we draw our rations and Capt. Backus ... cooks them and we all eat together. All commissioned officers board themselves and they buy what they have a liking for and we that is C.D.W., E.Holmes and myself come in for a share of the good things which makes a good living for us.

I am sure of my situation as soon as we are filled but when that will be I cannot tell until then I will receive only private's pay.

I want to see you very much. Oh had I the wings of a dove how soon would I taste your sweet lips again and press you to my bosom again.

I wish you would get a photograph of you and Ada and send to me. I will send you one soon. I should have sit before this for a photograph only I did not want one in private's uniform and I have no citizens dress here also you may knit me a night cap something such of Ada's cap only have a cape in the back of the neck.

You can send it in a newspaper.

I shall send you something as soon as I have the means to do so with. I think some little thing sent by your hands will be treasured up. It will be the next thing to seeing you. I have thought of you a great deal for a few days back. I have feared that you were sick or something else.

I do not feel in mood of writing this evening and will close hoping soon to hear from my much loved wife. I subscribe myself yours in love. N.F. Marsh