

Camp Jewett Whiteford Jan 3<sup>d</sup> 1863.

My dear wife:-

What is the reason I do not hear from you? It is now nearly two weeks since I have received a thing from home. I have no doubt but you write, but that don't satisfy me. You cannot conceive what a blank it makes to have the mail come in and I get nothing from you. Perhaps you have the same difficulties to encounter; but I can assure you that I have not failed to write to you once a week and some times oftener. I told Mr Newcomb to tell you how it was. Perhaps you have not seen him.

You must feel some what uneasy about our situation if you got my last letter, but all is well we had no fighting. You may believe that we were in a stew for two or three days, and we look mighty sharp in every direction now. I believe I told you that I had an invitation to dinner on the day of our expected fight & this was to win us immortal glory. Well we did not lose our dinner, and such a dinner for us poor devils. Our host was a true type of a southern gentleman, and withal a Union man too. If it was not for gutted John I went then I certainly was when I came away. I am getting so fat that I told Dr Childs the other day that I did not know but I was going to have a letter of pigs. I have not a coat or pair of pants that I can button around me, and am getting worse every day. To go around with my pants unbuttoned has rather a shaming look, but I declare I can't help it, and as there are no women in our camp it does not seem quite so bad.