[On stationery illustrated with vignettes of seated allegorical figure and U. S. Treasury building in Washington.]

Fairfax Court House Virginia Oct. 20 1862

My Dear Wife Sarah

I now take my pen in hand to let you know how I am getting along I am well and hope you are enjoying the same Blessings at home

I received your kind and affectionate letter on Saturday and was glad to hear from home and to find you and little Romain Comfortable and in good health. There is a man in our Company by the name of J. L. Myers from the town of Ashford Cattaraugus County that had been unwell for three or four days and he was up about 12 o'clock last night and he said he felt better than he had and he laid down and about three oclock Horace Smith waked up and heard him breathing hard. Horace tried to wake him up but could not do it and they sent for the doctor and he says he is in a fit he thinks he will not live through the day. I have just been over to see him he has a brother here, they both slept in the same tent with Horace, this man was a stout and healthy fellow.

Tell Mr Smith to give himself no unnecessary trouble about Horace he is one of the toughest Boys in the regiment do not feel bad about your Marion for I think I shall come out all right give my best respects to Mr Smiths Folks and tell them I would like to see them Very much

I wrote to you last thursday to send me some Postage stamps but forgot to send you any envelopes but will send some to day it takes about six days for a letter to come from york state so when you get this you write often for nothing makes a soldier feel better than to hear from the loved ones at home

There is a chance for any of the soldiers that wants to enlist in the navy and to go aboard of a Vessel for the term of three years What do you think Sarah of my enlisting I will do just as you say about it I will wait untill I hear from you

it is very Cold here to day you must Excuse me for not writing better but my fingers are so cold that I can hardly hold a pen—I wrote in the last letter that I sent that sachel home by young Williams that lives to Cadiz—he said he would leave it at the Post Office—if you have not got it you can send down and get it—when you write again let me know whether you got it or not you though[t] I could not read your letter but I could read it and I have read it twenty times since I am far away from home but you and little Romain is in my mind all of the time but I hope the time is not far distant when I can clasp you both in my arms once more—give me love to your Mother and Father and tell them that I think of them—ask Maria if she is mad at me yet—I hope she is not—ask ann if she has forgotten Marion—tell her I would like to see her—No more this time—But remaining your affectionate

Marion

Sarah Romain
Sarah Sarah keep this until I get home Marion