

Camp Winfield Scott, Apr 28th

Dear Mother

I have a last found a little time to write to you again. I have just come in this morning from picket. Yesterday it did not seem like Sunday I was lying behind four rails all day dodging rifle bullets and some of them came rather to close for comfort. My hand was lying on one of the rails and a ball struck the rail about two inches from my hand. I made up my mind then that I had no bussiness showing any part of my boddy, for it was shure to be a mark. We lay so close to the forts that we could hear the rebels call the roll night and morning. I did not hear any names called that I know. When I first began doing picket duty I liked it verry much, but I have changed my mind and must say that I had rather stay in camp and only go when it comes my turn which is twice a week. I was out last Wednesday and came near being frightened out of my boots, the rebels fired twenty or thirty rounds of shell and grape at the pickets and a part of men at work just back of us they opened so sudden and fired so fast that when the firing was over I found myself about half burried up in the sand. I think if they had fired a few shots more I should have been in out of sight. The rebels may think it a good joke to fire those things at us, but I can't see where the laugh comes in. Our batteries threw a few shell into their breast works yesterday and I had the fun of seeing them run so I shall consider myself partly paid for the fright that they gave me the other day. You ask if I went out with Gen Porter when I was called on to go. I went of course I cant see why you should think that I did not go. I see by the papers that you are having some heavy floods up there and you speak of Taxes being so high that you can not live. I do not think that you have any right to speak of taxes, if you could see the country where an army has been you would be willing to pay four times the amount that you have to pay now rather than have them come near you this was the most beautiful place that I ever saw the day that we came here, but it is sadly changed now. I do not think the owners would know their own farm if they were to see them now trees are cut down roads build in every direction heavy breast works are thrown up and batteries are planted in every corner It does not seem possible that so much could be accomplished in so short a time I do not think it will be many days before the dance will open I wish it was over for I do not care about staying here much longer. If my clothes have not got home yet I do not think they will get there at all it will not matter much only for your Valisse. I should not like to have that lost. I think Soap Bennett must have been very foolish to hang himself I always thought that he did not know much and now I am shure of it. Please remember me to all and write soon.

Your aff Son

CJH