

Harrisons Landing VA August 10th

Dear Mother

It is once more sunday and we have not moved yet as I expected when I wrote you last We have been under marching orders all the week and ready to go at any minute. I think when we do go we shall go down the river on the boats and then up the Potomac. I am only guessing at it, do not know anything for certain. Our box has not come yet but think it will some time this Summer if nothing happens, there is so much Express matter to come that it takes a great while to get anything through. We are living pritty well now for soldiers. We get plenty of potatoes and onions a little cabbage and have had soft bread once. So taking the rations with what we can buy I manage to get up some pritty good dishes. I think they would taste good to a civilized person providing they were pritty hungry. I am glad that Uncle Samuel has waked up and is going to have some soldiers. I think if they get them in the field pritty soon that the war will not last long but there has got to be some hard fighting done yet. I have seen enough of the rebs to find out that they are not easily whipped out and will fight just as long as there is any sight for them at all. I hope poor Boas will not be obliged to go but if he does he can get a team to drive and get twenty dollars and a half per month and not have any fighting to do. We are having some hotter weather now than I have seen before if it keeps growing hot all the month as it has so far I dont know what will become of us all the heat and flies together make out to keep a fellow pritty bussy day and night. The flies are very thick and they keep a fellow on the jump all the time to keep from being eat up. We blow up thousands of them every day but it does no good. They boys from New Berlin are all well now except Haskins and he is getting along first rate, but most all of our company is sick we only have ten men for duty. One of the Cheng Valley boys told me that Harrington had got back to Cheng Valley. We have just got orders to put all our baggage on board of the boats. I cant tell where we are going but I think up to help Pope. Everything is all confusion now and I cant write any more. Tell Gust that Bill Doubelday starts for home tomorrow. I have sent my pistol by him. I will write again as soon as we get somewhere.

Your Aff Son

Cyrus J Hardaway