

Near Fredericksburg February 8th 1863

Dear Mother

I suppose in order to be a dutiful son, I must write at least once a week, but mother it is very hard work to write when there is nothing to write about and such is the case now. Just after I had written my letter last Sunday I heard that somebody wanted to see me down to the Station so I started off got part way down there and met Gust and his father. I was very glad to see them but they were in such a hurry to get away that I was almost sorry that they had come at all. They did not stay long enough to get any idea of Soldering, but perhaps they were satisfied with what they got. We had to move camp the day after they left. We have got a nice camp now and plenty of good hard wood. I have got my house fixed up in good style. One of the boys in the company got an express box yesterday. It was started the same week that mine was and everything was very nice. He gave me some mince pie. It was the best of any thing that I have seen lately. The Quarter Master has gone down to the Creek today after the rest of the boxes and they will be up to night or tomorrow. It has been snowing and raining all the week but the weather is beautiful to day it makes me think of May at home. The 9th army Corps are leaving here on the cars they have been going for the last two days. The report is that they are going to Henborn North Carolina. I hope they will send us down to Texas or some where else for I have been in Virginnia long enough. We are going to have services to day at half past one, probably by some drunken Chaplain. We have never had anything but drunken preaching since we have been here. If Gust has got home tell him I will write to him in a few days. No more at present.

Your Aff Son CJ Hardaway