

Near Fredericksburg January 11th 1863

Dear Mother

As it is Sunday I suppose I must write but I am sure that I can't tell what to write about for every thing is so dull at present. It rained pretty hard all day yesterday. That is the only thing that has happened lately. The weather has been remarkably fine for the last six weeks. I suppose now though it is getting to be time for pretty rough weather but if it don't come at all I shall be just as well suited. There was a grand review of our corps the other day by Burnside he rode the whole length of the lines and did not get a cheer. That is one thing that McClellan could not do the men would cheer him even if he told them not too. The men look at him (Burnside) as a man to be obeyed only, not to be loved like McClellan. Charley Field has just been here. I have had a long talk with him. We have talked about everyboddy at home and I believe it has done me good. He is verry sociable and Splendid looking fellow and likes to tell big stories as well as his father. We did not get any mail last night if we had I presume I should have had a letter from you think I shall get one tonight. I guess I won't try to write anymore now for there is nothing to write about.

Your Aff Son C.J. Hardaway