

Near Fredericksburg Mar. 8th 1863

Dear Mother

I have not had my usual ration of mail but will write because it is Sunday. It has been very lonesome here to day for the most of the regiment is out on picket. They were sent out this time by detail so it did not fall on me to go for a wander. It is the first time that I have been lucky enough to get out of it. There was a lot of Express matter came up to day and among the rest that box that had my shirts in it, but the shirts were not there. Bucks boots and Smith Hights boots were both gone and an old worn out pair put in their place. I found some currants put up in a round can with my name on it in another mans box. I suppose it must have come out of that box of Bucks. The box of Mrs Maynards has not come yet. All of the boxes are opened now by order of the General and for their benefit. I suppose they want the whisky. I wish somebody would put up a few bottles of liquor and make it pretty strong with prussic acid. I think that would do them as much good as anything they could take. It would make their nerves quiet anyway. I hope you will hear favorable news from New Orleans before a great while for I have staid here as long as I want to. They say change of pasture makes fat calves. I think it would be good in my case. Cant write any more now.

Your Aff Son CJ Hardaway