

West Point May 10 th 1862

Dear Mother

I have not heard from you yet but shall continue to write once a week as long as I am able to do so. Time gets away so fast that I can hardly keep track of the weeks to say nothing about the days. There was quite a heavy battle at Williamsburg last monday, we could hear the guns all day and expected to be called upon all day but did not go, had just got nicely to bed when the order came to fall in for a fight. That means with only haversack and canteen on. It came rather tough for the rain was pouring down in torrents but the regiment has not turned out so many men at one time since we left Washington as it did that night. We were formed in line in five minutes from the time we were called which is called pretty good time for a regiment to get out in. We stood in the rain about fifteen minutes and got pretty well soaked and then we were ordered back to our tents to await orders, did not have to come out again that night and have had a pleasant time since. Spent two days in Yorktown looking things over. I think if the rebels will leave such a place as that is that they can not make a stand any where. We went aboard the boat at dark and in the morning we woke up and found ourselves at West Point. There had been quite a skirmish here a day or two before we got here, and some fifty or sixty of our men killed. They were just burying the dead as we landed. It looks rather hard to see them put in trenches without any coffin but I suppose it is just as well so as any way. I have talked with a number of wounded men that were in the fight and they say that the niggers are the worst men in the rebel army. They cut two or three of our mens throats after they were wounded from ear to ear. The pickets have orders now to shoot every nigger they see outside of the lines. I think the order will be obeyed too the mark. Every man here swears vengeance on the black devils. When we were lying before Yorktown Porters divission had all the work to do becaus they were in the advance. Now some other divission has taken the head and we are held in reserve for which I am not verry sorry. We are encamped now in a large wheat field of about fifty acres. The wheat is about four inches high. It seems to bad to tread it down but it has no bussiness to be Secesh. We have had our Sharps rifles nearly a week now. The are the most beautiful piece I ever saw. They are shure of a rebel anytime at half a mile. There is not much more that I can think of to write about now, as soon as I get to Richmond I will write again would like to hear from you before I start.

Your aff Son
C J Hardaway