

Near Fredericksburg May 24th 1863

Dear Mother

I suppose I shall have to write my Sunday letter just because I have got in the habit of it. There is nothing under the sun that I can write about, only the weather. It is now two weeks since we have had any rain here and every thing is dried up. There is nothing here to look green except a few scattering pines and they are not large enough to make any shade. So we have pretty hard work to keep cool. George Jacobs was over to see us last night. He looks better than I ever saw him before. Our Orderly Sergeant has deserted so that leaves me in his tracks but I hope I shall not have to stay here long. The Captain tells me that there will be a chance for me here before a great while but I dont care about staying here any longer than I can help. Have not heard from N.O. yet, but expect to every day. I hear that Gust has made an attack on Rhode Island and has been partly successful, is that so. So hot that I cant write any more

Your Affectionate Son
Cyrus J Hardaway