

New Iberia La November 22nd 1863

Dear Mother

It is Sunday once more & I suppose that I must write just for the sake of keeping in practice. There is nothing to write about so I cant write much of a letter. Since I wrote you last we have moved down on the back track about 25 miles. The Steam boats run up here every day but we do not get any news papers. So we dont know what is going on in the world any more than we should if we were the other side of the rocky mountains. The report is now that we are to stay in our present position about two months but I hardly believe it. I have had the rheumatism in one of my legs about a week, so that I have to walk just like old Chandler. So you can immagine that I have considerable fun poked at me, but that dont make my leg any easier. I have not seen much of Foote lateley for our camps are some ways apart but I guess he is getting along all right. I suppose that I ought to write to Libbie but I shall have to wait for something to write about before I do it. We have horse races here quite often. Col Per Lee. has got a horse that beats everything & he is making considerable mony out of him. I have not been to any of the races yet. Please remember me to all the people.

Your Affectionate Son
C.J. Hardaway