

Near Fredericksburg November 27 1862

Dear Mother

I suppose that you have had thanksgiving today and probably have had enough to eat, but it has been different here. All that I have had is four crackers and about two ounces of pork and a little coffee. The roads are so bad that they can not haul up rations enough to feed half the men that there is here, but I suppose that we shall get plenty as soon as the rail road is repaired. I received your letter containing the five dollars for which I am verry thankful. Also the paper and envelopes. I should not have thought of sending home for money but will keep this now that it is here. I am thankful that I have got so good a mother. You need not send me any blankets nor anything else at present for I do not think it will be worth while. It would be nothing strange if we went into winter quarters here, for if they can not get grub enough for us here I do not know what the object will be in moving us farther on to starve. It will be just as cheap to starve us here as it will to go farther on. I have been promoted to second Sergeant. My promotion will probably date from the first of November. My pay is now seventeen dollars a month. That will make up for five that you have sent me. We are encamped up in the woods and the smoke is so thick that it almost puts a persons eyes out. We shall all come out smoke tanned in the spring. I cannot write any more at present.

Your Aff Son

Cyrus J Hardaway