

Sharpsburg Oct 28th 1862

Dear Mother

I have not heard from home in more than a fortnight. I can not account for our mail. The most of the other regiments here get their mail regularly but we can't get ours. I think likely that it is some fault of our officers. I have been trying to write for the last four or five days, but it has been so cold and rainy that I could not get warm enough to write. It is quite pleasant today but quite cold so that I have to sit by the fire and the smoke almost puts my eyes out. It was so cold last night that I could not sleep in the tent, so I got up and sat by the fire nearly all night. It is not very pleasant sitting up so but I think it a little cheaper than it would be to freeze to death.

We have been under marching orders since Sunday morning but have not got away yet. I think now that we shall have to wait for another rain before we go as the other rain did not raise the river quite enough to spoil the crossing. I think if they try to carry on an active campaign without giving the men clothing and blankets there will be a great many desertions. The men have not been paid in four months and there is a great deal of grumbling going on. It is rather amusing to see them rally on a sutter and pedelars they form a ring around the waggon and when they get thick enough two or three will tip the waggon over and then comes the grand rush, each man for himself. Some get pies some cake and some get a loaf of bread it is all done so quick that the poor pedelar does not have a chance to say a word and even if he did it would not do him any good. We see such things every day and once in a while get a hand in for a pie or loaf of bread. I hope we shall be paid soon and then such things are done away with. My fingers are getting stiff with cold and I will wind this up.

Your Aff Son

CJ Hardaway