

Washington Oct 5th 1862

Dear Mother

It is once more Sunday and a beautiful morning too. Everything is so still and quiet that it almost makes me home sick. I wish this cursed war would end, but I guess wishing wont do much good if it would it would have been ended long ago. The teams did not get along as I expected they would last week so I could not get away to the regiment as I wanted to. There is some trouble about the regiment and I hear that they are coming back to Washington in a short time. Gov. Morgan will not give any of the officers in the New York Companies Commissions and they can not get any pay so I think from that that the regt may possibly be disbanded as four of the companies are from New York. I understand that Capt Tuckerman has resigned all ready I dont care much what they do if I can only get out of it I got news yesterday that my old tent mate was dead he died in Philadelphia his name was Ferguson from Cherry Valley. He was the best friend I had in the Company and it seems almost like loosing a brother. He and Harrington and myself commenced the campaign together last spring and I am the only one left, that makes six that has died out of our Company. There are only twelve sound ones left the rest are all in hospitals and discharged. I went to look at our old camp ground yesterday. It seemed a good deal like getting home. I should have cried and tried to have been sentimental if there had been anyboddy to look at me but as there was not, I passed along without making any fuss. I went through Glenwood Cemetery. It is the most beautiful burying ground I ever saw. I think from the way I write that I must be loosing all my Grammar. I did know how to write once but I have pritty much forgotten how now if I stay in the army six months longer I shall not know anything. I think I will go to Church this morning so I shall have to stop writing.

Your Aff Son

CJH