

Washington Sept. 21st 1862

Dear Mother

I have changed my quarters again and have got down near the capital and depot. There is so much going on at the rail road that it makes lively times and time passes away more pleasantly than it did on the other side of the river. Every train that comes in brings lots of new recruits they are all blood thirsty and want to get into a fight it is rather amusing for an old veteran like myself to hear them talk. I reckon they will get enough of it. I have not heard from the regiment since they went away and dont care much if I never hear from them again. I am not near as lame as I was a week ago, but my back troubles me a good deal nights it aches so much that I cannot sleep but very little. Our Lieut has been paroled and has got back to Washington but I have not seen him yet, his brother died from the effects of his wound and was sent home. I understand that Capt Tuckerman is back but I have not seen him. I have not had any mail in some time and probably shall not get any untill I join the regiment. I am going to Church this afternoon if I do not get picked up by the guard on my way there. They do not allow any soldiers in the streets without papers there is no one here to give me a pass so I shall have to try it without one. McClellan has been successful the last week and I guess that the people begin to see that he knows as much as any of them yet I hope they will let him alone in the future. This half sheet of paper is all I have got now. My supply train has been cut off and I am surrounded unless my reinforcements come up pritty quick. I dont know what I shall do. I cant think of anything more to write about now Remember me to all

Your aff Son

CJ Hardaway