

Washington September 27th 1862

Dear Mother

I know it is my duty to write to you but it is rather a hard job to write a letter when there is nothing to write about. Every thing is dull here nothing going on at all and no news. The soldiers continue to come in at the rate of about two regiments per day. I am glad they are coming and think they cant come to fast. I was in the Capitol yard the other day it is the most beautiful spot I ever saw there are a great many very handsome flowers there now. I tried to pick one to send you but they would not let me I think if I had told them that I wanted it for my mother that I could have got it but I did not tell them so I saw Abraham and his wife riding in their carriage yesterday they looked very well I think she is the best looking man of the two. The Capitol is used for a hospital now. There are about fifteen hundred wounded men in it at present. The patent office has about as many men. All of the public buildings are used and a great many of the Churches. I look at every regiment that comes in to see if there is not some one in it that I know but I have not found any one yet. Has Footes regiment came in yet if it has I wish you would let me know also the number of it and the letter of his company. I wish you would get some gray flannel and make two shirts for me or have them made perhaps you could get a patern from Miss Buchanan as she sent some to Charley. I want one pocket in each shirt on the left side. Have the tails long enough so that they wont work up over my head. All of the army shirts have rather short tails. A dark bluish gray is the best color that you can get for it does not show dirt very easy if you see Harrington he can tell you just what I want you can get them made and I will write and tell you when to send them. The regiment is at Sharpsburg now I think I shall go to them Monday with the team. My legs are pritty lame yet but I do not like to stay here alone away from the company so I shall join them again legs or no legs. Cant think of anything more to write about at present

Your Aff Son

Cyrus J Hardaway