



Camp near Stafford, court,
 house, Virginia Jan. 25, 1863.

Dear Mother:

I received your ^{letter} last night
 and was glad to hear that you
 were well and that the rest of
 the folks in old Hebron were
 enjoying good health too.

I am in good health at present
 and so are all the boys from
 Hebron I believe.

We have had ~~had~~ a pretty
 tough march since I have written
 we did not march so very far
 but it rained most all the
 time we were marching, we were
 on the road five days and I never
 saw so much mud it was ankle
 deep all the way some nights
 we staid in our tents and
 some nights we could hardly

get a place to lay down there
was so much mud one night
I spent by a fire with no
blanket or anything else to keep
the rain off excepting my overcoat
it was raining all night and
I began to think that it was
so ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~erig~~ ^{erig} in earnest before it
got light the next morning
my things were packed up with
Colonel Wortens and the teams
got behind and so I could not ^{up}
get them out ^{untill they caught} of the wagon
I did not have to carry anything
on the march and I had a horse
to ride when I wanted to ride
and so I got along pretty well
we are ten miles from
Fredericksburg and I expect
that soon I shall have the
pleasure of sending a few ~~lead~~
~~ed~~ leaden balls in among the

rebel and I tell you it
will be a pleasure if I ever
do get a chance to show my
love towards them in the
form of a rifle ball.

Mother I have often heard
you say that we had always
ought to do ~~unto~~ to others
as we would have others do
to us. I am most afraid that
plan wont work with a
soldier if we go into battle
I shall try and shoot
some body, and I cant say
that I would have them try
to shoot me but if they
do I will try and submit
to it cheerfully and say
let Gods will be done always
its hard to die far from home
and friends and in a strange
land but there has a good many

died so and I dont know
 as my life is any ~~set~~
 sweeter to me than theirs
 was to them. but some
 body has got to be killed
 and so we all have got to
 stand our chances all
 I ask is that the rebels
 may soon be whiped out
 and I am willing to do my
 part in fighting them
 untill they are whiped
 for I have soldiered about
 long enough without doing
 anything and now I want
 something done and I am
 willing to do my part
 but I must close tell
 John to send me a news
 paper once and awhile
 and do up some envelopes
 in them if I send my love
 to you and all the family
 pleas write soon from your
 } excuse this poor } Son Harry
 } writing and all }
 } mistakes } Harry }