Dear Mhoda I sopose you will think that I have moved when you will see the heding of this letter but we are still in the same place but our Colonel has named this Camd in honer of a man by the name of James Manly and he treated the recement with a drink of whisky last nite I an well and have just been out on drill one hour and am now sitting on the box you sent me with a peace ft the top on my knees to write on I recieved a latters from you dated the 7 and 9 and one from Elinor and one from Elisabeth last week i wrote one to hur satterday and sunday she wanted to know if I seen any of the battle of fredriksbirg you will pleace tell hur that I did not the last day of the battle we came within three miles of fredricksbirg and staid over nite and all nex day and leaf nex nite after dark and went near the river in sight of the town and staid there four weeks we expected to have a fight before we got there we got word that there was a squad of rebble cavelry in dumfrieel a small town a few miles ahed of us we ware ordered to load and march on we son met a lot of petlers making their way back as fast as posable some with their wagons and others only their horses and others a fut but by the time we got there the were ; on in a nother derection we stait there over nite and tell noon nex day and I think that when we laft that there ware not many hens in town or hugs that ware fit to eat this was about 25 miles from fredericksbirg we could hear the cannon all the time it was friday nite we stayed there and on saterday we were told that the army ware being repulsed and we were wanted nex day but it was imposable for us to get there the worst sight I have seen or expect to see was on the bul run battle groun the first time we ware there was about a month after the . last battle there ware hets and arms scatered in the road and bodies

were pild in heaps and a little dirt throne over them and heds stuck out to one end and feet at the other my sheet is nearly full I mus come to a close keep up good cher and I hope the time will son come when I can come home

J D Quilliam