Camp is a cornfield 1 1/2 miles
from Cumberland on the
Potomac River, Va.
May 13th 1862

Dear Sister Quanda, I received your
letter this morning in the saddle. We
were packed to move at 7 A.M., after
infinite hurry, confusion and waited
tempers and bad language. Well we were to wait
for Franklin's division with artillery to
move; we sat and waited! tents all packed and
men ready to start in half an hour. Their
little pouches down on sleds on their backs.
It had rained all night and still rained and
had rained all day. We have moved one
mile a half! We have sat in the rain on
our horses I laughed at our discomfort and
waited and waited. Wagons would go down to
the boys here would acquire the down
floundering oxen's wagon-wheels and
Quartermasters would swear at us.
So we have
spent the day. Day before yesterday we marched
12 or 15 miles in an intense hot
sun, a suffocating dust equal to any
Equestrian or Desert a dust.