

Dear sister Harriette Baker.

I am in my tent to day not able
to work but I think I can write a
few lines to you and I want you
to write to me not make a fool of
your self. Write a little note don't
mount to a hill of beans that you
wrote to me.

I want you to set down and write
a long letter and as for the reading
part I can read them first Rate.
Our Capt. is a first Rate man.
His name is P. W. Williamson

He lives to Grand Rapids when he is
at home we have first ^{rate} order here the
holders like him him first rate
The Country is new here there is not
many settlers here they are not very
smart people there is plenty of negroes
here and wenches we have not had
the trouble here yet ^{with} the guerrillas

The hardmen have taken some
Prismers but they did not fite much
We have moved since we have ^{been} here
We moved a boat seven miles. we
are a boat fifty six miles north
West of North Nashville

Clarissa go down Sullor and
Get a mess of potatoes ~~and~~ and boil
them for me and send them to
morro morning for breakfast

For I am geting hungry for them
I have biscuit and sugar ^{to} eat

The Southers ^{sell things} sell smart potatoes
but they are the sweet potatoes
They are almost all gone now
Every thing here in the south
is very hie but we have plenty to
eat and we have Majors Farrend
to cook it. If Estlin is a hanging
around the grocers he had better
went to the ~~off~~ war with me
For I think that he wood stand

It better then I will you had
better give him a nother going over
And like a nup he will go to work
If they dont eney won come after
Them selves keep them. I dont see
How they happen to make the mistake
I do not think of eney more
So write at present.

You must rite as soon as you
Get this with out delay and
Send them postage stamps
Direct ~~to~~ your letters in this
Way and it ~~will~~ will come through
with out fail.

Roadside Mother,
Co. A. 1st Regiment. Eng. Mich-
Nashville, Tennessee,
in Car of Cap. J. W.
Williamson