

March the 29th 1869.

Dear Father & Mother,

I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am sick in the hospital but I hope this few lines will find you all well I have been in the hospital little over a week I am sick with the jaundis & bilious I am pretty weak but I have not been so be what I could sit up some every day I think I am gaining now.

The last letter I wrote to you was about the last of february. I sent some money for some stamps & the first of March we had orders to go to head quarters that is to chatahooga a bout one hundred & fifty miles from southe east of Nashville. I was not able to march through to the cars & they took my gun & a quipedge & put them away and sent them that war sick & me to Nashville they sent around us in