

Nov<sup>r</sup> 17 1863

Dear Wife by the  
Grace of Almighty God  
I seat myself to drop you  
a few lines to let you see that  
I am well to night and I hope  
those few lines ma find you and all  
the family I am writing by canal  
light in our house we have got  
in our winter Quarters at last  
we have got twelve cabins up  
and nighteen to put up yet  
Bob Ed got back this morning  
The helth of this ptalion is  
Beter there is a heap of sick  
here yet our mes is all beter  
but green he is in the hos pill  
yet I dont know whether we  
will have any piting soon or  
here I can here them running the  
blockade every day or too Sev  
Boats come in the uth day at one  
you at to see the boats that is here

I ~~enjoy~~ enjoy myself

Talareble well only  
home is a good place to this  
in its worst stage we draw  
cincinnati spike meet at crows  
from nasaw on the blockade runner  
thick middlen strong with salt  
petr that no one can eat it  
and smels bad and corn meal  
that is our rations and little rice  
and badly cooked and we cant  
by any thing here every thing is  
La Si flour is ~~100~~ one hundred  
dollars per barrel pork is 2 dollars a  
pound chicken is 5¢ a head but is 9  
¢ a pound aples is one dollar a apple tobacco  
is 6¢ a pound sweet potatoes is 15¢ a lb  
biscuits is 25 cts a biscuit I think some  
folks down here will starve  
I must come to a close I want you  
to do the best you can and that  
will satisfy me I dont no when  
I can come home not soon idont  
supose. When this you see remember me  
Ch. J. Caldwell [42]

