

'Way down in Ole Virginia',
In Camp, April 8th. 1863.

Dear Brother Willie,

I have set down an
purpose to write to you, & answer your let-
ter. You must not think that I forget my
little brother, because I do not write to
you as often as you do to me.

I wonder what you are doing now?
And perhaps you will wonder what
I am doing, & how I am getting along.
You would think everything very strange
if you were to be with me for a day,
& see all that I see, & hear all that
I hear; The life of the soldier in camp
is so different from that of people at
home. But I am used to it
now, that it is almost a second
nature to me. I think it would seem
very odd, for awhile, not to hear
the beating of drums, during the
day, the Reveille in the morning

and Tattoo at night; and not to see soldiers drilling; and not to live in a tent, & eat off a tin plate; and to sleep in a bed with sheets, what a luxury that would be!

Yesterday, at the Review, which I have told Mother about, in my letter, I saw a very little drummer Boy, not much larger than you, though he was 12 years old. He looked quite comical, with his drum, almost as large as himself. As I looked at him, I could not pity the little fellow, so far away from parents & friends, bearing the hardships of Army life.

I cannot write you any more now, but will some other time.

Be a good Boy; learn all you can, & try to please Mother & Father, & not to cause them trouble & anxiety.

Your Brother,

Rush P. Cady.