

Kidas Mills Va May 25/62

Dear Parents & Sister

I am well & hope you all are  
I got letter No 30 last night  
You did not see the the one before  
Cowdry was between 19 & 20

We did not get to West Point until  
after the battle there

I found some cloves in a paper  
you sent they were just what I  
wanted I got papers from you  
yesterday I've got writing paper  
stamps and everything you've sent  
all right You want to know how  
many I've shot - well - well you  
just look in the papers & see  
how many has been killed on the  
rebel side & then guess how many  
I've killed

We live high I can tell you

All we have had for the last  
3 days is hard bread & coffee  
part of the time without sugar.  
The roads are so d-d bad that  
the teams cannot get along with  
the quartermasters stores.

We are within 10 or 12 miles of  
Richmond but there seems to  
be a slight impediment in the  
way just now in the shape of  
a lot of men vulgarly called  
rebels but they have got to move  
for we got to do provost duty  
in Richmond rebels or no rebels  
I wish to God I was in Hell  
or Reading or Hell anywhere but in this  
devilish country for I am about  
worn out There is no news all we  
get is what comes from Boston  
papers. We dont pretend to  
believe New York ones at all  
I dont believe there will be

much of a fight in this  
place I think they will leave  
for the Cotton states I hope so  
but dont care much anyway  
Our Capt has come as far as  
Fort Monroe & is sick there  
Probably he thinks there will be  
a fight there & he will wait  
until it is over. There is one  
thing certain & that is he is  
not wanted out here

I should like to look in the  
Closet & see some of the victuaries  
you write about that would be  
some consolation

We have not been paid off yet  
although our pay roles are all  
ready now

I was about 10 feet from where  
that shell struck that went  
over **Web Green** it covered us  
all up in dirt I did not

explode It was a percussion  
one but the cap was not good  
we took it in pieces & got out  
the powder

I had one come nearer than  
that from one of our own guns  
& exploded so near that it  
knocked me down & filled me  
full of smoke It was at  
Yorktown when the secesh were  
trying to drive in our Pickets  
The rebels were coming up &  
I was out in front of our guns  
& they fired at them & the shell  
burst just as it got to me  
But you know a man that  
is born to be hung &c

Write soon I dont ask me  
to tell any more big stories  
If anyone wants to hear any  
damn them let them enlist  
& they will see all they want  
to  
Yours Truly J. Green