

December, <sup>2<sup>th</sup></sup> 8, 1862,

since I wrote to you yesterday I have been down to the rapahannock River where the rebels are encamped on the other side our pickets and the rebel pickets are not over 20 rods (apart they are in good speaking distance our pickets are on one side of the river and theirs on the other and the river is about as wide as the Catskill creek is at south Cairo our men and theirs speak together occasionally, I asked one of the rebs how he felt on his mind his answer was, I feel most damn sober, and I thought he did judging from the looks of the poor devil for he was all rags I could see them out on drill and see the color of there clothes some of them had on our uniform others had on grey clothes and all sorts of colors

I could look into the city of  
Fredricksburge and see the steeples  
on the churches and see folks going  
in the streets as you see I have been  
prity close to the warpents,  
full as close as I ever wish  
to be if I can keep away prity  
handay things are about the same  
here to day as yesterday I have no  
more to write excepting I and  
Nelson liked to laughed ourselves  
to death when we heard that  
Särmer bartlet was married we  
laughed about an hour right  
straight along: I will bid you  
good bye and stop

I shall <sup>send</sup> this letter to  
morrow morning

Good bye

Ezek G Miller