In Camp near Belmout, Virginia Jan 1863

Dear Parents

With pleasure to me I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well at present and hope these few lines will find you all in the enjoyment of the same good health. I received your letter as allow one for Edmond, Anna, Louisa, Henry, & Clara and I assure you they were read with pleasure by me to think although I am far away from you all I am not for got by you.

Dear Parents, I hardly know what to write, only every thing looks dark for our cause still I for one will never give up as long as there is a plank left of the Constitution to stand on. I do not blame the People of the North for demanding a forward movement and finding fault with the Administration for they expect a great deal of them.

But I do blame them for becoming divided and let Party feelings govern them instead of patriotism. led on by fumes in genuine shape we may it be said that these is these times to try men he is true to their Country for we are surrounded by traitors on all sides. Even our Genuile he we have put confidents in has been found guilty of treason.
others has let personal feelings govern them insted of patriotism and it seems to me that the time we get read of it men the better. To day it is raining quite hard but as we are in camp and the weather is quite mide we are all well. We had quite an adventure the other day and we all expect to have another fight with those that is trying to bankrupt our Government but we were deare to think we had done it for we had heard that left camp when it commenced to rain it rained for 24 hours and left the roads in such a state as it was almost an impossibility to travel over. I saw no less than 18 horses on one occasion and it was as much as they wanted to do to draw it out of one division amounting to train their was on less than 80 mules dropped dead. On look out I was out in that falling cold rain all the time with hardly any things to take with me as I did not hear a murmer of discontent and if any one should be dissatisfied it is the soldiers when wet and hungry has not eaten a honest to go in. I see the late news Franklin has been relieved from his command alls Burnside & Dunmore. And fighting to Hooker takes command of the Army of the Potomac all I hope is he will do some thing to fit it this war to an end we have the men the is willing to fight and anxious to do so if they will sunley he led on by a good man. General McClellan had never ought to have been removed from this army for we all had confidence in him and if any one could eave with the army it was him. For fine weather we have to turn out of our Tents all day light and form as Regimental line which is not very pleasant as the Morning is quite cold. We expect to get payed off in a little while and I hope so for the men wants their money. I received a letter from Martin Jones the other day she says she was to visit Aunt Charlies they are all well she says give my love to Edmund tell him I thank him for the package he sent me till Henry & Charles I thank them for writing to me and the first opportunity I get I will write to them. I also give my love and best wishes to Ann Louisa tell her I will write as soon as I can to her. I am glad that you have heard from John for I thought something had happened to him. I am also glad that Thomas has received your letters for I know what it is to not hear from home. I have very little more to say this time sunley I am quite well off for clothing and I have emm to eat we do not suffer in camp it is on a march the Soldier suff
Our Company is under 1st Lieutenant Davis; our Captain has been appointed Major in some other Regiment. Our present Brigade Adjutant General's name is Whealing. I suppose by the time the weather allows us to move we will have some other man over us as we have had no less than 4 since we have been in the service. We go on Picket 3 days out of 9 we can see the Rebels and talk to them and exchange papers with them. But instead of giving us a hole paper they cut all the news out of them.

This is nothing but a small stream of water that divides our pickets from theirs, and they say if you will not fire at me I will not fire at you.

Give my love to Pat tell him I am sorry to see things they way they are and I hope and pray after we get out of this scrape we will be a wiser and a better people. I will now fetch these few lines to a close so hopping this will find you well and hoping to see you soon I will close by sending love to you all.

Yet I remain your son,

Wm. Albright

To my Mother

Beck

Write soon of you.

Son.