

In the field near Warrenton Va Oct 15<sup>th</sup> 1863

My dear wife

We have moved a long distance since I wrote you yesterday and now I am now when I am expecting a bottle of ink to be writing on the head of the beam with the hot sun drying my ink as fast as I write, and one would think by the look of the writing a little father. But I promise the letter will be more the less acceptable for being poorly written on an dirty paper, it is all I now got and I pray for this in my medicine book which will account for its being soiled.

I'm sitting on a spot distant from us, they suggest we are in a attack, but it is thought they will, but we are in the best of spirits and all ready to go in. I could never see how men could be anxious to go into a fight when the chances were that they would be killed, But I can understand it now, yet I cannot explain it. We have our artillery in position, I can stand on a rise of ground near where I am writing and look over the field and see all the troops and it is a grand sight I can tell you. To tell you how indifferent we become to danger, will be to tell you my position as I am sitting. If the Rebels would open their battery on us