

[June 27, 1863]

Camp in the Field. Maryland Heights June 27th 1863

My dear wife -

I wrote a note to you yesterday & having a chance to send a letter to day. I thought I would write a few lines again. Just think, I am writing on a box surrounded by thousands of troops and the din of war on every side, every man full of excitement - and myself with the rest. Some great event is about to take place, and the uncertainty of that ~~that~~ ^{to take place} produces a state of mind that borders on madness or wildness - and think you see the truth of this statement when you read this and see the frequent errors in my composition. We are encamped on the Heights when we can look down into Harpers Ferry. The place is nearly deserted and there is not two houses in the State town that has any windows in them. The ground when the 9th surrounded lies directly beneath us. We have a splendid view of the rich and magnificent valley of the Potomac, there is no more splendid country in the world, but it lays in a barren waste,