

Camp near Wampano Junction Oct 31<sup>st</sup> 1863

My dear Wife,

I wrote a letter to you yesterday but having a little spare time on my hands I thought I could not dispose of it better than writing a few lines to you though I have not much of interest to write.

It rained here all night last night and the consequence is that we have been wallowing in the mud all day to day. But the afternoon is delightfully fine, the sun is shining bright and warm and we are drying our wet clothes. We have been gradually working back to our old position and we have now got most to our old camp near Sulphur Springs. We are repairing the R.R. that the Rebs destroyed when we left this section of the country in such great haste. It seems wicked that a country which is so splendidly beautiful one on which God has seen to calculate should be the delight of man intended for his uttermost enjoyment should be laid waste. Such ruin means not. It would be futile to attempt to portray the natural beauties of this part of Virginia, and yet it may be said to be God forsaken. And what has done it? The answer is simply this. The vile curse of Slavery. The blackest