

18

June 27, 1863

My dearest Lis,

We are still where we landed last night and all "quiet". Perhaps we were - - - - here towards night but no appearance of it yet.

This part of Maryland is really a beautiful country, with a fine and romantic scenery as one would wish to see. The dim outline of the Blue Ridge Mountains are seen away in the purple mist and at the north and east the south mountains enclose Middletown and Bolivar like a huge amphitheatre. The weather is still cool with occasional drizzling rain,--just right for marching--cool and no dust and plenty of water. From what I can learn the whole army of the Potomac is up here with the left wing at Harper's Ferry and the right at Fredericksburg facing north.

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The whole country about here is covered with encampments since yesterday morning. Our army is like a large serpent--it has to gather itself into a coil when preparing to strike a blow. We shall remain here until the coil is perfected when the cavalry, the eyes and ears of the army, will be sent forward and we shall then move as they advise.

Frederick N.Y.

Hoping this may be my last campaign and that I may soon be permitted to return home with the Rebellion crushed is my earnest prayer.

Love and kisses for yourself and children and regards to those who care to know anything of me. I am as ever your affectionate

Henry