

The steamer is waiting -
P.S. Enclose money copy this for Mr. Andrus -

Camp Butler, Newfort Lewis, Va.

June 11th 1861 -

My Dear Wife:

Tuesday -

I intend to write as often as I can to you and especially when any thing of more than ordinary interest occurs. Yesterday was an active but disastrous day for our troops, as to myself I am perfectly well with the exception of being rather stiff and feeling quite old - About eight o'clock Sunday evening the captains of the Woodstock, Bradford, Northfield, Burlington and Rutland Companies rec'd orders to get their men in readiness to march at midnight. None of them knew in what direction they were going, or what work was to be done. I had some intimation of what it was going earlier in the day, as the guides were taken from among the negroes, who have come under my charge, and I was directed to look up several trusty men who knew the road - I did so - Later in the evening I went to Col. Phelps to enquire if I could go with our company. He said I was expected to go with the guides. The reason that I asked the question is that the Col. had told me that I was to attend to my duties as Provost Marshall and nothing else. About half past eleven o'clock the men were called into line in perfect silence, each company on its own parade