

Camp Butler, Newport News, Va  
Tuesday Evng, July 23<sup>d</sup>. 1861.

My dear wife:

I got no letter from you tonight, but I have no reason to complain as I have heard from you nearly every day. I wrote you Sunday evening that we had just rec'd an order to be ready to move within three days. None of us knew what the order meant, whether for leave, for ditching or for fighting. We began to get things ready for a march, packed such things as we did not want, ready to send to the post and gradually got things into shape.

Tonight however the disastrous news from Mechanics Junction puts a new face upon matters and we are told that we shall not leave here until we get ready to go to Vermont. That we shall do by the second of Aug. Dr. Wainwright of the N.Y. 4<sup>th</sup> told me that he had seen an order from the Secretary of War, ordering three months regiments to be taken home in season to be mustered out of service by the expiration of the three months for which they were received. We shall leave to start from here by the second to get mustered out by the 8<sup>th</sup> or 9<sup>th</sup>. If you should happen to be sick while we are there you can telegraph & I can come home. But I hope that will not happen till