My dear Mr. Martin,

I wrote home this day after we got here telling you that we did not know exactly when we would leave this City but since we have heard when we must start, the orders were to leave here, the last of this month, for the North West, but they were changed by request of Capt. White to Harpers Ferry. He thought we could not march on foot over the mountains (which we would have had to have done). We were sworn in yesterday for 12 months unless sooner discharged, there are now 1,000 men here going to the North West.
They come in on two trains. The one considered the best
night before last. I was thinking of going down here yesterday
in on guard on the Railroad whilst we marched when the cars came up. Here through the streets amidst
the camp is on a hill just opposite avenue of bignets.
To ears. The real battalion drill. These are some of the best
I saw yesterday reviewed by the looking galls within here.
Wine from New Rome. Old days. I ever read
Tell Ike no letter of Weizel all. I will write to you and tell
of whom and speeches.
I was invited to the last night of Mr. Heizer and the we
was coming back must invited
to Mr. Heizer and to breakfast.
We have had strawberries three
times at camp. The people of the
town send in all sorts of things.
To us poor regular in any variety
of wheat bread beef and coffee
all very good except the bread.