

Fort Worthington  
June 1st 1864

Dear Mother

I wrote to you the other day but as I have a good opportunity of writing again I thought I would improve it. We are still at this fort and expect to remain about a week when some others will take it. Yesterday two of us of our detachment went to the city. After going some distance into the place we came upon the market, Where they had almost every thing for sale. We saw any amount of strawberries which sold at 15 cts a quart and lots of early peas. Is our large enough to eat yet. The market house was about five or six times as long as the one at Dayton and they have market every day in the week. We went on down and soon saw another one of about the same size then we went to the wharf which was full of little two masted vessels. the larger ones were out in the bay. We got a boy to row us over to Federal Hill for a half a dime. I saw George Phillip. He is appointed police serg[e]ant and was very busy when I saw him. He looks very well. Federal Hill is a commonsized Fort and they have about 800 men in it. It is most too small for so many.

It mounts 47 guns and is up on a bluff which makes it very hard to be stormed. From here we went to the Post Office, which is a very large one. Then we took the street car and went out to Druid Hill Park. Which was about 3 miles. We did not care so much for the Park as we did to see the city. The park is very pretty it has splendid drives through it and they are fixing it all the time. We saw several picnicks in it. Which made me think of home. As it was very near dinner time. We hurried back to the fort. I wish you would send me the Journal. Some of the boys get them and they are read by the whole company.

Well write soon and tell me what the news is and how you are all coming on. As it is nearly suppertime I must quit. For supper we are going to have freash bread molasses coffee, freash milk, rice, fried pork and maybe mush. We will have it fried for breakfast anyhow.

Have those photographs come from Oxford yet. When they do I wish you would send them to me.

Your Affec Son.  
John H. Patterson

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