



Newport Bldg. N.H.  
July 31<sup>st</sup> 1864

My dear Maria

The drums are just beating the tattoo to warn the men that it is bed time, but I must write you a few lines before retiring. - It is Sunday eve and I am in my little tent all alone and well situated for my mind to wander towards home with all its pleasant associations and I must say that at such times as these I am a little inclined to be homesick. I don't mean to say I am really homesick but I feel many times that the pleasures of Camp and of the field are of but little account compared with the pleasures I might enjoy at home with my