

Fort Forttown 70,
Aug 9th 1869

Dear Maria

It is Sunday night
and as every thing is quiet and I am
alone in ^{my} "Cottage by the sea" I will
scribble a little. This has been a very
warm day the warmest of the summer
I think, and the perspiration has flown
very freely all day. I wrote to Elias
this forenoon but it was such warm
work I thought I would not attempt
yours till night, and now it is not cool
and the mosquitoes are very troublesome,
so I did not gain much at all.

Nothing new has transpired since I last
wrote you and I hardly know what to
make up a letter of but if I could
see you I could find much to talk
about I presume, but the nonsense I once
talked would not look well on paper.

I got a letter from you last night
and one a day or two before you had quit
a time on your fishing excursion and
no doubt had what new words came