

Camp Butler, Newport News, Va.

Saturday, July 13th 1861.

My Dear Wife;

Your letter of the 9th and 10th was received last night. That makes the third letter that I have received from you this week. I should be glad to hear from you every day, but I certainly have no reason to complain. I am sorry that the warm weather affects you so unpleasantly. My own health is passable. I do all my duties without difficulty. I am better than I was when I first wrote you and if I keep quiet I think I shall soon be quite well. The month is now nearly half past, and we are looking forward to the time when we shall start for home. Mr. Baldwin, and all who have written, in fact, say that you intend to give us a great reception when we get home. It will all be very pleasant, still we would rather dispense with too much ceremony. I think too much of a reception will not be agreeable to most of us. We talk now of camping out the first night we get home, and going through the whole programme of camp life, if we carry our tents home with us. We cannot tell until we get home to Portland. I suppose there will be some grumbling among the folks at home but I think they ought to endure it if we can. I think it will hardly be advisable for the boys to go to the junction, and that is the feeling of the officers generally. We shall be glad to see as many of our elderly friends as