

Camp near Harrison's Landing, Va.  
July 29 or 30 - Wednesday (1862)

Dear Home,

I seems a good while since we last heard from you - Father has so much writing to do that he ought not to be troubled to write to us so often as we want to hear. Can't Mamma & Mamma do it? We like their letters, that tell all the little things about home. Is Mamma at home yet? John got me to superscribe an envelope the other day, intending to write for both of us - and afterwards, was in doubt whether it would reach her, as we thought it was about time for the line to close. I am not certain