

Camp Butler, Newport News, Va.
Friday evening July, 19th 1861.

My Dear Wife:

Your letter of the 15th + 16th was received tonight when the boat came. I am sorry to still hear that you are alone - It must not be so. You must get some one at once. What are you thinking of to be alone so much. Even if Jane was well you ought to have some other person in the house with you. Can you not get some one. Every letter I get, I expect that the next one will be in some other hand writing telling me that you are sick. I hope that you will not be until I get home. You must hold out if possible till then. I hardly know what I shall do when I get home except to take care of you - I shall feel rather dull for a while after the excitement of our short campaign. I really begin to love this sort of life and could we come out a little better prepared, we should not have many discomforts. I am perfectly well and healthy and I suppose am about as black as some of the negroes altho' here none of us notice it, we are all so tanned. The flies and mosquitoes have bitten me pretty severely and you know that I suffer a good deal from those things, but a salt water bath does me a good deal of good and I have taken one every night for several days. John Pritchard and I went