

[Letter has raised imprint: "CROTON"]

Arlington Heights Va.

Apr. 22<sup>d</sup> / 64

My darling wife,

I have been reading your letter over again. I did not half appreciate it before, and do not expect to more than half answer it if I should write twice more. The fact, is darling, that we have been so unsettled since we got back here, that I have not been able to more than half do anything, except to love you, which I assure you is done with my whole heart. Your letter has filled my heart with a longing to write you something that will express the extent of my love for you, but I shall fail <sup>^to</sup> do it. If my arms were around you there is a possibility that, I might say something to the purpose, but words, are feeble, to convey a feeling like this, and if there was not a better understanding between our hearts, than could have ever have come from our poor spoken language, I am sure I should have live in ignorance, of the great blessing of my life. I am so confident that you <sup>^are</sup> as well aware of the entire, and undivided love that I bear for you as I am, that I hardly ever try to express ~~it~~ in my letters to you, but there are times when I feel as though I must tell it to you, and then, I find how much greater, is my love for you, than I have the words to express. And now my sweet wife, knowing, as I do, how your heart, will come to meet me, in answer to what I have tried to write, (and I have not really failed, for I know you will understand me) I will write of other things. This is the third letter I have written you this week, besides I have sent you tow magazines. The book, that I am going to send, Henry is reading, but will finish soon. The chances for communication are so good, while we remain here, that we must avail ourselves of them to the greatest extent. There is no means of knowing how long we shall remain here. It may be for months, and it may be only a few days, but I <sup>^will</sup> write to you oftener than I ever have done, when there is a chance, and you must do the same, Emmy, I would like a letter from you every day.

I beleive I have been rather homesick, since I left you. I do not feel as contented, to do the work that is to be done, as I did before, and often find myself wishing there had been no nescesity for this, and though such wishes <sup>^are</sup> very good, they are all in vain, and so are rather silly.

The nescesity does, exist, and the work is to be done, and I feel my duty as much as ever, though I cannot help wishing always, that my own precious wife, my best and dearest friend, could feel more sympathy with me, in this my greatest sacrifice, for a principle <sup>^or perhaps I should have said an object</sup> that is only second to my love for her. But perhaps I had better have left this unsaid, but do not misunderstand me darling. I do not say it to find fault. This <sup>^letter</sup> was witen in the hope of making you happier and I trust I may. But must close now. Though I suppose I must not forget to send my love to Annie and Josie, I am apt to forget them when I am writing to you. I hope the little darlings will enjoy the pleasant Spring, if we. cannot. And now my sweet. love, good night, again from  
Your own Leander