

Stop writing, though I wish I had not writin what I have. Do not think that I am crazy. when you read this. though. It does appear like the talk of an insane person or a fool. Write soon Darling.

Ever yours,  
Leander

Bermuda Hundred Va.  
Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> /64

My darling.

Your letter of the 7<sup>th</sup>. inst. arrived last night, and as I sent you so poor a letter the last time, I will try again to day. though I do not think there is much prospect of my doing any better this time I shall not send you any more books. if you are going to neglect me. You must write oftner than once a week. I am very glad you like David Copperfield for I think it is one of the best stories that I ever read. I want you to keep it, so that I can read it again when I get home. I wrote a long letter to William yesterday. but have not writen to mother yet. I intend to do so to-day, if it is not too hot. It is very dry and dusty, here, but I can never wish for rain as I do at home. It is hard telling which is the most disagreeable, dust, or mud.

I am very glad to hear that your health is better than it was when I was when I was at home. I sometimes fell as though it was better for you in regard to your health, than if I was with you. I fear you exerted yourself to please me when I was at home in the Spring, more than was for your good. I am, very sorry to think that I would take any such advantage of your kindness. and will always be carefull never to do so again. (Aint I a good boy) But perhaps I should not have writen what I have. If it brings to your mind the same reccollections, as it does to me I shall be very sorry. But I will stop this before I say any more. I do not know what to think of myself, sometimes, to talk and write as I do. there is no person in the world, whose good opinion prize so highly as your own, and I have risked losing it, by telling your of things that you could have never known, if I did not tell you myself, and I could no more [hlp\*] telling you as I did than I could help loving you. You know how it was the last time you slept in my arms. Now I nearly told you of something that would have cost me the loss of what I prize more than life and all else in the world. But I could not help it, and I cannot help what I am writing now. It seems as though I was writing this against my will, and I keep thinking all the while that I will not send it. to you, but I suppose I shall. and what will be the result? I do not know. But my sweet, darling, precious wife, do not let any circumstance, no matter what may, or has happened, ever lead you to doubt that you are my best and only love. That I have ever loved you above all things and shall never cease to do so, as long as my spirit shall exist. for I do not beleive there will. be any state of existance in the future, in which you will not be the dearest of all that does exist. to me. But my dear, Emmy, I will not write any more at present. Perhaps it would better not to send what I have writen, but I will trust to your love for me, not to cast me out of my place in your heart. It is well that I have got nearly to the end of this sheet as it does not seem possible for me to

[fragment letter ends here]