My darling Wife,

It is getting to be quite a long time since I have writn to you but your letters do not reach me yet. The Regt. has gone away again, and it is uncertain when I shall see them again, so there is but little prospect of hearing from you till you direct to the Hospital.

The prospect of getting paid, that looked so fair a few days ago, is lost by moving of the Regt. and I think you had better get that money of Mr. Buck, for I have have sent to Elmer to send me some things, and I have not paid him for those he sent me last Fall, and there is no way for me to draw cloths. I am getting rather seedy, and if I am going to stay in this place, it will be for my advantage to dress decent. But there are so many talking here now that I will but this till later.

Well they have gone at last, and I will try and finish this now. I do not feel a bit like writing, so you will not be likely to get a very good letter this time. If I could only get a letter from you to answer, it would be much easier work writing.

But I will not try to write you much of a letter this time. This will let you know that I am well, and if you will look at the date you will notice that this is my birthday, and you may be sure that I have wished a good many times today that I could be where I was a year ago, but it is no use to wish.

I have got no paper to write on, or stamps to put on. This you see is ruled with a pencil. I suppose you find it hard work to get money enough to buy the things that you actually need in the house. But do not hesitate to use any money that you can get hold of, that belongs to me.

How do you like my style of penmanship. Perhaps you will notice that I am trying to improve it.

But will you not try to write tonight, but will write again in a day or two. I am very anxious to hear from you. Do not fail to write often.

Yours Truly

Leander