

[raised imprint reads: "LEE"]

Hampstead Jan. 4<sup>th</sup> /62

Darling,

I have been feeling very badly most all day to-day. I went to church and almost the first thing I heard after I got there, was that Charles Shannon was dead.

God pity his wife, she cannot shed a tear. When she first heard he was wounded she was almost crazy and when she heard his wound was not considered dangerous, she said "I am so thankful, now he will come home." And he wrote to her that he was getting along well and that he should probably come home on a furlough, and others wrote the same, and the next news she heard he was dead.

The way it happened, they moved him and made his wound bleed, and he bled to death.

I felt so bad about it that I got out of the meeting <sup>^house</sup> at noon as soon as I could, and went into James Halls and he made me laugh all the time I was there. After I went back I saw Burley Mason at the door and spoke with him but could not talk much with him my feelings were so worked up. I didnt dare talk for fear I should break down. He says you are enjoying real good health all the trouble there is with you .you'r so fat you cant walk very well, I wish I could have seen him longer. If he had called here I would have sent the childrens minatures to you by him

He don't tell that his is here recruiting He says he came after a horse for Maj. Drew.

Oh my precious husband if I only knew you would return to me I would wait till I was an old woman if neccessary but when I hear of other soldiers dying right around me those that you used to asociate with, I am all discouraged and all the way I can live is to make evry effort not to think of it at all. If I was Mason I should rather die than go back again

His mother says she had rather he had not come home at all.

I will tell you how it was, I talked with him a minute and the thought came into my mind, why could not it have been you instead of him? And I could not say another word. For once I was dissatisfied and ready to murmur but it was wrong, and I ~~shall~~ thank God to night for sparing your life though I cannot see you

But O you cannot tell how overjoyed I should be to see you if it was but for one single day. That one day would be worth long years of suffering.

I don't expect to send this right away, but I couldn't rest without talking with you a little. O Leander I beg of you not to leave the hospital

Perhaps you are no safer but I feel as though you were, and beside you know you told me you were. Some way or other I cant help feeling hard used to-day. I have seen quite a number of soldiers to-day that have come home there are there of four in H. paroled

And some how I cannot help think it might have been my husband.

But when I think of Charlie's poor little wife I feel as though I had a great deal to be thankful for

And now "good night" dearest, I guess you will think by this letter that I am a little wandering, your own Emmy