

[letter has raised imprint illegible but resembles previous letters with "L.L.B.& CO."]

San Augustine Fla July 13th/62

My Dear Emy,

As I cannot find anything else to do, I will write a few lines to you, although there is no prospect of sending them to you for some time yet. Before this reaches you, you will no doubt, have received letters enough to convince you of my safty, and to releive your mind of a great deal of the anxiety, which you felt at the time that you wrote that letter date June 22^d. If it were possible, I would spare you all anxiety or care, for you are dearer to me than life, and everything that life affords. Without your love, life would not seem worth having, and at this distance, the perfect confidence, that I feel in your constant and unchanging love, is the greatest blessing that God has ever bestowed upon me. I often ask myself, what I have ever done, to deserve the. pure, and unselfish love that you have always bestowed upon me, and have thought with regret, how poor a return I have made you, but at present I can only resolve that your dear love, shall be returned by as love as tender and true as. ever a man felt for woman, if not as pure and unselfish as your own for me. But I must not write any more in this strain or I shall get homesick. My hand trembles and my heart throbs so with delight, when I think of this great treasure, that is all my own, that I can hardly write, and often at night when I am alone, thinking of you, I get so excited with pleasure at the thoughts of meeting you again, and of holding you in my arms, that I cannot get asleep and sometimes lie till daylight, thinking of you. The prospect of our meeting very soon, is not so great at present, as it was some time ago. But be patient, my own sweet, darling, wife, the time will come, when we shall. meet. and then, you shall tell me that the pleasure of meeting, has repaid us for all the pain of our long separation. Yes, dearest, have faith in the mercifull kindness. of our Heavenly Father, and ~~pray~~ pray for His protection, for your sinful and unworthy husband. I need not tell you to have faith in my entire, and unchanging. love for you, for I do not believe a doubt of that, ever comes into your mind. But I have not changed the subject much yet, and perhaps you are thinking that I have rather left out our darling babies, but if they are out of my letter they are never out of my mind, and if I do not make any particular, mention of them it is because, they seem so much a part of yourself, that when I say that I love you, that it of course, includes them. How does that suit you? are you willing to share with them, or shall I send a separate love for the little blessings.

I did not thinking of writing so much when I began, but I feel just like writing today, and I guess I will go on, and make a long letter to send you by the next mail, Perhaps - you would like to hear something about myself. I think that would please you more than anything else. Well I am acting Hospital Steward, and have been for a number of weeks, I like the place very much and expect to get the appointment as soon as things can be arranged, unless something else turns up. That is a pretty satisfactory peice of information. don't you. think so? But serious^{sly} I think there is a fair prospect of getting the place. I wish you could see what a nice place I have got for my quarters now, and then see some other places that I have occupied. The room where I am now, is in the second story of a good house, in the coolest, and pleasantest part of the town. For furnicture, I have a good table, one great armchair, and some others, a wash stand and bowl & pitcher, towel rack, a high-posted wide bed, with ^a white mosquito bar, two large pictures in gilt frames. There is a nice closet in the room. There is a door opens into

the dispensary, where I keep the medicines, and another, opening on to the balcony, where I can sit in the shade and read. It is one of the pleasantest places to sit, in the evening that you ever saw, and on the whole I think I am about as well situated, as a private, can expect in the army. In fact there is not an officer in the Reg^t, with the exception of the Dr. that has as good quarters as mine. The duties are light and pleasant, and besides I am learning a great deal about the practice of medicine. The Dr. says, he had rather have me doctor a patient than a great many regular Physicians that he has seen. As for my looks, perhaps you would like to know how I am looking. Well, I am rather poor for me, that is, my cheek bones are somewhat prominent But my beard which had got out considerably I have had cut off. I had it cut off on the sides of my face, some three or four months ago, leaving it on the lower part and a mustach. It was very becoming to me I assure you but I got sick of it and had it all shaved off a few days ago and they all say that they never saw anybody's appearance changed by beard as it did mine. I have not found a person but tells me that I looked very much better with my beard on. They say I look 15 years younger ^{^without it}, and in fact I am ashamed of myself every time that I look in the glass. I shall not shave it off again till I see you. Well it is getting near night.

Sunday, perhaps you are writing to me, at this very time. I wonder if you have been to meeting to day, and what the children are doing now. How I should like to be walking in the field, or pastures- with my arm around your waist. I think I should take about two kisses for every step you took. Do you remember how I used to bother you, by hugging and kissing you when we were walking together? and when you were busy, trying to do some particular thing?. but when I get home again, you will think that you never was kissed before, I don't know, but I should really, bite you, if I should see you now But I will not write any more at present, you may think that some of this is silly but I don't think you will be disposed to be very/critical with me now. The Band is playing now. I wish you could hear them, it is the best military band that I ever heard in my life. Well good bye for the present, my precious wife. I shall write more before I send this. May you be always as happy as your love has made me, is the wish of your loving husband

Leander

July 14th 10 o'clock P.M.

It has been a very pleasant day, and the Dr and his wife have been up here this evening. We have been sitting on the balcony. before my door, they, and Mrs. Morse, and Mrs. Sawyer, talking of home and friends, and have passed a very pleasant evening. After they had gone, "the little widow" and I, had some lemonade with a stick in it." (hope it will not have the same effect on her that it did on you that time at Hampstead) then I took my pipe and sat down alone, and tipped back in my big armchair, and thought of my darling wife. How I wish you could be with us, while we remain here, I would give one year of my life, just to hold you in my arms, one minute tonight, one kiss, would be worth more to me now than all that I have seen since I left you. The mosquitoes bite so that I shall have to stop writing, but I should like to finish this sheet. There is a report that there is a party at the "Gur^uillas", about 800 strong, in the woods near here, who are going to attack the place tonight, but I shall not lose any sleep on that account. Well I will do gown stairs and see how the sick boys get along, and then go to bed and dream of you, So good night, my precious wife, and pleasant dreams, to you, I remain as ever, truly yours, Leander

Evening July 15". It has been very warm today, and is so this evening, but not as warm as it is where you are tonight I do not believe, But I wish I could be with you. if the weather is not quite as comfortable, but as that cannot be, the best that I can do is to write a few words to you. There is nothing new to write about, nothing but the old, old story of my love, that I have been telling you for the last twelve years, and which, I beleive you will never tire of hearing.

Well it is a pleasant story to tell, but much pleasanter to tell it. when you are lying in my arms. with your soft check. pressed to my own. than at this great distance. It is nearly a year, since I left. you, a sad morning for me, but much sadder, for my poor little wife who was life behind, with nothing new ^{^to} attract your mind from these thoughts of me absent. I guess you will call this, most decidly a love letter, but do not beleive you will like it any the less. for that, if you do, please say so. when you write, but if you do not, then you must answer it in the same style. But I will not write any more now. So good night, again, my precious love, and beleive me entirely yours. L.

July 17"

I did not write any yesterday, as I thought I had nothing to write. But I am tired of reading, and I have nothing else to do, so I may as well write if it does not amount to much. I do not know how you feel about it, but suppose it is much the same with you, as it is with me, anything that you write is interesting. and if it was nothing but straight marks, made by your dear hand, they would be more precious to me than anything that could come from any one else. My health continues good, but I am longing to see my own sweet wife again. Oh! When will the time come when I shall be able to come home, and see our dear county, at peace and enjoying prosperity again. But I must not write in this way. I should rather, write in a way, to assist my poor lonely, little wife to bear her trials, but you will keep up good courage for my sake, and bear this separation like the brave wife of a soldier. I am expecting a mail now, all of the time, and when it comes, and brings me one or two letters from you, I feel fully repaid for waiting, you must not fail to write often, for your dear letters, are the greatest blessings that I receive now. There was a poor fellow died in the Hospital yesterday, He had a wife and two children. But as near as I can learn his wife was not a true and loving wife like mine. Poor fellow I pitied him. His mind was wandering a great deal of the time, and he talked about his wife most of the time. He would beg of us not to let her come in again, saying she had disgraced him and his children, and from what I hear from his a^{^c}quaintances, here I think it is true, but he is where her conduct will not trouble him now. We have an alarm, or rather, the troops are called out nearly every night lately, but there is no one alarmed. There are some Gurillas in the woods near here, who are prowling around, and annoy the pickets, but there has been no one injured yet. Last night, our people fired some 40 or 50, large 9 inch shells into the woods, and this morning some of them went out 3 or 4 miles and destroyed some buildings where it is supposed that these prowling rascals stop when they came in to trouble the pickets. That is the meanest sort of fighting that I know of, to crawl up in the bushes, and shoot a soldier on his post. It appears to me too much like murder, for it has no sort of influence, on the result of the war. Well, it is some satisfaction to know that they have not made much ^{^out} of the business. so far. They killed one of our men and wounded another, while we were at Jacksonville, but they lost two commissioned officers, killed by the operation. But I will stop now and finnish some other time So good bye, once more, my love, Ever. yours, Leander

Evening

It has been a very warm day but it is quite comfortable tonight. The Dr has just been in and sa[^]d tell them that I am the toughest nigger in the Reg^b". I write these few words. after writing the paper marked private, just for a. good night, a poor subsistute for a goodnight kiss, but it is the best at present from your loving L

18" 11 o'clock P.M.

It has been the warmest day we have had yet, but not as warm as I have seen it at home. But if it is warm, I do not have much to do. but to sit in the shade and keep as cool as possible.

We are expecting an attack from those rascally Gurillas tonight and I suppose, by the time I get fairly asleep. the pickets will begin to fire. I hope they will come for we are all prepared, and some of them will be likely to get rubed out. There has been no mail in yet, but I console myself, by thinking, the longer it is delayed, the more letters it will bring from my darling.

Well good night, my sweet love, I have a thousand kisses which I am keeping for you. Dont forget! your loving husband Leander

20"

I did not write any yesterday, because I thought I had nothing to write but the same old story, and however pleasant, that may be to tell, when I can tell it with my arm around your neck, and looking into your eyes, it does not look well on paper, more than three or four times in the same letter

It rained all day yesterday and I was quite busy putting up a case of medicine to send over to the port, in preparation for the fight which will never come off. for I do not beleive there is a thousand armed rebels in the state. There is no doubt a few who are prowling around in this vicinity who may try to shoot some of our pickets, but that they have force enough to attempt to take this fort, without some very heavy artillery I do not believe. However, Co¹Bell appeares determined to be prepared for the worst, and not to be taken by surprise. We have had a very heavy shower this afternoon, and it is quite cool now. I went to bed more than two hours ago, but could not get asleep for thinking of you. I thought it very likely you had been writing to me today, and so thou[^]ht I would write something. to you "if it was not so bright" If the mail dont come soon, you will be likely to get a long letter, when you get this Wont your eyes glisten when you see how many pages there are?

Well, I will stop now, for it must be twelve o'clock. So good night, my own sweet wife, may you be as happy, as I could wish you, Ever your loving L.

21st I feel blue, and low spirited toda.y and so I write to you. That is my releif on every occasion, if I am happier than usual, I must write to my Emmy, and if I have the "blues", that is the best remedy that I can find But to-day I feel sick of this. God forsaken place. There are splendid flowers and ~~fr~~ birds here it is true, but that does not satisfy. I want to see my darling wife and babies. I want to see something besides half starved cattle and horses, wandering about to find a mouthful to eat. Some- besides mangy dogs, and filthy negroes. If I could get one good look at N.H. now, where the men appear like living, breathing creatures, where people appear as though they had some object in life, besides merely drawing their breath.

There is a class of people all trough the South, known in Va, and in that section as

“poor white folks”, here they are called “Florida Crackers”. They are a class that could not be raised in N.E. for which I say God bless New England. They manage to live, and raise a flock of children without doing any work. They live on clams, fruit and fish and anything else they can pick up. what they live for I do not see. But I will not say any more about them. I do not know what to write about, and as I have quite a long letter writen, perhaps I had better wait till I find out. There has been no mail yet. I hope you have got the letters that I have sent to you. Well I shall feel better soon, and then I will write again. Good bye till then. Write often to your affectionate Leander