

[Raised imprint in upper left corner reads: "E.S"]

San Augustine Fla Aug 25th/62nd

My Darling Wife,

I have been to bed tonight but could not sleep, and as there is a schooner to leave here tomorrow which will take a mail to N.Y. I thought I would send you a few lines, though I have written so often of late, and so little ^{^that is} of any interest, that I fear there is danger of your becoming tired of reading my letters. However I would sooner risk the chances of that, than to fail in writing often enough. Did you think darling, last Saturday, that it was the anniversary of our marriage? I thought of it for a long time before the day arrived and it almost made me homesick for a while. But it will not do to be homesick you know. I dreamed that night of being at home, and dreamed that you did not treat me very well. Was not that very strange I awoke and felt very bad about it, though it was only a dream. I could not get asleep again, and it troubled me for a long time It is foolish to write to you about it for I know it will make you feel uncomfortable, but it will show you how very dear ^{^you are} to me, when a silly dream of unkindness from you will make me unhappy. But my waking thoughts of you never cause me any such feeling, and I have cause for thankfulness for the confidence which I have in your love. Many a poor fellow that is with us, hears hard stories of the conduct of his wife in his absence. But I have not told you about the dream. I thought I had arrived at home just at night, and was obliged to leave again the same evening at 9 o'clock: and you were going away somewhere, and would not postpone your call, but said I might go with you if I wished to. I did not conclude to go, but said "good bye," and left immediately.

Now was'n't that silly to dream anything like that, of my sweet little wife? I did not dream anything about my little darlings, and don't mean to, unless I can do better than that.

I suppose you have heard from me by the way of the Dr. though I some doubt if he will find time to call on you, his leave of absence is so short. We are expecting him back soon now, and I am not the only one that is very anxious to see him. The weather has grown some cooler, I beleive, and the mosquitoes are not near as plenty, though there ^{^are} one or two singing around my head now. The fleas are about all gone now, and it is much pleasanter here now on those accounts. I beleive that last sentence is not right, but never mind you know what I mean There is a report that Brewster is at present serving in the rebel ranks, at the capital of this state. A man came in here a few days ago with such a story but I hate to beleive it, still it may be so. I suppose his wife has heard all about it before this time, and a great deal more with it.

Let me know how she feels about it

Well this is not much of a letter any way you can read it, but still it will serve to inform you that "I still live," and enjoy excelent health, and continue to love you better than everything else in the world. I want you to love me all that you can afford to. whether I deserve it or not, and know that I deserve your love, more that I did when I was at home. I will send you a picture of Elmers Co¹, it was cut out of the envelope of his last letter to me. I beleive I sent [ten*] letters, in the mail that left here last Saturday. We expect another mail the last of the week. Well good bye, once more my own darling. My love to our babies, and all our friends. Write as often as convenient. I remain as ever

Truly yours

Leander

P.S. No prospect of leaving this place at present L)