Dear Wife,

Your letters dated Aug 24" and Sept 7" arrived today. The one date Aug 31st I received a week ago last Sunday. The two last went to Augustine, I can hardly tell you how I felt when I read the last one. It brought to my mind so forcibly the conversations we used to have on the subject of this rebellion and how little sympathy you had with my feelings, but I do not think you had any idea how strongly I felt, what I talked, and today I feel a great deal more interested than I did when I left home, and I find that you have not changed your mind, but have the same feelings, that caused me more grief than you ever knew of. But to have you say that you believe it to be the best way, to acknowledge the southern confederacy, gave me a worse feeling, than the news of our defeats in Va. For my own part, I had rather die a thousand deaths, than that this rebellion should succeed, and if any other nation should assist them, and we be defeated at last, I would have our people fight as long as there is a hundred men left, and I hope to die in the last battle. But I suppose you hear the same kind of talk, in regard to the merits of the question, that was talked when I was there. The same fault found with every measure that is adopted by the Government. The criticisms, on the probable motive of every man, who says a word in favor, of maintaining the Union: The same open, or poorly concealed satisfaction, at every apparent success of the rebel troops. Well, I am very very sorry, that it is so, but suppose I cannot expect anything else, and so will not write any more about it. I do not feel at like writing tonight, but as I have not written for some time, and shall not have another chance for several days, I must write, although I do feel rather low spirited, though perhaps, I should do better not to write until I feel differently. I am sorry that your health is poor, but it will not do for me to think of that, I hope you do not work too hard, I am sure I had rather you would not do anything. I am sure I had rather you would not do anything, I can send you money enough to live on. I have not sent any for a long time. Perhaps you need some now. If you do you must let me know, and I will send it. We have not been paid for the last two months, but shall be paid the last of Oct. for four months. Please let me know if you are in want of anything. I have not had the picture taken yet. I promised you, but will send it soon. We have been in this camp just long enough to get everything nicely arranged, and just began to feel at home, when the order came to move to another place, a little more than a mile from here. So we have been all day packing, and getting ready, and here we are, (the hospital Dep) with our things packed, and most of the tents struck, remaining on the old ground, because they did not send the teams to move our baggage I am glad to hear that Mary Eastman is better, for from what Dr. Cummings said expected to hear that she was dead. There is a great deal of fault found at Dr. E’s [I shopping] so long, as his furlough was only for 20 days, and he sent by Dr C. as an excuse that his daughter was very sick, and not expected to live from one day to another, & he must stay a few days longer. But I am afraid he will get into trouble, for I am very certain he will be put under arrest as soon as he arrives, and I am afraid it will go hard with him You need not mention this to anyone. I like Dr Cummings very much what I do know of him, and expect to like him better as I become acquainted with him. I like Dr. Greeley, very well indeed, I was prejudiced against him, and did not get acquainted with him until after Dr. E. went home. He is a perfect
gentleman, rather stiff, and haughty, in his appearance, but he has treated me first rate, and I had rather take my chance with him than with Eastman, now Mrs. E. is still at Augustine. and as to the report that she is “not in a condition to come home” “I don’t see it.” The health of the men generally is not as good here, as at Augustine, but, my own, is better. I believe I sleep better, and have a better appetite. Perhaps you will have heard of the death of Richard Petty, before this reaches you. He died last Saturday. I have not seen him for about six months. I was very much affected when I heard of it Poor “Pet,” I pit her. I have not written to any one but you for a long time, I do not like to write a bit, but shall try and write to you pretty often, if I do not write to any one else. But I believe I will not try to write any more to night, as there are millions of insects, of all sorts, and sizes, from the size of your fist, down to the size of the point of a pin. You have no kind of idea, of the plague they are, they are around in such numbers, that it employs one of my hands nearly all of the time to keep them out of my eyes, so that I can see to write, and if the candle was not protected from them they would put it out in a half a minute. I have a part of a letter which I found in my trunk, that I wrote when we were in Fla. it did not suit me so I did not send it, but I believe it will suit you better than anything. I can write now, so I guess I will send that and not write any more, this time.
Give my love to the children
Yours truly
Leander