

Concord Apr. 11<sup>th</sup>/ 64  
My Darling Wife,

I am tired home sick tonight, and very lonely, I need you so much how shall I ever get along without you, and shall I be able to come to you for sympathy as I have done before. I know that you will forgive everything, but can I ever forgive myself. Oh! my darling wife, you did pity me last night, but I did not intend to write this, but it is ever in my mind. I could not help writing to you tonight. It seems as though I could not rest if I did not talk with you in some way. But now I will talk of something else. I had an awfull hard walk to Windham and got there just in time for the train, and after all, there was no need for me to come here, as there has been nothing done, and it is not likely that there will be for a number of days. It is too bad, when I might have been with you It is possible I may get a chance to get home again some day this week. Shall I come if I can? I am going to make you a promise that I will never drink any liquor again unless it is actually necessary for my health, and never to think or do anything that I cannot tell of you. I met Henry here today, and he wanted me to go home with him tonight, but I had I could not have writen to you Perhaps I will go with him tomorrow night. I showed him your picture, and he said "she is better looking than you are Harris" How do you like that?

I feel anxious to hear from you my precious, to know if you are any better. Do write me a few words as soon as you get this, and direct it to Concord. you can send it to the depot by Brown and I shall get it quicker. And now my own sweet wife, good night. I am going to bed to cry myself to sleep.

Ever you loving,  
Leander