

Beaufort S.C. Mar. 29<sup>th</sup> /63

My Dear little. Emmy,

I have been writing to mother, this evening. and thought I would send you a few lines though there is nothing particular to say. It has been a real rainy Sunday, and I have wished a hundred times, that I could be at home with you and the babies.

The reg<sup>t</sup> has not come in from picket yet. Mrs. Sawyer, says she saw the rebels. when she was out there the other day. She told me to tell you of it. I have been reading Vanity Fair. by Thackery. I wish you could read it I like it very much. Jim made another attempt to write to you but burnt it up when he had finis<sup>hed</sup> it. Perhaps you had better write to him just to encourage him. I am going to Hilton Head in the morning, to see Dr Comings.

I did not intend to write anything, when I commenced this, only to scribble a few words. just to let you know that I am well, and thinking of you, and I guess that <sup>^there is no</sup> danger that I shall do anything else.

There is some prospect of our being paid again soon, if we are I will send you some money.

Well I will say good night my dear little wife and go to bed.

I wish you were here to go with me in this nice little tent. Wouldn't that be nice. There is you think this is not worth a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, just say so and I will do better next time.

Leander