

San Augustine Fla. Sunday evening Aug 3rd /62

My Darling Emmy.

As there is a boat expected in here this week.

I will begin a letter to send you when it does come, although there is nothing to tell you but what I told you in the others, unless it is that I love you more than I did then. But I must talk with you a little every day, as long as I am situated so that I can I suppose you have been writing to me today. Perhaps you have been to meeting, or perhaps you have had company. At any rate, I know you have been thinking of me, and it is very pleasant to feel that there is one dear loving heart that holds me in remembrance. Whose every thought of happiness is connected with my own. My own darling wife, whatever others may think we know that this love is a blessed reality, that our lives and our happiness, and all our hopes and wishes are inseparably connected with each other. We have pass safely, though not without pain, through the dangerous part of our married life, and henceforth, no thought or word of unkindness shall ever cast its shadow between us, and whatever may be our lot in life, our best blessing shall be our love. Tell me dearest, does it give you as much pleasure to read the lines as it does me to write them? But I will not doubt but you will read them with pleasure, or that your heart will respond with a love as true as my own. I can see the tear that is glistening in your eye, now while you are reading

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Confidence, my wife, is the best reward of true love, indeed my love for you could not exist without that perfect confidence which I have in you. But I will not continue this any further tonight as it is late, and the subject has no limits. So I will say good night and may you have pleasant dreams, asleep or awake. God bless, and keep you safe, is the prayer of
Your loving husband Seander

August 5th

The little steamer Darlington is to leave this place tomorrow or the next day, and I will improve the opportunity to send you this. I hope you will have heard from me often enough lately, to keep your fears quieted in regard to my safety. I have had more chances to send letters than to receive them. The last I received from you was dated July 8th. But we are expecting a mail this week. The Gen. talks of making his Head Quarters at this place, if he should we shall be likely to get a mail oftener. You must continue to write often, tell me every little thing that happens; I would like to know everything you think, you cannot write anything that will not be interesting.

But I must stop short, for it is late, and I have got my bathing tub in here and it is leaking on the floor. So good night my sweet love, I suppose you are fast asleep now. Well pleasant dreams to you
Ever your own, Seander

Aug 7th The steamer does not leave as soon as was expected, perhaps it may not leave till one come from Port Royal. I hope it will not, or at least I hope I shall

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get a letter from you before I finish this, as then I shall have something to write about. I intended to have written some last evening but did not have time as we had a crazy man to deal with that made considerable trouble. Your miniature, the one you sent me first, (that is the one I love the best) is lying close by me on the table looking at me with your dear loving eyes.

My Emmy I have not seen a woman in the South that I likee the look of half as well as I do of you. But about this picture, I believe it really loves me, and though it cannot kiss me I know it would like to. I never saw a miniature before that I cared anything about, but this, I do really love, and you have more real cause to be jealous than you ever had before since we were married. Though I have no doubt but your dear self, will more than take the place of this picture, still I shall always continue to love this as long as I live I take it in my hand, and look at it, and feel that it truly loves me. But I must put it away or I can never write to you.

I will not try to write any more now, and when I try to write to my darling wife again, I will not have my darling picture near me. I will shut her into the closet. Do you think that I am silly, my Emmy? If you do I wish you would tell me so. Well good bye for a little while. Alexander

7 o'clock P.M. The steamer leaves early in the morning and the mail closes tonight. so I have but a few minutes to write now, but there will be another soon and I will write by every mail I wanted to my dear little girls, but and the mail closes tonight. so I have but a few minutes

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Perhaps you will remember that I wrote you sometime ago
about our Commissary Mr Cole. When we left Port Royal
last Winter ~~at~~ he was left there very sick, and we did not much
expect that he would get well, but he got well enough to
go home, and went home on purlough and I never expected to
see him again, but he came back last week and is quite
well again. The reason I write you this is because he is the
best friend I have in the Regt and he is one of the best men
I ever knew. But it is getting dark and I must close this
up and carry it to the office. My health is excellent, and
I am enjoying myself first rate. I sometimes think that
I ought not to feel so well contented away from my sweet wife
but you know that I love you better than everything else
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