

I stop writing, though, I wish I had not  
written what I have. Do not think that I am  
crazy, when you read this, though, it  
does appear like the talk of an insane person  
or a fool. Write soon Darling

Ever yours, Bermuda Hundred Va.  
Seander Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> / 64

My darling,

Your letter of the 4<sup>th</sup>  
inst. arrived last night, and  
as I sent you so poor a letter the  
last time, I will try again today,  
though I do not think there is much  
prospect of my doing any better this  
time I shall not send you any  
more books, if you are going to  
neglect me. You must write  
often than once a week. I am very  
glad you like David Copperfield for  
I think it is one of the best stories  
that I ever read. I want you to keep  
it, so that I can read it again when  
I get home. I wrote a long letter to  
I think it is one of the best stories  
that I ever read. I want you to keep

## Transcription:

Stop writing, though I wish I had not written what I have. Do not think that I am crazy, when you read this, though. It does appear like the talk of an insane person or a fool. Write soon Darling.

Ever yours, Bermuda Hundred Va.

Leander Aug. 11" /64

My darling.

Your letter of the 7<sup>th</sup>.

inst. arrived last night, and as I sent you so poor a letter the last time, I will try again to day. though I do not think there is much prospect of my doing any better this time I shall not send you any more books. if you are going to neglect me. You must write oftner than once a week. I am very glad you like David Copperfield for I think it is one of the best stories that I ever read. I want you to keep it, so that I can read it again when I get home. I wrote a long letter to William yesterday. but have not

written to mother yet. I intend to do  
so today, if it is not too hot. It  
is very dry and dusty here, but I  
can never wish for rain as I do at  
home. for it is so muddy when it  
is wet. It is hard telling which is  
the most disagreeable, dust, or mud.

I am very glad to hear that your  
health is better than it was when I was  
when I was at home. I sometimes feel  
as though it was better for you in  
regard to your health, than if I was  
with you. I fear you exerted yourself  
to please me when I was at home, in  
the Spring, more than was for your  
good. I am very sorry to think that  
I would take any such advantage  
of your kindness, and will always be  
carefull never to do so again. (Just  
I a good boy) But perhaps I should  
I would take any such advantage  
of your kindness, and will always be

## Transcription:

writen to mother yet. I intend to do so to-day, if it is not too hot. It is very dry and dusty, here, but I can never wish for rain as I do at home. It is hard telling which is the most disagreeable, dust, or mud.

I am very glad to hear that your health is better than it was when I was when I was at home. I sometimes fell as though it was better for you in regard to your health, than if I was with you. I fear you exerted yourself to please me when I was at home in the Spring, more than was for your good. I am, very sorry to think that I would take any such advantage of your kindness. and will always be carefull never to do so again. (Aint I a good boy) But perhaps I should not have writen what I have. If it

things to your mind the same  
recollections, as it does to me & shall  
be very sorry. But I will stop this before  
I say any more. I do not know what  
to think of myself, sometimes, to talk  
and write as I do. There is no person  
in the world, whose good opinion I  
prize so highly as your own, and  
I have risked losing it, by telling  
you of things that you could have  
never known, if I did not tell you  
myself, and I could no more help  
telling you as I did than I could  
help loving you. You know how it  
was the last time you slept in my  
arms. Now I nearly told you of some  
thing that would have cost me the  
loss of what I prize more than life  
and all else in the world. But I  
could not help it, and I cannot  
bring what would have cost me the  
loss of what I prize more than life  
and all else in the world. But I

## Transcription:

brings to your mind the same recollections, as it does to me I shall be very sorry. But I will stop this before I say any more. I do not know what to think of myself, sometimes, to talk and write as I do. there is no person in the world, whose good opinion I prize so highly as your own, and I have risked losing it, by telling you of things that you could have never known, if I did not tell you myself, and I could no more [hlp\*] telling you as I did than I could help loving you. You know how it was the last time you slept in my arms. Now I nearly told you of something that would have cost me the loss of what I prize more than life and all else in the world. But I could not help it, and I cannot help what I am writing now. It seems

as though I was writing this against  
my will, and I keep thinking all the  
while that I will not send it, to you,  
but I suppose I shall, and what will  
be the result? I do not know. But  
my sweet, darling, precious wife, do  
not let any circumstance, no matter  
what may, or has happened, ever lead  
you to doubt that you are my best  
and only love. That I have ever loved you  
above all things and shall never cease  
to do so, as long as my spirit shall  
exist. For I do not believe there will be  
any state of existence in the future, in  
which you will not be the dearest, of  
all that does exist, to me. But my dear

Emily, I will not write any more at  
present. Perhaps it would better not to  
send what I have written, but I will trust  
to your love for me, not to cast me  
out of my place in your heart. It is well  
present. Perhaps it would better not to  
send what I have written, but I will trust

## Transcription:

as though I was writing this against my will, and I keep thinking all the while that I will not send it. to you, but I suppose I shall. and what will be the result? I do not know. But my sweet, darling, precious wife, do not let any circumstance, no matter what may, or has happened, ever lead you to doubt that you are my best and only love. That I have ever loved you above all things and shall never cease to do so, as long as my spirit shall exist. for I do not beleive there will be any state of existance in the future, in which you will not be the dearest of all that does exist to me. But my dear, Emmy, I will not write any more at present. Perhaps it would better not to send what I have writen, but I will trust to your love for me, not to cast me out of my place in your heart. It is well that I have got nearly to the end of this sheet as it does not seem possible for me to

[fragment letter ends here]