

Morris Island S.C.  
January 12<sup>th</sup>.1864.

Dear Emmy,

I have just received your New Year's letter, and am sorry to hear that you are not well, but am glad you wrote that last, saying you were getting better, and hope to hear by next week that you are quite well again. I am more thankful than I can tell you, that you have so little sickness at home since I left. If you should be very sick I don't know what I should do. There is nothing new to write about, and you will not be likely to get a more interesting letter, but I will send you one that I received from brother Joseph, I think it is one of the best written letters that I ever saw, it does not contain anything specially interesting but I know you will like it I have commenced a sort of a diary. for you which I intend to show you. if I keep it going, perhaps you may get a better idea of army life from that than from my letters. It seems as though I had written to you every day since I began it.

We are having a great deal of very cold, rainy, disagreeable weather this Winter, but this is the last that we shall have to stay here. The time that we have got to stay now, seems longer than the time that we have been away from home, but it will pass, and I am anticipating a meeting that will repay us for our long separation. I think of it every day, and wonder if the children would know me. I am pretty sure they ~~y~~ would not, and I rather you would not know me very re<sup>a</sup>dily if you should meet me away from home. I shall give you a trial if I can get a chance.

I should think Annie was rather young to play a very smart game of cards, but then I suppose it is of no use to wonder at anything that she does, for you know, we both knew she was the smartest baby that there ever was, before she was a month old. Tell her I will learn her to play chess, when I get home.

I suppose my good little Joe, is full as smart as common children, but you do not have so much to tell about her.

I heard to-day that Dr Eastman had got another appointment in the army. I should like to have you write me how it is. I hope it is not so, for it is such selfish unscrupulous rasc<sup>a</sup>les as he that. have brought so much discredit upon the service. He would take the brandy, or other stimulant that was furnished for the sick soldiers and sell it, or for himself and that dirty little wife of his, to drink, and let sick men suffer for the want of it. Perhaps with your opinion of him this may seem strange to you but it is true, and I can tell you a great many other things of him that are as bad, or worse. But I never intended to write so much as this about him, so I will stop now.

I am very sure that my letters have not been very interesting to you for some time, but I cannot help it. I am tired of writing letters, and am waiting for the time when I can tell you what I wish to in a more agreeable way.

My health is good as it always has been, and I beleive that is about all that I have to say this time.

Yours as ever  
Leander