

Camp of the 4th Regt. N.H. Vols.
Near Fort Fisher, N.C.
Feb. 9th 1865

My Darling,

It is not quite a long time since I have written to you, and at a time too, when you will feel more than usually anxious to hear from me. I did not as I expected to leave the Hospital without hearing from you, as your letter of the 22^d ult. Reached on Monday the day after I wrote you. I left the Hospital as I wrote you, and reached this place on Tuesday of this week. I stopped several days at Fort Monroe, leaving that place last Friday night, and had a very disagreeable passage here, as it rained very hard part of the time, and was very cold all of the time, and all the place I could get on the boat was on the hurricane deck, where there was not the least bit of shelter, except on the last night, when the storm was the hardest, one of the fireman, a good natured fisherman, took me into the Engine room, and gave me a place to lie on a bench where it was warm and dry. I should have written to you sooner, but have waited in hopes to be able to tell you what I was going about here, but have not learned anything definite as yet. But I have no doubt of being able to get a good place here, where I can be usefull and more pleasantly situated then in the Co. I will write you again soon, but the mail will not be so regular here as in Va. And we cannot expect to correspond as easily as we have done. I am waiting very anxiously for your next letter. I am very much pleased with your last, and would like very much to answer it, and to explain my opinions at more length, on some of the points that you mention as I do not think that you fully understand me from what I wrote in the letter that you refer to, but do not feel as though I could do it at present though I am glad to believe that we do not in reality differ so much as I had supposed.

This is not intended as an answer to your letter, but just to prevent you from feeling uneasy about me till I feel like answering it. Henry is here, and I was very glad to meet him again, as well as the rest of the men of the regt. About the loss of Col. Bell I do not feel able to write a word. It seems as though we had all lost the best friend that we were had. I never knew any of one whose loss was so deeply, and universally felt, but if it is such to us, what must it be to his wife.

But I will not write any more now. Good bye, Write often.

Yours, Leander