Federal Point, Near Fort Fisher  
February 22\textsuperscript{d} 1865

My Dear wife.

I have received yours of the 6\textsuperscript{th} inst. which is the first letter that I have received since I left the Point of Rocks. Though you hoped the one bearing the date of the 6\textsuperscript{th} inst. might reach me first, it is a great disappointment to me not to see the others: and especially the answer to the one that has caused me so many anxious hours since it was written. In fact, I hardly know how to write to you, without seeing your answer to that.

Perhaps it is to be a part of my punishment, but if so I must bear it. Your last letter is a dear good loving one. It is like yourself. But I wish to know what you think of me. I think you will not doubt my love for you. But I will not write any more about it till I get that letter.

There is a mail in now. Perhaps that will bring it. I do not dare to think of what it will be.

Do not be uneasy on my account. There will be no need of my going into the Co. again unless I choose. There are so few, that can do the duties of the Dispensary, that I can always get detailed And besides, I have recomendations from some of the best Surgeons in the Army. There has been a detail sent, in, for me to go to the Post Hospital at this place, but Dr. Dearborn wants me to stay with him for a while, and, as he has always been a good friend to me, I shall do so, though it would be much pleasanter, at the Post Hospital.

It is quite cold here, here,, as we do not get much to eat, and very poor eating, at that, but as I have fared so much better than the rest generally, I cannot find any fault.

You will probably get all the news in the papers, before you will see this, it will not be of any use for me to try to tell you anything that is going on here. But I must fill up with something. Fort Anderson surrendere\textdagger to our forces yesterday, no this morning, and we hear that our forces are moving on toward Wilmington, and we expect they will occupy the place by tomorrow, but everything is very uncertain in war.

We have the news here today, that Sherman has taken Charleston, and I think it is very likely to be true. Our Reg\textsuperscript{t} we hear is within a few miles of Wilmington. I wish that I was with them.

If I had no dear little wife, I should not be in the rear. If It had not been for you, I might have had a commission before this time. So you see that I have mad made some sacrifice for you and a greater one. than you can understand perhaps, But let that pass, I only spoke of it to prove to you that I do love you better. than I do myself, notwithstanding. all that [letter\textsuperscript{*}] is going to say to me. Oh: Emmy, if you do reproach me I will never see you again, if there is a bullet that can find me, ors I it. But why do I write this? the letter that I have before me, tells me that you love me better than everything else in the world, But I will not say anything more on this subject. You ask if there is any prospect of my being paid soon. We shall be paid, it is very likely, before the middle of March. But you must not want for any thing. in the mean time. if there is a dollar in the world that belongs to me. If you do not like to draw on Mr. Buck, for that money, I do not think that any of the traders in town will hesitate to give you credit on my account. But
you must. get all that our children need, if you will not do the same for my wife. If you feel that it is laying yourself under disagreeable obligation to me, after what I have told you, I cannot find any fault: but I had much rather, you would use what little I have, before you go to doing any hard work, with your feeble health. You must remember that you owe some thing to our children, if not to me, and that your loss to them could never be replaced.

But I do not know what I am writing. I will close this now. My own darling wife, that I have always loved you better than everything else in this world, and if I have ever done anything to cause you unhappiness, it was not from any lack of love for you.

But I cannot say what I wish to.

Hoping to hear from you again very soon. I am, very truly

Your affectionate

Husband

I have read this over, and cannot tell what to think of it. I can not understand it. If I send it it will give you a good idea of the state of mind that I am in. Oh! my wife. do not blame me. But I do not care - tell me just what you think.

L. Harris