Morris Island S.C. Oct 3\textsuperscript{rd} 1863

Dear Emmy,

I received your letter the day before yesterday, and had nearly made up my mind not to answer it at all, but it would be most too bad not to let you hear from me by every mail when it is possible, so I will you a few lines, and will hope you will feel better when you write again.

I am very sure it does not give you any pleasure to believe that I do not love you, and wish to be with you, and it seems strange that you will persist in making yourself unhappy with that belief, if I did not love you there would not be any object to gain by telling you that I did. If I did not love you I should not wish you to think that I did. But I think I regret the necessity that calls me away from my family and friends as much as you can, and in addition to all that am obliged to bear all the hardships and exposures of a soldiers life, which are not pleasant I assure you, and if I have not often written of these things in my letter to you, it was from a wish to spare your feelings as much as possible. Now I do not believe that it would be any consolation to you to know that I was homesick and discontented when it is impossible for me to get home, and I am very glad to be able to say with truth that I am not and am determined never to be so long as my Country is in need of the services of every one of her sons, either in the field or in some other place. I do not wish to enter into any discussion with any one, and least of all, with you, as to who is, or who is not, responsible for the present, unfortunate state of things in this country. It is enough for the present, to know that the trouble is upon us, and that the danger is imminent and pressing, and is enough to employ all the energies of every honest, right-minded person to meet these dangers, and bring about a better state of affairs.

The history of all the world, plainly shows that no nation ever yet existed, with a nationality worth the trouble of maintaining, but was obliged to endure hard and desperate struggles to maintain its existence among the nations of the earth, and we have no right to expect that our own beloved home shall escape this trial of its worth. That I have fears for the result I will confess, but my hopes predominate.

We have reason to be thankful that we have had so long a time of peace and prosperity, to acquire the power to meet the trial when it shall come, and now my earnest prayer is, that this power may be directed for the best interest of the whole country. I feel no interest in any political party, whether “copperhead” or abolitionist, any farther than their miserable quarreling affects the great interest of the country at this time. My principal feeling is one of disgust, with men who will suffer such pretty questions, as the success of a party, to fill their minds, when the great question of our national existence is being decided.

But I do not know why I write this to you, for I have no reason to hope that you will try to understand me, or give me credit for a worthy motive for the course I have taken in this crisis.

I think that I understand what you wished I should, by your allusion to Lewis in your last letter. I am truly grieved that you will persist in reproaching me with words, when your own heart reproves you at the same time it tells you how truly I love you, and how little I am deserving of such reproaches. But I will not venture to write any more on
this subject, for fear I may say something that will make matters worse than they are at present.

There has been nothing of importance done here since my last. The work on the defences, is being carried forward as fast as possible, and it is evidently the intention to withdraw most of the forces here, as soon as the place is put in a condition to be defended by a small force. My health is good as ever, but you must have made a mistake in reading J’s letter to Julia, for I have not seen a louse for a year and a half. A man would be kicked out of camp if it was known that he was lousy.

I think that for lousy, you should read lazy, though I pronounce that a slander. I am very sorry that the mistake in that letter has caused you so much uneasiness, but if the mistake caused you to cry, think the explanation will make you laugh, so it will be all square in the end. Well dear Emmy I must close this now. Perhaps what I have written had better been left unwritten, but you must believe me, that there is nothing in this that is meant unkindly. I love you too well to do or to say anything to make your situation more unpleasant than it at present I am hoping to hear from you again very soon, when I hope, you will feel happier than when you wrote last. I am looking forward to the time, which I hope, is now, not far distant, when I shall meet you again, and then if I fail to make you better understand my views on some subjects, than I have on by my letters, I shall at least convince you that I love you as well as you can wish. Of that I have not the least doubt. I send my love to our darling babies, and all our friends, And now dear wife good bye for a little while,

Believe me as ever. truly your own,

Leander