My beloved Wife; 

My Fork 11th November 1864.

I have been trying to compose myself of the utter uselessness of beginning a letter to you now, when my last is not even on the Packet (still in Elijah's hands awaiting tomorrow's boat) and when it (this one) will probably not be mailed for another week. But, this is my time for feeling most lonely, and I have gotten so much in the habit of spending a few minutes in writing to you when I first come in at night, that I cannot resist it— I have taken up the Churchman and tried on vain to become interested in it— my thoughts will revert to my absent family, and remembering that I have had no intelligence from you for a week, I can't help feeling that may be some of you are not well; and I get a little now stationed in spite of myself— I know it is not right— and I strive against it— and pray for strength from above to enable me to put my whole trust in God, and to have my thoughts, and my heart so full of Jesus that nothing earthly trials may move me.

I have been about all day and have felt tolerably comfortable; but my digestive organs seem still to be entirely deranged, and I have occasional stitches about on my back— I am taking the best care of myself— not working, and dieting very strictly, and I trust that I shall soon get better—
Sally wrote me this morning that she had determined to go down on the morning, and was going to Columbia this evening, but this evening she came here to Crof, going to stay all night with Mrs. Ford! But the river was too high to crop her and they went on to the upper half.

I finished hauling the corn out of my island at 10 o'clock today. The water was that (just as it has been for weeks) about an allus, deep in four hours, afterwards it was all over the upper point of the island; although we have had no rain here since Monday night, but yesterday and today the weather has been perfectly clear. That was almost as remarkable as the passage of the Red Sea! wasn't it? I only I ought to be very grateful if I had not gotten all my corn out of the island before that high water came, it is hard to tell how much it would have inconvenienced me. Perhaps I never would have gotten it out at least before the weather &c had ruined it.

I expect to have a big corn cooking here on Friday night. I have engaged the Cuffhills hands and will try to get the island hands too. I'm going to kill one of my hogs and cook up all except the joints for them. I shall have about 150 lbs corn to chuck up at once.

Tell Jim Boy. Today I was riding along through
The woods and I saw a flock of wild pigeons—then I came home, got my gun and went there and shot
the of them! the other flew away and I couldn't
find them anymore—then I saw a right duck, and
they an old hare, but I didn't have my gun—
I could not help thinking what a nice snack
they would have made for grandmother, and may
Ma and aunt Jea.

I have got a bright fire, and our room looks
so cozy and cheerful! If only you and the chil-
dren were in it! But, it has comforted me very
much to write you even these few commonplace
lines—and when I shall presently bid you good
night, and after commending you all unto Him
whom the day and night are both alike.
I shall sleep upon the hope that the morning will
bring one a letter from you—I dreamt of you
right before last—I could not remember anything
of it except that it was a pleasant dream—
Goodnight—and may Angel guard you while you sleep—
I need to tell you that it was better for me to sleep
away from you and the children, because I rested
so much better.—It isn't so now—I find it
difficult to get to sleep at a late hour, and I wake
up by 3—One reason is that now I can't work—
fatigue used to make me sleep.

With my blessings for you—

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]
Thursday. Twilight—Well! this bright beautiful morning brought me your long, dear letter, and made me feel happy in spite of some ills. But for that, I think I would scold you for forgetting the hour of departure of the boat, after I had twice told you, in order that I might not be disappointed in a letter. Please mention to Rob that I read his letter today. Tell Mr. Leetson I am afraid Green will find a pretext for knocking off a part of the price of the leg amputated, for he has knocked off some of the chain. This morning I went to the stable and found that he had lain down, and in ineffectual efforts to get up, had hurt his back and had a good deal—tell him it suits Green as well that I should rather he would take them back without settling any in place of them for the present unless the money has been paid down for them. (Between you and I, I am almost worn out by the care and expense of so many stocks.) I am glad to hear he bought the horse for one—Old John has become so lame that I reckon nobody would give for for him. I am much gone to Ossietta Mary, and many thanks for her kind provision of groceries for me. The plantation is in a great disquiet. Jordan Liles expects to be here tomorrow at 12 to take our wheat, and we are making great haste in order