20th July 1861.

My Little Splendour,

I mailed for you this evening a very zig-zag sort of a letter, written in a regular worm-forest style of composition which, however, you & dear Matthew will not criticize as it tells you I am well. In fact, my health is very good: I go to bed about 10, sometime 9, get down to breakfast at six, or nearly at that hour. And, then, while we live with great simplicity, every thing is exquisitely neat: the nine shingles again; the china is beautifully white; the cloth, may, without my extravagance, shelter; be called energy. Then, the biscuits are unsurpassed by any I have ever seen, the butter of traditional "golden" color, the Coffee a reality & the tea anything but fictitious.
At dinner, which we take at the aristocratic hour of 4, as before, my kind grandmother rank, my occupation, we have the same bright salon, the same handsome porcelain & mony clock, with a profusion of vegetables, potatoes, salt, tomatoes, onions, etc, with excellent liver, ham & realullet — all cooked admirably & washed down by innocent bottles of ice-water.

Then in my room I see in addition to the article already described, my grandfathers, letters (the sayings) suspended opposite my bed, & I am now writing at his table, out of his woodsman excursions until now, while the books he kept near him are upon my bureau.

His simple story, my dear Matha, is eloquent enough: if it were possible for the kindness of any one to supply yours believe me I should find it in my heart. And, not only does the cheese hold good in this important particular, but in conversation, especially when the Science of Medicine, for we are both learned in Medicinae Practica, — in conversation I say, she often reminds me of you; while Mr. Wilson is full of pleasant reminiscences, which would be valuable to a College of Sorcery. I write the admiration of an antiquary, or historian. So you see I have indeed a great deal to be thankful for. I am doing better service to the Cause in my present position than I once possibly could, and, for my facility in reporting, in preparing dispatch,
enable many matters, to go forward which would otherwise be delayed. Thus, shedding salt, not blood I contribute to the vindication of our liberties. I hope to be able to do something for mother, wife, and little one. Nor shall I confine my "charity at home" there are many things I can do, in a sensible way, to show that I have "need," deserve, as well as feel.

By the way, here comes a sudden disruption while I think of it, your last letter dated the 17th was mailed on the 17th, six days afterward, examine into this, yet Mr. Wilcox brought at the office & see that it does not happen again. One day, at least, lost to me!

God bless you the days up.

Yours affectionately,

[Signature]
My dear Mother,

I have just
concluded a visit to Annie, not to her alone, but to her little chicks too. I cannot go to bed without wishing abundance to you. God bless you mother!

In Annie’s letter she tells me you have not heard of yet from Mr. Bajal, but I see State Stock have gone up 5 percent recently, and I am told an immense sum has been subscribed to carry on our new Trent $13,000,000 exclusive of the Central Bank. Mrs. B. also has gotten her dividend up to 8% this is very a formal duty.
which we have not my long wished to its collection.

Anne is safe in that event, to the faculty, tuition, all which are influences, it chance, it caused me there, and console you also. We always do not bear his burden, whatsoever before us, this faith must always be another -

Chief God, let nothing as the only hope that can remove the mutations of fortune, the change of life, the inevitable journey into the Valley of the Shadow.

God bless you, my Dearest! Good night. Hey, little chick. I'll meet you at Jipie Dee's said about the baby. See you soon.

James
Sunday Morning 21st

My dear Child,

Papa has just read your mother's letter. He was up ever so early this morning & after getting breakfast marched off for the P.O. where he mounted guard until the P.M. arrived to give him his letter. Papa was much disturbed to find that his darling——he, his darling for the time is very, very dear. She has been sick again & wishes your sweet little mother to go to Aunt Jane & thank her for her kindness from here, which she will not forget, & say to her that especially boy she will not let any of the servants give you anything to eat without mamma's sanction. She will not let you eat without mamma's sanction. The weather is too warm for baby, true. Have much meat. Do you swing in your hammock daily? Dryen
think of Papa? Do you now about little little Kate take plenty of exercise as you might systematic exercise which dear Mother must her part? Have you seen any father since Papa left you? All of these questions must be answered by Marion. She must take their place. So they all are after the other and you too must write. Don’t forget any of them.

You must say your prayers too, she a very, very good girl always remembering that you have a father in heaven more tender of loving them be don’t know. Then bring these to this other one be even in love you. Papa.
Mrs. James Baron Hope, at Mr. Welcox's, Wancher, N.C.

By the hand of Cho. Price, Esq.