

Buck December 15<sup>th</sup> 79

Monday night 11 o'clock.

My dear dear husband,

Pa & I have just returned this evening from our place where we had been since Sunday morning. & after a long talk with me and cousins here we have all separated for the night. I have come to this nice little room with a comfortable fire to have much the same thoughts as those in our bed room at home but Pa has us tomorrow morning & late though it is I cannot think of getting home go without a letter & get I hardly dare trust myself to write but you to night dear husband. You do as much as I can do already to keep off the blues. You will guess without my telling you what the trouble is, & how heavy it is. You are to see Pa go without me, yet there is my help. You do it & I am trying my best to stand it cheerfully & do what is plainly marked out as my duty. Mrs Williams too has promised to return home

Give his family & there is no one left to  
look after the negroes but poor little me.  
We tried to find some suitable man to put  
on the place during Mrs Williams' absence  
but as nearly every man in Texas is a conscript  
he found it impossible. so Frederick has  
been made responsible & I believe will do  
as well, if not better, than any of these low  
white men. I wanted to stay in the place  
myself & get some body to stay with me  
but whether Mr or Mrs would consent to  
that so I am trying to do what is next best.  
I will stay at the house of a Mrs Gallagher  
which is just half an hours ride from your  
cabin & will go every day & stay several  
hours at the place. This I think will answer  
as I will be near in case of sickness  
or any trouble, & can direct the work during  
the day as I know pretty well what  
should be done during Mrs Williams'  
absence. I never saw the negroes look  
better or happier. & have no fear of any  
trouble with them. They are expecting you  
daily & send you endless messages by Pa.  
that I think I hear regularly. Give you &  
not a day goes by but what some  
one of them asks "Missie how is Mother?"  
God only knows how I checked him my heart  
beats at the question I know so little seem

to answer & which forces me to say with  
a smile that you will see where I last  
heard from you. I would not dare tell them  
when that was. I often find even when their  
happy presence. Mr. Williams promises  
to be back in June next & I shall  
look for him impatiently. I hope to get  
no ill - but you must not think I am  
going to play truant for you without  
some reward. & I need not tell you what  
I ask. What I cannot must hear from  
you for three beautiful months I have been  
this trying out to immense. Suffering however  
would be a brighter day & now I have  
called up the very best particle of patience  
& courage for this next month. I should  
almost despair of a letter by a Texas mail  
but surely surely Mr. W. will bring me one.  
He promises to see you & with your letter  
I know will come what I so much need.

Altho' if you can only tell me that you are  
coming home. But if you cannot, if you  
find it impossible to get out of the heavy  
let me come to Mississippi. Tell Mr. W.  
will see to come & talk to him of it. How  
dear Mr. W. I can't stand this longer than  
I am absolutely forced to. I don't believe there  
is any such thing as letters reaching here by mail  
or it is useless trusting to that. The me

