

Jan^y 3rd 1864

Dear Wife I take

The present opportunity
of dropping you a few lines
to let you know that I am
well and I rec^t your kind
epistle dated the 29 Dec you spoke
of not getting a letter from
me I have wrote 3 since
I received yours last one I write
once a week and twice Sun
days you spoke of my thumb
it is sound well but I have
got a sore finger I got the skin
nacked of it hurt^{ing} me from
writing you know that it dont
take my flesh long to heal
well Mag I left Wilnong on
mondy last in the rain it
rained as hard as I ever saw
it you may see how wet I was
I got here about sun set
wet and cold and no pier near
we hav^t had no pier yet only

To cook with we cant get wood
we sleep in a old stable with
our beds spread on the ground the
last 3 days is cold and wet and
windy I never saw as hard a win-
ner as cold winter in my life
the winter gets a fare sweep at us
water all round us there is
good wintering quarters here but
they are occupied there is no
go here sum of them is going
to leave we will get hold then
R.C.C. is still on Detale that cant
put up no houses without
R.C.C. I made a house out of
Clabords since here I have
him the colds work I ever done
sum put up tents but the
Tore them all to peeces it is
the coldest winter I ever felt go to
bed and get up without fire
sum of our men is had of with
cold and sore throats Sam cold
is parley and our cook is sick

Well Mag I have just come
from church preaching right
here Babtest his text was
Sams 14 and 3 I received a letter
this morning from C.A.C he spoke
of a great revival in Concord
Mag I would like to know if you
got a hand to hire you must
have on or 2 let the cost
be what it may hire men and
beander you can get some
body to tend to them dont
stand on the price anything
you need by it you will
have to buy sum plows
maly you can by sum shov
from C.A. Caldwell if you can
by them right of if you cant
you must by 2 or 3 mules
one horse mule See Charles
about them I wrote you a letter
2 or 3 days ago you must
pick in mag do the best you can

Well Mac I am getting very
Cold sitting on the sand with
to you on my trunk. We hate
no Sunday down here I haven't
saw no Sunday since I have
left home week weekness
Well Mac I can't tell you
when I will go home. That is
unnoen no furlos to go home
is given now I wald like to
go home home but so
be it I must be content
time passes of fast But
this is a dark hour with us
I don't see prospect of
da yet But I don't think
much of this war from the
comence ment it a war
holy war Well Mac I
Close ma god Bles you
R to B & Still remains
your friend Tit death
his hand and pen