Dear Aunt,

There is a party at Hoorans tonight, to which I should probably have gone had your letter contained better news. As it was I preferred writing to you.

All summer I have tried to prepare myself for disappointment, and have succeeded to some extent; nevertheless, it is hard to give you up to go into the field. As long as you are in safe quarters I could bear the separation. Thinking the war might close without your being sent away, I cannot give up hoping that it may yet be so, for you have not given me your reasons for thinking you would be sent.

Please tell me in your next, if you
Have not done as in your Sunday letter. Do not fear for me, I must have time, but I promise you to try to be cheerful come what may. If we could always remember that our Father is above all, this could be an easier thing to do. I often think I can bear all to this case; yet the doubt and question will come back: “Will the ships win, sirren, and let us meet again?” Do you think any one can bear that cold at all times without cheerfully and contentedly? Our little one is still well, belle trying to be more distant, and the boys running wild with mischief. Father sent me and yesterday that she had sent them from the ship twice this time, and she wished I could just look at them. I found the hall room window, and there was Frank trying to paddle around the trough in a large green bucket! Not much by in evident admiration. I laughed heartily but they were too busy to see me. I then took up a ditche of water and threw at them; it didn’t trouble them but the sound was enough; without delay to see where it came from, they scattered off in “double quick,” never stopping till some distance down the lot. Father took us quite a long ride this evening; Frances kept side-saddle as he always does, but not even fell off. No one kept him check out. May, the negro, with me, and Rob instantly takes up to defend me. Frances is going to be a few days, and Belle Brown is again going with him. Uncle John says he is very busy but will write you a long letter soon. I think Brown’s trial comes off next week.

This is at Loy’s Ferry.

It is eleven o’clock dear, dear friend
so goodnight. I'll write your letter tomorrow morning.

After finishing, Wednesday night, the letter this afternoon cleared, so I am obliged to finish without it.

Mary and I have been to see Bill Burrows this evening, and found she is not going for two weeks. It makes me almost homesick to see you, yet I wish to try very hard to attempt any journey with four children.

Howard is better and has been out several times today. The party at Mr. Hume's lasted till four o'clock this morning, which was outrageous at a private house. Carl belaunted ChriDette that she ought to have been there. They got home just in time to see the sun set. Little Mary has been a sweet little girl. Great part of today, she will soon be quite interesting, when I hope you can see her. For it is a shame not to enjoy a baby when you have one. You will have lost a great deal of that if we had not tun together. The only good that I can see in all this trial, is that I will nearly wear out and need it from Thanksgiving, that poor George and I can accord more rapidly on account of the relief.