Dec. 8th, 1862

Dear Uncle John,

I cannot write a short letter this time. We came in this evening, and I have received a letter from your brother, which I shall answer as soon as I can.

You must blame Uncle John for sending a short letter this time.

I hope you are well and that all is going on as before. We had a good time in the country and enjoyed ourselves. I hope you are also enjoying yourself.

I have been thinking about you all the time I have been here. I hope you are well and that all is going on as before.

I shall write you soon and give you all the news.

Your affectionate,

[Signature]
question which old Dr. Mote asked, she
old Thomas Evans played his organ
for him. All this kept me away
 till nearly half past ten, so there
but little time for writing.
I walked out to take this morning
and spent the day with her. They
came out in the afternoon and
we walked home with us early in
the evening. I asked her how she
liked the figure, and she assured
me that he was pleased, and had
sent me word because he intended
writing to you himself.
On my return we heard the children
having such a grand time that the
desk-bell could not be heard. Bill
said that she thought I was going to stay
all night, and Bill complained of
my long absence. Bill’s cough is
very troublesome, but neither she nor
any have the measles yet. I have
been making very new, flannel dresses, also
a "balmorel skirt". Dress in these
he went out to his Grandfather and
bade him he had a "balmorel
skirt" on, which rather mystified
the old man, till it was explained
to him. Frank and his Grand
mother have written you a letter which
I will enclose. If I can find
it I will send also, the commissar
of yesterday or at least the notice of
Granville Williams’ death. The poor
man had been ill some time with
arthritis but was not considered
dangerously so till last Thursday.
I did not know till today that these
Williams was in command of a regiment
now in the field. I fear that these
latter troubles combined with Bill’s
ill health, and the care of Alfred’s
motherless babe, will shorten poor John’s
departure from the rest of the family.
To a sister whose grief cannot enter at
it, death no doubt will be welcome.