

Bonham Texas  
March 8, 1869

Dearest Sister

The school bell was rung and I see the scholars plodding in through the mud, but I cannot go this morning having had the sick headache now for two days and nights but it was not so bad till yesterday last night was a long and dreary <sup>night</sup> to me, but my head is now easy. I just heard them singing and now they are engaged in prayer. Oh! 'tis all that <sup>to</sup> stay away, for I always feel as though I had lost something when I am not present at the morning services, and truly I do.

This leaves all well with the exception of Cousin Fannie she has been very unwell for the last week, or should have said the past three or four days, has the cough, been in bed for two days. I know she has a hard time sick among those girls. I had rather be in a hog pen and let them tear me up at once. School is increasing a little, though there is quite a difference in the scholars, mostly small. If Uncle Charley was set there it would seem like a different school. We have but little news in B. Court has adjourned and the last I heard of Old Boarden - he and his escort were <sup>gone</sup> six miles out on the ~~Whitney~~ road. The old judge I presume has to a section more dear, to old Mrs. Heart I presume. He adjourned Court without giving any notice to the lawyers, and as they were left in a pretty bad fix, tolerable expensive <sup>to</sup> them - I presume, as there was but one or two cases tried, sent one Negro to the penitentiary. Enough of this.

We had a very interesting Sunday school yesterday morning, we have an addition occasionally, and I don't think any have left us. Had prayer meeting Friday night, tolerable good, turn out, though not <sup>so good</sup> as it should have <sup>been</sup>.

Fannie I will just see  
the paper for six weeks as  
before from the census he  
is about purchasing  
that you will not want  
any longer  
Good -

No meeting yesterday coming on account of the rain. I must stop  
as it is time for my arithmetic class to recite, and I must try and attend  
to it. The misting rain and has been all morning. I have returned  
from hearing my class. I can see that they have improved considerably  
the progress that they have made heretofore, don't add much praise to  
Frank, for it does seem to me as though they ought to know more, as some  
of them Grace for instance, have been in the Arithmetic now 15 months  
and can scarcely work an example in compound numbers. I have  
had three letters since I wrote last, from Cousin Nellie, Brother Abner and  
Uncle Dimon, all of friends were well. I send you the letter from brother  
Uncle Dimon and news; he and his wife and a nephew composed  
his family, his two sons both being dead and all his daughters, 3, married.  
One of his sons was an Episcopal preacher, died on his way to his Circuit.  
Uncle Dimon was very glad to receive my letter, sent love to you.  
Uncle Jesse Mc's family were all well. No letters from Father Robert and  
Kingston, do not know the cause, I fear they did not receive our last letter.  
Uncle John is still alive so Cousin Nellie wrote, and says he is going to answer  
the letters according to their time so we will get one after awhile.

Sister I am lonely still - feel, and know like I was lost and know  
that others think I look that way. I miss you morning, noon, night, yes all the time.  
This old room is my favorite retreat, here there is some enjoyment  
when busily engaged in some of my duties, seldom go to town  
once in two weeks. Don't go any where, have been to Mrs. S's twice and  
Mrs. S's about the same number of times since you left. Berham has  
lost many of its ties and those most dear, that bind me to it, but  
still I have many friends here, who seem deeply interested in my well  
being.

Sister the thought comes to mind, <sup>so I must</sup> what would I have been now  
had it not been for <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> answers when, in a distant clime, perhaps

among strangers, engaged in I know not what. I expect I would  
have found a home among those, who treated me so kindly in the hour  
of affliction, who they are still dear to me, and will always have my prayers.  
I hope will the inmates of my old home find a place in my memory.  
I wish I could be of use to you. Sister it seems now since you  
are gone, that I never treated you as a brother should have, was too testard, but  
Sister my seemingly indifference on some occasions, was not because  
I was angry with you, nor for he such as that from me for I ever loved <sup>you</sup> much.  
It was caused by pangs that recited and my heart the cause of which were  
I know some thing who knows all things, press in them I found a balm  
to soothe my sorrows, and as soon know them I will ever let them  
remain forever, tombed in the depths of the past. Enough of this.

I have given you all the news I believe, no there is yet the saddest  
to come, another one has fallen asleep by the way, his name dear friend  
Lucy Weaver, her death is published in the Leader. Do not know the date, I  
will clip the notice of her death from the paper of some of them have not  
already done so, and send it. I fear this now, will finish tonight at  
noon. I forwarded "The Gospel Preacher" to Cousin yesterday also ordered the  
news, have not seen the editor, but will this week, so no more at present. Give  
me news.

Thursday evening, 11, in consequence of the almost incessant  
rain from Sunday evening & Wednesday morning, we  
have had no mails, so I have not finished my letter. Fannie is  
about well again. We were very much surprised to see Joseph  
Warrior, come in yesterday, left Mo. 20. Last month, all our well  
to news, only the particulars in regard to Lucy W's death, she lay sick  
for some time, but not on thought her danger, so her death was rather  
unexpected to all, died of Congestion. Mrs. Sil. Weaver takes her  
little girl. Joe left this evening, for Paris, from there he will return

to Mr. Lane on business, do not know the nature of it.  
He is now a partner in the Store in which he was clerking  
when we were there. He has money on the bar, and talks  
of nothing else, only as we would ascertain <sup>at</sup> by questions. It has  
been said that the more a man has the more he wants, and  
I think it is true: his case is very good proof of that, though  
that is only one instance of many. He as as you know is  
rich and is now striving <sup>for money</sup> giving his whole time and thought  
to the various ways in which he will be able to accumulate the  
fatal coin around him. John B. went to P. with him  
to see Jeff again, good thing, as distie is down in that  
region, he having taken her two weeks since, was to have gone  
after her Saturday, but in consequence of the rain he would not  
have gone, as the roads are impassable with a buggy.

This morn to you and Addison this time, and I have about  
exhausted my little store of news. No there is an other item  
yet Jordan Marries to night, Woman at Mr. Doves.

I was in the house when he came to ask uncle C. he motioned  
for him to come out in the hall, though I could hear part of the  
conversation, such as - She's the best woman in town -

I want you to go down and fix it up. It was all that I  
could do to keep from laughing right out; but for Jordan's  
sake I forbear - till he was out of hearing.

Sullie Frank loaned the Ledger to Cousin B. and I did not  
get to slip that notice, but is not necessary as there was only  
an account of her death. kindest regards to all, and  
love to you both May Heavens blessings be yours is the  
Prayer of your Brother  
Jesse Mc