My dear aunt,

Your letter was received last night. I had been wondering that you did not write, as you had said in your letter to sister Ellen that you were going to write and you had not answered your letter sent you by Algernon last summer. I infer what I do that our intercourse should be interrupted.

I think it fitter than water with water, and as far as possible we will steer, as near as we can, in the same direction. It is an old saying, however, that you can't eat your pudding and have it too; we have been advised to have our fate separated from that of our countrymen. All the way that she took we have praised, in her struggles she had all of our prayers to God, the more dense, the more intense, and the more we have been giving up to support her, the more fight her battles. We believe consequently that we have taken up arms in the last hope of saving our liberties and freedom of the soul of my father, and now amid the general mock and bitter patience of liberty, when we see all the hard work swept away, we feel more than ever how right it was for us to have made a timely effort to resist, even though we have failed to become one with all the passionate and noble people living in a situation where persons believing that we were misguided who shared all the suffering and injuries inflicted on others could not expect that feelings for them to be entertained against the
estrangement however much we may. If I had a brother who thought as I do now, I should feel myself more closely drawn to any stranger with certain feelings than to him—and this in the feeling which we consider is an sacred duty to keep up, and which pre-

arriving until right we are instilling into the hearts of the children of the home—then newly taken place. Our wicked foibles and all that is vile and delightful. And poor little soul that I have shown you the interest I am feeling. I shall come again introduce this sad subject and only said that if you could let the talk you would think me silly in comparison with the bitterness of her feelings he knows better in the future, but except my own, to respect for the past. You are rest to think now, that we have any other than affectionate feelings for any. I am sure, we have loved you too long and tender to think of you in any other way than as our dear good aunts.

I can’t tell you what a constant source of trouble and annoyance for the inability to send you any money has been to us all this while. Yall, we had hoped certainly to send you part of your interest—least but having to distil the plantation, being obliged to have given them after the clear clean few years and to pay wages now to old men to swallows up. Every cent left we spared enough to furnish us with the bare necessities of life. Fuller hopes, however, in a week.
a two to be able to send you one or two hundred dollars. You
said cousin Algernon had told you that your money was
safe. It is safe because your father of course considered himself
bound to you for it, but only in investment which he had in
stocks he are lost and all that we have left in the world
in the plantation. Aunt Juay has three or five hundred
dollars in an insurance company in Chiroo which though
unrealiable now is gold and the company expects to pay a
dividend in July next. After the pinch of this year in 1863 I
hope you will never again suffer as you did in from the delinqu
acquiring you income. Taming has in considerable an experiment
now under this new regime yet there is no improving and even
one in determined to give it a fair trial. Now that the existence
of the past few years is over and we are all out home is lost,
the lives of the colony can only find content in hard work or
they have to work to achieve their chattels families with an
energy and determination which reminds an echo to their hum-
nan as their gallantry did in time of war. Some live at home
and has charge of the plantation under father, he is constant
and nothing in his energy and we already begin to see the good
effects of his good management. The life he leads though, is
naturally entirely different to him, and if father were ten years
younger I do not think any power could keep him in this

country. He and I both are constantly wishing they could come out of the country, but I live my southern state too long for that. And things will have to be worse for me than they are now, for me to be willing to give them up. I am sure the more trouble they are in the more difficulty in getting willing to work them than they are now. Andrews' health has been down entirely, and he is more confirmed invalid and at times a great sufferer. Hardly has he ever been out of the yard and will live in a house just built for him on the top of the mountain. Our greatest trouble is in caring for the large families. Old Minerva died several years before the war and Russell the second year of the war, and we were all so sorry that we did not think of the time of having him owned at Fort Tulle. She had a place in the house of the woman who lives left there. I believe it is undeclared whether it belongs to the W. H. Or is it to Lucy's brother. I got from there that little alabaster tomb at the center just the size and shape of the anchor top of the one in the gravel was hole. Hilton had moved down to his farm to live where he had settled up a very humble dwelling. It is now his family. In spite of my protestations to the contrary they will not call the place Chapel Ridge.
John lives along on only 4 acres at Paducah. He went to see his eldest son, the youngest, and Jeff Taylor lives there. He teaches them. He likes his wife very much. It's a great shock to Mr. Robert E. Lee, who has lost six children. They have been living in a small house in Sylvania, Georgia, for two years. We are hoping however to have a visit from her sometime soon. For some children are spending the winter with us. I'm sure has resumed his practice in Virginia. I'm sure expects to join him in winter.

Mr. Taylor has a place on a commission house in Richmond. All the boys he has been training for his house. Mr. Brown has the management of his father's farm. Lewis has 8 of the best one. Mr. Brown is a very good one. He could never know Mr. Brown, he has grown so he is almost as tall as his grandfather. He is a very smart fellow. Bennett lives at home, he's engaged to a Miss Emily Collier of Berkeley. She is all good looking, but she's very shy. She was told of my the house but now they are in love. They can't get married. Lewis Carter is engaged to Miss Mary Anderson. She is very pretty. The young fellow has quite a lot of time. His father will not let him...
asist him in the farm. He has little to practice. Uncle Ben considers he is enthralled and he thought it would be wise to adapt himself to the New state of things and to the plantation regime. As everything else goes on as best they may. Son, incidentally may.

widest he is in his talk & getting some. His health was not good during the winter. He’s improving now. Smith. I could think of the darling uncle George’s health as you do. Do you account of the hour changes he has put on. Think his lungs are sound. A letter arrived from Uncle George in February, perhaps. Tell me if you had just had a letter to the same. Think you could.

today gave me few accounts of him. She seems exceedingly wory about him. We are all very much concerned. Paul Sympathized with him in his affliction. Mr. Truett seemed so much distressed where he was here. We were so glad to see him once more. One did not mention coming yet? Colleen in your letter, live one time to time and till them we often think with pleasure. Tell them I love them.

write to me. I am sorry to hear that Aunt Frank still. If you so much with her call. I had hoped they gave her far trouble now. Colleen has been a lot worse, if ever. Aunt Mary. I hope has gotten quite well again. You all must have had a time this summer and with Annie to nurse through that tedious illness. Mr. Truett was very glad to get uncle. Uncle’s letter about the grape. He is impatient to set out a vineyard. I am going.
to write to the main to know what dedication in price I plants he will make for vineyard and there if I can escape going enough together I shall get some plants I should like to get enough for an acre but until advice that I high get awhile I want to have a vineyard just outside of the yard to the left of the western gate but I don't know how the western off ven will aid I wish you had a vineyard because some of the thing here that I have sheen their heads if anyone were to think it at all commandant on them to lay any egg Winter Carrie has your little hen house and I have six to Eliza Eliza have not gone quite out of your knowledge I expect Eliza is on a visit to her father now She is a very kind good child I think her and hung Mason coming up soon to join her in November and some months with us Cary is a fine fellow little fellow who was from knowing till high school when he is in school and then goes home in the place I heard his grandpa asking him the other day because his uncle Dave had lent him two horses and he had race the poor creature three Sundays back without giving him time to draw a long breath He has a smack of the Russian Virginia but a very sweet manner and a figure accurate very exactly like his line Nothing than you would ever believe it possible that a little boy could be like a grown woman He have never gone concealed to any drinking little Jennings death and put over the two years of treatment suffering confinement of fear which followed has been able to damn Jonathan grief for him Each now stage
of Congenital polyphalangism, of course, but his greatest concern was for his health and well-being. He often speaks of the gentle, kind way in which his parents cared for him when he was a baby. I do not think Father has given much thought to his past few years, for nothing like efficient living, nor Uncle Ben. He was a loving affection of the time. In a certain position that the leg sometimes thrown into the small one, the leg slips out of place & for the few moments which it takes to get his foot to get it back into place and when once he becomes set he always stays, and even comes to him riding his horse. The bone back into its place, quite an arduous job, from it as it slips back. But this got a letter from cousin Frank Page last week which I have read. I will enclose it to you. Cousin Frank is the last of the family in the world, while he lives. I will not forget his death, for years ago he gave a handsome little pony, little in Virginia which he fully intended to be a racehorse. He was a good horse, but never given to anyone on Confederate service. He never will be written into any future political document. He will not be one of the great men of the South. But he will be remembered as a gentlemen.