

June 12th 1862

My dear brother

I write tonight to copy a message from the last letter I received from my husband. It is this. "Your Nephew Henry Bunn is a noble boy. He endures hardship and fatigue with great resolution and behaved with coolness in the fight. I wish you to write this to his father." I am proud of the dear boy and pray that God will protect him in battle. I did think when I commenced this that I would send it off tonight, but I will wait and get a paper at the Overseers and send you an extract about the 6th Ga Regiment as you may see no particular mention made of that Reg in your papers. I am now sitting on our North Porch, writing by candle light – the frogs and bugs keeping up a constant concert around. I send to Newton at night for my mail. The stage comes in at 12 O'clock and I read the papers between midnight and day. I am too anxious to hear the news to wait until morning to send for my mail. As I will not send this off tonight I will wait to finish tomorrow. My hand is cramped having just finished a long letter to my husband. Tomorrow I will tell you of a visit I made Mrs. Plane. Stayed with her last night and spent today with Old Aunt Nancy Allen returning home this evening thinking I would send my husband and you a letter off tonight. Good night. Will talk to you through this medium again tomorrow.

Mrs. Plane sent me word to come over and stay a certain night when she thought her night flowering Ceris [Cereus] would bloom. I went accordingly, and enjoyed my visit more than I have any in a long time. She is very intellectual and when she confines her talk to matter and things and not persons it is edifying to be with her. She is energetic in domestic affairs, very enterprising these war times, making wire-grass hats and shaker bonnets of the same, played on the piano and sang old familiar songs, then walked with us around her flower yard talking of the nature of plants and appreciating the beauties of the Floral world. By this time it was dark and the Ceris began to unfold its beauties to us. Sister Catherine has seen it I expect. It belongs to the Cactus tribe and blooms only at night. It is too beautiful for me to describe purely white and waxen in appearance. While we were examining the bloom by candle light, Uncle Zeke repeated some verses of an old song ("In Happier Hours" the song) in which the poet compares the friendship of those who continue true only while fortune smiles to "Blossoms that wither when daylight is gone/ And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun." But the friendship that endures the gloom of adversity to the Night blooming Ceris, which sheds its perfume, And opens its blossoms midst darkness and gloom. This sentiment of course enhanced its beauty. Now I know what thought has come into your mind. It is this. What is Capt. Zeke doing at home, a young man in ease, repeating poetry when our country is in danger? He is on furlough and will leave this week. He belongs to a guerilla company. His repeating the lines made them all the more striking to me, to think that one that enjoys these refinements of civilized life has to be called to endure the rough demoralizing scenes of the camp life. How many there are now in such scenes to which they seem so little suited. When I think of my husband amidst all the carnage of a battle field, I can not identify him as the peace loving man of home. I told you I spent the next day after spending the night with Mrs. Plane with Aunt Nancy? I was not so much edified by my visit to her. Had to listen to superstitious nonsense and complaint all day. I carried my last papers to read to the old lady. She does not seem to have any hope of our success.

My hope is in God and though our prospects look gloomy, now I have a feeling that we will triumph. Our crop of corn is promising now and if we have no drought will make an abundance to sell. I believe the Overseer told me we made but 47 bushels of wheat, but that is more than we had reason at one time to expect. I cannot fix my mind on home matters now that I am expecting a battle at Richmond daily. I try to teach my girls some. Tell Porcia and Adela they must write to me occasionally. Give much love to Sister Catherine and say to her I hope to have her in my house when peace smiles upon us again. I am at home for this summer, but when a suitable time offers, I expect to visit her. I have not heard recently from Twiggs. William Tarver is declining rapidly. Ann Lane is a little better than I am. Freddy grows some. Lizzie is getting to be a large girl too. Her hair curls prettily and she is very good looking. We have refreshing rain upon us at this time for which I feel thankful. Let me hear from some of you often. God bless you.

Your affectionate sister

Sarah Colquitt

P.S.

I sent to get the paper to send you the extract but it was sent to some of the neighbors, so I am disappointed. I had cut the piece out of my paper and sent it to Mr. Colquitt, as he cannot get the papers now as there is such a press of letters filling the mail at Richmond now. The piece came out in the Macon Telegraph.