

P.S. I want to  
get the paper to  
send to the  
by tablet but it was  
sent to some of the  
Misses to your  
disappointment - I  
had cut the piece  
out of my paper  
and sent it to  
Mr. Longitt, who  
cannot get the paper  
now so there is such  
a piece of letters  
going by mail at  
Richmond now  
The piece came  
out in the Moon  
Telegraph -

I write tonight  
to copy a message from the East-  
letter I received from my husband.  
It is this - "Your Nephew Henry Bone  
is a noble boy. He endures hardships  
and fatigues 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  
La 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. So 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-blooming 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 matters and things and  
not persons it is edifying to be with  
her - She is energetic in domestic affairs  
very enterprising three or four times,  
making wiregrass hats and shaker  
bunnets of the same, played on the  
piano and sang old familiar songs  
Then walked with us around her  
ever good talking of the nature  
of plants and appreciating the beauties  
of the Floral world - By this time  
it was dark and the Cereus 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 on waxes in  
appearance - While we were examining  
the blossom by candle light, Uncle Zeke  
recited some verses of an old song ("In  
Happier Hours" the song) in which the  
poet compares the friendships of those  
who continue true only while fortune  
smiles to "Blissoms 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

S-

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 cannot identify him as was the peace loving man at home - I told you I spent the next day after spending the night with Mrs. Plow, with Aunt Nancy. I was not so much edified <sup>by</sup> ~~in~~ 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 we will make an abundance to sell - I believe the Overseer told me we made but 49 bushels of wheat, but that is more than we had

season at one time to expect: I cannot  
 fix my mind on some matters now that  
 I am expecting a bottle at Richmond  
 daily. I try to teach my girls some.  
 Tell Percia 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 Inigys. William Towner is  
 declining rapidly. Ann Laine is a  
 head taller than I am. Neddy grows  
 some. Lizzy is getting to be a large  
 girl too. Her hair curls prettily and  
 she is very good looking. We have a  
 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 Colquhoun