

Norfolk Dec. 1859

Dearest Darling Callie

I have been trying to take the time, to write all day, but company coming in prevented me from doing so. & now while the rest are eating their suppers, I will improve the time, to a better advantage, by writing to my Dear Callie. but I must hasten on, Pa dislikes so much for any of us to be absent, when he is home, (which is mostly evenings) that I always try to be on hand. & here in my own little den, is the only place, in which I can compose my thoughts sufficiently, to commit them to paper. It seems you think, that I have little, or no cause for sadness. well, perhaps you are justifiable, in thinking so, circumstanced as you are, & I am sorry, that I have hitherto let anything like sadness, breathe forth in my letters, I always try to be as cheerful as possible & take things as they come, but with all that, I sometimes feel so miserable, that I feel like it is impossible, for me to live, almost, sometimes.



I feel so disgusted (if I may use the expression) that I'm almost tempted to wish, I'd never been born. I know it is wrong, to have such feelings, & I try to strive against them, with all my power, but seems they will come up, undermining my peace, & making me very unhappy. I hope I'm forgiven, for speaking at such length, upon such a disagreeable subject. but I could not refrain from speaking the honest feeling of my heart, but I should be the comforter & as such. I will now try my hand. I wrote to Jennie to day, & told her to thank you for it. I've written to her so often, without receiving any answer that I shall have to give up writing, until she sees fit to write. I am as anxious to hear from her, as she is from me, & more so I expect, it seems like when a person gets married, their feelings change entirely. I guess before you will have received this, Old Brown of Kansas notoriety, will have expiated his numerous crimes, upon the gallows, to morrow, being the day fixed upon for his execution. there seems to be a great deal of talk, about a probability, of his being rescued, when the time approaches, but the time is



or near, & he is not rescued yet. I think people might
as well make themselves easy. It was reported last that
to night, there is to be a general rising of the slaves.
but I do not believe it, & do not fear anything of
the kind. my honest opinion is, that they know, which
side their "bread is buttered" on, & prefer slavery, to
freedom, & starvation, which go hand in hand; with
each other. I hear that some persons, have predicted
that our Soldier, will never return, but no such
thought will has ever entered my mind, & I will
not suffer it now, although I may be too self
confident when I think that right must always
triumph. enough I went to see Sue one day, this
week, she is perfectly devoted, to her children, as
she calls them, I had not been long in the room,
before she reminded me, that I had not inquired
after her children. I told her one day, what you
said, in one your letters, about her heart being so
small, &c. she said she loved us all very much.
Peters was present, & seemed very much pleased
at the thought, of our being jealous of him.
some one has dropped in, I guess, as I heard the



door bell ring, & Maa has just called to me to come
down, so I must put up my pen for to night,
excuse brevity, this time, & I will try to write more
next time. remember us each, & all, affectly to your
Maa if she is with you, sharing for your self, a large
portion. write soon. & believe me as ever.

Yours truly & fondly
Sallie