

Sunny Side Feb 26<sup>th</sup> 1865

My dear Parents,

I feel impelled to write by every opportunity to you, hoping that each letter may bring what I hope & pray for earnestly, viz a letter from you, it is almost a year since I have received a letter from you & I received none from others, I cannot be so uncharitable as to suppose none are written & yet many here received letters from the North.

We have another little Son born on the 20<sup>th</sup> of the present month, he is named Benjamin Hicks, the first name was my choice, the second his Fathers. How I wish my little ones could have the opportunity of attending school I used to have, being their only Teacher in these times when all the clothing is to be spun, wove, & made on the place, you can imagine that head, heart & hands an all buisy. Tell Hattie I have wished a thousand times I could throw the teaching upon her, it seemed as if I could hear the rest with a willing heart, but with so many cares I have not patience enough for a Teacher. The children talk of you much & Virginia still remembers many incidents in her visit North, particularly her interviews with Grandma in the front parlor chamber, she can sew very prettily, & knit, & spin. You may imagine there are noisy times here sometimes, with so many buisy little hands, feet, & tongues. I long to see you once more in the old home, but fear I may never more know that pleasure. I cannot cease to love it, & regard as holy the associations clustering around it, the children tease me often to tell them of my childhood & youth, the incidents seem so bright to them in comparison with the monotony of these pine woods.

The articles you speak of making let them be piano & durable, I appreciate such now. All send love with a "God bless you"

From  
Sarah F. Williams