

Nov 9<sup>th</sup> 1855  
Friday

My dear Parents,

I sit down to write you with my right hand crippled with Salt-Rheum, so as to render sewing quite impossible, but I can manage to knit a little. So it seems that this climate is not to exempt me from my life-long affliction, but I have much, very much to be thankful for, in as much as Lilly is not in a like manner afflicted, dear little girl, she seems perfectly healthy and robust, she has done creeping entirely, and runs about all over the house. She says most anything we try to learn her, the longest sentence is "I'll catch you" her playmates are our three little negro girls, who she kisses & hugs with as much zest as if they were white. She tries to call them all. The little knife you have her Ma is a great favorite, she will take her sweet potato in the left hand & the knife in the right, and eat with a good deal of dignity. Harriet says she is exactly like her grandfather Hicks. Harriet is all to me that a sister could be & her health seems improving constantly.

I wish I could always keep her with me, she was ever congenial, and here where friends are few she is a treasure indeed. Lizzie has a little Boy not quite a week old, both are doing well, she is going to call it Brown, after her Husband, but I am going to write to James that I call it after him. The latter in Philadelphia hoping to see him but were disappointed. I wanted to see him & Mary very much, but it was perhaps for the best that we did not meet. I shall try to write to them in a few days.

Richard has gone to Savannah where he hopes to Mr. Hannon who has suits pending there with Misses Edwards & Blount, and he goes hoping to secure his debt and Ben sent for his Duck by him.

There is nothing of news to communicate. Ben's crops have come in as well as he expected. Brother James has been dangerously sick, but is now getting better. See other friends are usually well. My love to all. Hattie sends her kindest regards, and says she is "sorry" Sarah is such a "good for nothing" (she quotes my language) but she thinks she does a good deal well I can tell others to do & see that it is done to be sure, but for the present I must hold my hands in the midst of so much to do & look on, never mind it has its lesson of patience of which I know I need much more than I possess. Ben sends love. Lilly jabbars about Bapa & Bama & the other day dumped all of a sudden & called "Aggie" & none of use mentioned Mag, it seemed as if a sudden thought had struck her. How is Sophia Butler? Is she any better, my love to her & all other inquiring friends.

Please tell me of Mr. Payson, Mrs. Shays & Emilee, in fact of all the good people.  
With love as ever yours  
S.F. Williams