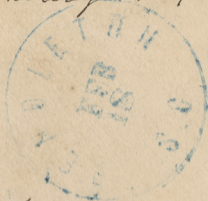


Charge box 80



Mr Harry C. Miller  
Chapel Hill  
N. Carolina



Carrie's nose  
is getting every  
day & we are  
afraid is so  
going to be a  
defect. We  
have given her  
the price name  
of State of West  
& when you write  
to her commence  
the letter  
Dear Sister  
Let love

Monday Feb 14<sup>th</sup> 1862  
Pendleton

My Dear Harry

Anxiously did I wait last Saturday  
night, for the arrival of the mail in expectation of  
hearing from <sup>you</sup>. I could not study a word of my lessons  
before your letter was received or after either on account  
of a glorious piece of news that we heard at the same  
time. We went down to Aunt Margarts yesterday  
and spent the day, to see, guess who. Lillie & Dick.  
You may well imagine what a surprise they give  
us. We were not expecting them until the middle of  
April, but that plan of coming home in that month  
is done away with & now they have come to spend only  
one month, & are then going back to Virginia, to volunteer  
for the war, & perhaps it will be several years, before we  
see them again. Cousin Anna & Mary were at  
Aunt Hannah's, when they heard of their arrival &  
for a while they did not believe it but soon their  
doubts were removed when they were locked in each

others arms. They did not give Aunt Margaret, the surprise they wished to for Dr Jenkins's negro man Pizarro, saw them at the Depot & hurried on down to uncle Simpsons, & told it. Cindy was the first to break the news to Aunt & Uncle S. She ran into the house screaming at the top of her voice "Lord have mercy Miss Margaret, Lord have mercy Miss Margaret, Mears Solier. Aunt M & uncle S, were in the sitting room singing hymns & hearing of Tallie, being sick a short time before thought it from what kindly said that he was dead, & <sup>uncle M,</sup> fell in to Uncle S's arms & look out into a big cry but at last Cindy commanded her feeling enough to say Mears Solier, & Richard, had come. "Where are they" said Aunt Margaret, & picked up a candle & ran to the door to meet them but what was her disappointment when Cindy said they were at the Village. Mr Robert Maxwell lent them some horses & they hurried on down home & what happened then you can imagine better than I can tell you. You dont know how much we missed you yesterday. I heard Cousin Mary say

"I miss Harry more to day than I have ever done yet & Tally, is looking very well. but Dick, looks very badly & says he is not going to volunteer again until he gets well no matter if it is two years & when he does volunteer it will be in a cavalry company but Tally, belongs to his same company. Now Figon, was down at Aunt Abys yesterday evening & told Sus he had received a letter from you. You ought to write to Tally & Dick, they say they have not heard from you Aunt Sarah Ann, & Cousin Margaret, were there yesterday also & Aunt S, told us the first time one of us wrote to tell you she appreciated your letter, very highly & intended to answer it as soon as she reached home. They all like to have teased Watt to death yesterday about his wife & family. They have all got over the measles except little Bear regard the baby who unfortunately took the snumps, soon after his recovery. They aint been sick at all most hardly. We cant get it out of him, where he keeps that wife & family. I expect he would smawl us in the head with a maul before he would tell us & whenever we mention them

he slaps & pinches us. I think if they depend on Watt,  
for a support they must be half perished to death by  
this time.

Y<sup>e</sup> asked me in your last what I thought of  
the style & loingness of your letter to Todd. I think  
it was too good for her as you will see how little she  
appreciated <sup>it</sup> from Carnie's letter. We told them about  
her at Aunt Ab & Dick, says you ought to drop her  
I saw Rachel yesterday & tried to persuade her to tell me  
what that message was but she would not. Next time  
I see her perhaps she will tell me & I will write it in my  
next.

It is impossible to tell you how Dr. Bacot is. In  
the morning, sometimes he is better but perhaps by night  
he is worse. We all think it is mostly low spirits  
that prevents him from getting well as you may  
judge from this. The other day they were recoding  
him a letter from his Brother saying where he wanted  
him buried & reading him looks telling what sort of  
of a death he was going to die. You know all such  
things as that are calculated to make any sick man

Low spirited.

I think from what you said in you last about Tom, the Pudges, daughter that Bettie, has kicked him sky high for I know it was his delimitation to address her when he left Pendleton. I had a great deal rather see you address Rachel than Lucia at that. I had rather ~~have~~ have her for my sister in law, although she would look like an ant beside a Dromedary beside you, or in other words a spoon in a mug. You must find out from Tom, about his & Miss Bettie's engagement & write me.

I felt very sorry for Cousin Margaret, yesterday when she met Tallie, she kissed him but could not utter a word. At last she said "They are all coming home but where is poor Sam" I think her case is the saddest one I ever knew.

It is as you say you never hear from home without hearing of the death <sup>or illness</sup> of some friend. Gay Lipscomb, is lying very low & expected to die with conviction of the lie. Dr. Sharpe, is attending him but

You see  
my style  
of writing  
his next  
letter  
I don't  
like the  
style you  
claim  
writing  
I forgot  
to tell  
you my  
family  
had a  
lamb  
I am  
perfectly  
alright

I think he may as well have a sheep, attending him. Now G. Sloan, is much better & is now able to see company

All of us together with Watt & his wife & family send love; all the negroes send honey Drum, Gray, & the cats, send their respects  
With my best wishes for your welfare I remain  
as ever  
Your affectionate sister  
Pessie M.

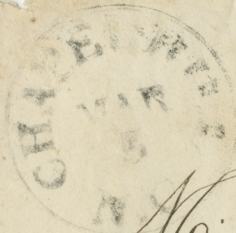
P.S. You must excuse this paper as all of the writing paper is out. Excuse the bad writing for you see what kind of paper it is & all the mistakes for Watt keeps up such a fuss I can't write. The dinner bell has just rung & I must close. I will deliver your message to Loddin when I see her  
Good bye  
P

You see we have become very economical in our old age tiring envelopes wrong side out but we have to resort to any thing these hard times



Miss Carrie S. Miller





Miss Carrie Miller  
Pendleton  
So. Can

Pen Above  
P. S.

Thursday night:

March 4th 1862

Chapel Hill

No. 62

My Dear Bettie

after taking a shave. I was just  
 a few minutes sitting without any impediment  
 rejoicing that the best part of the day was past;  
 but forgot that I had a duty on hand that afforded  
 me so much pleasure. Yesterday I received  
 your affectionate epistle but not one alluded  
 to religious or spiritual matters. You must be  
 weary of a lively nature in order to keep up my  
 spirits. I often begin to get homesick but drive  
 away those feelings as soon as they begin to come  
 upon me. As you think that it is not more  
 than natural to believe otherwise, when this is  
 the first time I ever was so far off, and this  
 the greatest length of time I ever stand away  
 from you also. It is very true I would like to  
 see your eye very much as this time but out  
 of the opinion that I can stand it until my  
 vacation arrives, which a few slow revolving  
 months will bring around.

But Hark!! He will know his tone of that  
happy bell, now greet my ears it is a sign  
for your man to be at his work, it is said  
I can all alone I am having  
I give out to you with one of his good words  
to all the world or rather me of the world  
the Phillet, but I have traced of you  
my subject. I have listed ad I have before  
than you bid me to go to my studies, but  
can I tear myself away from my course  
in it. I cannot see how these of London  
I much pleasure. I hardly think of  
concern will proceed. It is my dearest  
pleasure to hear myself, and to know that  
I am about to write something new in a  
few days into America, the bond of my  
baptism. To place so much emphasis  
there on it, but by that way I must  
is evidence on. The Edin. spots of  
the globe, the world, the world  
I look back, and reflect upon what

in which I have so often been a partaker  
I cannot help but picture you in my  
imagination as being the Garden spot  
of the Globe I can picture you as not  
realize what sort is the place of your  
birth You may say me to far from London  
on to the fashionable streets of Paris or  
even nearer at hand to the beautiful villas  
and gardens of our beautiful little city  
Columbia. But I must have passed  
over and so many names having not my  
eyes I do think after all I do know the  
place of birth for the place on whose  
streets I was for a long time confined  
to suggest the maidens and days of this  
world. Indeed has been the time I  
had a fair Ph. Theat I was permitted to  
turn a little farther from I may have  
little more of this nice world of yours  
I should have <sup>launched</sup> my frail bark on  
the broad bosom of this wavy world  
I will never see a battle more  
I should, those new hours that

between the dearest spot on earth to me  
and the dearest spot of my soul have passed  
never to be recalled. have you ever thought  
that those merry songs, whose melody  
passed often floated on the evening breeze  
when returning, from our days below  
were never again to be sung under the same  
circumstances, Yes dear sister those juvenile  
days are over. When I return again to  
the home of my youth it will be only on  
a visit, thus it will continue until I have  
attained the age of manhood, and then  
if my country does not call for my assis-  
tance. I will have to commence my own  
career, All of these things are spoken  
conditionally. And of course, "If nothing  
happens" is meant. If we are not inhalated  
by the Lincoln Government. as we are  
threatened. And things ~~will~~ soon <sup>as</sup> smother  
and not any worse than at present. Our family  
will never again be together for any length of time for  
by the time I get through college Wm will be ready to go  
and by the time he gets through I will be married

never  
again  
to  
be  
in  
halated  
as  
smother





*ms*

Mr Harry C. Miller  
Chapel Hill  
N. C.



1st  
11

April 26<sup>th</sup> 1862

Dear Harry

It has been several weeks since I received your last letter, but since I read the last one you wrote Carrie, I have almost concluded not to write to you again but my love for you has finally overcome my jealousy of Carry and as you have already seen I have decided to write again. For all so long a time has elapsed nothing of interest enough interest has occurred to write you, but as you have already said the least thing no matter how trifling it was interested you. Heretofore I have been looking forward to your return as the most pleasant period of my life but since I have heard that the students were leaving College so rapidly it is no telling how soon you will be home, when you leave it will be to <sup>go to</sup> the War, but I only hope that day may never come. When you write again you must let us know if there is danger of the College being broken up. This is an unpleasant subject so lets banish it & talk of something else.

Yesterday Aunt Margaret & cousin Mary & Anna spent the day here but we were at school. Dick was very sad all day it was owing to his intention of leaving on Monday. They all begged Ma to let us come down & spend the day but we were disappointed on account of the rain. If it does not rain tomorrow I expect we will go then. Dick is the last one at present we have to part with. How sad his family must be feeling now. He is going to Saranack, but they all say it is a very foolish notion in him. Col. Pickens says he will take the fare by way. Aunt Margaret got a letter from Lallie the other day & it is really distressing to hear of the hardships he has gone through since he left. He says he does not know where he is except that he is in a pine wood. Poor Lallie!

Toodle is improving very rapidly and I expect she will be walking in a week or two. She took a ride the other evening but it injured her a great deal. She has fallen away to a mere skeleton. She says she expects you for think very hard of her for not writing to you. I delivered your message about the wool box & she says it is very kind of you to make her the offer & she

Thanks you very much for it. Now<sup>as</sup> she sees very little company she does nothing but read novels all day I suppose she has read not less than twenty. Talking of novels now I wish I could get some of those in your library I feel as if I could devour them fairly. I have had "Children of the Alley" promised me & from all accounts I think it must be extremely interesting. You must not fail to bring "Marcus Warburton" when you come. I am so anxious to read it.

Mr Robert Maxwell met with a very serious accident the other evening. He had been out somewhere in his buggy & before he reached home his horse ran away threw him out of the buggy on the railroad injuring his head seriously & other parts of his body. I did not hear any of the particulars or else I would write them to you.

I understand that Mrs Bonard from Charleston is coming up to take the Pendleton Hotel but she has not decided what she will do yet. Perhaps she will take both hotels, she has already fifty boarders promised her. The dolls have gone to Wallaces. I was very glad to hear your acknowledg-

so readily your regular attendance at the E. Church & hope you will & only stick as close in the end as you have at the beginning. I would like so much to hear your minister preach & the Choid. Did you go to Church "Good Friday" & "Easter Sunday" there was the most beautiful Congregation in the fort you ever saw & Mr. Cornish gave us a very pretty sermon.

As I said before I had no news to write & my pen & ink are both so bad I will bring this to a close.

Enclosed I send you a card tick but you must send it back again. We received yours & Tom's letters the other day & will answer them soon.

I have my lessons to prepare for Monday so I had better be about it or else Thoms will get a hold of me. I don't like that old chap no how. Mrs H. has come over from Grenville & I expect they will be out here soon but gracious knows I don't want to see his lordship here.

All send a great deal of love & the negroes also. I remain as ever your affectionate sister  
 Bessie Miller

I wish you could see the grass in the yard.  
 it would surely represent your eyes