

Root  
Dec 25<sup>th</sup>, 1864

Respected Husband,

The last letter I had from you, you said when you got where you could write you would do so. It is now about two weeks since I received a letter from you and it seems a long while. I hear there has been some heavy fighting and I am afraid you have been in it. We have had some severe weather here. Snow about fifteen inches deep on the level and Friday the thermometer was down to four degrees below zero. We are all well at present and hope this may find you the same.

We have all been to your fathers today. They are well. George took us over there. Charles Little is dead. He died about two weeks ago with a rush of blood to the head. He lived only twelve hours from the time he was taken John Grandy. Limes John is dead; died from a wound received with Sheridan. Serenes have got another boy. I would like to if you have got your box of victuals yet and how you liked it.

Yours as ever,  
Harriet

Sol Hubbs does not know yet whether he will go in that factory or not but he said he would not take six hundred dollars for his mill and if he does not go away he does not want to sell his house or mill. When he makes up his mind I will write you all about it. I wish you would write about that inch and a quarter auger – whether it is mine or not – for Abe Near claims it as yours.

Your Friend,  
J.B. Walker