

Choctaw Cy. Dec 2^d 1863

Dear Father and Mother,

Here I am in the country! So far away from you in so short a time! I can hardly realize it. I spent the night in the car very comfortably. There was a good fire, about dark we exchanged the seat I had, for one near the stove. The car was also well-lighted. But I could not sleep at all and was well pleased when we reached Meridian at 3.40. It was stinging cold and the frost laid so heavy on the ground that I could hardly persuade myself it was not snow. We walked more than a quarter of a mile to the Ragsdale House. Mr. Snow threw open the door of the Ladies Parlour and I almost started back thinking he had made a mistake, a blazing fire of light wood lit the room, and over the floor soldiers were sleeping in their blankets. One of them had a blanket with U.S. stamped on it and a really splendid pair of boots, on the leg they were stamped in gilt with a spread eagle, apparently the U.S. national emblem. I've no doubt they came from there. Men and one woman were crowding round the fire, they made way for us and I am thawed out. There we sat until about half past five and then took a hasty breakfast. At the table we met Dr. Nall. He had been to Enterprise and was on his way to Selma. He was looking well and seemed pleased to see me.

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His oldest son is married. At 6. A.M. we left on the cars for York Station. Mr. Snow accompanying me. It was a bright but very cold morning. There is nothing of much interest to be seen on the road. We reached York at 25 minutes of 9, a little behind time. A new Station House, a big house in the distance, and some negroes at work in the woods were all the evidences of civilization visible. I forgot a few soldiers who were warming themselves by a fire ^ sticks on the ground. We deposited ourselves and baggage on the sunny side of the house. I warmed my feet at the fire and paced back and forth for a while in the warm rays of the Sun, took a lunch from Mr. Snow's box, read the paper, and about 10:30 we started on an exploring tour in a Southerly direction, but had gone but a short distance when I saw a handsome, close carriage drawn by a pair of mules, approaching. I asked the driver if that was Mrs. De loach's carriage, he said yes and a young gentleman thrust his head out of the window, Mr. D. He alighted and walked back with us to the Station, and there ^{we} left Mr. Snow, where I suppose he had to stay until ^ to catch the return car. I was very sorry he lost so much time. It was very kind in him to accompany me out of his way.

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It is 22 miles from York to Mrs. DeLoahs.
The road passes through a sandy and
very hilly country. The first few miles after leaving
York, the growth consisted principally of Oak-
Oaks - then Black Jacks then Pines until
within a few two miles of Mrs. D. where you
come again to Oaks and better land. The
young man had left home the day before
and spent the night at the house of a friend
on the way, where he had left his grandmother
Mrs. Christopher and we were to call for her
on her return. In the carriage was a little
basket of lunch Mrs. D. had sent, biscuits and
butter, cold boiled chicken and sweet potatoes.
I had had no chance even to wash or was so
sleepy I could hardly keep my eyes until
we reached Mrs. Larkins house, a little after
2 P.M. She was a widow lady with a house full
of grown daughters and a son, a M. Minister.
I was introduced to them all and begging
for some toilet privileges was shown at once up
stairs where I refreshed myself greatly and
descending found dinner on the table for the
travellers, boiled ham, roast turkey, rice, potatoes
milk, stewed peaches and syrup, home-made
from the sugar cane. They were a pleasant family
the old lady had gray hair drawn smoothly
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of speaking that made one think of a Quaker-
ess, when we left at 3. So, they accompanied
me to the gate, when the old lady taking me
by the hand said something quickly which
I did not understand, then cordially invited
me to come and see them again, and said
Good Bye, I was trying to think what it could be
that she said to me, when I heard her say
"Wish't you well, Sister Christopher." "Good Bye" and
the young minister. "Good Bye Sister Christopher,
"Wish't you well," and then I concluded she
had addressed the same wish to me. Mrs.
C is a very pleasant old lady and lives with
her daughter, Mrs. D. We reached our
journeys end about dark and found a nice
hard wood fire and a pleasant welcome.
Mrs. Deloack seemed to feel very much mortified
and disappointed that she had failed in some
of her plans since she wrote to me. The mason
who promised repeatedly to come had failed to
do so and the chimney was not up in my
room. I am happy to say however that he has
made his appearance to day and it will be fin-
ished tomorrow, the room will then be very com-
fortable - It is in the shape of a parallelogram
The and is on the N. West corner of the house.
The chimney is in the west end, two windows
look out North and the door is in the west
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