Billville June 24th 1859

Dear Sister May,

This is the third letter I have commenced writing to you and this I will try and finish. I was afraid you would think me thoughtless and unfeeling after hearing of your sad bereavement but it is right the reverse when I did attempt to write my feelings would overcome me so that I was obliged to quit even now the tears are running down my cheeks so I can scarcely see a line. You and your Children occupy a large share of my thoughts I often think what sorrow must of been yours and wonder how you ever lived through so much trouble. Henry the dear little fellow deprived of a Father’s love and protection so early in life while the Baby will never know the loss of one. I feel very uneasy about you till I heard your Child was born. Then anxiety to know how you would get home with your little ones without someone to help you and that part I don’t know yet all I have heard.
was that you had got home. Melissa Outwright wrote me and said that was all she knew about you. John started for Galveston last Thursday and won't get back before Sunday. He has not been from home but very little since we got here. Without I went along this time he wanted me to go but I was a little afraid to it is such warm weather. I have been looking for a letter from Father this good while but don't get any yet. I think some as you used to about hearing from home. There is so many to write and so much to write about that I would like to know it seems as though I ought to get a letter as often as every two or three weeks. Last when I say anything about it John says if you don't write to them you can't expect they will write you. He thinks I ought to write a little every week or two and I would if I had anything to tell only about ourselves and I know they would get tired hearing that so often. Our lot of goods come all safe nothing harmed but a sheet that was badly wrinkled. The mail has just passed and I must quit and go to the Post Office for I am so anxious to get a letter from Some one of you. I went got a letter from Lizzie she says all well and that you had been at home three weeks. I was very glad to hear you was with Father and Mother but sorry you was looking so miserable.

I am in hopes to get a letter from you before long.
to particular and write about yourself and children, mother and all the rest. Henry and Ed don't forget them. I owe Mrs. Rhoads a letter and I wanted to answer it a good while ago but something has always happened to prevent my writing when I would get fixed for it. We have had plenty of vegetables this summer but nothing out of our garden only tomatoes. Now I nearly live on green corn and watermelons. We have had all we wanted for two weeks passed. I wish Father could have some of them, they are so nice and he likes them so well. It is just a month today since we left home, now two thousand miles lies between me and the home of my childhood. I must quit writing or I shall get so homesick that I can't stand it until John comes home. No one knows how much I want to see you all but I must not indulge in such thoughts and yet how can I help it. Kiss your little ones and Alice for me. I will write to Alice and Betty before long. Some of you write soon.

from Your affectionate Lester

Jenia