

C. C. March 14, 1865

Dear Francis

I received your letter  
by Peter. Had not the heart  
to write you then, you are  
aware that my dwelling was  
not burnt. The cotton man  
I may say of anything, I have  
no clothing but what is on my  
back, took my pair of  
Blankets but one piece that  
Sarah saved, my "pocket  
of provisions" and again  
I had all the money on  
special deposits in the  
Commercial Bank of \$2,000  
account, on the cotton.  
I had some fate, so I am  
literally a Beggar. I am  
eating off the Negroes. You  
may guess my feelings when  
I think of Sabina and the  
children. I got the letter  
this morning, sent by Mr. Crigh  
dated the 2<sup>nd</sup> Inst.

in which she says that our  
letter has been received from one  
I have written often, urging  
the necessity of her coming at  
least to Chester, when she would  
not be at much expense as  
she conceals part of the children  
with her friends, in stead of  
what she is staying with  
strangers at an expense of  
\$250 per day, I am much fretted  
out about it, she will get  
in debt, and I have no money  
of paying, I wrote to John  
at Rock Hill telling him to go  
for them, no reply, so Frank  
telegraphed her at once to  
make her way towards home,  
in the present state of things  
I cannot learn. Robbery  
& plunder is the order of the day  
here, and I do not know how  
perhaps Mr. C. might know of  
some one going to Salisbury  
I have not time to write more