

Petit Ance Island

May 12<sup>th</sup> 1855

My dear Papa,

The personal, your kind letters forwarded by Mr. Weeks gave me much pleasure, but I was distressed at the same time to think you had received so few of my letters. Uncle Joshua returned from New Orleans some three weeks since and immediately wrote you a long letter which I forwarded by way of New-  
 -port. He brought us the news of Lee's surrender and wrote advising you in immediate return home. In a few short weeks all of our bright hopes for the future of our country have been blasted, and the most gigantic struggle of any people for their independence has proved unsuccessful and our Government has crumbled to the dust, leaving in its fall the only remnants of liberty left this distracted Country. As a mighty ship, with fair winds, her port <sup>almost</sup> ~~ready~~ in sight, her crew filled with hope and expectation, is sent by a squall, to the bottom with all hands, so have we gone down. It behooves us to await with patience and hope, whatever the future may bring forth; to bear with fortitude and resignation what God's will may ordain and to battle manfully with the world for a position and a

support. Although the future is dark, it may  
not be as dark as we anticipate and should  
the States be allowed to come back with their  
sovereignty intact, we have much yet to hope  
for. Uncle Henshaw, with many others, thinks  
this will be the case. He has been among the  
Yankees and his judgement is probably more  
correct than either yours or mine. The Yankees have  
not recognized the bogus government of Vicksburg  
and it is probable that the whole people of the  
State will be allowed to choose their executive  
Officers. ~~My~~ <sup>my</sup> views in regard to the assassination  
of Lincoln are the same as yours. I think that  
in the present condition of the Country, it  
is a misfortune to the South. Johnson seems  
to be a man void of principle and honor  
and if he is not restrained by the Conservative  
Party at the North, he will "out Herod"  
next to our being subjugated I regard his being  
raised to Supreme Command as my greatest Calamity.  
I hope that dear Mama had returned in  
this, if she had not, do you not think advisable  
for her to return by way of New Orleans. From  
Havana she could go to Mr. Sacy in New  
Orleans, who would obtain her a pass to go to  
New Iberia, and come through the lines  
every day without difficulty. The lines, in fact,  
have been opened by the Yankees. I hope however that

ma is now with <sup>you</sup> and that dear sister's health  
~~has~~ <sup>was</sup> been improved by the sea voyage. If you  
see no prospect of Ma's return to Houston, do you  
not think it better that you should come home  
at any rate? Every thing here is progressing as  
well under the circumstances as you could  
wish. If I had more mules at my command I  
could plant more corn, but at present this  
is impossible. Make every effort to get that pow-  
der here, there will be great demand for salt  
this summer. It is now selling for six dollars a  
sack in New Orleans. I deposited all the money  
I had on hand with uncle Henshaw, some think  
the State money will be redeemed, this I  
consider rather doubtful. I endeavored to sell  
it here, but was unsuccessful. I am much  
obliged to you for the flannel and cloth sent  
over in the trunk. The flannel will make me  
an excellent summer suit. The cotton I  
is unbleached and is two course I think  
for sheeting. Mr Robinson brought me the  
axe a few days since. Old Sabra has a fine  
garden and has planted most of the seed  
you sent over. Mrs Richard ~~had~~ had previously  
been kind enough to ~~for~~ give me a good many  
seed. I send you by Mr Weeks a very handsome  
pipe that was carved for me by young Raudolph  
please accept it as a very slight token of the

love I bear you. I shall look for you home very  
soon, we have had fish almost every day, but  
fear the back water from the Mississippi  
will spoil the fishing. The Grand levee has  
broken, Fausse Point and the whole Lafourche  
Country is under water. The Bayou L'Etche has  
been very high since late January and is now  
almost over its Banks. Louis joins me in much  
love to Sister Mary and Maurice, Brother  
and yourself.

With devoted love

Your Love

Pudley

Whaley Army

May 17<sup>th</sup> 1865