

Fort Davis, Texas, Feb. 5th / 65.

To
Gen. — Throckmorton,

Sir; At the request of Capt. A. Burtis and the citizens of this place, I have drawn off the plan that the fort was laid off by for the purpose of sending it to you. The ^{draft} plan is not a neat one by any means, as it was wrought under some disadvantages and in great haste. But perhaps it will fill the bill for which it is intended; simply to show the plan upon which this fort is laid off; the number of families in it; the number of men in the State service; the number born over 40 years of age and the total number of inhabitants in this place. This fort was commenced about the 20th of last October, soon after the band indian rade on Elm creek and Brazos. Since that time every man in this fort has been to the lower counties after bread stuff. By the by, is more of an object than a person, unacquainted with the

Respectfully
Wm. P. Newcomb

Thursday At home in my own house by the north window
Kinville Stephens Esq Lex. Jan. 1st 1868

Levich and Co

Palo Pinto Texas Jan 25th / 70

To B. F. Glenn Reynolds;

Dear Brothers, as we are water bound on the Brazos, I will write to you, as I have nothing else to do. I have almost got the blues, and thought I would have to do something to drive them away; but if we have to stay here long I think they will get the best of me.

Mr. Wheeler crossed over and went on, but it is too deep for the wagon, and still rising. If we had been two hours sooner we could have crossed; but it seems like fate is against us. This is a hard world, any way we take it, but we should not complain, we must travel on through our trials and make the best of them. We must always look at the bright side; but it seems to me, sometimes, that there is no bright side.

We got to Sickettville alright. It rained that evening, and yesterday morning. It was very wet and muddy when we left, and I would rather have stayed, but B. and Wheeler were in a hurry, and said not a word.

I wish we had stayed, for I was at home there, and with friends. I felt like I was leaving home and happiness when I left the ranch, and I felt like I was leaving all of my good friends when I left Mrs. Matthews. I never put over a much longer day than yesterday, and O how lonesome. It rained on us at noon, and again last night.

If we have to stay here a week I will have the blues or the all over, good fashion, I feel them creeping over me now.

Sas has been singing and playing in the sand; and now he is sitting very quiet in a buffalo robe, whittling with my knife, and looking as lonely as I feel. Oh now he has cut three of his fingers at one lick, I will have to quit and tie them up. Well Sas is all right again, I went up to Mr. Carters at his age, was gone about an hour, and the river rose a foot or more while I was ^{over} there. It is coming up in a hurry now I think it is the rise from Clear Fork.

I am writing on the bank, among the sand dunes, and Sas is by the edge of the water hollowing, to hear the echo of his voice, it seems to amuse him very much, for he keeps up a terrible screaming, and laughing. He is standing as straight as an Indian, with my riding ship in his right hand, and hollowing to the echo to himself.

You may think this nonsense, but I am only writing for pastime. I will quit and get supper presently.

Oh now if I have to stay here long, I don't know what will become of me. So crazy I reckon - but I want have far to go to get crazy.

Sunday 30th Well here we are, still on the red sands of the Rio del Brazos. Water swamped them over; it is level with the banks this morning. This is rather discouraging, but I think I can brave the tempest; or try as hard as anybody. I have often read of instances where severe trials were the means of making people better; more resigned, and patient; I think it is the case with me. I don't know why and I don't like it because, all pleasure, and hopes, have fled. I feel like I had no home. I know I have one, but no place will ever seem exactly like home again, my home is any where I chance to be.

or I shall try to make it so at least. Of course there are places where I will feel more at home, and enjoy myself better than at others; but ^{at} feel just now, like I would never be satisfied at any one place, long at a time.

Things will never be as they were once; for the memory of that dear departed one, will ever be present in my mind.

"Although I am oftimes cheerful
And though my songs be gay,
But in my heart a sadness reigns,
That steals my life away."

Dear little brother, you must do the best you can on your long wearisome journey. (I wish I could go with you.)

Be good and kind to each other. Don't speak harsh words to anyone; and give my love to Ben Bartholomew, make him as comfortable, and happy as you can; for he was the best, and most faithful friend I had, in time of need ^{and} trouble.

He done all in his power, to drive away sorrow, and make me happy, for which I will always thank him. He is a man of very fine feelings, and a perfect gentleman.

Please give him my kind regards, and best wishes.

Give my respects to Mr. Simpson, for he has been a faithful friend, and deserves success. Good luck to Mr. Barlow, and all my good friends.

It is now evening, and the river is falling, perhaps we can cross to-morrow, if we do I'll let you know.

11/14/84 1/46

Palo Pinto County Texas June 23 1870

Palo Pinto Texas Rio del Brazos

Monday