

Batten Island  
Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> 1866

My own dear Husband\*

I will write you a few lines this beautiful Sunday morning, while I know that you and the dear children are going to Sabbath School. How much I would like to be there to go with you to church. Well what shall I write about, there is nothing to write without I write of the stormy weather, and wrecks. I regret very much to tell you of the loss of a large brig, on this bar the 18<sup>th</sup>, she is now a total wreck loaded with almost every thing you can think of, no lives were lost— the crew all came ashore, they abandoned her, so every body are get[t]ing things, they [*sic*] boys are both down there. You may think it is wrong for them to do that, but it is not, the brig was abandoned and has now gone to pieces, and her cargo is strewed along the beach, it is a very different wreck from the Neava, no Insurance Agents, nor any one else have come down to take share of her, so every body has a right to save what they can. I wish that you were down here. I was as disappointed because you did not come the last trip of the Silvan Shore, but I hope that you will come this Tuesday. I received a letter from you Tuesday saying that you might come this Tuesday or send George. I do hope that you will come, I feel so anxious to hear from you as when you wrote you were sick I pray ere this you are entirely well. We are all quite well, and I think if you do not come I will leave for home this Wendesday [*sic*]. Mother, Sister and all send much love to you— and all. I am in a hur[r]y now as the Steamer may come soon. I have just written to dear little May. Hoping to see you soon.

I am as ever your  
Own true Wife  
Sallie

\*Jacob E. Mickler died in 1864. Sallie Mickler remarried and this letter is addressed to her second husband, John Fletcher White.

Transcribed by Nicole J. Milano, University of Florida, 2009