Manchester Tenn Feb the 9 AD 763

Mary F Jones My Dear & affectionet wife it tis with plesure that I seat my self to drop you a few lines to let you now that I am well at presant hopeing these few lines will reach you an find you injoying thee same like blessing Francis I havant aney thing of importence to wright at presant I jest merrey wright for the satesfaction it tis to mee an you to her from each other it tis the gratest satesfaction that I hav her to read leters from you an to her that you an Jimey is well an looks sow well uncle Wm Norris is her at this time he ses your helth is good an ses that you hav got one of the finest boyes in the world an the worst one I wood bee glad to see him a playing a round you I wood bee glad to hur him call hogs for his granmah & I wood luft to her his sweet little tongue a talking it twood bee a heap of satesfaction to mee to see him seting on your kees & talking you to

Ty
Francis i wish i was at home with you i
could tell you a heap that wood interres
you i could tell you a bout the Batte
i was in it twas a dangers to bee unde
the bumbs & balls i was in a picket
fight i shot seven times i dont now
wether i cild ary man or not i am
glad i dont know wee lived hard
all that week some times with out any
thing to eat but i had plenty my self
nerley all the time on the retreat wee
all got out one day wee droad half
Rashings of flower without salt or shar ten
or any thing to bake in i made mine
up in my tinn cup & baked it on my
gunn stick it eat mity good to mee
some baked on coles some ann flat
Rocks it twas looking bred then wee
droad Beef an brided it it looked like d
a nuff to killed aney man a most to
hafto undergo what wee had to udergo
threw the rane an cole an mud an frosen
groung wee had to ly on ov knights &

Frances my love i rote a leter on the 7 inst
to you an one an sent by the capt to you
& on to sister Elizebeth & G W Bones & to
haty sence i hav ary one you was in
fayette the last i heard from you i was
glad you got to go up thare for i now
it twas good pass time to you i wish i
could a bin with you it twood a bin
a heap of satisfaction to a bin with you
Faney i hav some bad newse to write it
Greaves mee to hav it to do J A Harkey
is dead he dide at Chattanooga some too
or thre weeks a go Brother John is sent
to the hospitle he went of on the third
inst i hant heard from him sence i woo
bee glad to her from him Wm is out
on picket to day he wont hav the
chance to wright this time faney i
sent tenn Dollars by the Capten
an i sent a paper of needles in a leter
an i rote to now a bout a sub Statute
wether tha could bee had had or not
send mee word a bout it as soon as you can

Mary F wee hant droad now money yet
tha talk of paying us in a few days i
wish i had it to send by uncle
william to you i fer we wont hav
nary nother chane to send to send it
to send it faney if you can get anyoals
i want you to hav some sode to fead with
tha is talken of mounten this brigade
to go with morgan that is the Kyens
i hope tha will an let us out from
thim i think wee will fare beter
i dont like thares offisers tha are
sou tite an bigetted tha cere for nothing
Faney you musant think hard of mee
for not paying for leters for i cant
get stamps i must bring my leter
to a close by requesten you to wright
soon Give my Compliments to all
the conection an in quiren friends if
thou should bee aney hug & kiss
my sweet babe for me & pray for
mee god bless you All amen good by
Wm. R. Pones to Mary F Pones &c