

Charles Walbridge to his mother

Charleston, South Carolina, 1 December 1865.

Autograph letter signed, 3 pages.

Charleston S.C. Dec. 1st 1865-

Dear Mother,

I wrote you last night and mailed the letter by the steamer which sailed this morning, but have a matter of the highest importance to write about to night. It has just occurred to me that Christmas will be here very shortly, and that I am not at all prepared for it.- As usual I shall have to call on you to select presents for the crowd.- I believe I have done this ever since the Christmas long ago when I gave Grandmother the case for her knitting needles, on which Christmas I invested nine shillings in pre-sents, all my own money.- I suppose that you have already received the same request from all the other members of the family *especialy* at least from the young fry.- If you think of any thing that I can purchase in New York, write to me in George's care, and I can get them on my road home.- If I have time, I should like to spend a day or two there, with George and *[illegible]*.-

[2] A "perfect box" has been sitting beside me while I have been writing the above talking to me all the time, and telling me that I "write very fast," so if my letter is incoherent you must lay the blame to him.- I want to give each of the family a handsome present this year, if you do not think of anything that could be best obtained in New York, we can probably get them in Buffalo after I get home, and then I could have the benefit of your selection. Tomorrow is to be observed as a Day of Thanksgiving in the city; service will be held in the churches, and the places of business will be closed.- But the southern people know nothing about our time honored anniversary.- Thanks-giving is pre-eminently a New England institution.- I was thinking just now of Holland's poem "Bittersweet," which we read aloud at home "before the war,"- How we used to enjoy those evenings when we were all at home.-

I think we are about to have a change in the weather. The wind has changed to the North East, and it is growing colder.- Give my love to all,

[3]

Your affectionate son,
Charlie.