Corpus Christi July 21st 1854.

My dear Frank.

You make as much fuss about my not writing to you, as if you did not see the letters which I send home every fortnight, and which are intended equally for the benefit of the whole family, with as much correspondence as I have, scattered all over creation, it is impossible to fill a letter to each member of the family, but I try to make my letters generally agreable to all, all. I hope you have at last a good berth in your new avocation, and I hope you will not consider that because you are in an importing wine store it will be necessary to sample all the barrels and cases yourself daily. Old John Tyler Brigham's fate was not one worthy of emulation. I have been so busy in the office lately, that I have not had an opportunity to go out fishing for some weeks past. The last time we went, in June, four of us caught only 40 red-fish, which was one less than I caught myself, at "our big fish" spree, last year. We had a party made up to day to go but the heavy rain of this morning has compelled us to defer it until next week. We generally fish with hand lines, not because it is better sport, but because every one tries to get the most fish. We have very fine sport with the rod, but as it takes near half an hour to land a twenty-five pounder with a reel and fine silk line, we generally prefer the hand lines as being most expeditious. There is a place at the head of the Laguna Madre, about fifteen miles from here