
At home Sunday morning

May 7, 1848

Dear Sister,

Well now Princy you know we promised to write to each other often so for my part here goes. Nothing has transpired since you left us worthy of note. Pa and Ma left for Mount Sterling the next day after you did I suppose for nothing if only to drive away dull cares and I was all alone for some three days. Well Ma stayed at home I believe some 24 hours got aboard the stage, went back and got home again yesterday. Then now Princy for a real newsy foolish epistle. We had a day or two since the pleasure of a visit from a regular built ship wrecked mendicant to express common ideas with big words, don't you spect I have been in the neighborhood of a dictionary says he, are you the man of the house to me—says I, nothing else. I read his documents and asked him why not work. Oh says he too slow a way of getting along . Says I (?) Mr. Beggar I can't furnish you any cash so he left us.

I was up in your room today for the first since you left us. H it looks desolate, deserted and dreadful. So much changed none or your dresses as usual heretofore hanging around on the knobs you know. I occupied two of your bureau drawers with my shirts and cravats, collars and see in them and I miss you some and assure you no person to comb my noggin. I imagine it is getting moderately dirty ere this won't I have to marry but I can't conclude whether to marry a "gal" or a "boy" the latter I think would suit me best.

Are you in a strange native land without friend or foe or do you feel at home with lots of friends.....

I will say to John this - I observed the morning you left us you took some pains in shaking hands or saying goodbye to one and all save myself. Well John, I had before that entertained an opinion that I stood pretty fair in your estimation but such kicks makes my feathers fall though if you forgot or thought you had said to me Good Bye and see it's all right or if you treated me this intentionally all right anyhow merely because you don't like me. You know we can cut short the cultivation of each others acquaintance but I think I have some assurances that it was not at all intended (more an annon) (?) for it again Princy but your husband made me feel somewhat crossways. Ask Louis if he got his plow line I sent, he must use it night and day like hell and in 100 years from this he will be as rich as Astor.

Since you took Tom I have to go it hard from the doleful sound and it just makes a vacancy at the handles of the plow for me which I fill with a good deal of grandeur and—but you know The Lord tells us in the good book we must go it by the sweat of the brow but I do think I go it by the sweat of the all over. Anyhow at all events I am content. I feel more than lonesome here by myself. I often wish you was only 6 or 8 miles from us then you know I could come and have fun and and and see you. There is, you know, no young men or girls in the neighborhood that I care to associate with or that is worth hell worms. But I believe I'd be at your house this evening to see you, by telegraph if not too expensive you know I can go it in 2 or 3 seconds. The (?) damn white poor fools some folks is.

Tell Miss Mary I want to make two bets with her of 10 cents each. The first is this, that I knew my letter by you would go unanswered or in other words be treated with silent ———— The next this, that I think the next will not be treated so abruptly. At all events I am willing to risk on it and give her the privilege of doubling the bets. I come near forgetting to say to you the death of Aunt (?) Mat. Mrs. U.U.R is daily looked for and Reub Taylor was married Friday. Can you guess who Mrs. M R.... He is old enough for her daddy. Your brother and best
friend

Roger

This side to John

Dear John

Your horse you left with me is a (dead one) aint that hell in the first degree? (?) but the distemper is among our mules and horses among the worst yours, who has it quite bad and looks very badly. I was talking to Pa about him yesterday and it was his opinion which corroborated with mine that he won't be in order to sell for some time to come and says he write to Mr. G to buy a riding horse for Princy (*Henrietta*) say for \$65 and I will pay for it. Or if you would rather have this horse advise me of it and I will turn him into cash or otherwise as directed from you. Nothing has turned up in our city of late worthy of attention. The farmers generally are done or then nearly so of planting corn. We are of the former B Spencer of the latter. But John, Damned if I am thinking about what I am above writing, my thoughts are these why is it there is reasoning all things that you treated me coolly, time will show and (?) these things "write to me soon" My love and Respects to one and all your and family.

How do you like your darkies? I think T (?) (*Tom*) is slow awkward and gawky and not more sense than a camp meeting of fools (?) have

Yours truly

RKB

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