
Monday, November 5, 1849

My Dear Daughter,

I have become so impotent not hearing from you all the world looks sad to me. The trees are leafless and I am comfortless, indeed I would be willing to go horseback to see you if I had no family. Oh how I long to be in the house with my dear John you and my dear little Antonie. I feel so dreary I ought not to write but Bob has just got here and says he is going down to Ghent on business and will go to see you and if I had my freedom, he should love company. How are you this bright lovely day and what is John doing and what my [*grand*] son? I have been cutting the men's coats today, Caroline tonight. Pricilla has been confined a week from a fall she got in the garden. She thought her ribs were broken and Caroline had to cook. Nancy is better but still confined and I am all the time busy. I got a letter from your uncle Collett this morning he tells me he is in good business and he thinks will make a fortune. Poor dear brother I pray he may, he has a helpless family to provide for. He wants me to send him a keg of butter down, right away. He says he will send me some dried peaches soon.

Willie is well and satisfied. Rebecca was over with Bob but has gone back with Edward in her lap on the dun horse alone. I am so old I can't ride much now. I went to church yesterday I was so tired I could not sleep last night if I had a good carriage. I think traveling would improve my health and all. No news but what Bob can tell you. I am told James H Taylor is to be married on Thursday to Daniel Prices daughter.

Why doesn't Virginia write or come up I would be so glad to see her and Mr. Craig. Won't Edward come up this fall? I know they do not enjoy their visits here or they would come. I want to go to see Papa this fall and in February I will try to go to see you if I can. And until then I will endeavor to be satisfied with a letter from you once a fortnight at least.

Well dinner is just over Roger Jones dined with us did it not look like old times! I do not have much company no attractions now and I feel it is a dreary time with parents, or at least mothers. I have done little about the house this fall. I have up my curtains a plain deep flounce with the fringe looped up at the side and foot and new crimson spread with large flowers black and white and stone colored on it. I had thought I would take the carpet off the drawing room and put it in my room but it is so abused in winter, I shall not do it, yet that room is no use to me. I have yellow chrysanthemums opposite the little porch door on a chair in full bloom but it too looks drooping no love to pluck one for a beau or to stick it in her hair. But Solomon says there is a time for all things under the sun a time to be merry and a time to be sad. I feel as if my time was in reverse yet what think you?

Well I have already begun to pull up every pretty Althea and bring it for you and I will have a poplar tree or two to set at the new house and a rose to set at that sacred spot at the new house or the garden. I had some sage for you to take home but forgot it. I am now making a nice tick for a mattress. I will make it out of grass and cotton balls. I had the grass pulled up in the yard and I will make a crib mattress to for my [*grand*] son to lay on.

Well I hope Bob will be a welcome guest. He is a good disposed creature as ever was if anyone knows how to take him. Tell Mr. Gex your father has been looking for him or as to buy for some time for the Bull. He has got to throwing fences down and he has been tied for a week at the spring hut. We still hope he will come for him, the neighbors have threatened him he pays no respect to age or condition - they say, and no fence will turn him. Write me by Bob. I send you some braid to put strings in son's aprons. I have nothing to send you now Laura sent your stockings. I wish I had a lump of California gold to send John large enough to buy a tract of land. Tell him to send me a basket of potatoes and apples by Bob if he comes in a boat. My kind love to Mr. and Mrs. Gex to Mary G and all the boys and to Mr. Craig and Virginia and all the children and kiss my lovely [*grand*] son again and again for me. Remember me to Judy, Tom, and Sarah and ever believe me to be your faithful devoted and affectionate

Mother

John do you write to me what (?) what you owe or what is owing yours and all. Every act of yours interests me nearly and closely. Do you go every Saturday with that beautiful son to see his Grand Pa and Ma? My love to Mrs. Peggs [*John's sister, Sarah*] And believe me to be your faithful and affectionate

Mother

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