
October 8
Wednesday morning

My Dear Lovely Daughter,

I have just got, and read your dear little letter written last Sunday night. Oh I was so glad to hear from you, I had read yours to Rebecca and kept it in my pocket like a foolish man would or something of Sally, or the like, but my afflictions are pure. I got up this morning with a sick sick headache from eating some green apple last night just as I was going to bed. But I bathed my feet and I drank a warm cup of coffee and I am now able to write you but my head feels scattered. All hands except Laura [*her step-granddaughter*] have gone to town to a show. Rebecca and Mr. S and Nelly and the two sons have just left. She had some shopping to do and the children wanted to go. Thornton and his Master [*Thornton is the "slave" and the Master is her husband*] left in time to get good seats. I saw at Mount Zion last Sunday Green Awings and Lady. I was so glad to see them, he said he saw John a few days before he left and he also said he would come to see us this week. Her sister Sally Grimes will go home with her I supposed to live they are clever women. I want to send a little bundle by them but I want you to get a gallent or a buggy and bring (If but one of the children's can come over land), if you stay that long enough to go and see Papa [*her father and her sister, he outlives her by 3 years*] and Emily and stay one day (I will pay coming and going). I have not done much of my winter work but I shall not sit in until it is too cold to get out. Tell my dear son John [*her son-in-law*] he is a Capt. [*captain*] (?) to work and manage both. He has the premise of "his Lord and Master" he that works shall eat. And I do not believe any fortune gotten any other way will abide with us or ours. I wish I could have been with him to sit up corn for him and then eat supper with all of you. I am sorry my dear [*grand*] son Antonie has asthma. It is so distressing it frets a child so. You must be patient with him when he has an attack. He will be so pitiful dear lamb. I wish I could be with you all this long dreary winter (at least it will be so to me). All I can see is the gate, no one stopping after the roads get bad.

I have been busy this week. I sent Colonel Taylor 5 1/2 dollars worth of lard Monday, and Catherine Taylor one and a half of butter. I kept five and gave the colored friends the rest. [*So I guess that they got \$2.00*] I shall send a keg of butter to T. Hunt, in a few days as well. You shall have some of my money to put with yours, pork money. I have not bought anything new. I have a linen curtain made to (?) button between the little and big porch when the rain and snow begins. I have a nice calico, a present from sister Henny to make me a sack dressing gown and a pretty dark Calico from Rebecca. She is thoughtful and kind. She has no one now to poison her mind against her, better friends. Can't you and V come up and bring Robert and Luke and stay as long as you can? I will give you both all I can collect if that is an inducement.

My dear Roger speaks of getting in all his money's and going to Illinois in a few days to get land. He says he sees no good he can accomplish here and you know I have

always lived for my children. And I am still willing to do all I can for each and everyone of them. Your father is all devoted to his interests or what he considers so. He is out all day in the woods having wood hauled and trash picked up. Why does not Edward come up? I would like to go to Georgetown with him when he comes. If I can get to Lexington I will go in the stage and see the children and take them a basket of cakes. I have all your yarn Rebecca brought over ready to send also some other little articles, but if John will send you up and let you stay between 10 days, I will leave him one third of my estate - certain.

I expect to go up for Willy [*her nephew Collett's son*] the last of this month and bring him down to stay. I have not heard from Collett for sometime - poor dear brother. He has so much to do, and a great deal to continue with his children are a heavy case to him. What is Virginia doing and how is Molly? Oh how I do wish I could buy a farm down there and be with you all. If I had a fortune I would divide it out amongst you quickly.

Is the river low? If so you must get me some nice shells. Now tell Antonie and (?) Si and Sarah and Virginia to get me some - perhaps I may be down again sometime or another. Laura says she would like to be with you all this winter she does not like to be shut up all winter with her Grandfather. She is a good and smart child. I am sorry Mr. G is so complaining. I had hoped we would have gone to Ashland together this fall. I think Mr. Clay is not well although he goes to town every day - Now was not Bob Hunt in a sad way to marry, that Sally Ward, as she calls herself---what makes such women have such influence and, I can't have any?

12 O'clock well my head felt so giddy I stopped and walked about. It is so dry no water at the spring, but just what will do at the kitchen and milk bench. I shall have to wash at old Mr. Beekness spring tomorrow. It is so lonely - Priscilla is busy getting dinner she has a boiled chicken and some nice soup for me and a stove full for the Negroes. We have no cabbage neither dry beans and just potatoes and (?) cashews enough for Rose and me. You know, she always gets her part.

Well my dear John how is your crop? You have done well with your oats and how many potatoes have you and have many hogs to sell? They are very high here. Mr. B [*her husband*] sold a large lot he says his corn is not so good as he thought. He has a large lot of mule Colts just come in squealing all day at the stable yard for their mothers or water I do not know which. This is a busy troublesome world some merry, some sad, some pleasant, some mad. Well let us just do all that is in our power to make ourselves happy here and here after. My kind love to your Ma and Pa and family and to your dear self. Ever believe me to be your faithful and devoted

Parent
MEB

Well my dear child you must write as soon as you receive this and tell me all you have to make me feel comfortable. Roger and I went to church horseback last Sunday and went home with Rebecca and wished you were there, John and the two dear sons. Oh I do want to see them so badly. I take little Sally sometimes and work her and talk to her about Master Brooking. She can do everything you tell her. You must bring my lovely son up. Oh if I could I would have a railroad right to your door and I would

have a season ticket in the passenger and baggage car. Farewell my lovely child, be
happy you will then make your mother so
adieu

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