
Tuesday Night Oct. 21, 1851

My Dear Precious child

Your welcome letter came to home yesterday written one week ago, I need not say it gave us great pleasure to hear from you – and to hear too, of your health and welfare. I was so glad to hear of the dear children and their worthy and dear father. Oh what a pleasure to hear of you being well and surrounded by so many blessings while so many are so miserably situated. This neighborhood has been quite sickly of late and I am sorry to tell you of the death of Louisa Spencer – she was complaining but little of a dullness and not much pain but constant stupor but had got ready to make a visit to her friends in Nicholas and returned on Thursday and sent for Doctor T on the Saturday after and died at 6 on Sunday morning, Typhoid fever. I got there a short time after and assisted in all I could. Oh it was a gloomy house. She was buried next day at 9 O'clock at her Father's grave, your Rebecca had the baby and Old Mrs. Spencer stays over there and on Friday evening Polly Long's little Ellen – a pretty smart child of 5 years old of scarlet fever – there are others sick in the neighborhood but we are all usually well. Roger [*her son, Henrietta's brother*] has left us (?) started East Friday for Illinois to buy land he thinks he can do better there with his money. I do not now know when he will be back or what he will do – he thought (?) you could attend to his own affairs mere to his satisfaction and I am satisfied if my children do well – I can live in the hope of their doing well and being happy – if I could but see you all whenever I wanted.

I walked over to see Rebecca [*Henrietta's sister*] this evening and stayed about 2 hours. She is tolerably well, also the dear little sons. She read your letter and said she was so glad to hear from you and to tell you she had a hide already for you and one for John – they just got home several. She said she had much to say to you but would write and as soon as we could get our box ready, she would write. She was in Lexington on Friday getting all her winter stores, she forgot many little things for you, we had a bundle all ready for Mr. (?) Owens to take and he said to me he would come if he could but he did not – I will send all as soon as I can get a safe way, your cake too. I went to Lexington last Friday with Sister H. who was on her way down for Henrietta. We got down about 4 in the evening found her at Mr. Lockharts, also Sarah Richardson [*Sarah is her sister and Mr. Lockhart is Sarah's husband*] who had dined there. We stayed the next day and started home on Sunday morning about an hour before day. She went all the way up that day – I have found it so lonesome – I do not relish home much I will try to be content though, Laura [*her step-granddaughter*] is company for me – I am now busy cutting and having made the negro's clothes – Caroline sews all the time and if it is bad weather Rachael [*both Caroline and Rachael are slaves*] will sew, I do not do much. I had still hoped you would have come up this fall, but I well know how it is to have a little family to attend to and a home-staying industrious husband to render your home agreeable – Oh how I would dearly love to be with you all to see those lovely sons playing about these cool nights so happy, tell Antoine [*Henrietta's son, who would be 2 years old*] that cap he stole out and ran about in so that night, poor Louisa Spencer was buried in. How does dear little Brooking [*Henrietta's 2nd son*] look is he as pretty as he was – he will be a year old next Sunday. Does he eat well or is he troublesome – how did you leave him so long, dear little lamb – I am sorry to hear Mr. Gex [*Henrietta's father-in-law, Jean Antoine Louis Gex*]

is not well. I hope he will take good care of his health. He is a great pleasure to his family. Mrs. Gex [*Cyrena Price*] will have a pleasant time with her daughters – I want to go up soon or I can have Rebecca and bring Willie [*Willie is her nephew, Collett's son*] home. I have not heard from Collett for several weeks, I hope to hear tomorrow.

Well I must tell you all the news, (?) Amelea Hockady and Toms Stenestreet are to be married next Tuesday on the same day Lizzy Nelson to a Mr. Thompson and it is said Baker (?) Didlake to Charlie (?) Corrshorty – our family news is not much – all getting along as usual all send their love to you. Priscilla has been in and sends her love to you all and Caroline says Sally [*Caroline's daughter*] can't walk but she can dance and call everybody and do anything. I will now tell you good night and I will finish in the morning may the Lord ever be your protector and guide and watch over you in all your wonderings I pray- what was cousin Mahala sickness –

Wednesday Morning – Good morning to you my dear children this bright sunny morning your father and Thornton [*his "man" slave*] has just gone to a sale at a Mr. Hutencrafts, and Laura is going over to see if Rebecca can come over and stay all day with us. Oh if you all could be together today, I do desire you all, should cultivate loving faithful disinterested love for each other, no broils, tales or any improper feeling between you – I shall ever be faithful to all. I would not have a difference made in anyway by your Father, let justice prevail – I well know two families of children are watchful but let each one enjoy all that is theirs. I shall always encourage a spirit of right. --- My love to Mr. C and V [*her step-daughter, Virginia and her husband Mr. Craig*]. Also to Elizabeth and E [*Robert Edward Brooking, Henrietta's stepbrother, son from her father's first marriage*] – they do not write to their father, he would like to hear from them as well as myself – I hope to be able to send your box soon, with a letter to you and V in it. I have bought a lot of 120 yard of Calico in good segments and Rebecca bought 180 yards of cotton. Would you like to have some – I do not get anything fine for myself but all I can save I do for my children - my kind love to Aunt Jane to Mr. Simm to all the family at Mr. Gex's and to your dear self a thousand dear loves and prayers – I wish I had a chicken and a piece of custard. I sit in the dining room now till 9 o'clock and then go in my lonesome room, and I get up at 6, work all day – but I would do all that if I could spend one third of my time with you. Caroline sends her love to Judy she must be a good girl and she will be happy, all of us here too have our troubles.

Write often,

Adieu. MBB,

You must write me what you do and how many socks and stockings you knit and all Rebecca has got over with the sons and cousin Gellin is busy. Oh if you and dear faithful Virginia ----

[Source document](#)