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Monday, August 1851

My dear daughter

I have become so impatient to hear from you I cannot wait any longer. I had thought this would be the last day I should wait. I have been at home almost a week and I stayed a week at Morgan Station and have felt much better since I returned. I had thought I was in a certain decline I had every ominous symptom but my mind was relieved of a great care and a pleasant trip. Your Aunt Sally and all her family and Willy and Thornton and Sally's little boys on horseback and she in the hack and your Father and I in his buggy with the yellow horse. We stopped at the White Ball [*The White Ball tavern on the Mt. Sterling, Winchester Road*] and rested and ate and had some brandy toddy and Isabelle and your father stayed all night at Mr. Everett's. We all went on and got out about dark. We walked down Smith's hill and waded the creek and onto the house soon got our dry shoes and stockings and supper and a good nights rest and next morning your Father came out and left the morning after. Had quite a pleasant time, Papa was quite unwell and Emily had her hands full of care two grown girls a great deal of company and so many little children but she is a pattern of patience and justice. Sister Henny and Mary and Hen B had been out to Estelle [*perhaps she means Estill, a county about 25 miles south of Mt. Sterling*] a week a crowd of 400. Roger was also there five days he said there was really an aristocratic a crowd [*maybe a revival?*] and I suppose a disappointed crew. Papa and Emily said they were so anxious to see you. And Mr. Gex and your dear children and Papa said he was failing so fast he did not know whether he should ever see you. Dear papa he is a good Father and a honorable gentleman. I left Willy [*Collett's son*] to go to school until the weather gets cold and I will go up for him. I have not heard from Collett since he left Louisville. He was quite unwell then. Did you get your little bundle and Virginia and you a five a piece?

I feel this lonely day as if I could scarcely bear to be away from you. Rebecca came over and sat an hour until eight sent to the [*post*] office and went back with Edward behind her to make tomato catsup. Your Father and Roger have gone to court. I'm in the porch alone I am getting ready to quilt two comforts of nice calico cotton batts and I have some of the mess spread and will soon be ready to begin the winter work. It will serve to amuse me until I can see you. Oh it does seem so long to wait but I know it is well that we should stay at home and make it comfortable and pleasant to our husbands and family. Well Doct A Hood and lady separated last week I do not know what is the opinion of the mother I believe she will return. She has spent all her money in dress and traveling and no children. She will tug him out. The cause is said to be the children but I suppose not though white ones. Betty Hockaday who married Mr. Wallace died in Versailles a few days ago of cholera, left a little boy about the age of Antonie. Poor girl she lived but a short time to mourn her mothers loss. Lucy Ann Reonales also died a few days ago in Paris at her daughter. The neighborhood is healthy so far but it is expected to have cholera in Lexington but no one knows. Your Father and Roger and Mr. Spencer has got from town and no news. Laura and Sally Chiles [*her step-granddaughters*] to dine here tomorrow.

Roger is busy getting up a Pie Nie [*picnic*] on next Friday and the Kentucky River. He has sent for \$10 worth of confectionery and the lady subscribe what they please. I told him I would make a freezer of ice cream for him and if I could I would go and see who were at the party. Laura is with Judy [*her sister*] now. I do not know whether her grandfather will send her [*Laura*] back to school or not. Well the fair will come off about the ninth 10th or 11th I believe. I wish we could be here and the children and all and I would be glad if Old Mr. Gex could come up with Edward. I know he would be pleased with all he could see and we would ride out to see Mr. Clay and Mrs. Montelle. And I would take great pleasure in entertaining him at my own house.

You must write often my dear child. Always be explicit, all interests me. Have you any sweet potatoes? I will make you a nice black cake and send you. Caroline says she can make them better now. She will make one for Rebecca soon. How many teeth has my lovely little son Brooking? And is he entirely well and does Little Antonie run now? What is Judy's baby name? Well how are all what do you do? Oh I do wish I could fly tonight I would be in your bed. Take good care of yourself and tell John to make haste and send you up if he can't come along. Bye and bye I will not be here and then you will not relish a visit so much. Good night my dear child may guardian angels protect you and your dear household tonight and all other nights of yours Life I will finish in the morning.

Tuesday morning cloudy and cool

Good morning my lovely child how are you today I have just had a lonely breakfast Roger had gone to James McMillan for a bag of (?). I had light rolls and a chicken and coffee and the porch was clean and Kitty was churning and I did not get up early. I am old or I tell your father that he would be young if I was not here. Do write me often and tell John to write. I want to know all about his crop and what he will make this year and all.

I will go to Lexington this week with my butter. I make about 25 pounds a week. When I go again I will sit for my miniature and get a nice case to put it in. I want yours and John and the two sons in one. Can't you have them taken? You must write to your uncle Collett he said he would send Jose and you a barrel of ripe peaches by the Memphis to (?) I hope to hear from you and him tomorrow. Farewell my dear dear child my love to all friends kiss the sons for me and tell Antonie he must come up with his grandpa to the fair and I will put him up to show.

Adieu my lovely child.  
Your affectionate  
Mother

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