
1853
Sunday Evening April 10

My Dear Daughter,

It has been but a few days since I wrote you but I feel as if I would be acceptable this pretty bright sunny day and tomorrow you know is just five years since I gave you to your dear husband. I think of it with mingled emotions, but will not swell. I got a letter from my dear son Roger the same day I got yours. It was a treat indeed to hear from your both. He, dear son has chills and fever, entirely confined but writes tolerably cheerful. I was glad to hear you had gone down to Ghent, and not be Polly Duvat any longer, but be happy.

Oh you do not know how often and tenderly I do think of you and the dear sweet little sons who are so smart and lovely. If I could I would step in any time when dear little Antonie would say "Big Ma" or Brooking would say "Big Ma, I love you." How is Emma and Li and Amie? She is a nice little woman. I wish she had a kind mother of her own close by. She would be such a pleasure to her.

I was in Winchester Friday and bought such a beautiful piece of silk-chain flannel to make me a chemise. Now if Em had the sleeves, wouldn't that be nice? I got a calico dress and shoes and gloves and a dress for Caroline.

Rebecca and Mr. S and children were over yesterday. They cough so dreadfully. Mr. S starts to Indiana tomorrow to buy stock horses and mares I believe to speculate on. Rebecca says why did you not send her a little jar of lip salve - they are so nice - but I told her you always give me more than I could pay you for. I have had a good lock put on the kitchen stairs door and I will keep it for a private breakfast room. I have my nice coffee mill up there on the old bench and I will have a table put up there for emergencies and I can bathe up there and all.

I found Laura [*her stepdaughter and husband Dr. Frazer*] well and Dr F and her and Mary [*Laura's daughter*] speak of going to New York this spring and ? tell Virginia. I asked Mary why she did not write to her. She said she had answered her last letter.

Princy - Poor Priscilla, Mrs. Call's remains got to her Father's last evening from Missouri. She died of consumption I heard.

I got ready to go to Salem today but just as I was getting ready Maj Watters and sons Ghiles drove up and I gave it out. He asked many questions about you and he said you were one of his most particular favorites.

I have got home my rocking chair and am now sitting on it. It is so comfortable, I will make a nice cushion soon. Well it is almost the same time of the evening that the Dianer [*probably the steamboat Diana*] came along and hurried me off, two weeks ago. What I am thankful, I live in the day of such good traveling means and all. I hope

to use them freely as poor Mrs Blackwell said. I have put in my pears and all sorts of seed. I could wish and I bought cabbage of all kinds, Cauliflower and curly york and onions and flower seed. You must get some and give Marian some too, and give Molly Craig some China Aster. I will put some in this letter. I bought a variety in town the other day. Thank Mother Gex for the silver skin and tell Mr. Gex your Father was so pleased with his nice ducks. He says he wished the old Gentleman could be up here to ride and look at his fine stock. He says he has the finest calves and lambs he ever had.

I have just got home, my star quilt Mrs. Sharp was quilting, it looks nice and is quilted like Mrs. Holfpeny used to do them. I gave her \$1.50 for quilting. Give my kind love to V and Mr. Craig and to Jose and Betty and all friends. Tell John I would like to see him here at least once in five years. I would do all in my power to make his stay pleasant. Kiss the dear little boys for me and do not let them forget me. Tell Antonie he must raise me a chicken and Brooking a duck. And save me some popcorn. My love to Sarah and Virginia and Li and Dot and Andrew and I want you to buy Robert a nice knife and give it to him for me. He is a good boy. Tell Emma I am saving all the nice pieces to make a scrap book like hers for my little granddaughters and tell her my pretty ?cave rock is hanging on the right side of the drawing room mantle piece.

Well my dear child supper is over and I sat down to finish my page. We had tea, cold beef, cold bacon, cranberry pie, stewed peaches, rusk and shortened corn bread. Little Sally ate at my elbow and Venus on the other side. Tell Antonie she gives her sisterly love to side-face. I have just finished reading Uncle Toms Cabin. Some natural scenes there indeed.

On Tuesday there is to be a most elegant procession in Lexington in honor of Mr. Clay's birthday. [*Henry Clay who tried to propose a solution to save the union and avoid civil war*] I suppose it will be something extra. I would go if I had a comfortable way but your Father is so busy plowing he would not spare a driver if I had a coach and four. Do my dear child write often and rise early. You will feel so much better and your youth will be continued so much longer. Try to take a bath, clean up the house and let the children sleep and you do not know how much more cheerful you would feel. It is so beautiful a part of the day and it seems to me that it quiets us all day. My love to John and to your dear self. Receive a full share from

Your affectionate Mother

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