
Monday April 14, 1851

My Dear, ever, dear Child

Your long looked for letter came to hand this morning which has so cheered me. I feel like a new being. I have been for the last 4 days, almost confined with a cold I took from being in the garden too much that windy day. It gave me a cold together with a pain in my head and ear ache. I intended writing to you on the 11th last Friday but was too unwell and I thought too I would wait a few days. Poor Jack died about 12 O'clock this day week and Abram was so low. He was so terrified (his being) in Coty's house. I thought he would not live that night but he is still alive but so feeble he cannot walk or do I think, he ever will be out again. He has all the comforts that can be given him. He only eats a little Ponado [*Panada is an antiquated expression for a kind of baby food made of bread or cereal cooked into a soup*] at a time. Our John too is dead. We heard he died last Wednesday. He was at Lexington, he had been sick with Typhoid Fever 4 weeks. He is a great loss to your Father. He thought he was worth \$1000; all the rest of the family are well. Your Father has entirely recovered from his sickness and is in usual health yet I think, more infirm than usual.

I stayed a week at Morgan Station. Had a pleasurable and peaceful time with Papa and Emily. They were so happy to have Collett and I with them. We had all that could be for the season, turkeys, fish, old bacon and all kinds of good vegetables and dried and green fruit, apple brandy and eat all day. My dear old Father seemed so glad to have me with him. He told me to write to him when your Father and I would go down to see you and he would come and go. He said he thought your Father ought to go and that he would like to see the Ohio once more and his grown children for it seemed that they had forgotten him. Collett had a most perplexing time. Mr. Everett [*Samuel Everett is her sister Henrietta's husband*] and him came to an open rupture. He told Mr. E. that he had circulated things about him that he knew to be false. If he knew anything and that he should now desire that each one should sue Mr. E for what he conceived his right and Collett for what he knew was his. They did so, and he could not afterwards get an opportunity to tell him what he thought of him. He kept out of the way, yet they do not speak. Sister H. [*Henrietta*] seems to be miserable for some cause. I did not mention anything to her. I only stayed all night as I came through. Collett and Willie stayed down in town, we came down next day in an open two horse buggy with Jane Luckett, who was going on South again. The worst roads you could imagine. I was sick all the way, sat in the foot and laid my head in the seat and went to bed as soon as I got in. Collett and Jane stayed next day and in the next left for Memphis. He told me he would if he could meet us at your house about the 8 or 10 of June in the steamer St. Cloud. He is much affected by the pressure in the South and poor dear fellow I hope, he may be able to keep up under all his liabilities. Willie is going to school at Salem.

Rebecca was over to see me Friday. She was quite unwell, looking badly though she says she will try to sell butter enough to carry her down to see you all this summer. And then Mr. Gex and all some up to the Lexington Fair in Oct. I do hope he will make in his boat

and corn. He works so hard, he ought to have a reward. Papa said he was just in the way to happiness and prosperity tilling the earth. It afforded more real comfort and a surer reward for his time and labor than anything else under the sun. I think he will enjoy his trip a great deal. He will like Old Mr. Gex so much and W.C. and I know he will be pleased with John and those two lovely sons too. Oh I do want to see you all so much. I feel childish, I think of little else. I am trying to get my summer work all done, am gardening and my wool sold and I pray I may be able to keep well, and that you Father will go along. He would feel better he says. He expects to see in Mr. Gex, the very thing he desires mainly industriousness and good to you and the dear boys, as he calls them. He says he will not be here long but will make all he can for him and you while he is here.

Everything looks pretty. The pear trees are as white as a snow ball and the white and purple lilacs, covered in bloom, but I do not make flower pots now. It looks so lonesome, no one comes to see them. I go in the drawing room sometimes and open the windows. I see nothing there cheering. I come out and think if my poor Mother felt as I do, what was this world to her -----

We have a fine prospect for peaches and some strawberries. I have not my seed in. I gave away all those good cyathium seeds you gave me. I am so sorry I can't buy or beg any seed, they are so scarce. I do wish I had some of yours.

I got a long and interesting letter from M. Chamblin [*her sister Isabella's husband*] a few days ago. He said he was making a living slowly by mining and working. He said John was industrious. He sent me a piece of gold, about 30 or 40 cents worth in the letter. He said he would not come back until he was independent. Isabell is in Lexington at present. I have not heard from Mr. L. since I wrote.

I have you and V [*Virginia*] a box of candles, 10 doz, a jar of elegant pickles, some stockings and tell V, I have the Deloise. I think it will do for Sarah and Virginia, and a remnant over she may someday want such a one.

I am [*cleaning?*] the dining room stairs today. Making Kitty take up the carpet and wash all the paints, but she is a poor hand. I want to get a new carpet for the floor so when you come it will be clean and nice. I hope Mother Gex will be able to come by that time. Poor M. G., [*Mary Gex, whose husband, Oscar Hamilton died*] I do feel for her. She has tasted of the cup of vinegar and gall early, which so many are tasting who never thought they would.

My love to Betsy and Josephine and tell Molly Craig I hope to have so much satisfaction when I come down in June. I would go to see Betty [*she is in school*] if I could, but I am not able to go anywhere, or to write. I can hardly see or write any, I am so inclined to stiff and swollen limbs and my head is giddy as it can be without losing all my mind.

Well, I have 15 or 20 chickens, 5 more hens sitting but Col Taylor gets all the hens in this quarter even off the setting nests. Pricilla and Caroline send their love to you all. Thornton is getting ready to go down. He says who will scrub his Master's feet? He is obliged to go. I haven't sent Laura [*her step-granddaughter*] her summer clothes yet. D. Coleman stayed all night here a few days since. He said all his family were well. I would have sent them a week ago but thought your Father and I would go to Lexington today but it is raining and I do not know how when I shall go. I have not seen Laura [*Frazer*]

since I saw you. I believe all are well. The roads are too bad for the horses or the people. I do not know or care, which.

Kiss my lovely Antonie and little son for me. I would give ten dollars to be a day with you and with V. this week. Shall we go to Cincinnati when we come down or shall we stay at home? I do not know whether your Father will go or not. He wants to see what all of you are doing for yourselves he says. Roger is busy today having the bacon taken down and all the joints locked in Shelled corn.

Farewell dear child, do write to me often. Tell John to take time to write and I will pay him for all time lost. I want to know how many potatoes he has in this year. Tell him I have not put in mine yet. I have two bushels to plant and a peck of sweet potatoes. My love to V and Mr. G and all friends. Be silent about Mr. E. and your Uncle Collett. May the Lord be with you is the prayer of your

Mother

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