
2325 Gamble Ave
April 1st 1877

My dear Aunt,

If you had a letter every time I would like to write, you would get them often but I will say nothing of lack of time again while it's all so it is hackneyed and I know tiresome to my friends.

Another winter is gone and almost another school year. George [*her son*] has counted the weeks and tells me there are eleven more – that seems a long time to him before he can go “out to Uncle Tarle’s” [*her brother, Tarletan Chiles*] but time goes faster to older people. I am not one of them. but some people whom I have known for a long while are getting old. I was thinking of it today in church as I looked at Uncle Henry and while walking home with him, he told me he had heard of the death of his oldest sister Mrs. Lucy Ferguson. That she had no illness but just past away – I had heard long ago, that her mind was all gone, but I did not tell him – poor old man! To me there is no beauty or grace in old age. It is dreary and melancholy as the dying of the flowers and turning yellow of leaves that were green. I have heard much of “growing old gracefully” but think it a fraud and a deception and so I shall keep young and frisky till the rheumatics or something seizes me and I am forced to yell out “Nuff Lord I giv up!”

Sallie [*her sister*] is gradually wearing out. This winter her cough has been worse and more pains and aches than ever before – tho not so weak as she was last summer when I thought she would not live from one month to another. She is not confined to her bed nor even her room, but is weak and not equal to much. I often think if she did not have to make a little effort on Dollie’s account, one way and another, she would make none at all. She and Laura [*Sallie’s daughter*] board at 2636 Olive St. Kitty has lived at Bishop Robertson’s a year but this spring she has been sick, had pleurisy and chills and is going as soon as she is able to get out to Mr. Peckham’s to stay – to rest and get well. Mr. and Mrs. Peckham have invited her and I believe she is pleased at the prospect.

George and I have boarded since last September with a family named Evans. Mr. Evans is a tobacco man – not only smokes it – but that’s his business. They have three little children and mine and I have a very comfortable home – I do not see Mrs. Peckham very often, have no time to visit. When I run in to her house sometimes to dinner she has so much to tell and show that I feel on going back to school as if I had been gone a week. Her sister from Newport has been with her all winter and Mimie is a young lady. So entertaining one and turning out the other has kept Peck busy.

Finished Sunday eve Apr 8th

Mrs. Chesham, Fanny’s mother died at Christmas. They are all very mournful about it. Give my best love to Uncle Billy and the cousins and do write to me and just remember that if don’t write, always love you and yours. And many a time as I stretch out my tired bones to rest, I say Oh Lord please bless my Aunt Beck and all her interests. She has always been very good to me.

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