
Sunday morning
December 19, 1852

My Dear lovely Child

Your welcome letter came to hand in due time which I need not say gave me so much real satisfaction as to your letters always. I had written to you a few days before it's reception also to V and I should have answered it before. I however have no news to write to you, but feel as if just a dear conversation on common and every day affairs will interest you, and John must be amused whenever you are interested. I have just got through with my pork lard and sausage last Friday and I was so perfectly broke down, I could not enjoy even a cup of tea. We rendered the lard out at the wood pile and made the sausage in the kitchen The hogs were so young I did not have much lard to spare. I put up a whiskey barrel full for my own use and five kegs to sell and some in jars for Sally and the women at home. Oh I get so tired and wonder what I do work so hard for but my dear child it is my duty and I hope and pray every one of you may enjoy what I have saved and made. But this is a changing world.

I am now in Rebecca's room under the front window writing. I came over to go to Zion [*church*] and she had left and I found no one but Nelly and the dear little sweet daughter and I thought I would sit down and rest. And since, I saw a Negro man came and says poor Mrs. Holiday died last night. She had measles during the spring and summer and she was in a family way and she had dropsy. She was so fat and pretty I used to look at her at church and thought she would fill her seat there when I was gone to try the realities of an unseen and awful eternity. But God is wise and just and we all should, as his creatures keep his laws. Our neighborhood is usually healthy and so far as I hear no news. Bob Taylor and Mr. Hall were at our house yesterday, came, I believe to borrow \$1800, which they will get in a few days. He made a great many inquiries about you, he said you were a favorite of all who knew you which gratified me much to hear although I know it. I desire my children's happiness and welfare more than I do my own.

I was glad to hear you had lately got a letter from my dear son dear boy. Oh how glad I would be to have him with me if I was so situated as to make it to his interest. Well now, tell John I must go on to tell what all are doing cousin Gillen is cleaning jars and cooking, Caroline, Rosa, Rachel and Kit, gone to tend to their babies and I all the time send out Sterling, and Wash and Candace and Catherine to see their children too.

I have got a course common piece of mode colored muslin delaine to make you a cloak or a dress. It is cheap and common but I did not get any for you when you were up. Shall I make a good cloak to roll up and or shall I send it so? I have also a Swiss Muslin robe which was needlework only three breadths, one worked up in front, the others only on the bottom. Rebecca took one breath for the part of a petticoat and one I have for you worked up before, the other for Virginia. It will do to wear with an open dress or something of that kind. I do not know when I can send them but Bob and your Father has been speaking of going down and going on to Cincinnati to buy horses. I do not know how he will leave the Lounge that long.

I am daily expecting your uncle Collett. I was in Winchester a few days ago and met May Henderson's wedding party at Lyle's. Mary Everett was one of his the bride's maids and they all were on the way to Woodford. She married a Mr. McConnell, a widower with two children but a clever man, fat good-looking and independent. He is a hemp manufacturer and farmer too.

I think of going to Lexington this week I shall (no prevention) have my Christmas dinner and I will put a plate for you and John. But Thornton says, he does not expect his master John, until Master dies. How is my dear sweet little sons? Oh I do want to see them so bad I would like to slip in any night and we all sit up till day, and like the morning beam flit away home again to my arduous duties.

Tell Virginia she must save me some yarn for my stockings and I will knit her a pair too. My love to all Mr. Gex's family and to Si and Emma and tell Virginia to write. I do not see much of Laura [Frazer] but suppose they are well. They now have a family to entertain at home and they are much warmer from their home. I have not heard particularly from Papa and sister H since they went up. Papa fails I think although few could ride horse back like he does. I suppose Sally will go up there next March. I have no idea they can do better Mr. Robertson [Emily's husband] speaks of leasing a farm from Mr. Everett [Henrietta's husband] for five years. He will do well anywhere and Emily is a partner. She is a daughter in deed and everything else God will reward her and hers.

Princy, ask Si to take me in some eggs and if your Father does come down I can get them. I do not get any at all or can't buy one at any price. My love to Luke, tell my dear Antonie to remember his Big ma and kiss my dear little long legged Brooking with his red lips, and tell Tom and Keesy to come up, and ask Judy how she and her man does, and tell Sarah [one of Henrietta's servants] to do woman's work, "she ought to work and milk she wants timber" as Jack Combs used to say.

Now my dear child do you write often it does so cheer me. I am so confined, the weather is too cold to get out and I have no horse to ride or drive so I have to make a merit of necessity. Give my love to Josephine and Betty when you see them. I will write to poor Priscilla soon when I think she can read a letter quietly. My kind love to John and to Mr. Gex and V and ask Mrs. Word to make me a nice dark gingham bonnet, corded or ? as you please. Thank you for my caps my dear child. May the Lord reward you for your kind affection to your

devoted mother

Oh, I wish I could see my lovely son open his eyes and scare me so bad. Nanie Bet Tolson died a few days ago leaving a babe 4 days old.

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