
Sunday, June 18th 1853

My Dear Child

I wrote a few days since to you – in answer to your welcome letter, written just two weeks ago – but – since that time, I'd received a letter, from, your Brother, saying he would leave his home for Kentucky and to see his friends, by the way, on the Ohio the 10th of July – and, stay a few days with you say two or three days – and that he had some time since received an affectionate letter from – you – and that you must be ready to come on up with him to see me. Now I shall live in happy expectation of meeting you soon and you must not fail to come. And bring one of the children at least – I do not expect to see Mr. Gex here until the RailRoad is completed to this spot, from Louisville to Winchester. The Engineers– are now encamped in Henry Woodfords yard and all, dined here today together with Dr. Frazer's and Mr. Spencer's families, all well. They all have just left. and I thought I would write you a long letter, they have located the Road, as far as, Bob Martins. from Lexington – they pass Mr. Longs right in the road and pass to our pasture at the corner of his yard and go on in the direction of Mr. Didlake's house and pass through B Morten's barn-yard – you know, the other side of his house, and through by his pond and crop again at Grigsleys Mill and on. They say the work will commence this winter and will probably be completed to Winchester in 18 months. Must I tell you what I had for dinner, a ham at the head a roast of Beef at the foot a ham of Mutton stuffed at one side and a chicken pie opposite and vegetables, pickle, catsup jelly and next a glass bowl of Raspberries a bowl of green apples, cherry pies and a Octagon Cake at the foot laid on one half and the top and in the other sides, Rail Road, put on with icing, and all looked nice. The tumblers and forks were clean and napkins white and all done well.

I have not been up to see my dear Father since I last wrote. I have been so unwell – and all and I hear often he is better but I will try to go up in a week – and stay a week – but this is a large troublesome family to leave – but I can't be always content here. Rebecca says I must ask you to write what day Mr. Craig [*Virginia's husband*] will get up and what day, leave. She says she wants to go down with him and the girls – I would like to be present at their examination but do not think I can – but I will try meet you in Lexington – but Roger says in his letter, will it be in the horse cart?

I have been all the week sewing for your Father and I have one more pair of pantaloons to make and I want to make Roger two shirts. I have all the wool picked ready for the factory some 40

lbs. I am sorry to tell you of the ill health of Mary Hunt and the death of their oldest child Thomas. He died on Thursday in Lexington at his aunt's Mrs. Morgan and Mary is boarding at Doct. Chipley in a dying state; of disease of the heart, and an infant 8 months old, and Mr. Hunt in bad health. I would go to see her but her Doct, does not admit any one – it seems as if all of us, have our part of woe – Mr. Pettit died on Friday – of heart disease, and she I am told has lost her reputation entirely (if she had any) what think you of such a family – or such a passion? Good night my dear child I must stop and let the table be set for supper and I hope I shall rest well tonight and finish in the morning – Lord, bless you all

Monday Morning

A good morning my lovely daughter, breakfast over and all well. I have just had the raspberries gathered for diner and Caroline is at the under preparing, sweetening them, Cynthia cleaning out the Refrigerator and I sitting in the door writing. Your Father has fed the Jack [*male donkey*] (which he keeps) in the house and yard all the time and rode out. I will take my wool to town [*to*] Lavony's today if I can get a horse to put in the buggy. Tell my dear little Antoine, I do wish he could be with me to drive. I would like to see the sons feed Milow, and tell him to speak – speak loud – bless their innocent hearts. Little Edward and Will [*Rebecca's children*] – does not stay with me much. They are nice little sons, and the baby is smart and pretty and can talk right plain. Did I write you John Bush was dead – had chills and took too much Chloroform. Feilding Bush lost a grown daughter a few days since – had Measles – and terminated in fever. She was a school mate of Laura's finely educated too. Virginia now will have to set up a new plan of housekeeping she will find, grown girls will always have to be ready for company – and she too will have to act, a Matron's part, letting her course so shine that her daughters will look to her for council and approbation – but she has good children and a good Husband. I hear A. Craig is at Mr. Corr – with his lady who is now making her third wedding round amongst her friends. Once will do me. How is Emma and how Mariam – and Elizabeth – how does the building come on? We never hear from Edward. [*her stepson*]

I have been sewing on your silk quilt Sister Henny brought me some pretty pieces from Lexington and Priscilla told me she had some too. I hope to have it done by the time you have a new house to go in. I am told D Coleman's house – will be both convenient and elegant – for a sum less than some have built for, with a house less convenient. Oh, my child, how I would like to be with you in your dear quiet house – so well regulated and so just and honorable a Husband. I could help you to build and set out shrubbery and all, but I will try one patch up myself as poor Mrs. Blackwell used to say. Now my child I shall hope to hear soon from you and know all your arrangements and all. Shall I send the articles by Rebecca – the calico and alpaca dress?

Ask V [*Virginia, her stepdaughter*] why she does not write. I know she is engaged with so large a family – but she could spare one evening. My highest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Gex and family –

and all enquiring friends. I am told poor James Pellitt died in a horrible state of mind – he had once been a professor of the Christian Religion – and since his marriage thought he would follow Blackwell and Universalism and said in his last moments he would be lost - poor soul – he should have read and acted for himself – as he had to account to a just God – for his own death. Remember me to Judy, tell Virginia she must let Keesy come up when you and Roger come – and see her friends it is a good season now and the poor servant like her, would be gratified to come back once more. Kiss my dear little sons for me and to Mr. Gex, give my ever affectionate love and to you my dear child receive from your Mother the purest love of a devoted
parent

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