

sorry that we could not get them ready, to send by Mrs. Rely
it was so good an opportunity—but it was utterly impossible
for me to go to Harrisburg at that time.— I fear you will
think we have shown bad taste, in the selection of the
dresses—the gingham was the prettiest and neatest piece
I could find, and I thought it would not only be
suitable for summer—but also for the fall

I did my very best on the caps, and Sister says if
you don't put them on, and wear them, that we
will never send you any more, I expect you will
thank them look for gay—but they are not— I turned
them by some that Mr. Sherman brought Sister
from Boston. though not so fine, of course, I sent
you a collar, and pocket handkerchief—they are not fine
but they will be useful to you,—also two shirts for
Pa, and a duck for Dolly, tell her not to feel slighted
at my sending and old one, the next shall be new

How is Grand Pa and Ma, give them
my very best love, and if I live to come to see you
all again, I intend to bring them a pretty present,
and tell Peter Stephen that I feel ashamed that
I have not written to him, as I promised but he
must forgive me, I will promise not to be so neglectful
in future, give my best love to him and Uncle James
and say to Uncle James that I will write to him,
tell Danille I feel slighted that she writes to all of the
family except me, and yet I have no reason to expect a
letter from her, when I know, that I was never a favorite
tell her I saw Chist in Houston last week, he looks well,
I think you have all better conclude and come to us as
I expect Chist will persuade Danille to come yet, the
more I see of him, the ~~letter~~ I like him and I think him a

say ill but is running about and Mrs. B has also had a slight
attack she is a kind good neighbour, and was particularly so
to me, when I was sick, she always enquires after you and Danille,
poor old Mr. Tancer is dead, the dog is living by himself.

New Washington August 13th 1848

I have told you a little of my things, and will bring my letter
to a close—you must write soon, and let us know how the
dresses fit—tell Pa I shall expect a long letter from him and tell
me all the queer stories to write—Mr. M. Jones goes in fact to
My Dear Mother you all are your affectionate Daughter

It has now been some three or

four months since I wrote home, and the best excuse that
I can offer for my silence, is that Cornelius and Lou
are visiting my mother, and knowing, that when you hear
from them you hear from us all it has made me
a little more lazy than I should have been.

When I last wrote you I believe it was from this place
and told you that New Washington had been rented
out, but a room reserved for Mr. M and myself so
we have been stopping here since then, Col Morgan

has gone to New York, and persuaded Mr. Morgan
to stay here, and attend to his business until his
return this fall, we call this home, but I think

we spend almost as much of our time at Harrisburg
I have been up there or four times within the
last month—Sister & the gone together with Mr. Pease

Made a visit to the Island last week, and bought
home with them Mr. and Mrs. Stuart and their
two children and stopped at the wharfe for Mr. Morgan & myself
so we went up and staid four or five days—and
had quite a pleasant time—eating watermelons
and ripe peaches, Sister is busy preserving, and making
handy peaches. I left them all well—with the exception