

April 27th 1855
Clifton Grove

My dear Parents,

I can imagine that more than once you have wondered "why Sarah do not write" well I have had my time constantly occupied in one way or another, the sewing for the Servants is now on hand for the Summer, and the great mountain that it appeared to me last Spring, has dwindled to a little hill- and although my time is fully occupied yet my duties seem much lighter, if I could learn to borrow no anxiety for the morrow & to experience that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" I should gain a more important victory to me than the conquest of Sebastopol" We are not yet housekeeping but I think will be by my next letter, the stove has been the wonder of the plantation, but is now becoming an old story, it is regarded by some as an innovator- old Lucy begs the privilege of washing outdoors & kindling for fire ends the pot- approves to this, was Lizzie's request to use the heavy hoe she had been used to. I let her have a steel one to use in the garden, thinking I was doing a favor she gave me quite disconsolate, it was so little she should break it all to pieces.

Speaking of going to pieces, makes me think of McFarland, he writes me that they have made an assignment. I cannot say I was disappointed, although I regret exceedingly that such a step was necessary, one thing I know McFarland has worked hard. I hope you have not lost indeed he wrote me you had not-please give me particulars.

There is nothing I know of transpiring here which would interest you. We have had some excessively warm weather, equal to August weather and last night a light frost, so you see we have extremes here as well as North, however I believe that the frost is not heavy enough to injure fruit- the trees are loaded with young fruit & if the most of it ripens. I think the trees must break down with their burden.

Has James Sherrill gone West, you hinted something of the kind in your last please explain, has he sold the old place, etc. etc.?

Please tell me all the news, there is but little here to interest, and a letter from home is a real treasure.

The Dr. has been very sick since you heard from me last with a severe attack of Gravel for one day I must confess I was much alarmed. I do not think him well yet and next week he is obliged to go South on business, I know I shall be anxious while he is absent and he may be gone several weeks.

Lily grows finely, she has a Nurse Ann, whom she loves very much, Charity however is a decided favorite. Don't wait as long as I have. I know I have waited much too long this time. My love to all and believe me sincerely yours,

Sarah