

Brooklyn December 23rd 1852
Thursday Evening

My dear Parents,

I have at last found another leisure moment to chat with my best Early friend the first week I took the helm here, I was almost-discouraged, our ship was tempest-tossed, and I not one of the best pilots, but "experience is a good teacher", and "practice makes perfect"- and now I feel calmer than I wrote you last- I find that with decision & perseverance, I can do many things that I had thought impossible- besides I am happier (as everyone is) to have my time fully occupied- though I assure you I have not the time for reading or writing which adds so much to my enjoyment always and then one needs at least one hour a day to see how they stand in reference but both to this world and the next. Lucinda thinks of coming downstairs to dine on Christmas- she has had an influenza with the rest of us which has kept her rather longer in her room than we expected. With the exception of colds we are all in usual health. The week after I wrote last I went to hear Madame Sontag sing I assure you I was delighted. I cannot imagine that Jenny Lind excels her, her voice is as clear as the birds' that sing over the treetops on a summer's morning.

I suppose Madame Sontag is over forty; had I not known her age I should not have thought her over twenty, she is very pretty. Of all her songs, none was so sweet to me as that dear old song of "home sweet home" and the manner in which she sung it was touching by beautiful. The same week I went to hear Dempster. There is none of the unknown tongue in his singing. Every word is clear and distinct- I was highly entertained, still I know not in what respect I was disappointed- I had heard Madame Sontag so recently, it might have been the reason. Yesterday I went with the children & Fanny Squire to Barnum's Museum, saw Tom Thumb the Sea Tiger (a species of seal)- the petrified Horse & Rider & snake &c, &c. Monday I was invited the night at Mr. Pomeroy's & go with them to hear Professor Howes of Columbia College, Mrs. Elliot, the Authoress, read- they read a part of Macbeth- and Professor H read Excelsior & Eugene Aram in addition there was some very fine music- after which we were invited to take refreshments- the proceeds were to go to the poor- as much as I enjoyed the evening I do not approve of doing this charity according to my ideas, there is no true benevolence where you receive an equivalent and practice no self-denial. But enough of my doings- I was very glad to hear that you were both better than when I left- Take care of yourselves. I would like to look in upon and I do in imagination often. Do write often will you not? Give my love to Margaret,- tell that Ann has been here, she told me she went on to Niagara with a Lady this fall & was one night in Utica but could not go to New Hartford. How does Margaret like her dress?

Enclosed is a receipt for the Evangelist for next year. Our cooking as it I find that it is dated for last year- were you a year behind? I think I had better keep it until I hear from you again, & if it is using I will then go again to the office. It is late and I must go to bed. Love to all & a Merry Christmas from your affectionate daughter.

Sarah

Luther sent you a small package by the express today.