

March 19th 1855
Monday

My dear Parents,

The Baby (or Lilly as we call her) and Charity are on the floor playing, and although I have received an answer to my last, I am constrained to write you a few lines, knowing that you are happy to hear from your children at any time & also knowing that we occasion your anxiety when we do not write frequently. But then if you know how much pleasure a few words from you give, I am sure you would send them, at least once a month, it is now six weeks or more since I have heard a word from you.

When I wrote you last I was having chills & fever every other day. I did not think best to tell you then knowing that it could do me no good & fearing it might occasion your anxiety happily they left me week before last, and I have seen nothing of them since, they are ugly things while they last, but I believe I felt as well as ever the next day, only not quite so strong. It has been a very sickly winter, owing I suppose to the want of the usual rains the last week has been raining, one day seemed like July, so sultry, the Peach & Plum trees are in blossom & in the yard we have jonquils & hyacinths the birds have been singing with us for several weeks, indeed some stay the whole winter, however they say it is a late season, which sums early to me.

We are having a temporary kitchen built by way of experiment, but I have misgivings in regard to my success as a housekeeper, had I been accustomed to more inconveniences at home, perhaps I might succeed better here but I'll try & do my best & if I fail, why I won't be the first one that's all, I wish I really could feel us "I don't care" as I have written, but I can't, if I don't answer others expectations it troubles me and I am sometimes afraid I never shall make a housekeeper here. The servants are far from being as neat & tidy as those I have been accustomed to. But enough of this. I hope to see you sometime this coming Summer, perhaps not before the last of July or 1st of August. I ought to make preserves & things of that kind, before I go on and Ben wants to leave his business in a more settled state, his going to Raleigh has put everything back it would seem.

Ma I wish you would tell me how many preserves I ought to make, if it is a good fruit season we shall have an abundance of peaches in July & I want to make a plenty but don't know how to calculate.

Ben is busy as a bee now-a-days seeing to the building of his kitchen & sending off his cotton. There is nothing of interest going on here, that I know of, only that Richard is about to build him a convenient & pretty house, two gentlemen have purchased a profitable steam saw mill & ended it on his land for a while- this affording him a rare chance in these part for processing timber, etc & he intends improving the opportunity.

Do write me what is going on in New Hartford, where is Abby Grosnever? And why don't Emilee Shays write to me. What of Cornelia Williams & her Beau, I hope she will not be so foolish. Mary hinted to me in a letter that Julia was going to settle in Ohio, but as she wanted me to ask questions, I thought I wouldn't. What do you know of it?

Hoping to hear from you very soon. I shall choose this scrawl. Love to all. Ben wishes remembrance. Yours ever,

Sarah