

May 22nd 1855
Evening

My dear Parents,

I am still alone, Ben has not returned from the South yet, unless he has passed & gone on North, which is not unlikely, as Mr. Hamman had large interests in New York, and they intend to get security if it is to be had. However don't worry about us for with proper economy even though we loose this we can still be independent. You inquire in regard to the kitchen, etc. It is a rough affair for temporary use but much better than none, the cooking is all done in the stove now, it would do better if it was a wood stove, but it is a coal stove, however I suppose Luther hadn't time to be particular, & it answers our purpose much better than none. The kitchen over by Old Lucy's house & connected with it is Lizzie's house. Luther & Charity stay with Lizzie & Anna stays in the House.

Mother Williams is not very well, but still don't call herself sick, she scolds about as much as ever but I don't care as much for it, for I know I have tried to do right. I believe she hates Ben, but she pretends she thinks a deal of me, but between you and I, her love turns to something else behind my back, and is hardly worth much pains to preserve. She will never forgive Ben for marrying "N", never, never, Never!

Now don't hint at these things when you write, I have not written about them because I know they make Ben feel unpleasantly, & I always show him my letters. He tends his own & since he has been gone I see to his business. I am up before sunrise to give out the keys, he told me how to order & sometimes I steal Mother's thunder. I watch and see what her hands are doing & then I order ours as if I know it all, for instance I set them to setting out sweet potato sprouts the other day & did not know anything about it, but I watched & then I told them I wanted them to "throw their furrows together & set the sprouts in the middle furrow." & our patch looks as good as Mothers, now they are ploughing & hoeing the corn & if he don't come this week I shall make them thin it out & have only one stalk is a hill only in the richest places.

Don't you think I'll make a good farmer? Then I have a vegetable garden, which I superintend. I have cotworths (most-like cabbage) most a foot high & leaves as high as the palm of your hand. Peas that are running, Irish potatoes that are in blossom. Cucumbers with leaves half as large as my hand. Mustard going to seed. We have had radishes a month or more. Another year I'm going to see what I can do & if I live & am well I am going to try to have the best garden in the country. I want some Shanghi chickens, and am going to try for a pair if I go home this Summer. I don't think you need look for us before August.

Lilly stands alone & says Mama, & has four teeth. I received a letter from Luther last night in the same mail with yours.

The fruit trees are loaded with fruit, we shall have bushels & bushels of peaches, plums, & apples a plenty. We had red cherries last week, they are all gone now.

Love to all from your daughter Sarah.

Tell Mag she never saw such a pretty Baby as mine.