

Walpole September 2<sup>nd</sup> 1848  
Saturday Morning

My dear Parents,

We have been waiting very impatiently to hear from you, but as Pa told me write every week or ten days, I can wait no longer. Monday we shall start for Clarendon Springs, where as Uncle George "if there is plenty of camping we shall remain a few days". On Tuesday of this week, we went to Billons Falls, where we remained until last evening. Wednesday evening uncle George rode over to us with an invitation for, us to join a party who were coming from Walpole the next day to ascend to Fall mountain, which is just across river from Uncle Conrad's as a matter of course we accepted the invitation, the party consisted of about twenty, the ladies took refreshments and we had a grand picnic on the mountain, the view from the summit is delightful, at the foot of the mountain winds the Connecticut which appeared to us like a thread of silver, we had a charming view of the Green mountains which we shall cross on our way to Clarendon Fall mountain is 950 feet high.

Most of the young ladies and a number of married ones have called upon us and we are very much pleased with them; they seem to wish to do all they can to make it pleasant for us, and there is some talk of a private dance on are account.

Did you know that Uncle Oliver Huntington had two little deaf and dumb children, they intend sending them to the Asylum as soon as they are old enough; they have formed quite an attachment to Lucin and I, their Mother says they make a great many signs by which she knows that they mean us, and they try to arrange their dress like us, I was much amused the other afternoon we spent at Uncle Oliver's, the youngest one was sitting by me and seemed very noisy, I looked to see what she was doing, she had a piece of ribbon, and every few seconds she would cast a look at my wrist, and then try and put her ribbon, on her little wrist, in the same way.

This afternoon we are going to return most of our calls, as we wish to before we leave. Uncle George is doing all he can to make it delightful here for us, and is placing us under a thousand obligations.

At the picnic the other afternoon we met a Mr. Bridge from St. Louis, who said he knew Mr. Shrieve by reputation, and that his reputation was high not only as Lawyer, but as a political speaker, but from Mr. Stout he knew nothing of, and had never heard of him.

I have been trying to find time to write to Abby & Emily and Mary Plant as I promised, but I have not had a chance, tell Abby not to get married while I am gone, for I am very anxious to attend her wedding, and tell Em to be sure and not allow it.

The political excitement seems to be as great here as with you, Uncle George is very confident Cass will be the next President, though I believe he cares very little which of the candidates beat-only he says he'd like to beat the Whigs! I suppose you have received one or two papers from him, he seems to me to be a very fair politician as he reads on all sides, and takes the papers of the three parties and their divisions; the next morning we came from Brattleboro, Governor Slade of Vermont was in the stage, and was just returning from the Buffalo Convention.

I have written this off in a very few moments, as you will perceive by the scribbling, but we have to pack our trunks today, and have a number of other things to attend to before Monday. If we should stay long at the Springs, I shall write to you while there. Have you heard from James & Mary lately? I was in hopes we would hear before we started from the Springs.

I suppose we passed Mary & Henry Sherrill on the cars, William Easton said he saw Henry standing on the platform, give our love to Mary, and tell we regret as much as she possibly can, not seeing her, by the way that William Easton is most-uncivil piece of morality I ever saw. Mr. and Mrs. Childs and Lu & I had a good laugh at his expense after he left us.

Anne Brown's letter is the only one we have received since we have been here, and I think it is high time that we had, soon more what do you think? Lucin is busy upstairs so I will venture to send her love, without running up to see her. Aunt Bellows comes up of the road to see us, and was here last night, when we came home, she is I think a very agreeable woman.

But I must stop writing and go upstairs. Give a great deal of love to all our friends, and write soon to your Daughter,  
Sarah

Lucin says be sure & send all the letters that are sent to her, not forgetting mine. SFH