

Walpole, Sept 24th 1848
Monday Morning

My dear Parents,

Our last letter was mailed, and written from unexpected places. On our way down Lake Champlain to St. Johns, we were introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Virgil from Troy who remained with us, all the time we were at Montreal, and accompanied us on our pleasure excursions. The morning we left Mr. Virgil offered to mail my letter for me, and took it for that purpose, but probably forgot it, and that accounts for its being mailed from Troy. The morning before we left, Uncle George hired a carriage and took Mrs. Virgil, Lucin, and I on a ride of nine miles, around the two mountains which lie north of Montreal, we visited the Montreal garden, which I call rather of a small affair, and cant compare in beauty with Mr. Plants; we passed the Governor's residence, who you will remember is Lord Elgin, and many other beautiful residences in English style. On our return to the City we visited the "Grey Nunnery" and I could not but think, when looking at the many poor people, who were there provided for, that if all religious denominations were as generous as these Nuns, who much more their religion would be respected. We also visited the Parliament House and in the Council chamber we were permitted to take a seat in Lord Elgin's chair! Though I am too republican in my views, to consider it an honor to take a seat even in the governor of Canada's chair. I consider it a great honor, to be permitted a seat, in some snug little corner in my own republican house. The Lutheran who waited on us was high in his praise of the government of Canada, and endeavored to persuade us that it was more perfect than our own, but we were stubborn and put on a very self satisfied air. At twelve o'clock the same day we took the ferry boat across the St. Lawrence to La Prairie, by cars to St. Johns, and went on board the Steamer Whitehall bound up Lake Champlain then we went as far as Burlington, where Uncle had some business and proposed spending the Sabbath. On board the White Hall was Lieutenant Rogers the one who was held prisoners by the Mexicans so long, in look he reminded me of Lu Crane, and is almost is age, with him was a young Mexican who was very kind to the American prisoners, and was afraid to remain at present in Mexico, and young Rogers taking him on a pleasure, trip to see our country. At Burlington we spent the Sabbath and Saturday rode around the Cottages, and the remnants of Establishments which were through up in the days of our Revolution. Monday morning, we took the stage for Walpole we passed through Brandan and Middlebury. At the last mentioned place we sent out names to Samuel Coe, but he was not at home, and so we didn't see him, his residence is delightfully situated. The first night we stayed at Rutland and the next day crossed the Green mountains to Walpole, where we arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, and where I found Elizabeth Brown's and Hattie Wells' letters waiting for me. Your last letter arrived four days after it was mailed, and I need not say is was most welcome, for I had begun to think we were never going to receive a letter from you. How is Lizzie Sawyer now. Malvina Pohlman wrote to me that she heard that she is still very feeble.

Last Friday evening Uncle George and Aunt Abby gave a party for us, there were 90 invitations given out, it was delightful, we had music and dancing, the company consisted of old and young and the old joined in our dancing most heartily. We had most a splendid table, of which Lucin and I had the ordering I will mention what we had. "Blanc mange" with apple jelly, Almonds, English walnuts, and Raisins, variations of Mottos- Sponge cake, fruit cake, Harrison cake, which Uncle George insisted upon calling Democratic, and another kind of name which I forgot. Peaches and Lemonade. The cake was mostly frosting, and the room slightly trimmed with

evergreens and the table looked heartily. The ladies have been very polite to us, and most of them have called twice, and the best of the gentlemen, have called this evening, we are invited to spend at Dr. Morse's with a [?] others. Tomorrow we are going down to Aunt Bellous to stay until Thursday evening. Wednesday, they are going to [?] an installation in the Unitarian Church.

Friday we shall return here, and make calls- Saturday we shall pack our trunks, and Monday morning we shall start for Boston, or rather Lowell, where we shall stay a half day, over there then on to Boston where Uncle says we are to stay two or three days. I do not like to say anything about stopping in Connecticut for hitherto our journeyings with lunch have cost-us nothing, at least when he could help it- and I do not feel that liberty, that I would, if we paid our own [hills?] but I have said all I dare to about paying him, as he don't seem to like to have us mention anything about it. We have both each 50 dollars left but I think we shall mind it when we get to New York for our thin dresses feel rather cool this cold weather, and you know Ma you spoke of your getting each of us one of those blankets, and we ought to have our Bonnets fixed, or please, write soon and tell if we had not better. If we can persuade Uncle George to use our purses in going to New York we shall. All letters after this, please direct to the care of Frederick A. Coe, 58 Fourth Avenue. New York City- as we shall be there by next week Friday. Remember us with much love to all, we were very sorry to hear such bad news from Lucia Eames. Aunt Abby sends love- her health is miserably, I fear she will live long. Lucin sends love. Uncle George is not in, so I cannot send any messages from him, he sent all the papers which Pa has received. How much we shall miss Mary Sherrill, it is too bad that she was obliged to go. It seems a long time since we left home but we have been very happy but believe me that no one can hail the time for returning home with grader pleasure than your Daughter Sarah F. Hicks.

Uncle George has just come in, and wishes me to send his respect; Lucin says "give my love and tell them I have grown so fast- that I can hardly wear my dresses." Which is an actual fact, we are both as full as seeds and written of us home had as much color since our duration from Ohio. Tell Margaret that we will be home soon enough to trouble her for New Years.

Uncle George says he has not taken any pleasure trips since the girls were here 8 years ago, and he is glad of the opportunity. He says that next Spring he is going to New Hartford and from there on to Ohio and wants to know if we will go with him, which we told him would be rather delightful; but he seems now determined to go and I really believe will. He enjoys pleasure as much as anyone I ever saw, and when he prays he does so with all his heart.

Give a great deal of love to Uncle Williams and family.