

Hagerville June 4. 1848

Dear Sister

I have no excuse to offer for not writing before more than the want of subjects to communicate in which you could be interested and while month after month almost imperceptibly passes away like the silent ceaseless rolling of a gentle stream I have hardly ^{been} made sensible that I have been doing injustice to those who take a friendly interest in our welfare and while our undying regard and the warm impulses of our natures remains unchanged towards our friends we neglect to communicate our ^{feelings} for the want of any event sufficient to arouse and fix our attention upon the subject and I ~~am~~ often look back almost with amazement to think that so much of my time is passed how short does the time appear to us when we review the scenes of other years seems that have been stamped upon the tablet of our memory with an un fading lustre. how short appears the intervening space since we parted with the companions of our youth since we looked forward with the expanding visions of childhood through the long vista of future years when hope painted the future in the most glowing colors where are these anticipations now where are the friends with whom we had blended our brightest visions of the future - gone forever gone like the pleasing illusions of a dream they have quickly passed from the scenes with which we are associating

while we with new associations new sins and new
cares have been swiftly passing down that silent
stream that will soon introduce us to the scenes
of Eternity while hope entertains the picture the future
in brilliant colors to be dispelled undoubtedly like visions
that have fled and gone but one strong source of
consolation still remains amid the revolutions of
earth on the changing scenes of our own lives the
councils of eternal truth point us with unerring
certainty to a period when the turbulent passion
of life shall be stilled and we enjoy an un fading
rest in heaven and oh may infinite wisdom help us
so to shape our ^{that ties} course formed on earth might be renewed
in heaven that our friendships commenced here might be
cemented to all eternity - when we were in Mansfield
Lemo said Jacob had been sick but I think she
said he was better she ~~is~~ was well a few days
since I think we are very comfortably situated
we enjoy very good health and are well pleased
with our place we are making. Chese Albion has got
to be quite a boy and is a great help about chores
he came very near getting killed this spring he was
harrowing while I was sowing some oats and grass seed I
then went about fifty rods to salt some young cattle while
I was gone one of the stags got unhooked he went in before the
eener ^{to hook it} and the horses started along and threw him over the
whipple trees under the harrow and drew him some 7 or
8 rods under the harrow which had never been used more
than 2 or 3 days the points of many of the teeth were not much
lowered than the head of a large pin as soon as he ~~followed~~
started for him the horses were going the other way and took
home I got there just as he came out at the back end of it

harrowed he was completely harrowed from one
end to the other some 15 teeth at least passing
over his body he was considerably bruised and some
cut about his head breast and legs but with the
exception of being a little stiff a few days he never
minded it I think I have never seen a much milder
escape with as little injury while mired in the harrow
he some of the time rolled and sometimes dragged
you thought when you wrote you might perhaps
come out here this season I should be glad to have
any of you come but I hardly expect it if you
should and land at Bereaut or Ashtabula you can
take the stage every day here which would make
it your best way tell Jacob (as I hardly expect
to hear from him otherwise than through you)
that little (young one) look a great deal better
than when he saw her she is as fat as a pig
begins to talk considerable and is more trouble
than a flock of geese and would not make
as good beef I think some times about your
claim there and if we should be prospered
I shall come at least I can think of it
Father I have got the finest place around
he has ever seen in Ohio when I get written
seldom stop to see what I have written the
the case now I dont know how it will
pick it out the best you can excuse them
if they are blunders and hoping the choicest
-ings of Heaven may rest upon us all I remain
Yours affectionately
H. Young

J. Waring

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Miss Saphrona M. Mearns
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PAID

By E. J. [Signature]