

But Emma I have to
 I just the missive from
 the letter from Mother's
 was the last I had
 and lady Edith is most
 our mother's side, and
 healthy - address with
 lots of mother's spirit.
 We had a good time
 to bring them up and
 having to see enough
 to have them to see one
 of the side with them
 will not just find
 regards to you all. Mary
 times next year at St. J's
 the other side. I'll be
 other side. I'll be
 must stand and take Mary's
 side.

So glad to get a letter from
 it had been a long time since
 I had received a line in what
 was your own familiar hand
 writing. It did not seem when
 reading your letter, which was so
 much like yours self, that the old
 times were so far away, that the
 days of our girlish dreams were years
 ago. I have not forgotten those days
 when you and I were rejoicing in
 the idea of our training and I loved you
 enough to rejoice with you and be

happy in your happiness. Oh!
 but those were merry days, Emma.
 Do you remember Theresa's "belongers"
 and the hermit's "slices" we cut,
 were we in our virtuous indignation
 thought to put the interesting chap
 through a "course of sprouts"? But
 it was not all play then. I have always
 regretted that he gave us no opportunity
 to try our strength and wits upon
 his devoted back. I wish you would
 come and teach our school again; we
 would search the woods for rabbits,
 and read poetry by the creek-side. And
 then, perhaps, some day the "school
 ma'am would have a bean" and they
 would both come to our house to
 tea, and then we would visit that
 old house, you remember; it was where
 I made my first acquaintance
 with your husband, though I had
 met him before, I believe.

But those days cannot come
 again. And Emma, the dear old homes
 are ours no longer. Yours has already
 passed into other hands, and strangers
 will soon claim mine, for Father
 has sold our old homestead, and is
 to leave the 1st of April. No
 other home will ever seem like our
 old home, but we expect to find
 one somewhere, and hope to make it
 a pleasant and happy home. Father
 does not yet know where he will
 go but will not probably get very
 far from Conant. We have
 not yet decided where we will pitch
 our tent; but still look westwards.
 The Co seems most too far South.
 Is it not extremely hot during the
 Summers? You know we would not
 be able to hire, and I would do my
 own work probably, and it seems as
 though I should find it rather uncom-

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certainly warm, we say the least, to be
 working over a hot fire next to the
 as well as would Henry to be war-
 ting in the middle, for you see we
 expect to be farmers after this, but
 we are not anxious to commence on
 a large scale. We shall have about
 \$500, or \$600 to get into a room
 and will be obliged to make it go as
 far as we can for a beginning. What
 would we do there with that capital. How
 much wood and what kind of a house would it
 get us. Do you have good water, and is
 there much timber there? How do your
 mother and father like it? Is Willie pleased
 with his new ones? Will you please send
 me one of your husband's papers. I suppose
 you take the Reporter, so you know all the changes
 that take place here. I wish I could say
 I believe we could talk fast for one hour

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at
 1867