

Sunday June 8th
1862

Your letters my beloved
brother, are the day spring of
my life and make me feel
young again. Through the warmth
of the affection they express -
Becky spent almost a fortnight
with us, and indeed did bright-
en our domicile after you left
her so improved so much
by the change of air, that she
went home rejoicing and writes
that he is able to return to his
studies and that she found she
well at home - we are very much
here as you left us, and our life
is so quiet, that if we did not
know what a dreadful struggle
is going on - and witness the dismal
appearance of sick soldiers
returned from the war - and
wast

the more appalling accounts of
the battle fields and hospitals
we might enjoy the beautiful
season, & promising around us
the flowers seem to spring up every
where - the beauties of Nature, seem
to reproach the wickedness of man
in this unwholy strife - and women
too! more Winchop stile, who sleep
out of the sphere God designed them
to fill, in such times of trouble.

I salute you my dear Brother
and never desist the vexed ques-
tion, with our opponents in politics -
Sally Wynn's beautiful eyes, have
never before failed to excite my
sympathy - now my concern is solely
on account of her health which I
fear may suffer, from want of due
regulation of her spirits - Edward
often complains of disease improper, undischarged
but on some days he is more com-
fortable, if his cough does not

remembrance in your private affairs.
Your excellent wife, spaces you
so cheerfully that I trust she will
consent to send me her daughters
according to your promise. Give
my dear love to them all, make
King Bernard & Myrnan, finally.
I received a letter from Laura
for which I will soon thank her.

Josephine writes to the girls that
she is attending to the requisitions
of her Father's will. Pichea sits
with her on the premises - after
leaving. The wife goes home with
her for a period but she does
not seem to have fixed on a plan
for her future. Sally Etting has
recovered, and is able to rise. They
think her recovered. Sara & Betsy
send you love messages from abroad.
Horace ever me warmly loved.
We talk of you daily & nightly.
We had a very interesting visit
from our friend Fanny Keable - who
sails soon for England. God Bless you
Dearest Ma - ever more devotedly
P.B.