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My Dear Maria,

Last week Mr Prosser took charge of a little box containing a few little articles of which I beg your acceptance they have given me a great deal of pleasure to prepare, and the girls were delighted to be employed for you - the pieces are labelled with the names of the workers you will perceive you are not indebted to me for any fancy work, and you must charge to the account of distance, the smallness of the offering. I should have been much pleased to have completed the wardrobe had not the bulk of larger articles detained me. It is a long time indeed since I have heard from you, or my dear Ben - and you can scarcely conceive how much I was disappointed at our brother Kyrman's detention. We had supposed he was on his journey and I was beginning to calculate the days until his return. When the account arrived that he had changed his plans I sincerely hope he will be able to come home before the winter sets in, his absence has already been more than twice the length I expected.

Our city begins to resume its usual appearance, the citizens are returning to their habitations, and strangers begin to pass thro' undismayed by the alarm of Yellow-fever. Indeed when we compare our situation to the southern cities we cannot be sufficiently grateful for escaping the dreadful calamity with which we were threatened - and they are suffering under - poor Savannah has been visited in wrath - fire & pestilence have begun to close her glory, and filled her streets with mourning & lamentations.

New Orleans too is the scene of disease & death. Ellen & I have really grieved for poor Mr. Larned. his short brilliant career is too soon arrested - frequently his home reached us accompanied with praise on recounting some circumstance in the course of duty, which seemed to indicate that he was rising in honors & usefulness - on Saturday we were shocked to see an obituary notice of his falling a victim to the Yellow fever. may did you know his wife? I find she is mentioned with great sympathy as being bereaved in the space of one year of almost every tender tie of nature - her Mother, brother child & husband! what my dear Maria, can that poor woman have left in this world to render her weary pilgrimage supportable? If she has not a head steadfast in the love of God. and submissive to His will - she must fall into despondency and so die - but as Stern says, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' and he is not less tender of his other creatures. poor Mrs. Larned will not be forsaken - his aged Mother will be sadly shaken, she glories in her son.

our sister Rachel is preparing to come to town. her son Horace is really a noble boy. I shall be quite rich in company when her name - was little folks get back. we have been so small all summer and since Jos's absence have hardly been able to keep house at all. when the gentlemen do not come in town to dinner - we emigrate to the street and take up our quarters at Pat Hay's!

My dear Ben, his friend the Major accompanied by his wife paid me a visit yesterday and appears very anxious to see him. Mrs. Middle also enquired if you were not to be here in the spring. they are desirous to meet old friends in new conditions. H. Williams & his fair Julia too court your favor. they anticipate great pleasure in comparing the hobby present with the gay past. and say to have you located in the neighbourhood would be completing the combat.

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*Wm. C. C.*  
*Card*

*Mrs. Benjamin G. G.*

*Leaving for*  
*Kentucky*

