

Sept 21st 1834

My dear Maria

On entering the dining room last Thursday my eye was caught by a letter addressed in your writing to our brother Jo. and the gentleman had not yet made his appearance so managing my impatience as well as I could, by remembering your praises of the virtues of self denial, & self control, & taking to my self all the credit you grant me in those points, I waited his arrival, and the habitual leisure in which he enjoys a perusal & rehearsal of passages that please him - before I ventured to ask for a share of the treat - all this time dinner was placing on the board, and I was apprehensive that its announcement would postpone my pleasure. When a hint of your intention to make us a visit spread such an agreeable disposition over the whole party, that I had full time to read the conditions before a single movement indicated that I had the appetites of all present in my keeping. I cannot tell you dear Maria, how we enjoyed that meal - nor how delightedly we dwell on the anticipation of seeing you here - Jo bids me tell you when he receives your letter, which has been long delayed, or you should sooner have heard that when he talked of going to Kentucky this autumn, he rather expressed his wishes than expectations, he bids me further say your commissions are executed, and that - no, he must explain ~~himself~~ how this mistake arose when he writes him self, or when you meet -

How happens it, my dear sister, that in your last letter, you say nothing of your journey? on the 6th Inst. you should have been in the midst of preparations yet not one word about them is there set down - but I hope Jacob's letter ended your doubts about Jo's movements, and that you are using this delightful weather to the best advantage - we have had at least 10

days rain on this side of the mountains, and vegetation looks
as fresh and beautiful as your eye would delight to behold it.
May my dear Sister, let me hear from you immediately when you
will start - what route you will take - and when we shall see you -
my heart bounds at the thought of embracing you all once more.
My dear Brother - and the boys! Bernard & Howard should not be
called children, I measure them by Horace & Fred Cleemann - but
Hymen, & our little Cary, on horseback is advancing quite beyond
my calculation, of three years ^{more} - Henry Hall will of course be of your
party, Kentucky would not be home to him without you - and we shall
be very glad to see him again, and hear of his foreign travels.
Your account of your summer journey, determines me to visit
no milder springs than the Blue Spring - and I shall think the fates
against me, if another summer does not show me your country.
When my hopes & wishes & dreams have so often transported me -
Ben returned from Virginia improved but not cured - Harriet
could not accompany him to the Springs, and he thinks the time
would have been better spent by going into Kentucky - Last week
Henry & Sarah Hays were thrown from a carriage and both so much
hurt as to be unable to leave their beds, they had no fractured limbs
but will probably suffer as long as if they had. Henry was driving
and perhaps was as much in fault as the horse. This accident
came very inopportune for our sister, as Ellen was sick, but she
is one of the best nurses in the world, and has so much energy
and regulation of mind - that her trials are quite a lesson to us
who witness how effectively she performs all her duties.

I have been enquiring for some pretty songs to send you along with
Fanny Kemble's ^{book} (I like that name better than Mrs. Waller) when it is
out of the press - but now shall keep them ready for you soon - and
Maria dear - Jacob has an instrument that would make you
a musician without a master, with your taste and inclination
to learn - then the winter morning can afford us home or two to spare
- and your old acquaintance Mr. DeBreal would be so
flattered to have you for a pupil - that I think Ben would

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Wm Benjamin Gatch

Lexington Ky



For