

Phil^a May 7th 1852.

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at length Chaellin have come to see me, her dear ones are char-
ming & we hope to see her often. I guess that two more lovely women
women, are faithful
of duty &
affection.
with love
as well
again

and now me my Dear Ann, for so carefully
executing my commission so carefully as not to
inform you directly that your comb was a present
from Henry Etting - in order that I may not be
guilty of a similar omission please note the
enclosed seed of fine Smyrna Nutmeg Mollers
to the same source. ^{Wm} Henry has brought out various
things picked up in his travels, and says these
are from the finest fruit of the kind he has
ever eaten. he has distributed them among
his friends in hopes they may some where find
a climate that will suit them. and as you
have a soil so productive in good things
I hope your vines may produce them in
perfection. and now let me thank my dear
Miss Ann for her flower seed, which I
carefully gathered out of my lap, as they
fell from your letter and only have been
waiting for the weather to be suitable for
planting them. her early love of Flowers
is inherited and I rejoice that she possesses
such a source of happiness. Nature is always
true and those who fix their affections on
her productions will never be disappointed
tho' sometimes their hopes may be deferred
for a season. I have a friend who calls
Flowers her good angels. for they have

the charm to soothe her saddened thoughts.

Sarah paid us a little visit, the only special
the holidays in Phil^a her husband would
willingly ^{have} left her one month here, and returned
for her in May. but she considered his conve-
nience and went home through a most stormy
season, when the ice king was just breaking
up his power over the St Lawrence, and they
had to go part of the way in a canoe. I part
on sledges, which was both dangerous and
disagreeable. her little girls are much grown.

Sister Eting's family are still all invalids.
Henry does not recover his strength as rapidly
as we could wish. Minnie's Eyes gives her a
good deal of trouble. The seniors you know are
never well. Sister Hays grows on as gracefully
as possible, she has learned to measure her
strength, and accommodates her movements to it.
so that nobody is incumbered by complaints
of growing evils. The late accounts of Mr Clay are
sadly discouraging. Lizzy Lee writes me that Mary
Piggs is constant in her attentions, being with
every day with him. Mr Britten & Pennington
are also careful of his comforts. Alas! what is
the greatness of this world to a man in his dying
hours. What the voice of Fame, compared to the
soft soothing of domestic love? What such a man
as Henry Clay should die, among strangers to
his blood. is indeed a sad reflection!—

Miriam Etting & Sister Nays have just been
here, both offering affectionate remembrance
should be sent to you. Miriam made apologies
too, for seeming neglect, but says her eyes are
so weak that she cannot use them even to write
a letter. Her report from home is favorable to-
day. A bright warm sun had brought out bloss-
oms on every seasonable thing - and filled
our streets with whole dressed women - cloaks
& muffs are sold along for more becoming
light garments. Painted butterflies have not
more various colors. Speaking of butterflies
reminds me of a beautiful book we have been
reading "Episodes of Insect Life". I think it would
please you. There is such a beautiful tracing of an-
alogy in the works of nature - between the small-
est things that live & move up to the greatest.
Julia Hoffman has gone - she left on Tuesday
with her friend Miss Veoplavsk, who is quite
unwell, and came here for a few days. They
went home by sea, for the benefit of air & motion.
It was a whole month earlier than I expected to
part with Julia - but Mary V. had higher claims.
Give my best love to my dear Bessie, and
my much loved little girls. I should love to have
a long talk with them - when they can write
down what they would tell me I shall be sure
to send an answer - but the idea of a letter is so
unpleasant to a beginner. Kiss them for me - accept the
love of our brothers & Horace - and believe me they
love him. Affectionately yr sister R. B.