

282
Phil & Dec 3rd 1857

You must not suppose My
Dear Ann, that I have been
indifferent about the contents
of your last letter. because it has
remained unanswered. nothing
that gives trouble to my own dear
Brothers can possibly be so to me.
but I am so ignorant of business
matters. so perplexed by the fluctu-
ations of money concerns. that I
know not what to say about them.

I hope Dear Ben's ship is now
undisturbed and his mind easy
about his sons. the panic seems
to have passed along, and though
many rich men in our community
have been shorn of their wealth,
and hundreds of poor men & women
thrown out of employ. we cannot
but hope the better times will
come "with healing on its wings."
to point out remedies to all that
suffer. to the young it will give

experience - to the old consolation
do not suppose my dear Ann
"I reason for others, & only feel
for ourselves." living as I have
always done, on the affection &
protection of loving brothers & sisters
I have no individual joys or
sorrows. when all are well & cheer-
ful with them I am happy & grate-
-ful - when they are taken away
or afflicted, my heart bleeds, but
I know that my Redeemer liveth
and I have to submit to his decrees.

O what a odd letter I am writing
and here is my brother Jo, sitting
beside me, reading the news paper
and Sister Mary, thank God, quite
well in her own comfortable
pucker, perhaps at this moment
listening to her little maid, reading
the scriptures - Rosa Murdoch has
been home for a month, and is
not expected to return till after
the new Year. I Julia Hoffman
is in Baltimore for a fortnight

herself to domestic duties
her children are well and
give her great comfort - Fie and
preparing to go into a country
house - Mary in College & the
others at school - Mr Nathan's busi-
ness better too. The death of her
Father was a severe affliction to
Becky. Sara is trying to nurse her
child and gaining strength.
I Minnie, as happy as you
saw her - she possesses one in
quick & contented spirit. "The
elements so beautifully blended
in her character - that one loves
to look at her & be grateful -

My dear Ann, I live so much out
of the world, that I have nothing
new to tell you I grow yearning,
pray pardon me, give my dear
love to my Brother, and the rest
of his family - in which Sister
unites, and also in affectionate
good wishes, for health and
happiness to you - My dear Ann
Abigail