

Philadelphia Feb. 26th 1869

What you conjectured on a former occasion, has indeed come to pass. and what can be the reason we do not hear from Elsie? is reiterated twenty times a day in the tones of disappointment, anxiety, or impatience - since your husband's return we have never heard a word about you, except from report, and I have begun my dear Faniel to feel quite deserted. If I were not conscious that my letters now are dull & uninteresting, I should have importuned you many times during this long interval, but hoping daily to receive a letter, I have daily postponed to write, until the fear of being quite forgot had overcome my reluctance to complain.

William Nicholas arrived last week from Albany, and brought me a long letter from Rodman he writes in a friendly, agreeable manner, except on one subject. that of the miniature now in my possession, he tells me, he has lately heard of some observation made by Mr. Chiles respecting it, which is very wounding to his feelings, and requires me to forward it - I am extremely grieved at this circumstance, as it will sooner deprive me of this precious loan, and as it regards his feelings - I do not know what the observation is, to which he alludes, or where he heard it. You know Mr. Ch. has long wished to possess this picture, but I never heard that he had

expresses this wish to any one but our selves. The copies that have been made of it, by different painters, has given him great offence and I think it probable, he may have said something on that subject which, reaching Rodman's ear, has occasioned the uneasiness he expresses in his letter. If you hear him speak about it while he was in New York, I wish you would let me know what observation he alludes to, and also what impression it made upon him.

I am sorry he values the picture so highly, for he makes me guilty of breaking the tenth commandment. I cannot help coveting him the possession of it. It is a delightful resemblance of Rachel, as she was in the days of her youth & gaiety, and it brings so many happy recollections to my mind, that it is really a treasure to me. She is now so thin, care-worn, & melancholy, that, like my own feelings, she retains but little of the spirits of former times.

My poor friend Peggy Ewing is again reduced to the brink of the grave. I believe, I mentioned having received a very affectionate letter of condolence from her some time ago. Her health was then in a declining, languid state, but with her usual cheerfulness she seemed to defy the encroachment of pain, to rob her of her equanimity of spirit. She is again attacked with chills & fever, night sweats & rising of blood - and I fear will see long fall a victim, sweet interesting patient sufferer! Her path has been thickly strewn with thorns in this world. Disappointment & death have torn from her the friends & relations most dear to her heart, and the cruel hand of adversity & dependence, robbed her of those fair prospects which Howard

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