

[Nov. 25] 1847

Roxbury, - Just upon Thanksgiving, '47.

Dear Fanny,

you got there? - baggage all safe? - were they expecting you? what did he say? - and by the way, have you begun to set a watch at the door of your life, as prescribed by Doct. Hayes - our cousin Jacob? - I wish somebody would prescribe that for me - I am convinced the benefit would not be merely personal. We hoped that as you could sit talk, you would be obliged to take to writing, so we might possibly hear from you sometimes; you mustn't disappoint us now; it will be good exercise for you to write at least once a month, to us - after Mr. Ward's letters have been answered, of course. We heard through Miss Simpson, (convenient telegraph) that Miss Frances Adams had returned to Brunswick, with improved health; also that she got lost in a fog, & couldn't go by the Huntsville - "important if true": We are enjoying beautiful weather now; the melancholy days that Bryant sings of, are not come yet out doors, at least, and I have been wishing you were here to day, to take a walk with me; I don't love to walk alone - and see some of those fine prospects that we "tried to, & couldn't," or rather, meant to, & didn't. Ma walked to meeting all day yesterday, & didn't feel much fatigued; I am in hopes she will soon be nearly as strong as ever. I should like to have you here to help fill up our Bible class; we are sadly thinned in numbers, some going into town, others taking classes, nearly all the "speakers" are gone - hardly anybody left but Mr. Walley & me, to "pull down our Barnes & build greater".

I called at Mrs. Sleepers & paid your debt, & got your scissors, which I send

with the paints. Julia & Sarah are in a perfect "tableau phrensy"; today they have been collecting pictures, & the case stands thus - either tableaux Thanksgiving night, or long faced for an indefinite period. Sarah has selected several pictures for Mary Kate to appear in, all of damsels with curling locks, & exceeding fair to look upon: one she presented for my sanction - "Doesn't that look just like Mary Kate?" "Oh! dear no, it's ten thousand times handsomer - I believe you think Mary Kate is a perfect beauty." "I think she is prettier than anybody in this house - excepting, Gran'pa!" I wish I had something to tell you that would interest you, but you and I have very few acquaintance in common, & there's absolutely no news to tell, excepting, that our church have presented the Mt. Pleasant Church, whose house was so generously lent for our accommodation, with a beautiful christening font, to match their communion service; they are highly pleased with the expression of good feeling, and I, for one, wish that such an interchange of kindness was more common, among differing denominations.

Mr. Bennet of Woburn, one of our neighbouring ministers, committed suicide last Friday, by cutting his throat; his funeral was attended to-day - all the neighboring clergy were invited, and a funeral sermon preached by one of them in Mr. B's church; they say he was insane, & I suppose, at least I hope, he was: - he lost his wife, a very fine woman, some time since, & had very recently married a girl of twenty, he being between fifty & sixty. Mrs. Baker told Pa that she thought his marrying that girl proved that he was crazy.

Dec. 6th Who would have believed that a fortnight would ~~have~~ pass & this epistle remain unfinished & but it is even so - time does fly so fast - what had got into it: I began this letter to send by Miss Simpson, with the paints &c. but recollecting how long it was before you got the caps, I thought I would send by mail immediately - & you see how it had turned out.



We had a pleasant, quiet, sort of a Thanksgiving, & we wished you were here: in the evening, contrary to established custom, we went to a temperance lecture. Mary's Methodist brother - Wilette, held forth, much to our satisfaction, & read poetry - oh - exquisitely! I know you would have been delighted - what a pity 'tis that you don't live close by. Last week Ma walked to Mrs. Baker's & spent the day, it is so long since she had done such a thing, that she had almost forgotten how to behave.

Now I hope Fanny, that you will write a good long letter to us right off - we want to know all about your health & spirit, and what you do to keep yourself alive, now you have lost your sight & hearing, & power of speech: & also whether your remaining senses are in a good state of preservation. How do the Thorough Base & the drawing progress? & are you getting ready, to go South with me, next Summer? Remember!

Is cousin Mary there? & how do they all do? & are all the Brunswick girls married? &c -

Give my love to all my good friends - & mind, I don't mean this for a letter, but only to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance. I shall expect an answer by return of post.

Yours affec^d

Charlotte.

P.S. A woman's epistle is incomplete without a post script, but I don't know of any thing to put into it, but the information that "Biddy Baker" & Mary, Cate go to the "Mercantile" together every Wednesday evening.

Caroline Freme hasn't gone home yet, but still remains with her friend Miss Bracket: she was spoken to-day, by the steamer "Catherine Lombard", on the south side of Washington St., in a parenthesis - i.e. between "Brackets".

Denton, N.H.

Postpaid

Nov. 18 47

Miss Frances C. Adams

Care of Rev. George C. Adams

Brunswick,

Me.

PAID

