My dear Mr. Carpenter,

I do not know that I can better employ what is left of daylight this afternoon than by writing, or beginning to write you a letter, to tell you how I am occupied and to reassure you of my grateful and affectionate remembrance of writing to yourself and to my own relations, I almost always do, what I seldom do with my other correspondents, begin with talking about me, myself; and the reason is that I feel, some hour or other, as if you, more than any other of my friends, took an interest in me, such as my mother would, or at my grandmother did. Accordingly, I shall forthwith proceed to inform you that I am well, and enjoying my Boston life so much that I would rather with regret I look forward to returning to Providence in a week or two days. We are kept recently busy here as students, but have a good deal of time left to improve or throw away as we see fit. For myself, I am growing lazy, comparing my habits of study with those I cultivated in the first part of my college life; I feel quite ashamed of myself. Illly kind friends, yourself among others, have caution'd me not to study too much; the danger is getting late, on the other side! As a specimen of my life, tomorrow I shall probably get up about 7/12, study perhaps half an hour,
breakfast,said paper,play checkers perhaps till 9. Then we visit the hos-
ital, and are in lectures till 1. I shall then probably walk, or look
about street, and accomplish nothing in the way of study or anything
else till 2 dinner time. We have a lecture from 3 to 4, I may
study from 4 to 5, and after perhaps 5 1/2, the day is over with me
for work, on account of my eyes. Then the evening may go off with
visiting, more likely with checkers and chess in our own sitting-rooms;
and is pretty sure to end with sitting round the fire, making jokes or
telling stories. I have spun out my story of 2 day's life more
than I meant to; but I thought you would like to know how
I am occupied from day to day.

And now, Mr. Carpenter, I am going, after this long
account of my own situation, to inquire about you. I hope, as
when I left you, you are still pleased with your present abode,
and your present occupation. I saw, when with you, how much you
seemed interested in the children who are under your charge; and
I was glad to see it, for I felt sure that it must do a great deal
to increase your enjoyment. I most sincerely hope that you continue
to be interested and pleased. When I shall see you again, and
tell you myself by going into your school-room, I know ask

You have in New-York the big town of the day,
Mr. Dickens. I should judge from the papers that the New-Yorkers
did not stand and haunt him with such incessant and ob-
trusive and ill-bred attentions as the Bostonians did. The poor
man here was made a martys of, continually bored by the visits
and letters and staring of folks he never saw before, and I guess never
wants to again. They pressed on him in an artist's room, where he was
sitting for his portrait, till he got mad, where he would not sit there any longer, and rushed for the door. There he found some blacks, and had to bolt the door. But he was not prepared to stand a blockade, and in time he had to come out; when a fair tormentor seized his handy which he withdrew as soon as politeness would permit, and hastened this hotel. He received over 100 letters daily for autographs.

I am sorry he should get such an idea as he must of the ill-breeding of the Yankee people. The dinners they gave him here went off finely. I tried to get a copy of the paper containing a report of the speech he toasts by—which occupied 10 columns on a large paper—but every copy of the whole edition issued was sold off. I meant to have sent it to you, as it struck me you might be pleased and amused entailed.

My father writes me that he has engaged me to lecture at Falmouth in March. I shall hesitate. If a fellow is old enough to give lectures before the public, I think he is old enough to make his own engagements; and though I was guilty of some such performances as lecturing last winter, I have long since come to the conclusion that I made a fool of myself therein. Children should be seen, not heard; and boys should not be heard in public.

I hope, Mrs. Carpenter, I shall hear from you whenever you have leisure and feel inclined to write me, as I have written you, about your daily life, and how you are pleased with it.

Meanwhile believe me at every
Your affectionately,

C.W. Faxon
New York
Feb 26
Lucy Carpenter
Brooklyn New York
Dear Sister,

Yours of 14th May, received on 26th, has been unanswered till now, thinking every day that I would be able to tell you when it would be that I should leave for N. England, but even now I have not made up my mind. Tell me whether you find your new location as desirable as your old, and whether it will be as agreeable to you as your old one was, and that your school is prosperous. I think you will find your new location far better than where you were; it must be delightful to see a garden worked by brick walls and marble have to me not many charms; I long to be on a farm and smell the new hay.

Your school must be quite large enough and by the time August comes you will require some relaxation. I hope you will spend that month in N. England. I hope to be there too, when you may go on in July, and I am sorry to say that even a walk on you at Brooklyn will cost more than I am able to part with in these times, but shall depend on sharing the expense in N. Eng. with you. I wish you would write me saying where you think you might be spending your time in N. Eng. and how long you intend to remain there. I am sure you should stay as long as possible. It is likely other schools will be closed at the same time as yours, and you will have no fear of losing any part of your school.

You are fortunate in having a rent $30 lower than at the other place—Our landlord has taken off $225 from us, so that we now stand at only $300 a year; the same house in your city or N. Y. would bring $400 or 500 dollars, perhaps much more. I am sure this is reasonable, if only tolerable. I hope they give you good black tea. What you eat should be good as your take so little. I fear you will hardly find such an open-hearted and friendly as Mr. Connolly. Still you may be very industrious and when once acquainted with them feel at home again. You have not told me what your price of terms of the above are. You should never think of being in low spirits, this I say to you while I suffer myself to be miserable at times with the same disease but strive against it with all my power.
You may well think I am in bad spirits when I tell you that I have not spent an evening out since I saw you, but one cup of tea out of our house—not a single dinner or breakfast at my table but once—nor have I been to Fairmount to see the new Vine Bridge, nor have I seen it, nor have I seen the new Washington Bridge. I have been to see the new Vine Bridge, and it was more admired than any object of this wonder of wonders, if the Philadelphians, the Water works—Rachel and I have been talking of visiting Groups Ferry but have not since we were there with us.

20th June

Caroline not from Lincolnton, N. Carolina, is still with us attending to her household, music, history etc. She does not attend any school. We charge her $5 a week to help out some.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Rachel P. Wheeler and five children and nurse arrived here from Mobile to spend a year or so with us. Three of the children will attend school. This helps to about $10 a week, more. Harriet has left our service and attends Mrs. Wheeler's child, and her sister, Ellen, is our cook. So you see Rachel is fixed to this delightful spot, So West corner of 5th and Willow Sts.

Mr. Douglas must have been dreaming when he told you we were a boat moving to N. Long Island for the summer, I would gladly have done so, but a house shuts up in this city of Boston-like love; would soon be opened, not safe a single night alone.

Mr. Douglas gave us a call on the 14th of May on his way to the west, to attend to his interest in the Bank of Kentucky and lands in Indiana. Mr. Blanding was to leave Charlotte about the 1st of June and join Mr. D. at Louisville to attend to the stocks owned by his father, seated in Ky & Ind., amounting to $150,000. I hear nothing of Mr. Blanding joining them or Mr. Wills moving that way—lands in the west are not much better than Bank Stocks only they can't run away—lands are heavily taxed in Indiana, not so in Illinois, though lots of the general government are exempt from taxes five years.

The last accounts from Ohio, all were well. Nancy's school was up to 23. Rent of school room $2 a month. Nothing said about the price of location. I think she is doing well. She now lives in Mr. Murray's family. I think Nancy did well to leave the Foster Home at two. She paid $650 a year & board. That institution is nearly run down now, it was governed by 24 old Maids, and they not much...
wiser than our present Congress—talk much, fight some
go home and promise to do better if sent again.

1st July

I have not heard from Mr. S. Blanding since last winter
nor of Mary Sandy. Benny wrote me not long since
saying he should be on in July if money could be had to buy

This morning it is hot that I can hardly use my pen
and you must excuse me from filling my sheet.

To drop me a few lines on receipt of this; tell me
how you are and when you think of going east, that
I may join you under the shade of the Old Elm Trees
and get a cool drink of water. She is out of our reach,
have not tasted it this season. nor do we expect to

Have not heard from N. England since the 15 May
when they were all well.

Rachel desires her love and
says I must tell you she was plenty
to do. I think so for she never

we have not got Sally Moore in our house in any thing
like her, ugly as she is. She often call and as often ask

Red Island has had trouble. I hope they have a good

You may well think that our house seems full, it is
so; I never had an idea that we should have six children

"when a nation shall be born in a day"—six is enough
for me, at the age of three score and ten. They are fine
children & well managed.

Affectionately yours,

William Blanding
To Mrs. Lucy Carpenter,
37 Nassau St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Kindly let me know when you receive this letter.

Your sincerely,
[Signature]

[Seal]
Plato.
4th July 1842

Dear Mr. [Name]

Yours of the 4th inst. was received on 6th.
I am truly sorry to learn that the Small Pox is in your brother's family— he has given me no notice of it; his farming interest must suffer, even if his family escape.

I am glad you have made up your mind to leave and The 10th of August and spend your vacation in New England among our friends; I intended to have been there with you and spend a month or more in the cool shade of the Elms and orchard, and among the grass and new hay. but must content myself to keep as cool as I can at the S. West corner of S. & Willow. As yet I have not seen a green spot this season, go nowhere out of the house except to market.

I did not give up my visit till Saturday 23rd when I learned that the Louisville Bank (Kentucky) makes no advance and, when I asked to receive 120 dollars every six months. This news tells me to stay at home and assist Rachel in keeping up our house (12 in our family where we used to have but two & a girl.) She works harder than any slave at the South.

Mr. Wheeler arrived here on 25th from Mobile; Caroline & I left us yesterday, with her brother on a visit to New York, a few days, and will soon return to N. Carolina, so that we shall have one left in our family and 85 left to
To market with fie week. Mr. Wheeler's children have now all caught, though with the measles, a very good job; two of the children had the measles on the voyage from Mobile to New Orleans since.

I am glad you begin to feel at home in your new house, but you require relaxation a trip to N. B. will do you good.

I hear nothing from Dr. S. Blanding, poor fellow he has got a wife.

The last account from James was that the frost had cut off most of the fruit and early vegetables, so that I look for little or nothing from the farm this year, even were I to go on East. There would be (like last year) no apples to dry, not much to bring back with me; perhaps it is just as well to stay where I am.

When you have looked round among your friends, do give me all the news, their prospects, &c.

Tell me if what Mr. Gray is doing, if he still stands high as an honest, upright man — such as could be confided in — in his name William Gray?

Affectionately your, William Blanding.
The feather home is dead — as I expected, and good Nancy kept it at the store.

We had a dreadful murder in the city this morning — one of the Brokers killed by a man who came all the way from Cincinnati for the purpose.

New Orleans is a fool to this place — Vicksburg stands high by side of Philadelphia —
The fourth floor of the — 99 Exchange, and

I have no more time to lose.

My name is Carleton, and I am a lawyer.

Mrs. Lucy Carleton

37 Mayfair St.

Brooklyn

New York.
Phila. 23 Oct. 1842

Dear sister,

Your of 29 Sept. was read in due time, & enjoyed the account you gave of your visit to N.B. our native place; it would have given me great pleasure to have joined you and once more to have rambled among the rocks and woods & streams; indeed I should have been along had I known how little it would have cost. You must have enjoyed the trip, rainy as it was at that time...

Yours of the 9th inst. by many was also rec'd Thro our Post Office she did not call - She went flying, I presume - I have not had a line from Dr. S.B. since the 27th of Decr. 1841.

I think you have done well in leaving the School this winter, have no doubt but that your health will be improved by the change and then you will find a good home at Miss Scoot. Susan will no doubt do her best to keep up the School and try to add numbers to it. It is no small labour to build up a School and as much to keep it together, without great patience and attention it will not prosper. I have had some experience in these things - The kindness of Miss Stewart to the children, enabled her to fill her rooms to overflowing - She is never harsh and patient - They all love her - Three of Mr. Wheeler go to her - Murray goes to Mr. Black.

About the first of this month I had an attack of cough in the stomach, goit or something else, that was very severe; got no relief in one hour or two, but left me very ill for some days. Rachel was then drawn, in her bed, head fixed to the pillow. Very unwilling for about two weeks - we are now both quiet well.

Wheater left us for the Smith's on the 11th inst, he will remain
There is spring and change to ingather minds, and return on her in the fall. 
Mrs. and Childress, stay with us, if the house holds together till that time.
I shut myself up in my little room and only once in a while poke my head out of it, like a Kent ravening, see what is going on and again hide.
I have given up reading evening and rise two o'clock amuse myself with my medals - In a month perhaps I have got perhaps 50 New ones copied in type metal, brought with copper, the old way was too tedious and expensive - I wish you could see some of them -

Rachel's health being restored, I observe for some days that there was something in the wind, our wheeler was out of the way; and on the 17th at 4½ a.m. the storm went up on us - by 8 o'clock perhaps before we were in the midst of our semiannual purification. The house is filled with brushes, long-handled and short-handled & scrubbing brushes, tubs of white wash & tubs of suds, soft soap, hard, black, yellow and white soap, step ladder, hammers and bundles of carpets. Anne washing windows, Catharine (not of Russia) soda -ing paint; Elizabeth Jackson (not Jane Jackson) white washing, Ellen King & Harriet King sweeping floors; Mrs. B. busy as one of Western hogs, thick in a gale of wind, taking up summer and laying down winter carpets, and I dodging from place to place to keep from being white washed or drowned in a shower of suds - the mosquitoes have pleased from the house and the very flies are alarmed.

Sofas and chairs, birds and minerals, shells and fish, tables and chairs, baskets and vases, pictures and maps, mats and objects, all in admirable confusion.

Dante & Spinoza, Byron & Hermit, Napoleon & Washington, Franklin & Quaker who hang against the wall, now flat on their backs. John the Evangelist looks back and sighs to be again at Patmos. St. Paul looks sad. Old Timothy Pickering scowls lest he should have his face washed. The Duchess of Hamilton has got her arms a little
her sister, the Dutchess of Coventry is grim and thoughtful, indeed all in the manner in our house. The last place to the garden but found no security there nor was the cellar a hiding place. The Schuylkill will soon be exhausted & Fair Mount rainy, when you may hear of a Committee, sent from this City to N. York, a loom from the Croton Water Works—many an honest, industrious husband has been ruined by this eternal scrubbing.

"I hate to see the darkest side,
I hate to be complaining,
But hang me, if my Tender stands!

This scrubbing, scrubbing, scrubbing

Aug. 27th. I am happy to say that the storm has in a great measure subsided, occasionally there is a squall, light showers of soap and water, mostly confined to the windrows and fruit showers and back yard.

On the 17th inst I wrote to our brother for Vegetables to be sent. The last news from Ohio was about one month since, when Mr. J. S. Murray's 19th child, was about 4 weeks old. Nancy was very well. Mr. Murray was to leave on the 23rd inst for Illinois on a visit to his children in that River.

I have not been as far as Fair Mount this Summer, once as far as Lake Erie, now have I spent an evening out since I left our brother in N.Y.

Our neighbor, Mr. Billie and children are likely to be hurt by the wicked injustice of her brother, who had Thirty Thousand dollars of her money—Kicks the wings.

Write me often—Affectionately yours, William Blandine.
Raches desires her love to yourself and Susan. We have, within a few days, received 2 boxes of shells &c. from Africa, more trash not worth bringing from the wharf. I am amusing myself with my medals, have lately added many to my cabinet, also some India coins, they are only copies, Mr. Justice helped me to 24. The other day Mr. Carpenter of Albany visited me many. Among those are

William Penn - Thomas Jefferson - New Haven in 1638 & 1838. Very fine. -

miles Coverdale - Matherbe, the French poet - Van Franklin - Napoleon.

Alex. Suvorov, very fine. - He is the one I should like to send you some.

I hope to write you often, it has not been for want of much -

written that my pen was been so long silent.

W. T.
Dear sister,

I should not have troubled you at this time but for having written a long letter on the 27th of Oct. last, near nearly two months, which I directed to you at the Mansion House, Brooklyn N.Y. and yet no reply — I fear you are rather sick or the letter may not have reached you, I shall be sorry if either is the case — I can't say that I have anything new or interesting but with you only get a reply and tell you that

On the 17th I received a letter from S. W. Bowne under date of the 10th inst, he inquires for you, says all well. Mother Ireat is dead. Ann Cook is married to Dr. John Salmon, son of Thos. S. — H. R. B. still has the bad collick worse than ever — the Douglas is at Washington again; he serves back Ducks in Canada.

Not a line from Dr. S. Blandings for near one year, he has lost the use of his feet, perhaps. A few days since we had a letter from Mr. Murray, Nancy was well, from her I have not heard a line in some months.

Our large family keeps me in my room among my books — Three of the children are at Miss Stewards school — Mrs. White occupies the room east of the one you had, all of my Hollos are moved into your room which was too small for her five children and nurse — and now she can hardly have room, nor can I do much more in mine —

We have not much reading as in former winters except
what each does alone. Rachel is going all the time among the
floor. We now have a very willing Irish woman, Kate, and
a good washwoman. Sally More often calls; her health is good
quite restored—she often asks after you. So does our friend G. M.


On the 15th Nov. we received our vegetables from N. England in fine
order. They are very nice, wish you were here to taste, but why should
I wish you to leave a table groaning under the bounties of Broo-
llyn and M. markets, for want of Potatoes & salt; Romany and


corn bread? I am now looking for new cheese & Romany when
they arrive we shall have a Thanksgiving, for the Persimmons have
already come.

Do tell me how the school prospects— and how Susan
cites. Where is the little girl, Mathe?


Dr Parson called on us when in the city, and his
son has spent one evening with us.

I am perfectly free from any cough thus far and
gute as well, except my knees, they are weak, have some pain
in the knee joints.

In 20 — Dr Hallamwell called last evening and prevented me

from closing this letter

so write me an account of this, if only 5 lines.—
The Penny Post has just called, but me a little from me

Wheeler, mobile, dull things other.

Affectionately yours

William Blauding.
wish I could invite you to spend Christmas with us, but our house is now
very empty, not the same
grand place it once was.
Eleven in a family is not
three or four as when you
were with us - but we get
along very well.
Our bell rings every
15 minutes prototype
day and night to 10 0 C at
night - I am tired of
hearing the rattle of
the floors, for it is out
of our power to give-much
Mrs. Lucy Carpenter
Care Miss Jacobs
Mansion House, Brooklyn
N.Y.
Philadelphia, 6th Apr. 1848.

Dear Sister,

I wrote you some days since, to the care of Mr. Hunt which I hope you have read.

Don't be in a hurry to return to your labours in Brooklyn. Confinement to the house and dry hot rooms would soon make you sick, Susan will attend to the school till warmer weather. Stay where you are.

Rachel is recovering, we hope, and will soon be up — we have had a distressing time.

Mr. Nallenger will tell you how we are. Tell me by him, if he remains long enough, with you, to close affectionately yours —

W. Planding

P.S. Rachel desires her love and sends you two Nite Caps which last winter for you, no opportunity before.
Mrs. Lucy Carpenter
Seekonk, Massachusetts
Dear Sister,

Your of 14th inst. came to hand on the 16th. I was glad to learn that you are able to attend to your school but sorry to find you lodge in the 4th story—conclude you are not up and down then in the day.

You ask me to chronicle the events, such as have fallen under my notice, this I will try to do but not in my power to give dates nor the order in which they have taken place—tis well you mentioned some you wished to learn, for if I ever had any skill in better writing that faculty is gone.

She died; John settled in the state of N.Y. some where below lake Ontario, on the bank of the River, place not remembered—he came back last fall and married a Miss Allen, her father an Episco Presbyterian preacher, a friend of yours as well as his master. John bought a good estate with a good estate, wife—Salma health failed became helpless, put to, she gave up her school and was taken care of by Miss Blank on S. C. Bunting's farm, where John came for his wife he treated his mother with them, last fall it is said she is a little better. She did not leave her school till long after she was not able to walk, nor was she when she left the city. S. C. Bunting lives quite in the North part of the city, within in the country, nearly two miles from us.

It is likely my wheeler will remain six months longer with us, her husband will be here in June (the last) not before the middle, begins to England in August.

I had a letter from Mr. S. B. by a young man from Columbus, some two or the week since, told me of none of his movements, other than that they should go to keeping house soon and that in the fall he and Reynolds should close business together—each to himself—He did not mention Dr. Wells.

By my daughter Mr. I learn that, on the 8th of July of my, Mr. Duncan, Mrs. R. died she had actually accumulated since her husband's death $10,000— in her own right.

Mr. James W. Lang died suddenly, she left two daughters alone in this wicked world, I hear without any property.

Next is Mrs. Caroline McLean who died in Charleston, she has left an only sister, who married Benj Perkins all her fortune, except $5,000 to Mr. Payne, the husband of her sister Elizabeth, who died not long since.
Last Christmas, the second son of Mr. Long was 21 years old. He came from college to Georgia to spend a few days. All at once he became very mad, and they took him to the asylum at Columbus, where he was allowed to kill himself. Mr. Long's 3d daughter has been sick and lost her hearing while fortune smiled on one hand and brought poverty to the other. With all the money left to Mrs. Long by her mother, she and Duncan had to turn the family over to the Insane Hospital. The family was dispersed, and the poor man went to Rachel for information as to where the Insane Hospital was. She gave him the information and he hired a boat to take him there.

About six weeks since, Mr. William McVicar went to see his son. He is 24 years of age, who was attacked, perhaps two weeks before he left, while at his own plantation on Beaver Creek. He was very mad. Last week Rachel went out to see them both, that she might write to Mrs. McVicar. She found Mr. McVicar a perfect gentleman, he walked over the pleasure grounds with her. He remembered the old man observed that if his friend thought it best, he was willing to remain there for months or even years. That when he left home he was said he was crazy. Long was a madman - saw him only at a distance, seemed to be very well.

As Mr. Hallam died some time since. The poor old lady is boarding at Burlington. She is left without help of any kind. All the doctor is in the Insane Hospital. His arrangement has been coming on for more than a year, not been confining till within 4 or 5 weeks. He reads and seems contented. Rachel did not wish to see him. The Insane Hospital is three miles from us, over at the Wire Bridge. It is a fine ride. The establishment is beautiful - I have a view of it which I should like you to have.

Mr. Justice was the last of his son Rudolph. He was a very dear boy, he was a very dear boy. He was a very dear boy, he was a very dear boy, he was a very dear boy. He was a very dear boy.

I am told that Mr. St. Louis has been a great sufferer by the failure of Mr. Kincaid's. His former practice in business, many years since, and now I hear that Mr. D. is again in business. I am sorry, in short, I have not heard from Charleston too late, and I hope Mr. D. will not stay in Charleston too late and live his life there for the sake of saving himself, Mr. Kincaid's. How uncertain in many,
I hear but little from E.M. Bremner, & am doing as well as any one in my condition and that is bad enough - Carneden is sinking lower and lower, if accounts are true - Columbia remains much the same - but business is dull - Banks wont discount even there, so says D. B. The Rail Road has brought Charleston and Columbia near together - but the track is just as deep between Columbia & Carneden as ever - and the road is just as long between Carneden and Fayetteville - no Rail Road, but only Road, same as ever - I will remember the many hot nights I have nodded away in those drawn by weary horses, sleepy drivers - my bones ache at the mere mention, Rachel and I have had many an upset in the dark on this route.

Sunday 28th May 43

You see I have been very tardy in writing much for what I call against reason - I have been more unwell the last week till yesterday - I have been taking some of your medicines, Syrup of Squills, and some powerful medicines and am now able to be out - my disease is in the heart, left lung or in that neighborhood - difficulty in breathing at times, cant lay on my left side, a little cough at times, which is relieved by the Squills and smoking when I do feel freely, being fond of it.

Rachel has quite recovered and her flesh restored - and again hard at work. Mrs. Wheeler has been unwell - The children have the Mumps - Worms & Worms & Worms she is none able to be in school except Murray.

So you see we still keep up our Hospital - but we are now able to beat our meals & sleep quietly nights - I still keep up the fire in my bedroom. Mrs. Stewart was in last evening to see how the children were - her school is small to what it was, say so, when herrounder was much larger - this is owing to the free schools - she desires her love to you.

I am glad to hear that season is doing so well, tell her to hold on, "make hay while the sun shines," is a good old proverb. I feel a great desire to visit N.E. this season and call and make you visit, a short visit but, my health is not quite such as would warrant leaving home and then the want of friends, to share for such an object is another bar. I hope you will go East during your vacation, nothing but such a visit for your health after being shut up in a big school, if all schools this worst; my son join you in N.E. in August next, possibly before.

I hear nothing from N.E. since my lettering, except a short note from brother, a few days after my letter - saying he had sent some fruit & groceries which came in good time. No news from the South or West.

Rachel & Mrs. Wheeler send love - remember me to Susan.

Affectionately yours

William Blanding
Mrs Lucy Carpenter
Corner of Fulton & Hicks St.
Brooklyn
N.Y.
Clarksville June 26th 1843

Dear Mr. Blanding, I have been thinking of writing you, and as I have a leisure moment will improve it. While I was in New York I wrote you a letter, announcing you of my arrival, also that I had a small specimen of the African Americans sent to you from your friend Miss Studer, whom one or two letters since I gave the letter to her bundle to Governor Finney at the Col. Room in N. York who promised to bring it to you after traveling this time. I concluded to send it through the back of going around your sea as it was much cheaper but found it to be contrary. I therefore came through by the land route but did not have the time to stop and am looking over my letters now found one directed to you; I gave it to a man acquainted with the little steamboat that goes from Philadelphia to Baltimore every day through a canal & for the owners' names I hope you have got a letter and bundle also.

I have a favor to request of you that is there is a young lady in this place that I am acquainted with, she is from Liberia in 1847 the same time that Mr. Lees and Mr. Benedict and several others came to the States on a visit. Probably you heard of them. This young lady's name is Elizabeth. Do I care? It is also my mother-in-law that lives in
Philadelphia, Wh, since your arrival here in 1840, I met a man who has a great many. I wish to convey the name of the street on which he lives, but I am not able to inform you of either. If I could it would obviate the necessity of my writing to you.

You will confer a very great favor on me to go to the post office and inquire for a letter for Mrs. Elizabeth Savage and for a man that lived a widow by the name of Mrs. Savage, and she will give the letter to Mrs. E. Savage for you. You must please excuse me for putting you to this trouble; I feel a particular attachment to this young lady I think you will please me and also oblige me in conveying the letter for me. As you are my friend, I do not hesitate to put you into the secret; I have written her the privilege of coming to me, and as you know it is a difficult for a child person to get a letter unless she or he knows it is in the office, I have written you this letter. I am in Clarksville. Please write and answer this as soon as you can, for I shall be more than glad to hear from you. Please to learn the name of the street Mr. xx on which this man lives, and I can get news to convey the letter to Mrs. E. Savage when ever I meet her. She don't live in the same street that he does for she lives at a private lodging house nothing more at present.

Truly yours,

[Signature]
P. I. write me whether you got your bundle letters.
Write me whether Mr. K. savage ever got the $ letters that I sent
him. J. J. My bleeding do you know of any ladies here not
in Phila.
society, that would contribute to give me about 2 or 3 years school-
ing, and thereby enable me to become a better one librarian:
if you do let me know I came on with the Rev. S. Chase
from Moravia. He also brought a native boy as I named in
my last. J. Lushees.