

Leyington May - 48 -

My Dear Husband -

You will think indeed, that old age has set its seal, upon my humble self, that in few or none of my letters, I can remember the day of the month, I must confess it as one of my peculiarities; I feel wearied & tried enough to know, that this is Saturday night, our babies are asleep, and as Aunt Maria B. is coming in for me tomorrow night morning, I think the chances will be rather dull that I should answer your last letter tomorrow - I have just received a letter from Frances W. it related in an especial manner to the boy, I had desired her to send, she thinks with you (as good persons generally agree) that it would cost more than it would come to, and it might be lost on the road, I rather expect she has examined the specified articles, and thinks as Levi says, they are hard bargains. But it takes so many changes to do children, particularly in summer, that I thought it might save me a few stitches - I think I will write her a few lines this evening, directing her not to send them - She says Willie is just recovering from another spell of sickness, Many or none of them were well - Springfield

she reports as well as usual - Uncle S - was to have been there on
yesterday for Ely - Our little Eddy, has recovered from his
little spell of sickness - Dear boy, I must tell you a little
story about him - Boby in his wanderings to day, came across
in a yard, a little kitten, your hobby, he says he asked a man
for it; he brought it triumphantly to the house; so soon as Eddy,
^{offered it} his tenderness, broke forth, he made them bring it water, fed
it with bread himself, with his own dear hands, he was a
delighted little creature over it, in the midst of his happiness
Ma came in, she you must know dislikes the whole cat race,
I thought in a very unfeeling manner, she ordered the
servant near, to throw it out, which of course, was done,
Ed - screaming & protesting loudly against the proceeding,
she never appeared to mind his screams, which were long &
loud, I assure you - Is unusual for her now a day, to do any
thing quite so striking, she is very obliging & accommoda-
ting, but if she thought any of us, were on her hand, again,
I believe she would be worse than ever - In the next moment
she appeared in a good humor, I know she did not intend
to offend me - By the way, she has just sent me up a
glop of ice cream, for which this warm evening, I am duly
grateful - The country is so delightful I am going to spend
two or three weeks out there, it will doubtless benefit the children -
Grandma has received a letter from Uncle James Parker of Miss

saying he & his family would be up by the ~~plastery~~ fifth of June,
would remain here some little time & go on to Philadelphia
to take their oldest daughter there to school, I believe it
would be a good chance for me to pack up & accom-
pany them - You know I am so fond of sight-seeing,
& I did not get to New York or Boston, or travel the Lake
route - But perhaps, dear husband, like the irresistible
Col Me, cannot do without his wife next winter, and must
needs take her with him again - I expect you would cry
aloud against it - How much, I wish instead of writing,
we were together this evening, I feel very sad away from
you - Ma & myself rode out to Mr. Bell's splendid place this af-
ternoon, to return a call, the house and grounds are mag-
nificent, Frances M. would have died over their rare
exotics - It is growing late, these summer eves are short,
I expect my long scrawls, for truly such they are, weary
you greatly if you come on, in July or August I will take
you to the springs - Patty Webb, school in U - closes the first of
July, I expect Mr Webb will come on for her, I must go
down about that time & carry on quite a flirtation, you
know me, Always had a penschant that way - With love,
I must bid you good night - Do not fear the children,
have forgotten you, I was only jesting - Even E - eyes brighten at the
mention of your name - My love to all - Truly yours M L A-3

home for a son & daughter
had given \$200 to drive
out one the day I read a
story about the young son
of the author of the letter
John G. Brown, who had
written a story about his
son.

April 10th 1871
Joe M. and I went
to the city of Boston
and visited the Boston
Public Library and the
Boston Museum.