

Winnborough April 27th 1832

My Dear Sister.

Your precious letter of the 29th inst. reached me on last Saturday evening. I was standing in the front door very thoughtful and melancholy, looking after-ly at a certain office, and then to the West - thinking of two mortals very dear to me. I had not seen Mr. from the night. I had wrote you of, and had not heard lately from you and you may be sure I felt sadly enough. I hoped - had good reasons for not coming, but notwithstanding I could not feel happy, and for three weeks I had been suffering (for which reason Mama begged me not to write to you, - she said it was wrong for me to write when feeling under such feelings, and I felt too it was selfish, so I postponed it, well on that evening I was thinking - and wondering if Harriet was then thinking of me, &c. and just then the stage drove in - I went to the O.C. and received your letter; before I had read it, it grew dark; so I went for paper and went in the drawing room - lay down before the fire and had just got three words written when some one knocked and in walked Mr. Harriet, to get a letter from you and see him, when I was so low-spirited and almost desponding! I gave you to just my feelings I had felt and but I soon forgot all the rest, when I again felt that I was beloved as dearly as ever. He said he could not come during court, but would have unprepared him for business. I have seen him twice since, he asks me for you - asks me if you think I am attached to him, and a multitude of questions. Harriet. I feel happier than I have done for many a long day. Oh that I may only be thankful for my present happiness, and not grow forgetful of the author of all goodness and mercy. - but I must go on to answer your letter. You begged me not to write - but your letter was too late, and as it now is I cannot regret it. Harriet. I am convinced you never have had an adequate idea of the unhappiness I have suffered. You know Mama has as much pride in her composition as any body need wish for, and yet she was not only willing but anxious I should do so. I did not write until I had thought deeply upon the subject and viewed every side and edge of the question, and concluded I could not be regarded more unappreciated. I knew Mr. to possess so high a sense of honour that, had he not a particle of love for me, that, would prevent his saying any thing about it. The day when he got my letter he felt convinced that I had loved him - although he could not believe it before. I hope Harriet you will not be distressed at what I have done, but from your letter I know you will when you have read mine - and perhaps will now conclude your Cousin is the biggest fool, and most contemptible creature on earth - but Harriet, I was too, too unhappy.

Well this paper is too mean. I showed Mr. Quid's letter, mine - and several others and I now
hope there is nothing we can disagree about. There is but one source of uneasiness which
is our both being poor, but if he is willing I should be, to trust to Providence. Harriet do
not suppose I have done anything which you would disapprove of, unless it was writing to
him - do not think I would marry him unless he were as willing as I am. I told him so -
but I must quit this theme. Harriet why was it in your last letter you wrote so unsatisfa-
ctorily? You tell me of persons & things and give no names - Who is it that has loved you for
3 years -? Is it not Mr. Quid? And who is it that opposes you are engaged and is ready to despair?
Why my dear sister no one sees your letters but myself, so why should you use so much caution
besides, recollect when I write you such things I always give names if it should be on a piece
of paper write once and all. Well then there is a third speaker of - and no name - yet I believe
he is Martha's business. Well Harriet really you have been wonderfully flattered of late by
the particular attentions of the beauty - but as that I but gain possession of the hand
and heart of me, I care not for the whole of the rest. Do in your next let me know
a little more of particulars. Aunt Harriet received a letter from Jane yesterday, and she
really seems to have been in a bad humour. She says your Father when she mentioned
of going to Carolina - that he had heard some one had reported that he was
broken and he intended coming back to let them see it was not so. She inferred that
he had heard it coming from them and seems to be very angry about it. Now I know
that no soul from this house has written to your Father's family since they were here
excepting myself, and that I never said or heard any such thing. I do think though
had I known that saying so, would have brought you back, I should have been
almost tempted to have said it. Now I wish you to tell me who told your Father
for I being the only one that writes often, feel very much concerned, and intend writing
to Jane. Do not tell your Father if it will vex him but just let me know all about
it - it is a strange thing that people are relations when so far apart cannot be at
peace. Have you written to her lately? I intend doing so soon. Well some people will
make themselves miserable, whether there be a cause for it or not. Let us endeavour
to be happy if we can. I once thought if Jane was married to Mr. Cash would be
happy - but I do not know - Well good night "sweet" Who says so? - May 1st

I know not my dear Harriet, when I have been so long in writing a letter; if I hope as it is something extraor-
-dinary you will forgive me this time. Well this is the 1st of May - they say three years I was with my dear
Harriet - shall do I recollect every occurrence of that evening - when shall we meet again?

Winneshong - May 5. 1832

My Dear Cousin.

I believe I have never been so long about a letter since you left this, and I really feel anxious to get this off if I am interrupted once or twice (as has been the case with this) I find it a difficult matter even to get through. Well we have now delightful weather which I believe every one enjoys very much for we had so cold long, and had a winter we were almost stupefied, - and my ideas or mental powers seem or feel not to have become entirely thawed yet. Our friends are all well - and going on just in the same old track they were three years since. - Uncle & Aunt Evans were up their necks - they are well and come up as often as ever. They surrounded Aunt to leave down with them and I really am afraid the poor little thing will break her heart to get home. I never know any thing so puzzled as she was about your telling me to raise her for Edward - she wants to know how I will raise her, and what for, and a thousand things. She says "tell little Ebed I have some dosings, a pig (swing) some tittens, and a boat (way) baby, - and that his little wife is a good little wife. Aunt's youngest babe is an interesting little child. Well Herrick keeps who's married - you cannot so I will tell you, Eliza Moore - to James Cathcart, Edward Means to Claudia Clark & Jane Peete to J. Williams. I have never heard of as many weddings in one year in all my life I believe, the year and Isabelle Dodge & Mr. Boggs - Oh Herrick how I felt for her at the last - she was poor pale and melancholy - they left Mr. Allison's last week and Alexander says it was a dreadful parting, I am sure it must have been. - I do not think when she first thought of going, what a trial it would be, she had her children's portraits taken, and bade all farewell for ever (I have heard) some comforted her very much - I do not know that I think she ought to have gone, as she has little fatherly children, but I believe it was a wish to do good that caused her to take the step she did and I hope she may prove useful, to the poor heathen to whom she has gone. You cannot think how difficult it is to talk about it, and to see them actually going; I did not I confess feel greatly interested until I saw them just bidding farewell to the congregation, and listened to his farewell address. - then I assure you my deepest sympathy was awakened and enlisted in their behalf. - Oh I fear the love of poor souls alone, could not tempt me to leave all; then should we not pray for those who have gone, that their lives may be spared and their labours blessed? Poor Nancy Milling died last night; the old man is still alive, and I suppose will live to bury others as they are all delicate. James Crawford and Sam Barkley set off for Alabama a few weeks since, but did not expect to go up so far as your Father's. They passed through Selma and intended going to Tuscaloosa, - then to New Orleans; I do wish you could see them; oh it does me so much good to see some one that can say they have seen you all; poor Cooper I listened over to him with pleasure. There is nothing new or particularly interesting; ~~but~~ every body and thing remains pretty much the same; we have some new buildings in town and I think when you come back you will find it some what improved - Oh when will that be? Tell Uncle (three years have nearly elapsed) and he ought at least to be thinking of when he will bring you all to see us once more. Herrick do write me long letters, and often; his wife is to ask any one else to write to me. Give my most affectionate love to Uncle and Aunt, Dotus, Samuel & Edward, and every beloved one your unchangeable
Lester.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a date or reference number.

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Windsboro. I. C.
May 9th 1832

Recd 23rd

Miss Cornelia A. Proctor

Courthous

Alabamg.

Mail



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