Hastlet Hall, Jan. 29th 1846.

My Dear Cousin Matthew,

We have received a command from your Brother Edward, that he would like to write a long letter to you, now that I have the pleasure of being here. I know, not for a long time, but it is a great pleasure to write to you, so I feel myself very inadequately to the task of writing a long one. What is the best way to begin? I would not want to see a very short one with some details.

If, when compared with your letters to this country, and fancied that this present and brother-in-law are taking this will monopolize all the news so that it would be only to our agents to write. I must say something. I can hardly think it possible that this little piece of mine will ever reach the American shore, if it should, what change will have taken place before you receive this letter. Brother-in-law and wife, children, will have seen the sun in life, and changed their appearance in the mirror of eternity. Shall I be among the number? I know not, it is written only to tell just my prayer so that I may be fully prepared for all that shall be done.

Since last I saw you, I have more than once been brought to all appearance to the borders of the grave, but I am still alive, and may, more likely for life than I had been cut off. May the Lord help me to divide my peaceful life to the glory of God.

Father will no doubt tell you all about the safe to your brother-in-law. We sold a good deal of our furniture, as we thought things got so excited on removing, and as these are often sold in a hurry, we should be able to get anything we might want, and we think of having a letter. Plans, Edward never at all more likely for life than I had been cut off. May the Lord help me to divide my peaceful life to the glory of God.

I was very glad to hear from you. I have heard a good deal of news from the other day announcing his intention to come for his wedding on Saturday next, the 10th, and bring some news from the city. I wrote to tell you that it will be a lot of interest for yourself.

The next is that I have received a letter from you. I have read all your preceding letters, with much interest, but not understanding the fully and unanswerable question which you pose of your beautiful trip to Europe. If I was any of those things, I would do so to create in me a desire to have the kind of news you want. I know not, that once I was relief found with all my abilities, though I have not the convenience of the place. I should not feel it is to return to England, but I think not and must persuade you not to leave your friends, brothers, and sisters. I wish you success in all your endeavors, which you describe, and I assure you of my esteem.

With regards to your friends, I have been very much affected. I could almost think of the place of your letters, and feel the silent voice. A name from your cheeks while holding them to your kind manner, and, by your journey along a walking road to it.
place. You know not, while you are blessing the Father of all creation.

To make you a blessing to the people over whom you are appointed, and

perhaps while this summer, you mind will wander to the home you

have left, and no doubt you will

"Come to dwell where these scenes,

Which, memory brings to view,

Of friends, of home of happy dreams,

By which, you're truly beloved."

was at your house. The old Americans and enjoyed my visit very much;

though for the next two or three days I could not but feel sad. Especially

in a morning when renewing the family circle, there seemed

a dreamer. My horse, who was wont to follow the herd, was not.

There was no more. There was no one for me to comfort. I could

see them, but his name upon his tombstone and his green grass that

covered his grave,

"What! Where are they?"

Churchyard blocked the way,

Neatly of all that had been,

Rebuilt he himself there,

Lord ere long with his feet,

And Water the years with its tears.

But where was he who was wont to take his Father's place? Is he too far?

I listened and saw a mother's war for the blessings of Heaven. Research on her com-

in a foreign land, you have nothing to see of him, at home but his

handwriting which announces he is Holy and well prepared for a better

world. Where all hope is met, to part no more.

Such the kindred, brother so to fast with numbers of his Children. How can one

see the red trail besides never to see them more on this side the grave,

That God who has promised is to a "Friendship to the Widow" and a

"Friend in the house of need" must support her, or she would

under it, but the hope to meet again in her bright kind close where

all tears will be wiped away and her parting will be no more for ever.

Her love, all our wishes of rest and pardon for Christ's sake.

My Brother John with 'the, at Plymouth, and going very well on every

project, he says he sometimes speaks of it as if he wished to do something

in the word merchandise he is accustomed to do sometimes, and has had

frequent citations to preach but he is afraid of some too powerful

and feels deeply the importance of such an undertaking but he desires to

be wholly guided by the Spirit of God, and to see it very clearly.

My Sister Mary has been near two years in Mrs. Hall's school at Halifax

as a teacher, and she has got on very well so that she was almost set to take

a situation either to govern a school in a family or assistant in a school. She is

to begin a school of her own we shall see when we get to Halifax. Edward will have

work there. Elizabeth at Hingham school well there but Christmas; but me

so that Halifax, if last November first went there but Christmas but me

so that Halifax, if last November first went there but Christmas but me

so that Halifax, if last November first went there but Christmas but me

so that Halifax, if last November first went there but Christmas but me

so that Halifax, if last November first went there but yesterday, I should like to have sent

you something for a memento but to me is suggesting too soon near your

sister. There are a few of traces that Butterman, John must of which he keeps,

your ought to be here to write to you. I have sent you two letters of letter, Elizabeth, and one of mine.

Elizabeth has borne hard this last

half year. I had some when we lived at Barnaby, you must let me bring

as close all understandings and disputes as they are written particular but

just that you may not quite forget us and show your best through

though when you are not forget for something think little about and pray for

you and believe you see as fresh in all our memories as though you

had only left us yesterday.

You will remember, Mrs. Butter the Dognhill

of Halifax. I think you got some things of him once. He died very suddenly

about a fortnight ago to the great sorrow of a great part of the inhabitants

of Halifax. He was universally beloved, respected, and esteemed, by all who knew

him. They treated them regard to him and deep sorrow at such an

unexpected event, as they would all wish to see his funeral. I have

mighty said to stop every Dognhill in the town. They have these and
attended the funeral, and the Bishop says "That henceford a time
seem to be presided as Halles. The procession, consisted of the
Travelling Preachers in the Circuit, and several others from other Circuits
The Local Preachers, all the Leaders, the Members of his Local Church,
and all that held any kind of office, all the Protectors and most of the
principal Members of the Circuit, besides relatives and the friends; The Bishop, Preaching, Desk, Commissioner, Table, Organ,
and Singing Gallery were filled with black cloth. The Dead March
Tune was played with the Organ Grandstaff, while the Sound was
being taken out of the Church. In answer, the last Guard was made
with a passing multitude, all anxious to gaz through that sad
mourn of prospect, to one they had lived so well. The procession
accompanied the Relics to his former residence and then
serenely departed, to their respective homes. I am sure it would
be a very solemn and affecting scene. The long on the Wednesday
morning and had attended this appointment. The Sunday morning
He was quite sensible before he died, and seems very happy
and resigned to the will of God. "Blessed are the dead that
are in the Lord," for they rest from their labors and their work
who do follow them," I see, the characteristic of the righteous,
and let my last end be like his.

This past is very much improved since we
come. We have preaching twice on a Sunday. A very good Sunday
School superintendent on Sunday morning, and Thursday evening.
Acquaintance of play on Monday night and bus on Tuesday night.
Then we have the Travelling Preachers, once a month, and they
are two very good Preachers, and one well suited on the Circuit.
Mr. Lewis, the Superintendent is getting into gear, and has spent
a long time. Mrs. Basil, the second Preacher, is rather a young
man, but is married. She has an impression for his speech
but not the man. He is a very talented man.

On a Monday night I have the little black girl, and social
of the Female Preachers, that come to learn to write. We
appear to have got on very well, and seem very happy that
we are going to leave them; they are very pleased with the work
which I think is a good sign. They were here last night,
and they expected we were only going to remove as far as Cole
that would come so far. In a Monday evening rather than
ministries. But I must begin to think of preparing to a close.
I do not intend to say so much. When I open and I am
sure you want to get rid of reading, my words, as pleasant. I hope
you will excuse me, but you cannot think how delighted
I am to hear from you, if you think me not a little.
I shall think it a great honor to receive one from you
at any time, and I hope our Communion will not
forget me. Please to remind her.

And now dear Cousin
Farwell and wishing you every temporal and
Spiritual blessing, in Christ Jesus, and great success,
to attend your ministerial labors. I remain
Your sincere,
West Texas Association
Cousin Jane Barrett.

P.S. We received your newspapers and were very much
interested with them. We saw your name in the minutes,
we are very much obliged to you for them. "Farwell"
Rev. Mr. Smith
Citizen, Wisconsin Territory

Fort 4th Octr 35
A. W. Smith