May 20, 1859

Dear Brother & Sister,

It is a long time since I have taken my pen to write you, sickness is my only apology & that I consider sufficient. Mr. C ought to have written you oftener, but his daily cares pressed so hard, that he kept putting off for more leisure, thus our correspondence has not been very frequent on either side. My health has improved considerably for the last two months, but I am far from being well, yet if I can only get so as to do my work I will not complain if I do suffer some, can now do a little but have to be very careful, we have intended to go back to Northampton & may yet, but if I can tolerate well think we shall not, on account of
the expense of going & coming back, yet I can never be as well as I have unless I go there again. Smeads health is about as usual has not had much work at his trade this year as yet, but hopes there will be more building going on by & by, our winter has been quite mild, with only about snow enough for sleighing, March & April thus far has been cold & backward with frequent snow storms, Boats commenced running on the Chippewa river to this place about two weeks since, we received a letter from Charlotte & while she was at Sister Adams was pleased to see the improvement she had made in writing, think she has done well, hope she will write us again, Lorenzo Carley Meriam wrote us about one year ago, since that
we kept up a correspondence.

his daughter, Mrs. Bancroft, writes occasionally. They have two children.

living, buried one last fall, there is

a family lately moved into this

place, who used to be neighbors to

them, say Cousin y, all his family

are well off, I have not heard

from Sister Almira, or from Lysander

for sometime, believe I wrote them

last, you must not expect a long

letter from untill I am better, for

I become tires very easy, y have quite

a pile of letters before me to be

answered, they have been gathering ever

since my sickness, y must be attended

to, fast as my strength will admit,

Should I continue to gain you

will probably hear from oftener than

you have done, but God only knows

what is for us, we have only the
promise of today, & if we are only what we ought to be, it matters not what tomorrow brings.

Write soon & often. Our love to all.

L. F. Hastings