

Eagle Run

February 6th 1859

Dear father.

I have written a great many letters to you, but unfortunately I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you since last November. I have sometimes thought that my letters were delayed and that they have never reached you; however our mails have been very irregular. It is only at rare and wide intervals that we can get to read a newspaper. Our mail contracts are generally let out to the lowest bidder and at a low price and that too to persons of scanty and limited means; hence ^{one reason why} our mail facilities in this western country are so poorly and lamely managed, and almost amount to an entire failure. Old Buck would do well if he had any extra funds on hand to lay out a small portion of which in improving our mail systems out west. but I suppose that he is too much occupied at present with the sublime idea of purchasing —

Cuba - "the forbidden fruit of the South"
Present my kind regards to old Bud's
and tell him I am doing a splendid
practice at Law, and that I want
him to appoint more punctual and
efficient mail contractors hereafter
at least not in the lethargic nature.

We have of late, beautiful
weather: - mild, pleasant and lovely.
It feels as if it were Spring. The birds
have been serenading us with their sweet
music for two weeks. How delightful it
is to hear the songs of the red bird
and the plaintive notes of the gentle
dove, this is happy indeed in spite
of all its hollow-heartedness, selfishness
and meanness. There are many things
to give us joy - to cheer us on our ~~road~~
slippery road through life - many
things to make us feel, pleasant, sun-
shiny and happy. "Why should a man
whose blood is warm within; sit like
his grand sire cut in alabaster? Sleep
when he wakes? and creep into the
jaundice by being peevish?"

Home folks and home affairs are doing
finely, what if we do have our little
aspirities, heart-burnings and jealousies,
they need not trouble you. There is no
danger of us scratching out each other's
eyes, much less coming in collision.
After all we love each other as ten-
derly and affectionately as any set
of relations this side of the
Potomac river - the inmates of
Mt Vernon not even excepted. I
assure you we all get along as smoothly
quietly and happily as circumstances
will permit. The only thing that mays
our pleasant and social little meetings
is your absence. We regret that you
are not here to join us in our family
meetings. "Yes we miss thee at home!"
not a day that passes but your name
is mentioned. It is now going on three
years since you bid us all farewell -
and we think that you ought at least
come and stay a little while. Not
a mail that comes but we hurry
to the Post office and inquire for
the long looked for letter - but imag-
ine our ~~disappointment~~ mortifica-
tion - our disappointment when

the Postmaster tells us "no letters." we hang
our heads down at the announce-
ment of this doleful expression.
we walk off with anything but a
pleasant countenance and sometimes
uttering words which it would be
very improper to mention in decent
company. It is manslaughter to
torment us in this way, "a hint to
the wise is sufficient."

My little "gal"
is a fat, jovial, comical, sort of thing.
she is growing very fast and improving
finely. She talks very plainly for
one of her age. Mary's health
is good.

Uncle Thomas was here
a few days since looked remark-
ably well, and requested me when
I write to you to present his love
and that you must write to him.

We are expecting Gravy Mother daily
we heard from ~~her~~ her a few days
since, she was in fine spirits.

My Brothers and Sisters are all
well, we join in love to you,
and earnestly pray that you
will come home and see us
all once more.

Good bye your love
Brother "youngest child"
very sick, I don't think it
will cure

Mamma's "youngest child" is dead
died a few days
ago