

cake, but I guess I am now. There is going to be a concert and an assembly here next Friday evening. There is a band here that was here last winter called Frank Johnson's band. In the first part of the evening they are going to give a concert and then they are going to proceed to another room and have a dance. I suppose that these will be joyous times on the memorable occasion. However I cannot attend and therefore will say no more about it. I must tell you of an action that is creating considerable commotion in the City of ^{Dear Margaret} ~~Blastford~~ ^{Blastford}. Perhaps you have heard of Dr Jarvis of Middle town. "Well you know" he is a minister and he and his better half do not agree. I will tell you all I know about it and that will not be much. I heard a week since that Mrs Jarvis was coming to Blastford to procure a divorce from her "husband". Yesterday I heard that she had arrived and that there was a great time before she left Middle town. It appears that Dr Jarvis was from home and while he was gone her brother in law came to see her. His name is Allen and he is a minister too. She told her story to him and enraged him so that he declared she should not stay in the house any longer, but should go to a public house and stay until she came home. There is one of her daughters that takes her part and another takes the father's side. So she asked the daughter that is on the father's side if she might take her own wardrobe. I think of that. Well she told her she might.

however that you will relapse into your former bad habits if I say much, so I will pass over the very remarkable occurrence of receiving an answer to my last epistle in less than a month after it was written, merely with observing that I am very much obliged to you for the favor which you conferred on me. I do not think that you will ever see the time when you will regret having contributed to my happiness while absent from all that I hold dear, for this reason, if you do not receive your reward immediately you will some time. Now I suppose you will be at a loss to know what I mean. To tell the truth I do not know myself, so of course you would not expect me to satisfy your curiosity on a subject of which I was equally curious. But I do know what you might expect if you did not know me as well as you do, that is a ~~little~~ ^{little} more sensible.

So she went to work and packed up. Just as she was seated in her carriage her husband came home. He took her out and then then and himself went from words to blows. Pretty work for Ministers, is it not? After she arrived then, what must they do, but - carry off her wardrobe to her husband - she has come to - Hartford with nothing but what she has on - I believe - Let me think a while - before I write her - anything of the kind - is just up - with her - things she is going to send them -

Dear. Really it is so long since I have written a letter with any thing besides nonsense ^{in it} that I know not how to commence. Truly may I say that it is a long time since, for to tell the truth I do not think I ever did. So as I never did and as it is more difficult to do a thing which you are not accustomed to than it is to do the contrary and as if I should pursue the latter course it would take more time than my conscience would allow me to spend on a letter, I shall write as I always do. Now do you not think that I have given very cogent reasons for acting in the manner which I have done and which I am going to do? Give me a subject for a composition and I will write as sorrowful as any Methodist Minister or Deacon. But come to a letter I cannot do it. Then it is that I want to pour out the feelings of my soul in one continued stream of undisguised joy, sorrow or whatever may be. It seems like some refreshing dream to sit down and write to any one that I love. But I presume it does not seem the same when they write to me.

Dear Margaret - I scarcely know what to write about your coming to Hartford. I cannot bear the idea of your not coming and yet I know you will meet with a great many inconveniences if you do. I will tell you of a plan which I have. Mr. Brace has one spare bedroom (did you ever?) but I suppose he will have company nearly all Summer. When you make up your mind to come, I will write and let you know if there will be any probability of your coming here. If there be none I think you can go to an Hotel where a cousin of mine boards and he will take all proper care of you.

on to her. I suppose there will be town with sufficient about them for at least a week or two. She is at the city Hotel with one of her daughters and she is at the United States with the other. They have four daughters and eight children in the whole. She has been to Paris and is very beautiful. But she is different from Margaret and the Dr. As for Caroline I can scarcely flatter myself that she will take the trouble of coming to see one that she does not care enough about to write to. While I think of it there is a person here who is very anxious to know the name of a Frenchman who was paying his distresses to Miss Mary Hunt. It was reported that she was engaged to him, how true it is I know not. You need not let any one know what I wrote about it, but you must write me his name for I have promised to find out -

You ask a question in your letter which I will endeavor to answer. It was whether I do not think that a young lady often leads to her ruin. I doubt not that it often does. But in my mind a person cannot be perfecting beautiful and guilty of being led to ruin. For that very idea expressed in the words themselves implies not only external beauty but mental also. Now I suppose that I have not made use of a very appropriate term as applied to the quality of the mind, but I mean by it, a well cultivated mind. If a person possesses the last mentioned requirement, of course they will have strength of mind sufficient to resist all attempts of the vicious to draw them from the path of rectitude. I am far from thinking that beauty is not to be desired and sometimes surprise myself in wishing I was a beauty. But I would not wish any Margaret to think that I indulge myself in this weakness. I do not, for I hope that if my thoughts do not dwell on higher themes, they do not at least dwell on that. I guess Margaret sends that it is Election here to day and I guess you are not going to have any Elect.

CP

Dear Mother
My Only Son

Miss Margaret M. Sands
472 Water St.
New-Orleans
La.

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