

Kamden, Nov. 6, 1856.

My Dear Mother:

I wrote you a letter last night, but it was a private one. This is an Exercise-Letter, and it is the third one we have written this Term. The letters have to be corrected, so that our parents can read them without any trouble. I only wrote you a short letter last night, and I forgot to tell you anything about Fremont. I have heard that New York state goes ^{for} him, but not New York city, as it goes for Buchanan. You said in your last letter that aunt could get down stairs, and I was very glad to hear it. I wrote a letter Monday to you and Frank.

Your affectionate son,
Alfred Twiss.



