

Samuel P Newcomb died April-23-1870
Susan E Newcomb age 21.
22 years old in Sept-27-1870

The Twenty Seventh of September 1870

Twenty two (22) years old to day, The 27th of Sept. 1869
is buried in the past by old time, and is no more.

The gear has rolled over our heads from the future to the
past and has left its mark upon all things.

Just one gear ago to day, the same sun that gave Adam
and Eve light, shone upon mountains, seas and rivers
and millions of happy people. This morning the same sun
awoke the world, though it awoke only a part of the same people,
for hundreds have past away with the past gear. As time
rolls around it is continually moving us down one by one; and
how impossible it is for us to tell, who of us will pass away
with the gear. Many of us that are now breathing ^{the breath} of life in
perfect health, will be mouldering in our graves long ere the
27th of next Sept. rolls around.

2nd I think it well enough to bear in mind that death
will sooner or later give us a call, and therefore we should
conduct ourselves through life so we may have no feelings of
remorse when we bid this world a final adieu.

1st I have been spared to see this the 27th of Sept 1870, (my
birth day) - but shall I see another? Who can answer me?

None but Him who gave us the breath of life and who will
take it away whenever He thinks it proper.

I am now twenty two years of age, and if I should be permitted
to live to a common old age, I would not have much longer
to stay in this world than I have already lived.

A man's life is truly but a short time and nothing
but vapor. Time soon rolls man's full number of years
over his head, and before he is aware of it he is entering
his tomb, there to sleep until he is awake on the last day.

The 27th of Sept. 1870, found many with broken
hearts, many sad faces, that were light-hearted,
and joyous, on that day 1868,

Susan E. Newcomb

22 yrs old

Nov. 6th 1870

My School Days — Nine Years Ago

My happy school days are past and gone; the days of my childhood when I went skipping to school with a light heart, — like those little girls that attend school now. They look happy and cheerful — just as I felt nine years ago when I attended my last term of school. How many great changes since then.

Just think what a change nine years have made, they have left their never to be forgotten mark of time on all things. Nine years ago I was a frolicsome girl of thirteen summers, going to school with my brothers. (Unfortunately I had no sisters.) We were happy children then, all at home enjoying life together. ~~We did not know then~~ ^{what} it was to be scattered to the four winds; and separated from each other as we now are. We scarcely, if ever thought of it then.

We were happy then in our ignorance, of ^{the} changes in this cruel world. But we have to live and learn, and suffer, as we travel through life's journey. Experience is a good teacher, Experience teaches us many lessons, that we never would otherwise have learned.

There were a little boy and girl, staying at our house, and going to school with us, just as some of those little girls are doing now; ^{Some} of them are staying with their friends to be convenient to school.

They come to school together, and play together and recite together; and I think they are all on good terms, for they seem to be very pleasant and agreeable towards each other.

Bessie was my warmest friend. We were school-mates, class-mates, and play-mates, and help-mates also.

We always shared each others troubles, and pleasures.

We never had a cross word, not one angry word passed between us during the school. We were all light hearted and happy children then. Care had ^{not} pressed and crowded its unmerciful weight upon us. We were entire strangers to ^{the} burden of care and anxiety. But remember that nine long years ~~have~~ have elapsed since then; and what a change they have made in us all. Nine years ago we were together in the school room; together in our pleasant walk home, Bettie and John Chatthers (for that was the name of my little friends) were as playful some as lambs on a sunshiny day. We had a great deal of fun running races, and playing all kinds of pranks on each other for pastime, and at night ^{we} were cracking nuts, and getting lessons in the pleasant fireside circle. But where do we stand to day? Who can answer the question, No one but the great ruler of heaven, and earth; the ^{one} who keeps an eye on every thing.

I doubt very much if there are two together to day, of the seven that went to school together nine years ago.

My oldest brother (George) and wife are living in Colorado Territory. Perhaps some of my little friends present, would like to know who George married. It was no other than my little classmate, Bettie. No one thought, or dreamed of their marrying, when we were going to school. I have already told you that we loved each other - we loved as little friends should love, and now we love as sisters.

We have been sisters three years, and the first harsh word has yet to spoken. It ^{would} afford me an untold amount of pleasure to meet with this dear absent friends again; but I have no idea that we will all meet at one time, if we should be so happy as to meet at all. Bettie was at Bent's Fort the last time I heard from

her; and George was on his return from San Francisco,
William in Wyoming Ter. and my other two brothers, Ben-
jamin and Eleazar, were on the plains the last account I had of
them. My little friend John Matthews, is roaming over west-
ern Texas somewhere. I am the only one in Parker Co.
and there are only two in the State that belonged to that little
band of students nine years ago. Alas! what sad changes ever-
working time hath brought about. Time has severed that lit-
tle band of happy children, and scattered them over the world
considerably. Time has ushered us out of our childhood, and
introduced us to womanhood and manhood but too soon.
We are no longer children, going to father and mother, to ask
^{this} thing and that; but men and women, of our own heads, and
act according to our own judgment.

If I had been favored by good fortune; I would not be
in the school room with you to day, pulling and tugging at the
hill of knowledge. I was not so fortunate as to get an education
when I ought to have gotten it; but I don't blame good fortune
luck, or any one else with that; for I married when I was
nothing but a child, (and ought to have been at school) but
I never regretted it, no never. I ^{lived} seven years of married
life as happy as any one; and during the time, a son was en-
trusted to our care, and instruction, to rear and educate;
and fit him for the future and eternity. But now he is
deprived of a father's care and advice, and worse than all he
is deprived of that tender affection that only a loving father
can bestow. I am now alone in this bleak, cold, and unpre-
sentedly world with no one left me but my boy. I am the only
one that he has to look to now. The burden is all thrown upon

my shoulders, and I have it to bear whether light or
or heavy, ^{and} I have to brace myself up to bear it. That is why
I am in the school room with you today; to try if possible
to improve my limited education. Though the prospects
seem very dull. It is not merely for my own sake, but
for the sake of that dear little one that looks to me for sup-
port. My school days here pass away pleasantly. I love my
little friends too, but I am not as happy as I was when
I went to school nine years ago.

Susan E. Newcomb.

11/11/11