

New York

Thursday Nov 27th 1856

My Dear Son

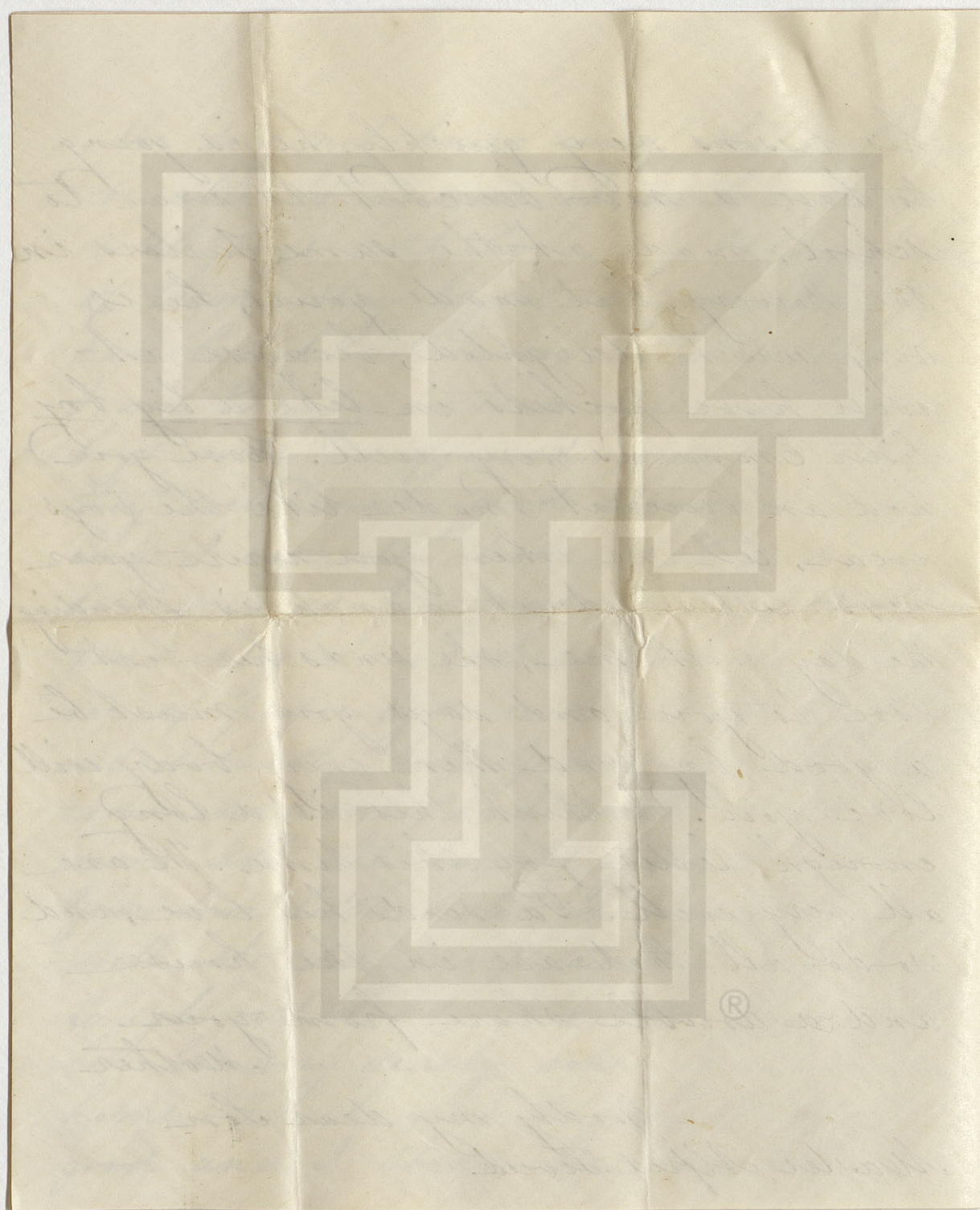
You must not think I do not think of you; if you do not receive a letter every week, as you know Mother has a great many things to do to occupy her time, but you must always write to me often, as it makes me very happy to get a letter from you. That was a real nice composition you wrote about "winter", I think you have played out in the cold and snow enough to be tough. I received the letter you wrote me on Thanksgiving, but you did not tell me how you spent that day. I expect you went to church in the morning.

I also received a letter yesterday. Aunt Delia sends her love, and thanks you for the nice letter you wrote her, she says

she does not know when she will be able to answer it, as her two little boys keep her busy taking care of them, they begin to grow, and can laugh when we talk to them. I am happy to hear three of your boys were confirmed, and I hope they will make good christian men. and I earnestly desire that you my dear son, as you grow in age may grow in grace, and as soon as you are of proper age will also be confirmed "and obediently keep Gods holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of your life" Your dear little sister Anna is very well, she can jump and play, and laugh out loud. I know you will love her very dearly when you come home. Frank goes to school very good and I think he can learn

his lessons very quickly, he is going to have a new overcoat to wear to school, made at the same Tailors in the Bowery, that made yours, he is very much delighted, because it will have pockets in like a big boy Sister Emma is very well. Have you had an overcoat made like the boys wear, tell me when you write your next letter. Aunt Sarah is spending the day with me, she sends her best love to you and says you must be a good boy and then every body will love you. I think this is a long enough letter for this time. We are all very well. Pa sends his love, and so do all that are in the house and a double share from your Mother

Goodby my dear Son
Master Alfred Todd



From My Dear

Master Alfred Tweed

Care Rev C W Everett

Hamden

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Mother,