

Corning Feb. 14th 1845

My Dear Aunt.

This is not the first time I have set apart to write, but something has prevented but now I am determined to accomplish it for it seems as though we lived near enough to have some communication. I know we are to blame, but however our silence is not, that we take no interest in our friends, or have no affection for them, but my excuse is my dislike to writing. Dear Aunt I intended to have written at the time of our affliction, yes death has deprived us of a darling child, he was a noble and beautiful boy. It was at a most interesting age, and we loved him much but it is in infinite wisdom that God has taken him from this world of sin and suffering, and transplanted him as we humbly hope to the Paradise above. Though the wound is still fresh and our hearts bleed at the loss, yet we do desire to submit in silence to the mysterious ways of Providence, which are often hard to be discerned by his erring creatures, Our Father has taken him to reign with him and he is perhaps saved from much evil. I feel as though we could sympathise with others in affliction as we never could before, and we feel for all our friends who have passed through the same trial. We feel for the motherless children and bereaved husband in Blenheim, and for our Sister who has experienced the same loss with ourselves. Charles laments the death of our little son, I do not think he will ever get over it, but still he seems cheerful as ever, but his affections were entwined around him, but while we mourn the early departure of one, we rejoice that he has left us our little girl. And now we have another little one added to our number. We have a little daughter eight weeks old, a nice healthy child, and we now already love her much, and we should be glad to show her to our friends at Blenheim. We should love to have you visit us, we think you are indebted to us, however if it was consistent for us to visit you I should not stand for ceremony. But it seems doubtful now, when we shall as Charles is so confused with business. The whole weight of it comes upon him, as Mr. Mills is sick and has been for the last five months, and we very much fear his days are but few for this world. He is confined to his bed and seems to be sinking every day, therefore you will conclude Charles has his hands full, he is up early and late. And you must not think we never think of you, but we talk often about you all, and little Maria now quite a great girl often talks of Aunt Abby. We now and then have a paper from Luman, John Reed it seems has got tired of writing and Charles not had a letter in some time. I did not know but he would bring his wife out here this winter, we should be glad to see you all if you could make up your minds. I do not think you would find it so hard as you think. It is so long since we heard a word from you that we do not now know how you are getting along and the health of your family. We did not know that Emeline was married until she had been a year, she is young enough at any rate to come to Corning. Please tell Luman that Phebe Adams (his old sweetheart) has married John Ferenbaugh, he will wonder I am sure as much as we do. We heard that he was going to bring his wife out here last fall, and expected them, but they did not come. Please tell Sister Phebe we hope she is well and wish she could be prevailed upon to come and see us. We should like to know about Jane's family of little children. I wish we lived a little nearer to you all for it is easier to talk than to write however I think I have made off quite a letter and poor as it is you are welcome, and although it does not deserve an answer yet we hope you will some of you write soon. I will not let so long a time lapse again. Please give our love to Mr. Reed's family – Charles sends his best love to you all – Maria sends her love to Aunty and if little sis (who has not a name) could speak she would do the same. I should be glad to have Phebe write to us and tell us of her welfare. I shall have to close as my baby is giving signs that she needs her mother. Once more love to all believe me your affectionate Niece Margaret.

P.S. I send you a lock of little baby's hair, one of his little curls – I thought you might value it for his father's sake.

Addressed

Mrs. Abigail Osborn

Blenheim

Schoharie County

New York

Postmark Corning NY Feb. 17