

Dwight Jan. 10th 1844.

My dear Mrs. Smith.

Perhaps you think that I have forgotten to answer your kind letter. That is not the case, for every time that I have thought of ^{it} since I came back to school, I have heard something ^{and} telling ^{me} to answer it. When I received ^{it} I was at home. I ^{was} detained 8 weeks by sickness. But this will do for an apology. Last Sabbath was the communion season here. One person was admitted into the church. Mr. Worcester preached from this text on Saturday Acts. 6: 39 lest haply ye be found to fight against God. And on the next day from Matt. 23: 30. If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers of with them in the blood of the prophets. It was a cloudy day, and ^{there} were not so many people ^{here} as would have been. There were about thirty that took of the sacrament. O, that I could tell you that I was among that number. But no, I was one of those who sat, and looked on. There was a man hung on Saturday about 14 miles from here, for killing his wife. Mr. Butrick and Mr. Day went on Friday to see him. Mr. Butrick talked with him, but he would not answer him. He denied killing his wife to the last. It do O what is this Nation coming to. It seems as though it was going backward instead of forward. Council has been in session three months. Perhaps you will think that these are things that will not do not interest you. I expected sister Charlotte down here Saturday, but it rained so she did not come. Father and her are living alone this winter. Schemerhorn is with them yet. Sarah is married to Stand Wetter. I have stopped writing for sometimes thinking what to write next. Last week I got very much in the spirit of writing. I set down in school and began a letter to My dear brother in Ohio, and for

ished it that night. I thought of a great many things I wished to write to him about. I am almost on the point of saying I do not know what to write to Mrs. Smith about. But I am not going to stop here. for I am afraid if I do, I shall not get a long letter from you. I have been complaining about my letters ^{from you} being so short. But then I turn my thoughts back to my own letters and think of them. One contained I guess a dozen lines, and the other one whole page and little on the other page. Perhaps it would interest you to know that I am writing me ^a bag on canvas with cruel I finished my large sampler last summer vacation. Ann, and Josephine are at Fayetteville going to school to Miss Sawyer. I will tell you what my studies are. In the forenoon I have Philosophy and History. In the afternoon write then we read in Pallo's Course of Time ~~and~~ then Caroline and I peruse 10 or twelve lines. There are only three in our class Gene Hicks, C. and myself. I have been telling you a little of this, and a little of that, but I know that these things do not interest you as much, as if I would tell you all about myself and feelings. It is hard for me to tell what my feelings are. I wish sometimes I could tell them to Miss Ripell, but not on paper. I cannot think sing the Hymn beginning

Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the billows near me roll,

While the tempest still is high,

without thinking of you. And there is another we often sing and speak of you when some of you choose it. It is the Star of Bethlehem. I do not try to sing as much as I used to. I most always ^{sing} though when the following two are sung.

"Mercy O thou son of David" and, "Yes my native land ^{there} I love"
I have written almost two pages. I hardly know what to say next. Elizabeth Gurtle is married to Mr. Lovell. Miss Smith and Esther Butler come

down on Friday and staid until yesterday. I was reading a sweet hymn
just now. The last verse is

By Farewell! And ^{shall} we meet above
In heaven above?

And there in union sweet,
Ting of a Saviour's love. its title is The last
Farewell. I almost forgot to tell you that I made a visit on Cone
Hill at Mr Orr's and Mr Newton's last summer with Mr & Mrs Hitch-
cock. Must I stop, I cannot without asking you to remember me ~~it~~
your the Throne of grace. Farewell dear friend,

And shall we meet In heaven above?

Yours affectionately
Martha J. Bell

Wright Jan. 11. - 44

My dear Theresa -

Martha wants some one to fill
her sheet and send it by tomorrow's mail. I presume
you will excuse me if I write a few lines, - A few days
since Mrs H. wrote you and gave you an account of the
sickness and death of our much loved Paula. - I cannot
yet realize it. But I know it must be so. - Sometimes I
hardly know whether to mourn or rejoice. If it were
right, I would wish you here to be our daughter again.
I feel as tho' another cord that binds me to earth is broken.
While you mourn and sympathize with us, you will
likewise rejoice, that our daughter has gone home,
for to die such a death as she did, is but going home,
Martha has told you some of her feelings. - She sometimes
appears to be 'almost a christian', and I believe she is
'almost persuaded to be one, - But she cannot come
out boldly and decidedly on the Lord's side. -

Have you ever heard of the death of Mrs. Nancy Mashie,
(formerly Nancy Vann.); She died in Sept. - She had
an infant which died at two or three days old; and
she survived but a few days. - She gave very good
evidence of being a Christian. - Dr. Butler went to
see her, and was with her when she died. - The man
that was hung last week for killing his wife, was
Richard Ratliff - formerly Mr. Washburn's interpreter.
Intemperance was the probable cause of the foul deed. -
All well at Dwight, Park Hill & Fairfield.
yours in Christian love
Jas. M. Brooks

~~very good our case~~
Martha wants you should write her a long letter,
exclusively to herself. - I hope we shall hear from
you soon, for it seems a long time since you wrote.
The Cherokees are in a deplorable condition. I think they
have been growing worse and worse every since the
massacre of - 39 - I think there is innocent blood
resting on the nation which has not been washed
away, and is now calling down the judgments of God.

Widron Cher Dratt
Jan. 12. -- 44

Free
J. W. Petrovsk
P. M.

Mrs. Theresa M. B. Smith

Alton

Illinois

Care of Gilman Smith.

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