

Wheatland April 9, 1850

My dear Lily,

As I anticipated, my arrival was expected on Saturday morning and my brother at the Depot to meet me; the snow storm had lasted but a few minutes here on Friday evening, and we could see no traces of it fifty miles from Philadelphia. I experienced no difficulty during my ride (thanks to your Father who kindly secured my ticket and baggage, & two gentleman who sat upon the seat immediately in front of me were markedly polite, so you see between my old and new friends I got along admirably. The country is charming and filled with birds. I have been waked in the morning continually by certainly the most enchanting song that ever was listened to and seemingly from the same little bird it must feel, by instinct, that there is some kindred spirit in that room.

I saw your friend Mr. Longnecker in church on Sunday but as I was in so much engaged speaking to my other friends after church I had not an opportunity to say a passing word to him though he looked all anxiety to put forth a shower of questions about you. Mr. Slaymaker and I had a delightful little tête à tête before I left town his delight at seeing me and mine at seeing him was you know indescribable.

I heard something highly amusing on Saturday: Major Watson visited Lancaster after being in Philadelphia and spoke of having seen me; he saw a lady walking down Chestnut St. whose appearance attracted his attention (how flattering) and he spoke of her to some gentlemen near, and of course, some brainless compliments were paid the unknown: but when she drew nearer he was proud to recognize his old friend Miss Lane and immediately went down the steps, took off his hat, and shook hands with her. I explained where I first saw Major Watson, and of our avoiding him upon recognizing him on Jones steps; at the same time I attributed the Major[']s mistake charitably, to the wanderings of a fruitful imagination that has not full scope for action in the compass of his small, well proportioned head.

I am glad to see by the papers that your brother has returned. Give my very best love to your grandma, and tell her I think she must feel ten years younger at seeing him. He is such a darling with her, and I suppose she is so happy now that she has forgotten he has ever been away.

How comes on Emerson, Hooker, and the rest of your Aunt's numerous admirers? does she flirt as heartlessly with them as ever? Tell her to beware Emerson is "slow but sure". I have just been thinking it was very remiss in him not to call and see me before I left: I had not thought of it before, but I suppose it is time enough, as I would not be at all surprised if he was just beginning to think that I talked of leaving town.

James Henry went to Princeton yesterday and I think will pass through Philadelphia tomorrow; Wednesday evening on his way home, and I will be exceedingly indebted to you if you will send my corsets and a little earring I left on my dressing table by him, the earring is not valuable but useful to me, if you cannot find it, it makes not the slightest



difference there was but one.-- I forgot my picture as I expected; if you can make James promise to be careful of it, I would be delighted if he can bring it with him for he has no baggage to attend to and it would not inconvenience him at all. I forgot to tell him of it before he left, but I told him to call at your house for the other things. I am sorry to trouble you Lily but you know I cannot avoid it. Make him bring the picture he will say he cannot, but he must, tell him I say so. I hope you have heard from your Aunt, and remember me kindly to your Father, with many thanks to them both for their kindness, and congratulations which I am sure they will appreciate. Upon getting rid of such a nuisance as I must have been to them. I will expect to have a letter from you very soon, and will receive no apology for its non-appearance; remember, write soon, and believe me

as always your affectionate,

Harriett R Lane.

How fare the cards?

