

Wheatland  
Aug. 21, 1868

My dear Lois,

Before the labour of this week begins, I will answer your letter assuring you of my full & free consent to your engagement, - as I fear delay!! on so important a subject might cause you serious anxiety!

Harriet came all safely on Saturday evening. She has been writing these tidings this morning, but whether to Oxford or Bethlehem!! I know not! She looks better than when I saw her in June, but not well. I hope we will make her blooming again, before she leaves us. I expect you will prove a model housekeeper -- & if Mr. Cassatt does not thank me for it all I shall fear he is ungrateful!! I am so glad you are so well satisfied & pleased about everything – even the ring.

I delivered your messages from Netzie to Miss Hetty, but I have heard nothing of Miss H's going to Mrs. Zuisse's [?]. She could not very well leave home just now.

Dear little son has been quite sick for nearly a week – one day I thought he looked alarmingly so – but my fears were exaggerated I am thankful to say. Dr. Carpenter & the homeopathic doctor [sic] both say it is summer complaint. He is a little better, but not at all himself. He had grown to be such a healthy looking little pine knot – walked everywhere & said everything & was so full of cunning sweet ways – but the little head is down now & he says, & does but little.

He is getting his eye & stomach teeth & the Dr. thinks he is doing well considering it all – but I will only feel relieved when these teeth are through. He was delighted with Aunt Annie's present to him, & when asked "who sent Baby the reins" says "Aunt" "Annie" plainly. He always wants to see you, & to hear you sing when asked, & I do not believe he has forgotten you. Harriet sees him under most unfavorable circumstances for he is the loveliest, & most "taking" child I ever saw. He would kneel regularly before going to bed to say his prayers & say "Bless" "Papa" "Bless" "Mamma" "Bless" "Baby" "Bless" "all." "Amen."

Sometimes he would kneel again of his own accord & will say "bless" "Papa" – or "Miss" (Miss Hetty) or "Babby" (Marmy?). The fun is to see him & hear his sweet voice say these things.

I am going to try to scribble a note to Aunt Annie to thank her for her thought of Baby. I will tear up your letter at once & have done it. Mr. & Mrs. Shunk & Jane are here. Mr. S. I believe you. This evening Mrs. S. & Jane are afraid to go to York. The fever is so bad there & I do not know how long both of them will stay.

Love to all – to "cousin Alex," & wishing you all possible & impossible happiness – believe me, dear, Lois, ever yours.

Affectionately,  
Harriet

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