

Sep 27

Dear Willia

I must tell you about the Grand Mass meeting we had on Wednesday: we had a rainy day but it rained Democrats. Mother said it put her mind of old times when Papa was living and we had our house festooned with pine and flowers and two large yule logs. O how they cheered us. We have Republicans on both sides of us: and they looked like sheep frightened: Our wagons was [sic] full of men not boys: like the Republicans last week. They had to take out of the wagons to make a longer string. We had know need to do that; every wagon and carriage was trimmed so nice and such good reading on their Banners; and a large tree had a sheaf of wheat and an ear of corn and the words "Peace and Plenty." There was one wagon had 36 horses and a flag with the name on for every state and a man on each horse. The little boys looked so nice dressed in red, white, and blue: the White boys in blue had a dinner: One of the door keepers said he counted 18 hundred and then he got tired. There was a good order every place all over town. I thought we had only a few Democrats in town till they went to work to get that dinner, and there was plenty of them. Then after all them [sic] people eat, there was Ham and 50 loves [sic] of bread left and they give [sic] that to the white poor. They [sic] was hardly a negro on the street on Wednesday, and there was none over at the dinner: the work was done by white people. Willia [sic] said he is a strong Clymer boy, and that he hollered and waved his flad [sic] to his hearts content on Wednesday. There was a man over at the dinner said we must let him holler for Clymer or he would burst: and they cheered on the street with a ribbon [sic]. We all read your paper about the meeting you had: you must have had a nice time. Sis said she could hardly sit on her chair when she read it, it was so good. We gave it to Nora to read: she is a good Democrat. Wont [sic] it be glorious if we gain the election and put down the Republicans.

We are all well. Mother has got well again, and we can't be thankful enough that she is spared to us yet. She was very sick. Some days her ancle [sic] is better and then it gets worse again when the weather changes. When she was so sick one day she called

Willia [sic] Cooper and did not say anything more. Kiss Elle and Grace [?] for us all: would like to see you all most soon.

Aunt Mary

Note in another hand: "Aunt Mary Deckert to W. E. Cooper when I was a tiny baby."



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Lancaster**History**