

Widow Martha Whitson  
Penningtonville  
Chester County,  
Pa.

Philadelphia July 4th. 1873.

Dear Friend,

Martha Whitson,

The memory of old time friendships and antagonisms with the slave power now happily broken forever is so fondly cherished and the ranks of the veterans are being decimated so fast that I can hardly wait to hear from some of you who remain once more before we too must separate for a season. My remembrance of the happy seasons spent under your hospitable roof when Olive was in her mental prime is particularly vivid.

In view of the past it seems proper that you should be informed of our present whereabouts. We continued to live in Beverly until eight months ago when we came to this city to live in the family of Dr. Amos R. Thomas whose Wife Elizabeth Bacon is a cousin of mine and as her Father and

Mother live with them also it is to that extent a family reunion so that the change to us from house-keeping is far more endurable than ordinary <sup>boarding</sup> would be.

We are wearing out both physically and mentally. Olive especially who is now in her 83<sup>d</sup> year shows marked signs of mental decay which appear not so much in the form of imbecility or of insanity as in the entire perversion of every faculty the imagination running riot most of all. This condition was induced by long continued nervous irritation from which there is no prospect of recovery. As a matter of course she has distorted views of matters in general but more especially of such as relate to her personal wishes and is for the most part very unhappy. It is painful to witness her sufferings particularly in her frenzied paroxysms of soul anguish. As these are to her indescribable we of course can have no conception of what she suffers nor can we marvel that she is led captive by her caprices and that



she sometimes wishes that it was not wicked to end the mortal strife by her own hand. The end is not yet.

For a change of scene and in order to divert her mind if possible from imaginary woes she went four weeks ago to live with another cousin of mine Doctor Lovina Thomas at Hammonton N.J. in whose family she spent a few weeks four years ago this summer.

My own general health is quite poor and I suffer for want of exercise which my spine disease prevents me from taking. Locomotion on crutches is so difficult and painful that I am kept in the house the greater part of the time. I am obliged to take on an average about sixteen of the twenty-four hours each day either in bed or in a reclining posture.

If I dared to take such a journey I would not long delay a visit to yourself and family and other dear friends in that neighborhood - the Moore's and Gilberts especially. It is a long time since I heard from Rebecca Moore. I remember her with much interest from

girl-hood up.

As you was not present at the disbanding jubilee meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society and as but a meager account of it was published I take the liberty of sending you a copy of one chapter of history presented on that occasion.

I desire a kind remembrance to all who take sufficient interest to inquire after me.

Sincerely your friend,

Benjamin C. Bacon.

937 Spruce Street.