

If not delivered within 10 da

D. Gibson
Versailles
Kentucky

IND



New Albany Ind Jan 25
1877

of you very evening with your little
flock in your room.

When the weather moderates will
you not run away some day, and
ship down to see us? It seems so
hard for me not to see and know
you. Sometimes I am tempted to
leave this little place here you
are the place for those
k. Who lives at Glen
Le Centre do you think?
with a garden. 100

at all
thank you.
your
man
is pleased with a horse and
and
with love to you all. I am P. Vance

My dear Cousin.

It has been so long since I
heard from any of you, and Ma
wishes so much for news from you
and little Mary one - and the boys
and a hundred other enquiries -
and now the news of Ed's death
makes her anxious about
So - I depend on you
other for gratifying
I set the example
the other such feel

than is best - but
old that she has to stay
the and feet in much
and she suffers
in the kid days all the
patient and uncomplaining
for my troubles - more than her own.

mother me fare things cousin
I wonder what life would be without
their love and unselfish devotion.
Ma takes little medicine, whiskey
and some chirettes. bring on brown
bread, milk, and syrup.

Susan Alexander has been very good
in sending her all sorts of nice food,
and Ma Alexander has been truly kind.
Ma has come from Sarah Annie
I fear she is sick.
where in Woodford
home before long as
present next month.

and now how
He is very fond that I am
by my own about the
not about. but not the
home as I did not pay
pay her up, for the public school.
What are you doing with your girls?

It is so hard to teach them
regularly at home tho' I wish the school
still as Beauty has been dead to earn
I know she should be skilled in routine
We are still afloat. none of us with work,
and I know not where we will be next
only hoping to be able to keep this charity
the Spring on Ma's account. as I know
she will not need our care long.

I wish Cousin had
for me to Director
tell through the Sen
have Ma from go
the few weeks she

Mrs D... sent
and is as been
a blessing to be
Miss White would be
one I infer he forgot it.
How have you kept the little one
through all this fearful winter, I think

Dear Cousin A.

Mrs. M. wants
an Iron or Tin ~~or~~ head and
pen. Congress (Lower House) passed
a Bill last winter giving pensions to
the widows of 1812 soldiers who were
married before 1820. And it is now
in the Senate. But an amendment was
offered cutting off all widows married
after the war.

Mrs.'s virtue would be a God-send
to her, now. And if you will write
to the Hon. Senators and to our Cousin
Johnson of Va. the Bill passed by
the House could easily pass the Senate,
defeating the cheating of these poor widows.
Do please write to any one you can
and try to get this done for her.
She wants to write to you, begging you
to do so, but it hurts her hand so much

the matter and
can influence,
Beck to do it I know,
in the right of all
the money which is pensioned.
The matter 1819 and her pension
would be up to this time \$12000 - at the
present sum fixed 100 p. year - but
that would save her from beggary.

Beck took an active part once
on this 1812 matter.

I am doing all I can to get
my bill through this winter -
Give me a list if you can.

Truly
Yours
J. C. Vance



Mrs Hart Gibson

Versailles



Ky

I have something
so nice to tell you
all you know that is
that for a fact. But
is going some time
great. and it
is just as well as
can be.
and when
he was down
to the house I
was very glad to
see you and the
dear little ones
in the
so the
of the
at the
for me. September is



Car. Forest
Mass
1877

Dear Nanna I received
your letter yester-
day. I am very glad I
am improving in letter
writing. Aunt Sarah
says you made a
mistake when you said
she did not wear
my sun bonnet
and I was so charmed

So Miss ⁹ Feliza Brand
is to be married in
June. I think she
had been getting married
along time.

Cousin Lucy
and her O'Neil have
gone up the hill and
have not come home
yet.

I wish I was home
so I could go to the
races at any of Grand
Dad's horses going
to you?

I have read
your letters a little bit

some words I have
written out.

they all
red and saw when
Dumie says "My name
is Preston."

and they
all laughed when
he said the old
but had said some
bitter.

Aunt Sarah
says she will always
consider Dumie her
name sister.

New Albany Ind.
February 25th, 1877.

Dear Cousin Mary,

The white mitts
having proven futile as an attempt to elicit epis-
tolary recognition, I yesterday uttered a
supplication in brown, hoping that the richer
hue, with the inwrought poetry of the border's
ornature, might enhance its likelihood of suc-
cess. Do not continue to deny me my little dole
of intelligence, with the supposition that my
aggravated desire will make a silken and
worsted expression of its snariveness, in figured
fancies quaintly involute. I shrewdly conjecture that
my greater exigence would lapse into some more
characteristic utterance — carmine and constrict,
perhaps, (but on not being worsted and cer-
tainly not silken in its lashes.) — or else, may
be, blank verse, elsewhere aimed.

I was obliged to knit the brown mitts by guess, as to size and length, having inadvertently retained no pattern of the white. I hope I have guessed well.

I did not forget to make inquiries about "cottage furniture," but I am not sure that I have not forgotten what I learned. Of the furniture which I suppose you meant, - "that painted in colors" - I could find none in Louisville. One sett, - bed, toilet-table, washstand, and 6 chairs, - painted in imitation of ash and walnut, was \$55.

A full-sized sett of genuine ash, trimmed with walnut, marble on washstand and toilet-table - without chairs - \$65.

Same, except marble, \$38. Cottage size of same style, marble-topped \$60.

This was very pretty, all the panels were inlaid and everything trimmed with beautiful walnut, full marble top on the washstand, and three slabs on the dressing-table, the glass of which is 20 x 38 inches.

Mother has anxiously expected a letter from you for more than a week. - She bids me ask you to send her for Beauty a pattern of Wittie's apron, if you have one.

Were it not that Burton is about to go post-office-ward, or giving me a chance to avoid a long walk, I would relate a very interesting episode of my last visit to Lexington, which I did not report before. I will save it for my next - after yours.

Love from and to all.

Truly yours,

Chart Pence



Mrs Mary D. Gibson
Versailles
Ky

Sunday Feb 25. 77

Dear Cousin Mary.

Our anxiety to hear from you all has become unendurable. especially about Sarah. Has she written to you? I heard her one amongst nervous system will give way under such a fearful shock. and that she is ill. I have written to her and Lucy - but have no reply.

We want to know of the precious little baby. How is it fed, and how it is. How I would love to have it. But of course it is far better off than I could make it now.

I cannot realize it all. All seems so unnatural, that Louie so full of life should be taken - and I left to live through so many shocks and trials.

Mrs has been such ever since your sad letter, she grieves so. that I can say nothing to comfort her. for we are surrounded with troubles enough to crush me. Neither Hart or Buntow have succeeded in getting work - and App is only able to clothe and board himself and that by night work. after the lectures. and I cannot take any penny for want of a machine. My old one
• I had to sell to buy coal. before Christ was.

Watt tells me Sarah has a Machine at Smokey Forest.
If I write and get her permission to use it. till I can
make the price of one. Could you or Duncan have it
packed and expressed to me? If you can, I will ask
Sarah immediately - for I do not know what else to do,
and I know she would help me if she could -
We are literally, without a cent. or the prospect of one
and I am worried down. with the struggle to see some
thing daily for some food.

I am sick now. Today and Miss.

Write to me dear Cousin. anything from Oak Forest
You know Aunt Gibson's children are dearest to me than
any other cousins - and my heart is full of Jacob.

I will in bed. for Sunday I break down. My head
and side ache till I scarcely can think.

Do not forget the Machine. so I can write as soon as
possible to Sarah - each day now - as I am able,

God Bless you all.

Your Cousin
J. B. Vance



Mrs. Mary D. Gibson
Versailles

Lry.

that I am decidedly demoralized. She was
holily horrified at "catching me in a fit"
and utterly astounded by some proofs of my
impudence.

If you happen soon to meet Miss Bright,
will you please read or repeat to her the fol-
lowing paragraph from a letter of Mary Pratt's.

"If you have an opportunity ^{of doing so} please transmit to Miss
Bright my thanks for and appreciation of her kind
invitation. I have a very pleasant remembrance of her
and would like to see her again very much."

The plum trees bloom again, but not as of old
are their blossoms the signals for a like flowering
of my thought. They rather for me mark the
grave of another year that has died and left
me no legacy — gave to naught.

Please correct your impression of my direction
as to your request for S. C. A's address. I answered
your first note, asking it, either the day of
or the day after its receipt. Did you miss it
yet, despite my last postal card. I repeat it
here — 606 South Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Surely the perusal of this letter will not
so exhaust you as to incapacitate you for
reply. Our clairvoyance, even at this dis-

ance, will assist
as to what will
please me,
Heart Pounce.

New Albany Ind.

April 16th, 1877.

Dear Cousin Mary,

I find in myself
a veracious verification of the dogma,

"In the Spring a young man's fancy
slightly turns to thoughts of love."

Mine turns thither with such facility and per-
sistence, that the soberer, more rational forces
of my mind find it difficult to restrain my
muse from prodigal contributions to that "ad-
vance."

Poh! what affectation! What a fine fel-
low I was to disparage the Princess for being
affected! — I, all of whose life, that she knew,
was virtually affectation! — I, who attempt
to preserve an eoteric life of romance, tinted
with Fancy's delicately tinted tresses, while
all around sweeps and ravages the storm-wind

of actual existence! - I, who plume my brow
with the twinkling spoils of dream-meshed
fairies and wrap myself in the luminous
gossamer of sentiment - to act my part in
the dull slow tragedy of reality! -

* * * * *
(Be thankful! These asterisks indicate the
elimination of fully four pages of melancholy
meditation, - they mark the graveyard, as
it were, of a throng of sinful and rebellious
ideas, executed by my consideration for you.)

Shortly before you were here, my friend Pen.
of Milwaukee returned hither. Just after your
departure, I met him and another member of
our coterie, and was greeted with
"What in the World, the Flesh, or the Devil
has become of you lately? We haven't seen
you for an age."

I have been employed about as pleasantly
as I have ever been in this world."

"At what?"

"Talking to M.C.S."

Now this reply does not seem endowed with
any especial magic or electric potency; yet its
effect was quite remarkable. My second-
friend - an amateur harlequin, - seemed sud-
denly impelled to a somersault, and there
was a vociferous concert of cachinnatory and
verbal division:

"Oh, what sublime consistency! Never would
go again! A fine fellow to keep you!" etc, etc.

I viewed them with a placid surprise and
advanced no explanation, until they had
utterly exhausted their faculties for mockery.
Then, at my suggestion that a permutation
of initials was, perhaps, possible, they real-
ized that it was "somebody else."

Said Pen, however, associatively re-
vived my interest in M.C.S. and M.C.D.,
that I have again exchanged letters with
the former and called twice on the latter,
maintaining that "you are but breath and
breath a vapor is", naturally dispelled by
spring sunshine.

Her "ethereal mildness" - M.C.D. thinks

8 P. M.



Mrs. Mary D. Gibson,
Versailles
Ky.



relapsed to my previous isolation and desolation. — I am not of "the Gentiles carried away to these dumb idols."

To recur (as my thought has a confirmed habit of doing) to Douie, — I am already nervously half-repentant for the tincture of impertinence in my previous paragraph touching her. It is remarkable how my captiousness wanes, away from her, — as remarkable as the impossibility of my repressing it when with her. — (By-the-by, let me express my acknowledgment of a phrase of your ingenuity, with which I had not accredited you, until I felt its effect in a phrase of yours, pertinent just here.) — I would glad to delineate whole firmaments of asterisks for her, could I be assured, that she would always ^{be} "quite pleased" therewith — and that she would fill out my folios with the imagined impote adequate

New Albany Ind.

May 11th, 1847.

Dear Cousin Mary,

The difference between the dates of your letter and this, is, I assure you, only another evidence of consideration on my part. Feeling that the commencement of a letter to you would inevitably result in not only the resurrection of those immolated ideas but a new swarm of their kindred — aqure demons — (for they have been, in my brain, like musquitos in an old cistern in the summer) — I have waited for their sarcophagi of resolve to harden, like the sepulcher of Embord, so that I might then be able to repress the rising generation and write without their melancholy interference.

I am glad that you evince so^{me} contribution as to "the St. Louis witch"; but I fear that my forfeiture of her grace has been complete.

Her mother was here some weeks since, but gave me no tidings of her. I have already transgressed my private rules and regulations, in writing to her twice, and can now only rest in obyanance to her or Fate or Chance or whatever extraneous agency, if any, shall first affect our "status quo."

Enclose for Louie — if Her Exalted Squamishness will deign to look upon it — a rough sketch of a nightmare (Etymology directs the word of equine suggestion) which troubled me lately, superinduced, I suppose, by your gratifying information that she was pleased with my cenotaphic asterisks, and my inherent though desperate desire to effect her pleasure. — I hope her appreciation of these elaborated asterisks will be as pleasant.

I have almost adopted the conclusion, that
"The enamoured youth, whose flaming breast
Makes goddesses and angels all,
In contemplation finds no rest,
For all his joys are skeptical;"

and am tempted to reverse my transcendental creed, — instead of believing you all divine and sorrowing (continually) for proven exceptions, to placidly yield to the conviction that you are all utterly heterogeneous and so enable myself to rejoice in any rare divinity among you. — "Ephraim shall say, 'What have I to do any more with idols?'" —

And Ephraim can "say" it verily now, in another bearing. He suffers the consequence in being "let alone" but he is certainly not "joined to his idols" — not, at least as you conjecture: — I called on Miss M. once more, quarreled delightfully, proved myself an utterly irrepressible and inexhaustible talker, and — had to run to catch the last train that night! With Miss Fora M. Timsey's excuse, however, I have refrained from going again. — To M.B.P., in accordance with her request, I sent — a month ago — that old suppressed lecture, of the effect of which I have as yet no information. — In short, I have virtually

I am sorry that I cannot manifest a
duly rapturous appreciation of the high distinction
that I am "a talented fellow." I have, in
deed, ceased to find solace in the assurance
(which is not new), for it does not remedy,
the deplorable fact, that my "talents" are not
current (at least in the broad market). They
are of an obsolete coinage and serve only to en-
rich a "sort of" mental museum, where, though,
being "quaint and curious", they elicit an ample
tribute of admiration, they produce no ma-
terial income. — True, they are of pure
gold and might be recoined; but I have
no dies of the current form; and there seems
to be no demand for bullion. Cousin East
ought to know that talents have long been
"demonetized" and are not easily convertible
into dollars.

Pardon me that this letter does not

to so please her, and send them back to me. —
If such be the most effectual expression of
consideration, "my eager meanings" shall cease
their Scavian flights and try
"To make themselves a part of her delight,"
by becoming, like Castor and Pollux, — asterisks!
Her manifest pleasure I have found to be
such an infeasible conception, that I have
sometimes been impelled to eradicate, from a-
mong my motives, the vain idea and desire
thereof; but the faintest inkling of realization
suffices to restore them in full force. —

Recognize in my thought of renunciation,
around above, the ghost of one of those buried
under the asterisks. It must be "laid." The
abolition of ideal goddesses would, it is true,
preclude all future disappointments; but would
it not be in itself simply the foreclosure of
all possibilities of disappointment? Should not
the subjective effect — the inner desolation — in-

olve the preclusion, too, of all human happiness — human happiness; the whole meaning of which I once epitomized in "glad expectancy"? Would it not be taking at one gulp the poison, which, in minute doses, distributed through the years, might prove beneficial? — I recant my renunciation and will still "seek to the idols and to the charms," emphatically so when I "recur" as above.

That reminds me of a promise to send you a copy of a rhyme — which I enclose. Understand, however, that it is not to be regarded as a sample. I am perfectly aware that those "oaken doors" will give much readier access to any Jack Ketch of a critic than to "sunrays".

While I think of it, let me remind you, that, shortly after you were here, I wrote you a quite long letter, only the receipt of which has been as yet acknowledged, though it did somewhat exceptionally demand reply. Were the gentle intentions which prompted it or only

all the accidentally-malign possibilities of interpretation, realized?

I have a great notion to follow up your suggestion that I ought to have one of Cousin Sally's pictures. I wonder if the very impudence of my asking for one, would not, in its sublimity, insure success.

I do most heartily congratulate you upon the reputation of my predictions as to the parlor. I shrewdly conjecture, however, that the Princess had in view some affair that made requisite the clearance of the room and therefore usurped authority.

You do not mention Cousin Sarah's being in Ky. I heard that she returned southward at about the date of your letter. Was my information correct?

He is still progressing splendidly. He was invited by the Indiana Medical Society, in session last week, to teach them his surgical processes; made his demonstrations before them; and was rewarded with a vote of thanks and honorary membership.

prove any good effect of your (and M.P.P.'s.)
advice to "quit dreaming." When fact affords
me no pleasant theme, I think my draw-
ing upon my inexhaustible dream-store, is
venial; and verily I have no pleasant
facts to write about now. I wish not to
deviate from my successful "consideration",
by writing of things unpleasant, and so
have been necessarily as dreamy as ever.

Please remember and respect my abhorrence
of postal-cards; yet do not deny me evidence
that the genuine pleasure with which I
read your letters, (especially such as your
last) is appreciated.

I hope to learn soon that the cure of
Duncan's eye is confirmed.

I may be able to write a more "matter-
of-fact" and less doleful letter, even quite
soon. Secure the rarity.

With love for all, I am

As always truly yours,
Hart Vance.

P.S. As you did not get my reply to your note of March 21st, I may repeat my request for an explanation of your demand for "plain English" on my part and the implication that my previous letter was not in the language so called. What was the incomprehensible portion of that letter. Give me a chance to translate.



Mrs. Herb Gibson
Parsailles.

Woodford County,
Kentucky.

Qah Forest June 4th 1877.

Dear Mary,

At last I have received an answer to my letter, written so long ago that I had almost forgotten that you were indebted to me. - but I was glad to hear from you so we will not squabble over our indebtedness - My mother & I have much time or inclination to write to any one now -

The children are perfectly well and we think have improved very much we all think Nettie is getting very fleshy and growing taller and broader -

Bibbie is perfectly well and has certainly gained flesh and freckles - They are singing and shouting all day and seem very happy, but still they take a great deal of fall at home and -

When expressed themselves as being quite impatient to return - they are the best little bodies I ever saw - none still a moment

Mattie is a splendid child - I don't know
if she is not your big child - We all
admire and love her very much - She
is a child of unusual strength of mind
and character and has an affectionate
sweet disposition - is a little imperious
in her manner, but not at all unkind
and she is very conventional and
just - It is really amusing to see her
anxiety about Bidie - She often exclaims
desperately "I never will go any place
again in charge of Bidie or any boy"
Bidie is full of life and does tease
Mattie some times, but they are very
fond of each other - Mattie stays
with Lucy and Bidie with me -
We have them both up every morning
at six o'clock - I always give Bidie
his bath & Mattie bathes herself - At
seven we breakfast - At half past
eight, Lucy, Sallie and Joe go into
School and stay until dinner at two
Mattie practices her music in her room
gets her lessons (irregularly) and runs

around and helps me - At twelve
 they have bread & butter lunch, nothing
 more - at two we dine and just before
 dusk the children eat a plate of flat
 with a slice of bread & butter, jam, molasses
 or some such treat - I'm thinking we
 all notice, if they eat their supper
 late they always talk in their sleep
 when they eat a light supper early, they
 sleep perfectly quietly - As talking, day
 or night man - At eight, which is now
 just a little after dark they go to bed -

I know how anxious you are to see
 the children and how delighted they will
 be to get home - Still I believe they would
 get along very well here all summer -

Until within the last few days the weather
 has been delightfully cool - The mornings
 and evenings cool enough for fires -

This morning I had the Wenders and
 Judds just away up stairs, but the
 blankets and comforts are still on the
 beds - the weather is not uncomfortable
 even in the middle of the day -

I wrote to you about taking the children up
with her the middle of this month, but the
baby has just taken the whooping cough
and you may not be willing to take the
risk of taking it - although it is
the most favorable season for it -

We had rather decided to go up this
summer, but a draft on Mr Guistad
for a small amount was not paid
for "want of funds", so I suppose we
will have to stay at home - I do not
understand how it is that we have spent
three thousand dollars the last six
months, I wrote and asked Mack to look
over my accounts for me, but I suppose
he is so much worried about his own
business that he really could not do it.
Have you seen anything of my bank
book? I think I gave it to Mack to take
for me last summer when we were
starting to Chicago - that you look over
for it for me -

I do hope Mack will be able to sell off enough
of the farm to pay the 3000 debt
and be a free man once more -
It will be such a relief to you all -

I see the whole plan³ is adopted to be sold
that month and can't help feeling a
little uneasiness but it should be a good
sale - but I must not - I have been
through all his troubles and know how
much they are to bear and how little
consolation we get even from those from
whom we have a right to expect it -
Ours misfortunes seem unclear me to
any body, but prosperity does exert wonderful
attractions to those around us - Happily
there are many exceptions to every rule -
and there are heads that can even
withstand adversity - and you, Mary,
are one of the few exceptions. I say this
in all sincerity, not merely to compliment
for you have your faults like the rest of
us - but you are not one to forsake an
unfortunate, whom you love -

I am very glad you account of Sam
I always discouraged you in your desire
that Dr Backus operate on his eye, but
hope in the end all will be right - Does
Duncan feel hopeful?

I suppose your Mother and Sely will
soon be going to Illinois and we hear

these will attend their trip to New York
I will not be anxious about the
children I will take good care of them
and should they get sick will despatch
you promptly - but if they get sick down
here

As soon as Lady's day is over I am going
to Philadelphia to see the husband's last statement
of my account and get him
to see what he says and see what
is the matter that we can't get any
money

He has been in a few days but
does not seem to be enjoying his visit very
much - He wears a blue coat - He seems in
better health with spirits than when I saw
him last - I don't know how she and
Brad are getting along -

The business which with us on Thursday
on Wednesday evening they give a smasher
party to which the world need is imper
invited - Mr. Bissland's had a large party
last week - Henry McWilliam died about
a month ago - I write sometimes -

SPECIAL AGENCY OF

The American Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia.

THOS. C. TIMBERLAKE.
Special Agent.

Louisville, June 18th 1877

Dear Cousin Mary

I have just returned home from Tennessee and find your letter of 13th awaiting my attention. I am greatly distressed at your trouble, and assure that it will afford me the greatest pleasure to aid you in any way that I can, but the time is very short between the time of sale, and as Mr Gibson told me in Lexington that he had seen Rev Lynn the Loan Agents and would have no difficulty in arranging a loan I supposed all had been arranged satisfactorily. He writes me at once in regard to these parties making the loan; for I might have some influence with them. It is impossible to get any money here from individuals, the Corporations offer the only opportunity. I write in haste to catch the mail. - Affectionately
Thos. C. Timberlake



"On the Hill," August 19th 77.

"The last shall be first"

The distillery, of which I have charge, is a small thing and the proprietor, financially considered, is even a smaller. His means are inadequate to his business. He is obliged to sell his spirits in bond and obtain advances to pay the tax. Yet he is, I believe, about as "well off" as any one in the neighborhood.

I am sorry that I am not free to, at least, make an effort to aid you, but I cannot leave my charge here on any day but Sunday.

I will answer your "first which shall be last," within a day or two.

Truly Yours,

Hart Vance.

My Valentine.

(1875)

Sweetheart, how the years are going,
While I seek for thee in vain! —
While I peer into all glowing
Aspects that thy likeness feign! —
While I feel within me, growing
Stronger than my soul, the pain,
Pain of want and pain of knowing
Of the years still fraught with lane!
Fair Sweetheart, art thou waiting
Still beyond these years for me, —
Waiting till I come for mating,
From their bale and burden free?
Wouldst thou bless me, with elating
Promise of the bliss to be,
All these troublous chances frightening —
Promise that I cannot see?

Sun-rays sometimes through the oaken
Doors of every prison shine,
Why should my life have no token
Of its light withheld in thine?
Though between us naught be spoken,
Oh! by some sweet spirit-sign,
Tell me that I have not broken
Aught that holds thy life to mine!
Phantom! phantom! (Must I ever
Call thee thus?) oh! have I wrought
Any evil that must sever
Thee and me — in deed or thought?
Sweetheart, darling, must thou never
Stir within my being ought
More than song — this rapture-fever
Burning out my heart for naught?

CAMPBELLSBURG
AUG
8



Mrs. Mary D. Gibson,
Versailles

Ky.

ful, I believe, even than yours, but
"Thought is a good unshared, and there
are none" —

vixily none near me to share it, and,
therefore, it is but a stimulus to vain
sensibilities, — or else I have lost the
boy's faculty of catching

"Chimps of Eden under sun-touched leaves"
and only the regretful memory of the
past capacity is stored within me.

To those here, the woods are a rote
that has lost its meaning, like the
creeds of the World to their adherents.
I find very little congeniality, except in
a very crude state. I touch them only
in some of their primitive sports, in
which my profitless genius, of course, dis-
tinguishes me. At a rifle-match last
Saturday my first shot won first prize,

"I'll roar you, an' 'twere any sucking dove."

"Quid est Charitas?"
"Cagna raritas."

I wish I had some red ink! It would
be so much more appropriate than this,
to the tone of my motive in writing. There
is an intensity, a sanguinary fierceness in
carmine, that would supply the inadequacy
of my words to express the vehemence of
my indignation. —

But I stray from my text. — Despite
my boast of clairvoyance, I acknowledge
that you puzzle me. I cannot comprehend
how you were perfectly willing — sometimes
seemingly eager (as on the Saturday when
I rode to Lexington for nothing) — to talk
with me or rather to me for 16 or 18 hours
at a stretch, and yet can lack inclination
to write to me, for a small fraction of
such time. Since there can be nothing in

my mere animal presence to enhance the charm of my conversational faculties; what in the world can make my unready tongue so much more effectual in eliciting responses than my perfectly ready pen?

Sympathetic, condolent, cheering, when I am with you, you afflict me with a virtually utter disregard, when I can only exert my literary ability in seeking your kindness. What strange compound of motives was it that made you so good to me at Hartland, yet does not suffice to make you delight me now with half-an-hour's labor? Was my manifest plight, when there, so pitiable as to irresistibly excite your compassion? Is my plight less pitiable now, or are your sympathies so dulled by distance, that it has grown indifferent to you?

You even denied me the pleasure of telling the better news that I anguished when I wrote to you last. I was engaged

then in the rather absurd-seeming project of seeking a City office through a Democratic Council, but my college experience helped me and I was elected City Engineer — rather to the astonishment, I think, even of the men who elected me.

I had scarcely gotten well ago in my functions, however, when I, also, was surprised by orders to duty as a Government officer and — here I am in consequence.

The distillery, my charge, is situated in a pretty but malarious valley, eight miles from Campbellburg, Washington County, Indiana (my address). Because of the miasma, I board and lodge on the hills — pshaw! hill, I mean — and, with a pleasant sense of safety, I see, as I descend every morning, the white wraith of the nocturnal malady creeping upon the hillsides, as if in search of its missed victim, me.

The woods are beautiful — more beauti-

I have not abused you half as much as I meant; but, if you prove by longer neglect, that your kindness to me was merely a delusive and sequelless whim, I will gather all the ova of my thought and set them under a "brooding sense of wrong" to be hatched into winged vengeance. — In other words, please write to me soon. I am very thirsty for the vital wine of tidings — thence!

I am very lonely here — see much but take part in little. I am, indeed, only, as it were, a spectator even of my own feats. — So there will be no danger that your epistolary kindness will miss appreciation.

With love for all,

As Always Yours,

Walter Pance.

August 7th, 1877

Ed. Pagan seems to be
very generous to business
men, from activity of
hope, from moralistic
about any, detection
as to a disposition of
them. But, your act
me me, how best
to get rid of them?

and a tipsy fellow exclaimed, "Can't we find anybody that can beat this man at anything?" — At foot-racing, shooting, and everything distinctively rural, that requires quickness or skill rather than strength, I had uniformly excelled. — By-the-by, I find very notable, not only in myself but in my competitors, a fact, not at all rare or peculiar yet of a wider significance, I think, than is generally attributed to it, — in a match we seldom shoot so well as in more practice. — I can run much faster without an object than I can in a set race. — The thoughtless ease and equipoise probable in the less important cases greatly enhances success. — In an analogical phase of the truth, I see a refutation of a grove libel uttered by Milton in his vision of *The Lure*,

"Man

Her whom he wishes, most shall seldom gain,
Through her perversity."

May not the truth, of which he makes
this a prophecy, be the same that I have
noted in a minor matter? The fact which
he states is undoubtedly true, but is the
reason, which he ascribes, so? Is the suitors
failure not due rather to his own too
great care, than to "her perversity"? In my
slight experience with girls, I have found
my success in inverse ratio to my earnest-
ness. With those toward whom my feelings
approximated indifference, I have never
failed to ingratiate myself, because in my
carelessness I fitted myself to their liking.
With those whose favor I sincerely sought
I have always clashed, — because I was true.
To the former I could lie with facility,
because it was all in fun at any rate.
Between the latter and me rises conscience
and no jot of truth can be abated, though,
like a word among the Alps, it may start

an impending fate. — And my experience
"goes to prove," that, now as of old, a woman
loves a lie, even as impersonated by a
man, only less than she abhors the truth.
— But that is not what I was "going to
prove"; is it? — May be Milton was
right after all. — He would have been
more or nearer so, if his expression had
been better however. He evidently meant
— "shall often miss

Through her perversity"

and might as well have so written. —
Set there was some cause for my miss-
ing the target's centre, that may be the
cause of my missing the girl; and the
target cannot be called perverse; — it is
perfectly passive. Despite the above in-
advertent lapse of my argument, I sin-
cerely deem Woman virtually free from
blame in the wrong.

Miss M.S.D. has been in Versailles
of late. I hope you have seen her, if
but to realize the overactivity of my taste.



Mrs. Hart Gibson
Versailles
Ky

Oak Forest
Tigerville June
29th 1877

My Dear Mama -
You do not know
how glad I will be ^{to} get home, after
so many long, long, months at Oak-
Forest.

Hartland, is sold who in the
name of goodness brought it, I
would like to know, I hate a
certain person, and hate the very
ground he stands on and every
thing he touches, and he that
man who pretends to be a gent-
le man. No never do I intend
to tell him, Mr H Y Duncan
uncle no never, he is the very
most influential Grandpa
that man that gongle tight
story teller no. there is poor Grand-

ma and Aunt Lily cant get
a thing with out that and dis-
ow men must say no. I could
"pull him him from him the
Bawcall."

I have gotten a very nice pair
of shoes down in Ypsville and I
will not get a pair in the
city.

You say I have never told
you whether I had received the money
you sent. I have received the money
and have told you in my letter
to Aunt Lily in which I had
told her that what she sent
me and yours made eight dollars
As I have to send a letter to
Lulu and will not have
time to write any more. So good
by your loving child

Wittie Gibson



Mr. Arch Gibson
Parisville
Madison County
Kentucky

Lie Erik Roast
the March 29th 1877

Dear Mama

I received your letter day
before yesterday and Sunday.
When you ~~sent~~ one Wright sent Wright to Biddy
and I on the same paper. He when he got
Sunday's letter he said it would ~~be~~ mine.
What are you going to do about that? I
you have will get another piece like it now I
don't sit much down here and you will be going
Wright where Uncle Lee will be.
Why are you going to ~~let~~ keep the tie Aunt Mary
sent me and if it is ~~old~~ what use have you
with it unless you give it to Sister and I
don't think that will be fair Cousin Lucy
says I might want it with my ~~white~~
dress. Cousin Sallie says if Uncle Lee was
fixed she would take me with her to the
city. What did you think I would go
in a boat by my ~~self~~ why Cousin Lucy and
Miss Julia and not Cousin Sallie and all

the Hares don't you think ~~to~~ ~~there~~
are gone. and we all were going fishing
a gain but some broke the garage so
we could not go. I bathed very
and it is ~~for~~ ~~best~~ ~~way~~ I bathed very
morning of the world. have you sent
some suits of clothes for Betsy for her
gray suit is ruined.

Why don't Sister and Buddie Wright
I was just going to ask you
you ~~me~~ ~~try~~ ~~letter~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~ ~~last~~
you wrote that Aunt
Mary had sent one.

Who am I to come home
with not with my's lot
no and a Baby that
will ~~be~~ the whole
at time we are in the
less no sir had no my
to ~~come~~ down with Aunt
Sara and have to pay 80 to come
Aunt Sara had to pay me off for
7 years old and Betsy 4 but the board
Kates want to make us pay whole price

that's why she had to tell a story
about me one of the men said it's she
was a Sushen & Lady he would not
no pay. I am in ^{need} of things to wear
till Buddie he can come down
and take me home I will
be Giddy.

Love to all your
devotingly Mittie



Mrs. H. Gibson

Livingston

Care of H. Gibson Esq. Livingston



and will need it
Send me a kite
to we have some
five days for a kite
wright even if you
dont get an answer
send me some sam-
ps I dont see to ask
my one for them now
Kiss Buddie and the
little Schuller for
me. I dont even
Buddie a child.
wright soon.
Must Biddy get on
for my part I dont
She is gentle from

Live Oak Forest
April 11th 1877

Dear Mama
I have no ^{news} from
you all for two or three days
What has been the matter.
how is Buddie eye when
will it be well. You wright
let for him.
We are well Biddy is getting
homesick so he wants to come
home. Where is Papa going
to get money to come
down on...

Aunt Mary wrote to Aunt - given me a wallet full
Sarah saying to come in and the bird of paradise it
make her a visit but it's very nice it's the
she is not going. ~~the~~ fashionable wallet do they
have she will come play it in Lexington.
out with Cousin Sallie. Sallie Flanddoo has
by the way I have a new the Mumps.
Cousin Sallie - tell Dannie I want
Flanddoo. are you going ^{my} ^{to} visit to me.
to let the maes her a Cousin Joe wrote to
visit. but I think Sister yesterday and
that had better be so full I.
dissolved when I I have received the
get home. which think send my
seems like it will never follow and tie.
be. Cousin dney gives me we are all are going
Mudac lessons she has to see the Hares soon

Mrs. Mary D. Libson,
Parisville
Woodford County Ky.



Genl Vance.




New Albany, Ind

Through the world's pretenses,

Money's the metaphysic sense -

The real substance of the shanties.





New Albany Ind.
October 8th, 1877.

Give us if bin.

Clairvoyant.



Mrs Hart - Gibson

Nevilles

Woodford Co

Ky

D. W. Vandell, M. D.

No. 266 WEST CHESTNUT,

LOUISVILLE.

Louisville Ky

August 2nd 1877

Dear Cousin,

Enclosed find
P. O. Key which I find to give
to Luncan, I got home last night
all safe. Trunk ~~all~~ all.

Have been hard at work
since early this morning fitting
Braces, The doctor was not
very mad at my staying so
long, and ^{I am} sorry I don't stay
longer with you. you did me
good, was very blue when I got
to Mid way, thought of turning back
I will be very busy for some
time, downword that has accumulated
while I was away,

I found Beatey quite unwell, look-
ing very badly. wish she could be with
you for awhile. sorry I don't take
her with me, But couldn't have done
it very well, will make Cousin
Louie's shoes as soon as possible,
tell her she had better follow the

advice I gave her. If you see
Cousin Nanna soon tell her I
will send the new Book very
soon, and when you write to me
or Mother tell ^{me} whether you think
she will let ~~her~~ have it or not.

Tell Duncan to write to
me, you don't know how much
good it does a fellow to get
a letter, makes him feel like
he had some friends.

I will see about the books
for you, and the cooking
stove for Cousin Hart soon
and write, kiss them all
round for me, and don't
forget poor Cousin,

App.



Mrs. Mary D. Gibson,
Versailles

Woodford County Ky

placating your beneficence, and you return
a warning. I write to M.E.D., without
any mocking tone — tenderly and grateful-
ly in expression and confirmation of our
restored friendship; and she replies half
angry, avowing that my letter was rife
with "smears and sarcasms"! If I utter
any ill feeling, no matter in what tone,
there arises no doubt as to its sincerity;
but expressions of affection, of course, are
silly! — Is it impossible in any way
to create in a woman any faith in good?
Why should I be held incapable of
genuine kindness, and yet accredited
with such effective animosities? Am I
necessarily another misanthrope, because
I sometimes sting (even stone-walls) in
a wanton indulgence of power? — Con-
tempt is the surface, in my regard, of the
natural element of all humanity, destitute
of the wings wherewith to rise into my esteem
or love. None walk dignified with my hatred

August 30th, 1857.

Dear Cousin Mary,

I am sorry that
I monopolize the epistolary faculty of
"The Family and Connection." "Joy-
flies monopolists" surely, though they
be involuntarily such. I would cheer-
fully yield the palm to one who would
prove a title to it, in reciprocating my
letters. It is a barren honor to know
that I write readily and well, when
it is compared with the ideal plan
of receiving like for like. How much
better it would have been, could you
have realized with a hissing pen your
"savage" willingness to "accommodate"
me in my supposititious desire for a
fight. "Pity 'tis" that your belligerent ideas
should suffer the atrophy which will prob-

ably occur, before I can be stricken with them in conversation. Pardon my suggesting that a chapter of the volume of your thoughts would have been better than the useless statement that it is impossible to write all that you would say. Even a mere index of the alleged "innuendoes" in my letters, might have led to satisfactory explanations, for I can explain by letter about as well as "in person." (By the bye I would be willing to make a wager, that if I were to come to Hartland to-morrow, it would be a month before these innuendoes would be discussed, and then only as the consequence of a persistent demand on my part for a revision of my letters. N.B. I do not mean to imply that you would be silent.)

I asserted your eagerness to talk with me as deliberately as you have sometimes pinched a drowsy baby to make it con-

scious of a kiss. But the baby is often ill-humored enough to repel the kiss in resentment for the pinch, and — The occasion, to which I referred, was the last Saturday on which I was at Hartland.

The essential excellence of my letters lies in the fact that I "look into my heart and write," instead of merely commenting on a death or unmanageable superabundance of them. Doing this entails no care as to volume or policy. (My implied criticism of your epistle refers merely to its acknowledged insufficiency as a reply to mine.) In itself independently it is simple and is, I assure you, gratefully appreciated. So confine your indignation to its legitimate bounds.)

You all puzzle me! I write to you, mockingly assuming, it is true, a tone of reproach but, in very evident reality, sup-

route of the system. Through such a draught our prosperity ebbed away.

But philosophical generalization is a poor kind of consolation — to some, those who rather feel how it is than long to know why it is. — Condolence, at best, is a poor offering. Remedy is so much better, and I have none to give, unless it be possible to derive from my example, even to say, "Let it be so. It cannot affect me. I — I subsist beyond the scope of such mischance." There is a pride that can make such a saying truth.

I am sorry that I have no chance of being even the vehicle of some aid to you. If it were possible for me to get away, I would certainly try to get some money, despite my discouraging experience last winter. Just here there is no chance.

(for hatred is an absolute proof of the hated inferiority. — Dr. Johnson was a fool in many respects.) Those, forfeiting my love, lose their wings, and drop out of sight into my disregard. — Heigho! How I wonder! — In what originates this feminine propensity to note the ill and ignore the good (in me at least)? I wonder if it be because I like it better. — I certainly do not like to be praised — at any rate in general terms. — You say that Ap is "lovely"; you said the same of me; yet Ap and I are utterly dissimilar. If eagerness and faintness be synonymous, you "damn" with such faint praise. Any sincere, spontaneous eulogy must be descriptive. — I would far rather have one question answered or one suggestion discussed, as I would answer or discuss, than to be told the trite truths, that I am "talented," that I have in myself the rudiments of a

great lawyer, that I am "lovely" (sometimes), that my teeth are white, that I am "so wise!" etc. — There is more praise in the recognition of one thought or the reciprocation of one kindly feeling, than in all the adjectives of laudation with which a name was ever bedecked.

Away I have gone again! No, I do not like to be praised in the common way, but I like less to bear blame for wrongs that originate in the misdescription of the innocent. — I am puzzled by the seeming inadequacy of my powers of expression ^{to convey} the good in my will to the apprehension of others.

Can even impeach the proven good in me. With glaring precedents in every generation of my ancestry but one, the latest, with examples wherever our blood is shared, I have thus far holden myself free from the "certain bad habit," of which you admonish me, — through ex-

posed to constant opportunity and suggestion. And still you cry "Beware, Beware!" with no possibility of effect, unless to make me afraid, like a child "boo bood," in the dark, of the temptation to which I have hitherto been utterly indifferent. You should remember that fear is the natural precedent of surrender. — A glass of the best whiskey is regularly offered to me twice a day, and I have a thousand gallons in my immediate charge, yet your words brought its first suggestion to my mind, that there was a possibility of my drinking.

Truly that "vital wine" has turned toward vinegar. We are all suffering our share in the retributive healing of the South's deep disease. The extravasation of any long neglected morbid humor creates always an enfeebling, often a fatal draught on the power cur-

what I had deemed but a poet's
fabulous fancy of pain, I remem-
bered the story of the humorist of
the Detroit Free Press and won-
dered if a great blow might not,
as in his case, have wrought in the
Princess' brain some happy revolution
of which I might be a beneficiary.
I am afraid to express distinctly
the real wish of sorrow that I felt.

I suppose the episode in which you
took part was the finale of "my first love."

Mrs. G. writes to me very affectionately, but
she is as ignorant of her daughter as I
was. ~~She~~ ^{She} has dropped me again.

I suppose, because I did not see my
little "stom" at her satisfactorily.

And so your desultory evidences of re-
membrance and M.C.G.'s vexing mis-
interpretations (that I still eagerly incur)
are my only tributes from the World.

My stay here is, I suppose, depend

I have received from Cousin Lucy, through
Aunt and Beauty, information that "her
hands are getting hard, tanned, and
freckled, for want of the gloves which
I promised to send her." You can bear
witness that the gloves were knit elaborately
and almost completely, when they
were abandoned with the impression that
communication had been cut off between
us forever. It seemed to me folly to send
the more substantial work of my hands
after my numerous last letters. I have now,
however, sent for my knitting and hope soon
to dispatch the gloves. I am sorry for
her hands, but had they fulfilled her
promise to write me certain information,
they would not have suffered through
any dereliction of mine.

I have, at least, given "the Saw" a
substitute. Burton is studying with

Gen. Carlton. May be some time
— after a while — I shall be free to
dig up my buried "talent" and begin
my life. Now I cannot "go into the
practice of law." It may ^{not} need ~~any~~
money, but I do. I had, in my
education, a share of our gone fortunes,
which my brothers missed. They shall
come abreast with me, even if I
must but "stand and wait."

For what did you owe me
thorns without a rose?

With any usual luck I seem to
have proven a public evil, in introducing
the "epidemic." — Phaw! it never
was in Fayette! — Despite the rather
rough "going over" that I gave him
was, I heartily sympathize with Joe.
I have nearly enough felt it myself,
to realize the pathos that he finds in the
words, "Thou art so near and yet so
far."

You are one of the most injudicious
laughers I ever knew. Here I have
been repressing myself, with a purpose
which you pretended to approve; and
there you imperil my whole aim, mere-
ly because you cannot repress a sudden
viscosity. — The echo at least was a de-
lightful evidence of the development of
wisdom under difficulties; and annuls
your incautiousness; but still you
should not have done so.

No; I am afraid that you have
not abused me badly as much as I
desire; for I believe that I deserve the
good office of "delegation," which you
promised to perform for me.

I became conscious, a little while ago,
of veritable heartstrings — in having them
wrenched —; but Fogin speculated con-
cerning a spider's web while sentence was
passed upon him, and so I, in the
midst of this realization in myself of

Again! — My reverie is full of
saddies and my stroke is too lazy to
keep me free of them, — wherefore I
will climb out again on the rough
shore of reality, — there not, less than
in my dreamy floatings,

Gratefully and Truly Yours
Wm. Vance.

P.S. ^{Aug 22} — Want of an opportunity
to send to the mail, has kept both
this and my note of the 19th thus

entirely on the distiller's plans and in-
tentions — that is, I will probably
remain as long as he operates, and his
continuing to operate is dependent on his
ability to make it profitable. — For
me it is a very unpleasant business
and only the pay attaches me to it.

I hope Prof. Byford's address con-
vinced you that Science was, at least,
beginning to discover some of the evils
in female education, toward my de-
nunciations of which you had been
so skeptical. Prof. B. (being probably
not so young and ardent as I. I. has not,
however, found the worst of which board-
ing schools are the source. — Many
penitentiaries and many worse institutions
are peopled through the agency of boarding
schools and — corsets.

I envy some new "Somebody" his task

of mending the Hammock. Such pleasant memories of mine are woven with its meshes, that I feel it almost a trespass, that any other fingers than mine should work among them.

My prize at the shooting match was a — ham.

Were the books which I lent Mrs. Dwight returned to Sumner's Forest? Do you know?

Unless the mails have miscarried, my account with Mrs. Powell has certainly been square for some time.

I hope that your "clauvogue" state has recurred and that the impulse will endure until realized in an early reply to this rambling document. Few things would delight me more than to give you an opportunity of devoting "at the least about twelve hours" to telling me the "so much that you have to tell but cannot write about."

Can you not possibly impart the talk of an hour or two to paper?

I would regret greatly a failure of the probability that you would see M.C.D. I had set my heart — otherwise my capacities for amusement, on the meeting.

Consider at the southern limit of my view, one bare branch stretches up, from rich volumes of dark green foliage, into the darkening blue void, symbolizing, in my mind, the supreme aspiration of a life, forever vain, forever reaching toward the vacant spaces of human possibility — up from the shadows of circumstance and the mutations of earthly season. Should these dead summits of the trees of youthful hope and ambition be cut away, as sapless cumberous of the living stem? My soul has her nest among them.

wise a drawback, too, if there be any truth
in my apostrophe above — or the experience
of which it is a paraphrase. — But that
is not what I meant to tell him chiefly.
— That lapsus stili in A — V
has dissipated my epigram. — It was
something about titles — that he ought to
study; — but I must wait the recovery
of apt expression.

I am replete with things that I would
like to tell you, but I seem so unfortu-
nately unable to write comprehensibly, that
I shrink discouraged from the effort of
communication. Sometime, perchance,
I can, with the aid of eye and gesture
~~and tone, succeed in conveying something~~
of my simple yet seemingly inscrutable
meanings.

With love for all, as ever truly yours,
Walt Vance.

O lawless, incalculable, marvelous
Mind of Woman! what limit is there
to your power of transmutation? Things
base and dull are made radiant and
rich through the alchemy of your inexpli-
cable admiration. Lives, all aglow with
stray gleams from Heaven, are merged
and quenched in the shadows of your
incapacities. Truth is practically a
wrong in your doctrines. Evil has charms
that make the infidel potent in tenure
of your favor. — He is but a dullard
who is bound by any monotonously con-
sistent principles, — except, perhaps, a con-
stant impulse to personate your varying
desire. — Seeming the Prime Minister
of God; you yet represent but His mercy
(as it is conceived by those who need it)
supplementing, as it were, the beneficence
of His justice. — You compensate with you

grace those who have lost His judicial
approbation. — And then, of course, it behoves
you to practically reprehend those who have
not incurred his condemnation, because, I
suppose, they injure your beneficiaries, with
the suggestion of "odious comparisons." —
You make good and evil indifferent — nay,
you make evil preferable, for you are nearer
and dearer than God, O mystic Maid
of Wampan!

Now, M.D.S., verify, as an exemplar,
this trade, by deeming it personal! —
Sarcastically tax me for gratitude for a dis-
pensation that makes it possible for me
to gain "grace." Do what you will, but
do not ^{else} declare that you have little
to do with the above cynical outbreak. In-
deed I did not force more than half
a page of it, and its only suggestion in
connection with you, was your retort
about "vinegar." I expressed, in my metaphor,
the sorrowful truth that the "tidings" in your

last letter were not exhilarating nor com-
forting; and, mercilessly misconstruing,
you make your reply an intensified "dose"
of the "vinegar" which you pretend to think
I meant.

That "cedar chip" has proven typical
of myself, — apparently, a plain thing
inscribed with utterly irrelevant "hier-
oglyphics", and yet — But you are not
Archimedes. — Specific gravity is, of course,
an unknown quality to you, — whether it be
of matter or humanity. ("You" means woman-
kind again.) The golden imports of the
chip and me might lie in your hand
forever unrealized and unrecognized.

Tell Amerigo Vespucci — tell
Al Pance, I mean, (Initials and analog-
ies confuse me.) — tell Al that I fear
the case of the suspensory apparatus
limited his success in a certain ingenious
process which seems apt to become habitua-
l. A multiplication of roles makes a trans-
mel. of inherent goodness, — which is other



Mrs Mary D. Gibson

Fayetteville

Woodford County

R.

THOS. C. TIM
Gen'l Agent and
176 MAIN STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.



*Mr. Nath Gibson
Versailles
Ky*

Established 1853.

THOS. C. TIMBERLAKE,
General Insurance Agent & Adjuster,
MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,

Louisville, Dec 31 1877

Dear Cousin Mary

Your letter of 28th ultimo reached me Saturday night, as I have been absent at Paducah, and I start in another direction this afternoon. Things are so numerous and frequent that I am kept almost constantly on the wing.

You know that I would do anything in my power to serve you, but I do not see how I can aid you in this matter, especially as the time is so short and I am compelled to leave the City this afternoon. Mr. Vanhook is not in a condition to make any loan at present, as he has invested all his surplus means, and part of that is tied up so as to be beyond present control. I know some parties here who have

money. but they will lend it only on improved
City property of twice the value of the loan and
must more than 8 per cent. I will however
keep the matter well in mind and if I
can find any one willing to make the loan
in time, will write or telegraph you.

Regards to Mr Gibson,

In haste your affectionate Cousin

H. C. Simbulat

BRISTOL

Leopington
Dec 18th 1877

rejuvenated again some of
these days, judging from
your Methuselah's manner
when I last saw you.

I trust your wound
has entirely healed. take my
advice and do not sit
upon punkies in future
"Look before you leap".

x ^{affairs} ^{the hair and} ^{most} ^{congestion} ^{of the brain} ^{the Dr} ^{considers} ^{him} ^{now}
very ill with a violent cold
out of danger. x We have all
been in Leopington for several
days on account of Dart's business

I regretted not seeing
more of you and cousin
Lyle. Wishing you stay in
Woodford, I was especially

I am not Archimedes and
without the aid of "Specific
gravity" have succeeded in
^{realizing} ~~realizing~~ the "golden imports"
of the Cedar chip, and can also
recognize in you whatever is
bright and good and "lovely".
I had put by your Clairvoyant
note and card for further
consideration. having felt it rather
weighty for a bit of wood. At
last ~~came~~ moment for me to
investigate and write to you
arrived and I proceeded accor-
dingly. On the back of the chip
I saw a half inch described, as
if it had been cut with a pen.

knife, giving a little twist to see what it meant. The chip parted and out flew a golden eagle. You say "that cedar chip" was proven typical of yourself. Is it still further to prove typical of you? What do you want me to do with the coin? You must explain.

The "volume of your thoughts" will surely suffer "atrophy" before we can strike with them in conversation, that twelve hours will double for the opposite family to talk ourselves dry. I am afraid to impart all I have to say on paper, you might call it an "intensified dose of vinegar". How can you think me "merciless" after calling me "sympathetic, conciliatory, charming"?

And that my kindness to you was merely a delusive, and senseless whim. My "sympathies are never dulled by distance" and have not grown indifferent to you. Have you any good reason to think me changeable? Do I not try to be kind and considerate to all my friends? I confess I am a poor correspondent, but I have not so much time as you, ~~xxx~~ ^{neither} are I so notable. "The difference between the dates of your letter and this, is, I assure you, an evidence of consideration on my part," and I hope the result will not be the resurrection of those "immolated ideas" nor even a "new swarm of their kindred". Let them remain in the "old cistern", and by all means "repres" the rising generation. You are so much occupied now, that your thought must have lost its "confirmed habit". I expect you will need to be

anxious for her and Sallie to see something of each other - and I think As was disappointed that she did not spend a few days at Hattand. Sallie has not written to me yet - nor we hear nothing from those at Oak Forest.

I expected to have sent you a nut to crack - but as I cannot to day will send it by "Amirigo Vesputi" - when he returns after Christmas. I see he has taken your advice and been "studying Fittis" - as well as another of your friends, Gayette, who by Mr. ~~Weg~~ left last Saturday for California. He came up to Lexington Friday evening to say good-by. He is I think

considerably affected by the
"epidemic".

Hart is now at the courthouse
his witnesses are being examined
and Breckinridge his lawyer
thinks the last sale will be
set aside. we shall know to
day or tomorrow.

^{I hope} Hoping this letter will
find you in a more amiable
mood than my last ^{and that}
you have "recovered apt expunction" "instructible" young man
subscribe myself with the best
love for all ^{to you in} affectionately
Cousin ~~in~~ ^{to you in} Truly yours

W. J. Gibson

until we exhaust every subject of
your complaint

"Professor" Hart of Vincennes
New Albany
Indiana

What "steal" is it out of the count of my notions upon which you feel disposed to "betain"? and that certainly it must be something "fiable"! I wish you had said that before but I may see you some of these days and you can have it ready for me so that a talking and "chawing" there will be! I wish you had said it instead to "insinuate" that you and I were always at each other's heels in one of your letters speaking of the "epidemic" you thought I should just say what some one had ~~mentioned~~ ^{mentioned} to me that he had the "epidemic". I do not know that you are, have been, or ever will be "rivals" - as to "conducting your notions" &c. the subject was never given me ~~in the way~~ ^{in the way} - I only mentioned what was said to me and that because you said "it never was in Fayette" you brought the thing upon yourself. You seem to be troubled by "insinuation" of "misconstruction" about something he said to me ~~you~~ ^{you} that you will never carry out your scheme of conveying truth in lies &c. I should never wish to see you again if such were the case - What is the matter with you? If I had known when you were among the hills that you were "begging" so for communion, that it amounted to a "disease" you should have had a ^{minister} ~~minister~~ ^{minister} - You reproached me so that you did not receive any judgment ^{minister} ~~minister~~ ^{minister} and I did not write - You can blame no one but yourself - Always write and say just what you think and

mean, and there will soon be a ^{misunderstanding} ~~misunderstanding~~ ^{misunderstanding} I feel quite flattered by ^{what} you wrote to Will Tower of me (all but the "laziness") and ^{am} ~~am~~ ^{am} tempted to ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{you} write to me what you did not mean. I did not mean the "hat" by Wp. so you can have the "hat" all to yourself. Father is ^{moving} ~~moving~~ ^{moving} slowly and although the last sale was not wide, there is another round that has gone to New York to try and arrange about paying off the debt - I regret to hear you are still suffering from your wound - ~~and~~ ^{and} you and Lily got to be such good friends I am surprised you have not been to call - I was glad ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{to} see Mrs. Hethersell's manner was due entirely to your sickness. I did not know but what it was from ^{recreation} ~~recreation~~ ^{recreation} and heard somebody say "I shall never be able to talk now with cousin Heth he is so old". I should enjoy reading your Christmas card or "task" you call it. I do not think that would be fattened if she knew you so considered it and if I were a better man I should ^{praise} ~~praise~~ ^{praise} it was not a task but that you have in your element - You do certainly deserve success for you have been I was going to say faithful - but that is not the word exactly for you have had too many "strings to your bow" during those eight years - and then I remember a letter you read me written to her - and at the same time you were writing pretty things to another - for aught I know to a dozen - You are in truth after a "flock of geese" - "Gladie May" would have been glad to see you several times when I have been writing to you and asked her what I must tell you "tell him I love him" she will possibly grow too old to say that but I hope you will see her many

If not delivered within 10 days, to be returned to



Mrs. Mary D. Gibson
Versailles
Kentucky

Mrs H Barry Aug 15
21. 1877

Dear Cousin Mary

Your letter was
received on the 14th - but I have
not been well enough to try to
write a word till this morning
now am barely able to hold
the pen - was pleased to hear
that you were all well and
would be delighted to be with
you - but do not feel able now
feel able to make the ride
but am very anxious that
Susan should go with Beauty
they both need the journey & would
enjoy it, as well as be benefited
by the trip - How good an
expense - Beauty & Howard have
both been very unwell for some
weeks past - are improving
and anxious to make the
best of it with you no more -

As came over 3 or 4 days
before & spent the day
with us with I have had as
usual 3 cups of strong
tea very hard - Can plain
that he has very little time
to read - He is in the house
& pursuing & I hope will
get through the next summer
& graduate -

He is just had a letter
from Aunt - she is well & quite
has a ring of colds for her own
nursing - I have been the study
one who has been in the hat
it of looking for a suit to them
Susan is waiting the closing
up of some business in
New York before she or the
children can leave home -
My father all last week to
have finished it -

I should love so much to see
Ellen & the whole flock -

I do think you please
little many would be very
sorry to - Keep her for me
at wear deignments with little
letter - My best love to all
the children - Love to the
Sisters - Yours sincerely
& affectionately

Sarah J. Thompson

Mrs Mary J. Gibson

My love today Thompsons
& tell her how much I would like
to see her & her sister & all -



Mrs Hart Gibson

Neville

Woodford Co

Ky

If not delivered within 10 days, to be returned to

Mrs Mary D. Gibson
Versailles
Kentucky



We can give you milk and bread
and corn and beans for the quilts -
for Boston goes over daily to Warburton
Office - and App would join them.

I know so little of your plans that
I can only beg you to come when
and with whom you please. You all
know how glad we will be to see you.

I hear that Mr Alexander is wished
for home today - from the Lakes.
I have not seen her for ten months.
Tell me of Sarah and children and
Toke's baby - and all your children
and especially your self.

My heart has been full of you.
Love and sympathy cannot help
you in this world's troubles. But
they do comfort in dark hours.
My dear love to Cousin Matt and
your household.

Truly your friend
I suppose
App says this in for you - It does him
no justice - but he will try again when he

App says Mr Soule's shoes reach here.
He sent them by express as soon as he had
finished them (Sunday week)

New-Hamp Aug 29

Dear Cousin Mary,

App came over today and
begs me to write to you, as he
is so anxious to hear from you all.
So are we all dear Cousin for we
are deeply interested in all that
touches your happiness.

Beauty has a letter from Matt
Monday full of affectionate remembrance
for you and yours, and begging
for particular tidings of all at home.
He was unwell, and in a dangerous
as well as disagreeable situation, a
part of guard were detected illicit
distillers - holding the place and men
as under arrest. I hear nothing from
him.

Mrs is very feeble, and expectable

She is most anxious over your money
troubles, but has faith that you will
retain your home, and regain all
your prosperity. I pray you may.
Poverty is easy to bear in youth when
we have hope, and strength. But to
see our children need - what we wish
for their good - to be harassed about
one thing is very hard to endure when
youth is over.

App is making terribly hard - and
is gaining heavy praise from his
teachers. He skips over Sunday morning
to Sunday school and church - has an
old fashioned bath and getting
from me - and goes over at eleven
Sunday night. Sometimes he is sent
over to see Dr G's cases here, but I see
very little of him. I miss him so much
Beauty is no better - feeble and fretful
and losing strength. I hoped to send
her to the Honora to your house

But the men who hold my doves
have forgot off paying me - from
day to day. They will be forced
to pay rent in ten days - when
I will send my two poor children
somewhere in the country -
Beauty's face makes my heart ache.
She tried to write to Mittie, but was
reasons and suffering with her head.
Honora has put up her hay and millet
for our cows - and has good corn. But
we have no fruit this year.

So write if you have time - or get
dear Mittie to write us of you all.
It seems so long between letters.

How is Duncan's eye getting on?
I do wish he and Honora would be
together. App was so pleased with
Duncan, and thinks we would all
love him so much. Just wish the
Exposition opens - and I will fix all
our feet - and wish you all loved
Ann down and see us and it.

Mr. H. G. Duncan

Lyington
By
Robertson
Duncan

Hartland
Oct. 1877

My dear Father
I am on the
brink of a precipice and
shall fall, if you do not reach
forth your hand and save
me. I cannot understand
why you are not willing to do
what will ^{not} cost you a cent.
If you do not stand by me
in regard to the first sale
I fear, all will be lost, and
I shall be turned out of a good
home with my family into
the world, without one dollar.
Can you stand calmly
by and see such a thing?
When you can help me?

Mr. W. D. Brewster

Have you lost all pride, and affection for me? that you will see me humiliated upon every occasion?

My cup of sorrow has been full enough, for one of my years. O God, wish me to drink it to the dregs, when you alone can cast it from me, and give me some sweet with the bitter, some sun-shine with the cloud.

I hope you have seen Mr Alexander, and stated the facts to him. The time is short for arrangements to be made. Three weeks from to day the court meets.

I am very unhappy, day and night I can think of but one thing. How to save a home for me and my little ones

Wart too, is wretched, poor fellow! he has had a hard road for many years and my heart aches for him. If this sale is confirmed, I fear the result. If I could only be the means of saving this place, I am sure no one could ever again rob us of it. Please do write to me by Duran, and give me some hope, and encouragement, tell me candidly what you are willing to do. If I ever had a chance like a man I could show you what a woman could ~~not~~ do. I have never been extravagant, and it does seem hard to be completely robbed without your trying to aid me.

Devotedly your daughter
M.D.G.

Statement

Rent due April 15 th 1877	72.00
int 3 years 170 days Oct 6 th 80	14.00
Rent due April 15 th 1878	72.00
int 2 yrs 170 days	10.59
Rent due April 15 th 1879	72.00
int 1 yr 170 days	6.27
Rent due April 15 th 1880	72.
of which due by Min D from April 15 th 79 to Oct 6 th 79	
170 days	33.20
interest from April 15 th to Oct 6-1880 90	
Total	\$280. 87

Or

By 1 year interest on note	
due Oct 6 th 1880	200.00
Bal due as of Oct 6 th 80	81.97



Mrs. Mary D. Gibson,
Versailles

Ind.

New Albany Oct 9th 1877

Dear Cousin Mary.

You do not write, so I will. for we all are so anxious to hear from you, and have hoped some of you would be down to the Exposition, and stay with us.

Lucy Humphreys was an hour with us coming over with Aps. going on that night. We were all charmed with her, a natural graceful, gracious woman, with a rare dignity and repose of manner. I think she is a gem - and dislike so much to see her go to that far off plantation - to lose so much of her young life, when she could have so much interest and pleasure in doing. Have you heard from Sarah? She was here when Lucy was here. She has never written to me for a year. Why I cannot tell.

Mrs is quite well this Fall. going about the house - and Fuz, Macky, has carpets

She has promised to make Sue Alexander
a visit before winter. But wait till after
Mrs. Hart made an expected visit to Sue,
Lettie Alexander was to return to Woodford
with Mrs. H. I have not heard from them
for a week. As is there a good deal, and
is charmed with Letty. It is a good thing
for him to have some quiet visits after his
hard days work.

He is going on nobly as ever, making
character (and money for Dr. G.) - I have just
had a note from him, saying that Sally
Humphreys would be here tomorrow early
to spend a few days, so I guess she is
en route for Lexington or Warrenton -
Hart is at home. Working as city engineer
and waiting for assignment. He is well
and cheerful. Visits in Louisville a
good deal, in love with half a dozen
girls, and more with himself -
Buston is hard at work reading law
with Gen. Harlan, and being praised
very highly by his instructor.

Beauty is still very delicate, but
I hope stronger than last month.
She will study her lessons - and is too thin
but I am going to take her to a farm soon
to gather nuts and apples.

What are you all doing this lovely
weather? or are you much in bed?
Will Louie be at school? and how is
Duncan's eye? My love to him to watch
and is so anxious about him. I do wish
he could be with Howard this winter
to study. I have a professor to instruct
him and Beauty in Latin and Algebra
at home - and think it will work well,
I do not fancy the public schools for
girls, and cannot send Howard from
home - to do as I best can for them.
If I had money, there are masters here
to teach every tongue and science,
and accomplish ment, but it costs -
We are looking for a home in Louisville
as all three of the boys are to be there

and I can have Howard better taught
but it is yet uncertain, as we wish
to see for our farm in N. I. Court.
I have had my down in one tract
allotted after six years - and am
trying to get the rents for that time -
But justice in Ken. is wonderfully
blind.

I do trust you and Cousin Hart
may have better luck than me,
and save your dear old home
It grieves me to the soul for you
all - But I hope you will succeed
in retaining Hartland.

Write me how all are, and all
about your children,

If Cousin Hart writes to Lee soon, tell
him to urge Lee to aid me in getting
my bill passed again, I'm back well
I feel sure, do what he can for me,
Love to Hart and all the children,
and do send some of them down
to see us - Yours as ever J. P. Vance



Mrs Mary S. Gibson
Versailles
Kentucky

While doing so. He has made \$20 by Appropriation
and forgot a suit of new clothes. Intending to
letty, they and he did not visit Mrs Hart, as he had
failed to come down for her. She is very pretty
and piquante. full of energy, ha ha, and
warm-hearted feeling. The young girls are lovely,
the better one Thame an image of Adeline Patti
and with as wonderful voice, but she looks very
faint, a shadow of her self.

Write when you can, for unless you slip off and
visit us, I know not when we shall meet, I am
a fixture here for I cannot leave Ma a night, and
if I go to Louisville. It will be either to be cashier
in a store or a visiting governess. I must
do some thing for then I can do nothing with
poultry or pigs or cows as I can do on this lot.
You have sent me Mary's picture, I would
love to see the little Queen so much,
Love to Cousin Hart, and all your children
and to your Father's family. Their kindness to
Abe won his an my grateful regards.

Truly Yours
J. B. Vance

New Albany Oct 21st '77

Dear Cousin Mary,

Your letter gave us a hope of
seeing some of you, while the Exposition
was open, but we looked in vain.
It was really a great show, and very fine music,
I went with Beauty three days, and would have
probably spent a week showing her curiosities,
and beautiful things.

The two women are studying now. Sister we
Algebra and Composition, with a good teacher,
but if I go to Louisville, they can learn anything.
Hart's engineer's place is all that keeps us here,
as it is some income, and not to be abandoned.
Ma is not well as owing the summer, but
when we get new stores up, I hope she will
be comfortable for the winter. The boys spend
a day with the Alexanders, but I don't do, as
it is turning winter like today.

and she cannot leave the home on cold weather.
As is here today, very disagreeable with a cold.
He says you and Mr. the most pity him
and wife, he has not a moment leisure and
has nothing to tell you, but anything from you
is so welcome. He wishes he could go to see
Duncan's eye operation on, but his lectures are
now all day, and he cannot leave them.
I made out to save him money enough to pay
his fare tickets yesterday, a great relief to
him, and my feelings you may be sure.
He has to earn his horse and clothes, but
he will do. I only fear his health going away.
I had hoped to hear from you what became of
Lally Humphreys. They wrote Mr. to meet Sally
at the Washburne Depot on ^{Wednesday} ~~Thursday~~ 3 o'clock A.M.
That one Mr. sat up and went out. No Sally.
For three days Mr. met each train, but never
saw or heard of or from any of them a
word - Did she reach Woodford or how?
and why did she not let us know?
I wrote to Sarah - tho' she has never written
a line to us since she left my house.

Mr. Beck wrote me a kind promise to
and my wife. I hear nothing from Lee.
I do wish they could pass the bill giving
pensions to widows of 1812 soldiers. They
would get \$2000 a year pay.
I hope you will succeed in your suit. It is
hard to think of your children being without
but I know from little faith is one danger or
court in Ben. Money is the only chance in
Law suits, and that paid to judges - not counsel.
I wish you could be in Washington. You could do
me great service, and I know would.
After Duncan's operation is over, can he not
come down for a long visit to us? He and
Howard would enjoy an acquaintance, and
I think my Kentucky boy will learn a good
life lesson to see Howard daily life. To rid
him of the idea that work degrades a man,
any more than it does his mother and wife.
Howard is peer to any boy living, and has
supported us for two years by farm labour.
Reading I dare say more than any youth living.

NEW ALBANY IN
DEC 12 M
IND.



Mrs. Bart Gibson

~~Leicester~~ Vermont

Jeff. Woodford Conn

~~Wm. Woodford Conn~~

By the-by, there is another straw on the current of your notions, which, as an index, demands my notice. (And here if I could make myself anonymous—separate myself from my historical identity— I would "lecture" you earnestly; but I know that my lecture, from your pre-conceptions concerning me, would take a meaning and have an effect utterly at variance with my motive and intent.) The insinuation, conveyed in the phrase, "another of your friends, Fayette," is erroneous and almost libelous.— I mean not the mere implication patent, that he is my friend, but the idea, in your head when you wrote, that we are rivals. It is a natural impossibility that we should ever be such. Our orbits are as distinct and remote

New Albany Ind.
December 23^d, 1877.

"The real substance of the shadow."

Your letter puzzled me, as I read it. Some half-latent new significance pervaded it and mystifyingly impressed me, until, — after your conventional relapse to commonplace, — I caught the key-note in your last line (inevitably betrayed by feminine propensity). — "Inscrutable young man!" Ah! my dear Cousin, your clairvoyance is a very simple power, that falters and fails at the slightest veil. — When all my windows and doors were wide-open, in the summer-time, you could witness quite clearly the doings of my household, but even the first glimmer of panes-folds your penetrative "scrutiny," and you are

amazed by suggestions of the cozy change within, — by the soft obscurity of the curtains and the glow of an unfamiliar fire, amazed, because, regardless of the season, you had not foreseen any preparation on my part for the wintry weather. Did you think me so infatuated that I would don in December only the trappings appropriate in June? — It was difficult to convince you that I used an overcoat. —

Your presumption was belied, because, in your hypothesis,

"Mutations of time and mutations of thought, that is fiercer than time," were not reckoned. — There are changes of development, which do not prove fickleness; and such a change ^{in me}, — though not in anywise "fierce" or revolutionary, — has confused your perceptions.

I think that the real chief cause of the complaint which you speak of having a

against me, can be only a violation of your presumption. What is the particular offense? — Something analogous to that which Bette resented in me, when she hid in the corn-field, — what Ape would call "ocular insufficiency"? — If so, I can acquit myself, for I believe you able to recognize a higher feeling than that which evinces itself only by utterance, — one which proves itself the higher even by repression and dissimulation. — "Apt expression" has more than a verbal significance; — words may be eloquently true to an idea or feeling, while yet the very fact of expression is utterly inapt. — I hope this obstructor will be duly effective. —

I see, by your collocation of quotations, that you either misconceive or intend to simulate a misconception of, my "isolated ideas." Those ideas, as you can, perhaps, find by reference, were entirely egotistical and had no connection with the "confirmed habit" of my thought.

transient circumstantial influence, or a whole
some reproach hiding, in a heedless form of
expression, my motive love and so effecting
only resentment. My life has been narrowed
by invincible prejudices, created by mere
momentary awkwardnesses of my own, yet
standing forever as implacable sentinels at
the gates into which I would turn.

Oh! the nightmares of misconstruction
that cumber and cower the heart! Despite
my bold candor, so much of my truth has
misarrived, that I have conceived a scheme
of conveying truth in lies, by so calculating
as to insure misinterpretation exactly ad-
equat to counteract the fallacy. —

Away I go as usual! —

Truly I have no instructions to give
as to the flight of your "golden eagle."

My imputations of your kindness should

as those of Mercury and Saturn,
and there is no more chance of inter-
ference between us than between these.

Truly he is as inappreciable to me as
is the nearest to the farthest of the plan-
ets. We may revolve about the same
Sun, — we might, each, devote all aims
to apparently the same object (We could
not strive for, because we could not
conceive, really the same.), but our
instincts, means, and natures are so
utterly diverse, that we not only could
never cross the same point of view but
could never even suggest comparison.

— We could never gain anything that
I could desire, and, therefore, of course,
we could never be rivals. — Please
correct your notions, that he and I can
ever come nearly enough upon the same
plane to stand in any such relations.

I am thus explicit and give so many words to a perhaps unseemly personality, only to illustrate what I fear is a general misapprehension on your part of my character. — The "cedar chip" was not further typical of me, in that a "little twist" could reveal its golden meaning. By finding it in me, not by wresting it out, must what good there is in me, be learned.

Not on the vulgar mass,
Balled "work" must sentence pass,
Things done that took the eye and had
the price,
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hands,
Found straightway to its mind and
valued in a trice;
"But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main
account;

All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work yet
swelled the more amount;
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language
and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God."

The deepest most irremediable misfortunes of our lives are due to what I may call near accidents — accidents between the will and act or expression, that pervert impulse and misrepresent the heart. I am not very old, yet often, standing auspiciously on the threshold of some life, in which I hoped to dwell pleasantly and perpetually, I have helplessly seen my hope destroyed by such an accident, — by a merry fancy uttered with unfeigned seriousness, through some

N.B. That of my vindication in the beginning of this letter, you are but a vicarious recipient.

P.S. I hope nothing will interfere with the operation on Duncan's eye.

be considered only in connection with the circumstances under which they were written: You had not written to me for months, I was in the most oppressive kind of solitude, and my longing for communion was almost a disease. I suspect that much of my reproach was feigned, in order to insure a prompt response, by stirring your indignation. Indeed, in a letter to M.C.D. (at Paris) written simultaneously with that in which I questioned the survival of your sympathy, I exhorted her to "see you, to be infected with your jollity; to be infected with your kindness toward me; and then" — (the rest irrelevant); and I wrote further of you, "I believe she has acquired such a habit of befriending me, that her influence cannot be injurious through you, whatever may be the to-me-unknown-unless-it-be-laziness cause of her neglect." So my upbraiding must have

him, to a great extent, fictitious.

I am glad to learn that Alf is even "studying titles," for, when I last saw him, his conceptions on the subject were in a deplorably crude and unfixed condition.

He told me that you proposed to "trade" with me. I hope you got my postal card and will prefer your wares in an early letter. To tell the truth, I would rather, too, that that "nut for me to crack" had some other means of transportation. He may take a notion to crack it, himself, and defraud me of the kernel. I have reason to fear.

I hope to learn, even earlier than through your reply to this, of Mr. Duncan's complete recovery and of your success in court.

I have not seen Betty since the evening of our return. — My wound is not even yet completely healed and has discommoded me much more here than it did at Spring Hill.

Do you yet understand my "Bethuselah

mannu" at Hartland? I wonder you did not attribute it to its certainly most apparent cause, my sickness. What reason had you to suppose that it had any more profound origin?

I will have again my customary Christmas task, — writing to Hart. — For eight consecutive years, I believe, the day has been devoted to that. It will become a habit after a while.

I was able above to quote precisely from my letters to M. D. — I have them now.

I regret more have missed seeing "Fuddie May" than I do any other deficiency in the realization of my forecast when I went to Woodford. Ere I shall see her again, she will possibly have grown old enough to misinterpret.

May we all receive the best two Christmas-gifts, peace and certitude.

With love for all,

Truly Yours,

Hart Vance.



Mrs. Hart Gibson
Lexington
Kentucky

will be Adrift till my Brother comes home. So if you come over to visit Susan Giggly - I will meet you and bring you up to the Pink Cottage. I was so rejoiced to hear from George that your dear father intends soon to join the church. you must write to me when it is to be and if I can I will come over - if it is only for that day. I hope Willie and Biddy will join at the same time. Bless the dear little ones. I miss them so much. we have no little children when we are staying. Kiss little Cherry and Biddy. And all the rest. for me - love to dear father and mother. Lillie and Larkin and to your dear husband. tell him we love him very much. and will still love for him. Remember us lovingly to all who love us. and write a heart full of love for your dear self. When you
Ever your loving friend
Write soon
Alice

"Praise the Lord."

Adrift. Feb. 22nd 79.

Dear little Liza.

It is Saturday night, and very late, but I would rather write than sleep. And I would rather lie down beside you and talk than write. but that cannot be. so pen and paper is all I have to comfort me. I have thought of you so often since we parted. that dark and dreary night. and can see you all yet as you stood on the platform. in the snow. it was my sweet wish to come so far to see us off. and it chanced us on our way. we crossed the bridge in safety. without standing Beside Liza's gloomy predictions. and reached Danville on time. found Mr. Young's carriage waiting for us. and were soon snugly seated with Liza and the children in their bright chime sitting room. Mr. Young got home a few hours before us. from Elizabeth

and we passed a delightful evening
hearing him and George tell what the
Lord had taught them since last they
met. Bro John had been preaching three
a day for a week and was looking
well - though very thin. The Lord blessed
his labors and 68 or 70. confessed Christ
so he was very happy - and we all rejoiced
with him - Our boy Alice. came to
Danville to meet us. and brought Stage-
to take us to the Cottage - Tuesday we
came up and found with one of our
neighbors - then went to the cottage - and
soon had all that we needed to make
us comfortable - pulled out from the
hiding places - we slept at home. and
went in the next morning to see Mother
found her well and looking better than she
has been for two or three years - she knows
no all - for a little while - but soon her
mind wandered off. to Elizabeth - where she
spent her childhood - and we could not make
her believe she was not among the friends

of her youth - She still calls her son
Loton. The Bishop - and said not one
the relationship - It is very sad to think
of - but when we are with her - she keeps
us laughing half the time - George and
Marie staid with us three days - and I
enjoyed the visit very much. We found
everything in good order - except the
floors. in my pit - they are badly spoiled.
I have only peeped at them through the
glass - George found her pup. all right
and very glad to see her - the cats too
are flourishing I think Alice has kept
them in the house for company -
Yesterday morning George and Marie left
us - George and I went to the depot to see
them off. then returned to the cottage and
packed away everything - and left it.
we are with a man single or tonight. and
will remain in the neighborhood till I
can get the arms put in order. then we
will go to Danville - If George does not
send for us - to come to Nashville - we
Have you



Mrs Mary L Gibson

Versailles

Kentucky

Care.

Col Hart Gibson

when you write, How is the Princess.
I hope she is still eating something.
Tell her if she will promise to
tell me Goodbye in a Courteous way
I will try my best to come up to
to the Operation. She must write
the promise herself. Mittie owes me
a letter, and you will owe me
one when you get this.

My love to all the folks at
Lexington, and much for yourself.
from — — — — —

Americo Vesputi.

New Albany, Ind.
Dec. 2nd 1877

Dear Cousin Mary,

Over home today
for the last time, until the close
of session. We are all very well.
Grandmother has just returned from
a visit to Cousin Sue Alexander
having enjoyed it - very much.

Has H.V. been to see you? he met
with quite an accident - just before
he left. Mother is quite uneasy
about it. Houdard, I suppose, is

I finished my last work for him
last night. I can get Thompson's
spirit of his notes (have them bound
near the valley, with a nice young
man, a fellow student for a summer
mate, I will face only three days more
now. Thompson, can't tell yet about
going to seeing him, with him to Stoughton,
hard to start up, have gone up the
highly woods, and have some time, and
sleep, have you seen Letty & Jim lately,
her drawing very I missed seeing her.
The Still Box for about Subside, I
can't make them believe I saw up there
it; I'm sure let - Thompson come
home with the horses and a little to
it will be then both so much good
from to your business property, tell me all

fully at home by this time. If not
teased to death, Tell Susan I
was totally "Chewed" at Midway,
where ^{we} met Cousin Mary J, with
Carriage, and fasted with a hand
shake all round, and no more.

Called on D.P., as soon
as I arrived, he was not very
cordial, rather inclined to find
fault, found a letter from him
saying if I tried to graduate, that
he would vote against me.
Luskhead said if I passed the
best examination, passed, would
1000 me, he said No.
I told him I would try anyway

Can you spare Duncan to come
with Howard? There is much w
Louisville to interest a youth,
and I want to know Duncan
Ap loves him so much.

Ma and Beauty send love
to you all.

God Bless you.
Your Cousin
J B Vance

— Monday

Dear Cousin Mary

Ap is writing and I help in
a note, just to get you to write,
for I have nothing to tell, but I feel
so anxious to hear how your case
was ended, that I hope you will take
a moment to write.

I have passed a terribly anxious week,
about Hart, no news from Sam since
Tuesday, and his woman fleeing.
It was madness in him to go, but
I could do nothing with him.

Ap sets on for three months study,
instead of work for Dr G. I fear
Ap's good temper, and kindness
will cause him to be imposed on
through life. I would not charge him
however, for he is very precious to me,
in his usefulness.

I suppose Howard is either down

with the 'epidemi' or is so in love
with Duncan that he has cut Indiana
I am so glad for him to have a holiday
that I have not the heart to recall him
while you are kind enough to let
him stay.

Ma spent ten days with Susan
Alexander. Which has been
her a good deal, but will be hard
on me, for she wants everything
kept like Susan's home, forgetting
that my one pair of hands cannot
do what four servants do. She has never
realized that I do all that is needed.

Will you go to Washington? I am anxious
you should, for my sake, for you can
get Lee to stir up my Bill - and Mr Beck
to pass the 1872 pension bill. so

Ma can get Lee pension.
I suppose my bill was not reached
as I hear nothing of it.

If you do not go - come down to
see us while Cousin Hart is gone.
I have the house warm at last, with
anthracite stoves. and can keep you
warm - and give you milk and bread.
and we do all want to hear you talk.

Beauty is not well, and so lonely
that I feel sorry for her. I cannot play
with her - for my heart is very heavy.
I see no light on the future, and
it is hard to cheer a child, as
desolate as she is. What will
become of her when I am taken?
You have no idea dear Cousin
of real trouble. Without hope -

You are surrounded with friends.
husband, children, youth, hope
and health to sustain you.

But I must go on to the end,
trying to do the present day's duty,
and let the morrows come as it
may.