

HOULTON, Feb. 1, 1855.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER :

We received your letter, Tuesday evening, requesting us to send your book of Sketches. We took it from the Post Office as we returned from Limerick, where we had been four days. Pa preached there, last Sabbath, in the day time, and out to Mr. Berry's in the evening. We spent the night there, and the next morning, Mr. Berry invited us in to his store and gave me a nice calico dress-pattern, (I wish you could run home and make it for me) and a capital pair of shoes, and some other things. We visited all day, Monday and Tuesday, in Limerick, and I was so tired when we got home that I had to rest all day yesterday—that is, I could'nt do anything but my housework. I wanted to write to you and send your book this morning, but I had'nt courage enough to touch a pen. To-day I have done a large *wash*, and feel better this evening, so I will try and get a short letter ready to mail for you to-morrow evening with the book.

We rejoice that your health continues good, and we hope it will be so that you can stay and take lessons another term; tell us all about it when you write again.* Hannah and Angelia are making all preparations to go to Auburndale; they expect to go in a fortnight, I believe. Perhaps they will call on you. Clara Ingersol is spending her vacation with her Aunt Louisa in Dorchester.

Boardy stayed with Mrs. Pierce while we were gone to Limerick; she will not let him go away if she can help it. He carried his melodeon in there and played for them, a number of times, each day; and they carried it up to the Meeting House, Sunday, and he played for them, in the forenoon and afternoon. Mrs. Pierce told me that he played beautifully, and they sung so well that she felt perfectly satisfied. Mrs. Ingersol called upon us yesterday,—she said the melodeon sounded so sweetly that it made her cry. * * *

Do you know *this* is my birthday? Yes, I have lived in this world fifty-four years. It is but a short space of time, and yet it seems a great while to me. Long before the same number of

*The letters of this chapter are all by Mrs. Spaulding to her daughter, Ann Judson, who had gone to Waterville to study music. In November she returned home, and was married at her Father's house. Thence forward she assisted her husband in the Waterville Academy, and again at West Liberty, West Virginia, for the greater part of the time, until her husband's death.

Soon after her marriage Mrs. Bradbury took her younger brother, Boardman Carey, to Waterville, and cared for him till he passed through the Academy and was fitted for College.