

I hope to be able
to write to Catharine
and John very soon
but cannot say
when, does John
say anything of
coming on to see
us in the Spring
as he thought to?
We should be
glad to have him
and his wife
come, or any of
the rest who
can, if they
do come let us
know you must come
with them.

Newark Feb. 5th 1861

Dear Cousin

I have no doubt you think me unpardonably negligent, and so long a silence would have been so under other circumstances, but could you know exactly how we have been situated you would not wonder that I have not written before, and even now I am taking time that I ought to spend at work, but I thought it was as much a duty to write to you. Father has been sick ever since Catharine left here, has been growing worse all the time, and is now very feeble indeed, he seems quite discouraged, he is very lame, whether it is from Rheumatism or the result of his other diseases we cannot decide. We have all had a kind of Influenza which is prevailing here this winter, Mother who is generally more unfortunate than the rest in such respects has had it twice, indeed it seems as if we must have our house a hospital all the time, I should really like to see the time when we could truly say we

were all well, we have had an unusually large amount of company through the fall and winter and this too has kept us very busy, the last left us yesterday morning but I am expecting more on Friday. I am so tired that I do not feel as if I had energy or ambition enough to exert myself to entertain any one. All the cry here is "Hard Times", the Southern Secession movement has paralyzed business completely, Newark suffers very much from it, as many of her manufacturers did chiefly a Southern trade, the movement was so sudden and trade so completely checked that hundreds were thrown out of employment at once, of course many of them must suffer, beside the help given them by means supplied by the authorities a Relief Association has been started and through these means in addition to private bounty we have heard of no cases so extreme as there sometimes are. A German friend of ours whose husband does a large and profitable business, and who has as well as herself a very charitable heart, called here about two weeks ago and told us that she made soup for the poor every day, that day she said she had supplied twenty eight and was

obliged to send twelve or fourteen away without as she had no more for them. Father's business was principally for the South, the orders which they had were countermanded and of course no new ones come, if the Southerners would pay what they owe it would not be so bad, but, that they do not or cannot do. We have heard nothing from Yorkville lately. I had a letter from Uncle John's Charlotte in November she said that her Father was married again last May. Charlotte wrote that she was expecting to visit Pauline the next month and would come on and make me a visit she has not been however and I have ^{heard} nothing from her since. I think if I should ever get married (which is not likely ever to happen) that I will make an extra effort and let you know it in less than six months. I sincerely hope that you are all enjoying good health, we have so much sickness here that I dread to hear of it among our friends, Are your Father and Mother well? How is your own health? How is George this winter? Are Jane and the children well? I have heard nothing from Catharine for a long time but I suppose that is my own fault, as she would have written if I had, I

hope that she and Hosea are well. Where have John
and his wife concluded to remain? Has Orphena
recovered entirely from her severe illness? I hope
that she and David, William and Polly, and
all the rest are enjoying good health, give my
love to them all. How often I think of you all
I wish we lived near enough together to see each
other frequently. Have you heard lately from Charles
and James? Where are Henry and Edwin now.
There I think I have asked disconnected questions
enough for one letter, to tell the truth I am tired
and can hardly control my thoughts enough to
know what I am writing, it is now between eleven
and twelve at night, I could not finish this letter
at the time I began it and thought I would try
now. We had very disagreeable weather all through
January cold, and so great many storms, only once
through the whole month were we favored with three
clear days in succession, I hope this month will
be pleasanter, I think perhaps Father would be better
if the weather was pleasanter. Do write to me dear
Cousin as soon as you possibly can I am so anxious
to hear from you again, yet I know I scarcely deserve
it, although my neglect has not been wilful. Give
my love to each one and believe me as ever, most
affectionately your cousin
Mary H. S.