

Give my love
to inquiring friends
& see others, for
I have none for
them. I will
close this dull
winter day.
I hope I can
do better
next time.
Good
night,
Yours,
A. A.
Princeton Feb. 21. 1860.

It is just 7 o'clock,
in the evening, & ^{the} little gal. is asleep
& I have just seated myself to scribble
a few lines for your perusal.
In the first place, I will tell you
what our big family are doing. Horace
sits in the rocking chair before the
stove. Mardis sits at our table reading
& I by the other writing, Mary Ann,
& Mary L. are abed. It is raining this
evening, commenced about six o'clock.
Mary Ann has been here & washed
for me today. Horace & I have made
a great kettle almost full of good
thick lye soap today, so you see we
have been full of business.
Lucinda & Rhoda were up here
day before yesterday (Sunday) & staid
nearly all day, just at night we went

(P.S. Tell John, today is Rhoda's birth day,
she is five years old.)

home with them, staid an hour or two
then came home & went to bed.

I have been out so little this winter
that I haven't much to tell you about
my visits, but when "May" gets older I intend
to go oftener, I don't like to be troubled
with such a wee youngster, when I go any-
where, Horace keeps telling me to tell
"sister Ann she is a sweet little girl
& if she was here I would kiss her," & lots
more like the above. He says "tell them
all I have a great mind to go to the
Peaks", & Mardis speaks out "tell Ann
I think I shall go," now you know how
they bother me with their "gab."

I suppose your school is out, & you are
at home taking comfort, & spinning street
garn by wholesale. I expect chae & you
will wear out more shoes than you ought
"stringing" round. But anyway you had
better keep me well posted up in S. Kings-
town affairs, if you don't want a scolding.