1867

Poughkeepsie Mar, 19th

Cousin Cinda,

I am firmly resolved to write you this afternoon, (providence permitting) whether twill be sense or nonsense is yet to be proved, but I’ll wait no longer for the ‘spirit’ of writing to manifest itself in me.

Perhaps I have appeared unthankful in not acknowledging the receipt of little Harry’s picture, but I did not feel so and I hope you know me too well to entertain for an instant such a feeling towards me. I am very grateful for it, I love the little fellow as well as though I had known him during my pleasant stay with you all, he is a fine-looking boy and I think resembles you very much, he appears as independent as hi sits there as some ‘children of a larger growth.’

Alice speaks of him so much I imagine he just fills that space left in the hearts of his grandma and Auntie for the love of little children. How fares the canary and house plants, are they of any consequence now? Or can you find time to care for and train them all? I am disappointed that I did not receive pictures of yourself and John, I have one of yours but I know you can better that of you will sit again.

I will send you one of mine. I regret that the position is so stiff, some of my friends think them quite natural, but I cannot judge of my own picture.

Last evening Theodore came up and gave us a moonlight sleighride, the sleighing was splendid and he tried the speed of his new horse and we were not beaten either if he his far past his youthful years. I fear I will get no more sleighrides this spring, the snow melts so fast today! ‘Twas as deep as any that we have had this winter it fell on Saturday and Sunday. I was home last week while Kate went to Newburg for a week to her mothers-in-law’s, work is rushing in now and I may not go again in a long time. I am very eager to get in our new house, ‘tis so long till the first of May. I am very busy working chair cushions and tidies we shall have more room there and require more things. Two old maids talk of taking our upper rooms, just imagine what a batch of the old critters for one house. I like housekeeping very much, but the children – well I may as well say it – cause us to feel like the ‘old woman who lived in her shoe’ when we want to train around evenings. I attended a masquerade a short time since in the character of “Pocahontas.” I was a big square in earnest – Capt. Smith was very ill and could not attend, and my friends would not let me off. We are promised one when we get moved. I am very well but not very fat. I weigh 189 with cloak and bonnet on, last year this time I weighed 146.

Do you know what ails Celia Westervete? She has not written me since last summer, does Mrs. Houghton and N. Grimmell occupy all her time so that she cannot think of friends? She treated me awfully, I thought she would marry George or I would not have been so conscientious about cutting her out. A truce to this nonsense. Give my love to your mother-in-law Alice and John reserve a large share for yourself, give Harry a dozen kisses for me and please write me soon.

Your Cousin Henrietta

P.S. Kate sends a great deal of love to you all, father’s family are well. The week since Sam wrote his little son (Tom Goldsmith) was sick with congestion of the brain. We feel he is better, or think Sam would have informed us. Mother thinks his letter has not reached us. Adien, H.