

"Breeze land"

April 27th 1878

Dear aunt Mary

Your letter
came yesterday I will send
you three little bunches of
flowers to put on the three
little boys graves this sum-
mer. Mama is cooking and Annie
is doing the house work. Tell
little Mary I will write to her
when I write to Mittie. Fola is
trying to talk. The wild
flowers are beginning to bloom
We go over to Mrs. Jim Boucles
nearly every evening and gather
some. I keep my little cup and
saucer that Daniel sent me put
away. I will put some flowers

in your letter. Mamma is
getting a good deal of milk
and makes a good deal of butter
and she sends ^{you} some of it to
town and ~~trades~~ it for others
things. The last X Papa got
some maple sugar. I will now
say good by. Take many kisses
and dont be lonesome.

Bessie

My Dear Cousin

I will write to
day to you too. Both of your
letters came yesterday. In the
summer I will send you a bouquet
of flowers to put on Daniels
grave for me because then all
of Mamma's flowers will be in
bloom. Tell Mittie I will
write to her soon. There is
nothing more I can think of
to say so good by. With much
love and a great many kisses

Bessie



June 3,



Mrs Mary J. Gibson
Pisacilles.

Woodford County
Kentucky.

Mr. M. Collins, about a few days ago
he succeeded in getting them to sign
another lease, so I shall see you safe
for five years - but I do not feel sure
yet, as they signed under protest, and
I am - All the planks on the Bayou
are started now - and if the struggle
should not be removed on sugar, in
another year the Bayou will look
something like it did in old times -
I see some stalks of rice that he snuffed
up after the overflow have increased to
seven acres - one acre planting even the
rest some on the Bayou except he has
done all the work in the Lake Forest to
help - He is talking of getting a place
and asking Donagan to go into partnership
with him but he thinks his Uncle Ben
is beginning to be a little curious - This
good luck - He has just finished his
planting and next year with equal
luck will have forty acres - Ben has
come enough to plant about thirty five
acres this year and I have six acres
so you see we all have a beginning -

Oak Forest, Feb 11th 1878.

Dear Mary, It is with the greatest reluctance
that I trouble you with my name; but you
have been so kind and so patient
heretofore, that I suppose it ought to be
more presuming than I would otherwise be.
I do not know whether or no I ought
to begin a letter with one's own address,
but I am borrowing myself on your charity
to look over all irregularities, as here
I go - The enclosed letter from Mr.
Gunsberg means, he will not receive
us one dollar until after 1st March
and unless the goods pay promptly
not then - Now, the question of bread
and meat has become so serious
that I have been obliged to pawn some
of my large pieces of silver to supply
the want - no circumstances such as
a favor you will mention - No member
of my own family knows it except my -

During the summer and early fall
Mr. Hunt very kindly advanced us
what money we needed and I doubt
not would continue to do so, were it in
his power, but he has not the money and
really needs what we have borrowed
from him - I very much fear he does
not get married for the want of it -
Now, the sum I want to ask of you is this,
to find out from the Powell and the Owen
if they will meet these notes March 1st
I have written to Bert and our cousin
a paper and I hate to worry him when
he has so much of his own - I do not
mean to insinuate that you have not done
as much, but women you know have
greater power of medicine than men.
I will be so glad if you will find out
what Mary expects from these men -
Someone perhaps would side over
and see the men -
Another question please reply to -

How Hunt paid between the 1st (1805) fifteen
hundred dollar or very part of it if not
will be able to pay the before April 1st?
Whether Hunt or Willie B. Kinsley have
business ^{in California} and in case of sale (the disagreeable
appearance of private letters ~~the disagreeable~~
naturally) feel much concerned about
it a bit to know what to do -

They sent me word from the city yesterday
that you had been able to help Hunt get
his business in such condition that he would
be able to extricate himself from most of his
difficulties in a few months and seeing by
the day paper that the sale is deferred for a
month induces me to hope that is true -

I do most earnestly hope it is so and I
feel sure you will neither of you ever be
harassed by debt again -

Early in December I thought I had Oake
Laird leased for five years and made
advantageously for us, but the 1st January
the man backed out of the lease - However
I have had Mr. O'Neill after him and

We hear from Lallie every few days - she has plenty of time "to think" she writes and I need not worry in the least about her disaffection she and her Grandmother have a good time together day and night in her room - Last letter she reports her first walk!

Lucey thinks Eva's talk very pretty - a decided improvement on the first - she sees it as Bright - Tom is still in his room but doing well -

Herb Winn told me she and Jim were both looking very thin and delicate I am sure it is poverty that pulls them down -

I am so sorry to hear your father has been ill - hope he is entirely recovered. How are your mother and the baby? What do you hear from Ellen?

Do write me about every body and about all from Lullie's baby - Does it still look like her? How I would love to see her and yet I feel as if I never want to see her - I do not feel as if I could ever go to Kentucky again - Annie Booth is married on the anniversary of Lullie's death - Lucey will

I have not been to the Mission or McCallum's since the coming of Cal's reception and we seldom have visits from any of them Mr McCallum has been here once this winter, Mr Herb Winn twice, Stephen and used to come once - then you had a visit from John Shaffer's son who is walking at Advance and young Burton was then college friend from New Orleans was out for a day or two - these visits with two from Mr Progas constitutes our fall and winter gaieties - We have not seen the French Johnsons or any of the Sociable people since our return - do not even go to Sunday school, so we enjoy to the full all the delights of solitude (Just now Alice Newman is visiting me, and she adds very much to our circle - Mr O'Leary asked for us out all day in the forenoon, Alice would need I attended to my duties - In the evening we all gather around the fire in the library, have french class for two or three weeks, sometimes music

read aloud my papers that charitable
friends send us, also some pages of
poetry, philosophy, or whatever would amuse
bring up, make jokes, make the most
ridiculous puns ever perpetrated, eat
wretched potatoes and go to bed about
eleven o'clock.

I must tell you that although I cannot
get over the habit of waking at least
an hour before day I do not get up!
Actually lie in bed until my fire is
made and get ready in time
for breakfast. My great house-keeper
a couple (man & wife) of white helps
the woman cook, has entire charge
of the dairy and does the washing,
keeps a real Yankee looking kitchen
bright and clean and is in it by day
light every morning. John, her husband
milks all the cows, hauls the stock
keeps the stable & under clean and
my own works in the garden.

May the good Lord spare them to me

for the rest of my life and let me play
lady. I do not even look in the direction
of the kitchen as I pass by and it such
a rest and relief to mind and body
that I am sure it can't last long.
Oh, old Aunt Mary lives in the good
allotments to the chickens & turkeys and
keeps some & clean. Sylvia comes in
every morning and evening as usual
and we have a little girl about as high
as the table to hand the plates and so.
There is not a living creature to scold
at and but for the Chinese I stay up
occasionally, we should get used.

Our friend ^{John} left here for Wicksburg attended
Aunt Bostons medicine. She went out going
two or three times for want of a couple because
but by drink some of his and continuing many
to get off in quite genteel style and I think
will have a pleasant visit. I hope so, for
she has had a long winter of it so far
and I don't think she had much back
money in Kentucky last summer.

Awfully about it and somehow I
have a superstitious dread of all meddling
Running off in sock -
Where is Mrs. Russell? Now that I
have a little leisure every day, I will write
to her -

How are Mittie and Biddy? They often
talk about them and wish they were
here to welcome us, but I guess they
do not sympathize with us in that.

Has Duncan had his eye operated on
again? Tell him Joe returns to school
in about three weeks to be absent until
next Christmas - He has improved
very much since his return to me,
has grown fleshy and roddy - He begins
to look very much like his father and
Bebe Lee too, as he looked at his age -

I stopped a moment to have Joe measured
with a tape line and his measure in his sock
feet, it just five feet ten inches - I do not
believe he will ever get over six feet - Joe wants
you to send Duncan's measure and his
weight -

It is very cold this morning - indeed for a
month we have had continuous cold -
We have only radishes and lettuce, but
I have peaches stuck and in bloom and
 Irish potatoes about six inches high -
Intend to have a nice garden, for I see no
chance of getting away this summer &
we will make ourselves as comfortable as
possible at home -

Tell Aunt old Mrs Cuclin (Dittus mother)
died a few days ago - she was eighty five
The Bratts have left Greenwood and gone
to Squawville to live - These two items of news
are practically all that I can write and scrape
up -

Please write some reply to my two questions
before the 1st day of March -

Yours unitedly with me in love to you, Dad
the children and your father's family -
Affectionately Yours
L. G. Humphreys.

WASHINGTON
APR 8
8 PM
1878
D. O.



Mrs Hart Gibson
Care H. J. Tammam Esq.
Lexington.
Kentucky.

How Heaven's choicest
 blessings attend you, &
 the dear ones around
 you — You have my
 hourly prayers — I
 ask Miss Lilly to give
 me particulars of the
 dear boy's death — &
 believe in the sympathy,
 & love of your devoted sister,
 Mary M. Johnson —

Washington, D. C.
1325 K Street.
April 8th 1878.

My dear Mary, I was deeply
grieved, this morning at
reading in Brother Hart's
short note, the announcement
of little Daniel's death,
whose name has always
been associated in my
mind with long life, &
vigorous health —

Your sorrow, & Brother Hart's
grief at the loss of one
so much beloved, I can

readily appreciate, & understand,
but alas! what can I say
in this hour of trial, &
affliction? —

You have my dear Mary,
a God of infinite mercy,
who now is extending
his tender hands towards you,
& he begs you to bear up
with the load which is
nigh crushing you — You
have the cross upon which
to lean, may you be
equal to the struggle, & to
the affliction, is my very
earnest prayer.
I never saw your darling

boy, but, I felt as if I
knew of him, better than
of the others — & now
perhaps you have a
leisure you could spare
of time, which would so
much gratify me, & me
to profess —

I write hurriedly, I must
feel equal to the weary
task which ^{thoughts} fill my
heart, but I merely wish
to image if possible
the grief of the mother,
which is like no other, &
which quite true, alone
can heal —



Mrs. Sarah Gibson
Russells,
Woodford County,
Kentucky.

April 13th 1878.
Oak Forest.

Dear Mary, We are all truly
grieved to hear of poor little
Daniel's suffering and death.
The sickness of your flock is taken
from you in mercy, perhaps,
certainly in wisdom. It is
almost impossible to realize the
sad truth, for he seemed the
best armed for the struggle
of life and after a fairly bitter
struggle and conquered that
fearful disease. Small proof
I felt the little fellow was
safe - but his seems always
those whom we expect to live
are sure to die, while the frail
and helpless are left.
How many old, many hearts
that do nothing, but ache, would
have gone without a regret.

white little "Danny" had every
thing to live for and so many
to whom he gave happiness and
hope - "God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform"

These great bereavements are tests of
our faith and they seem necessary
to develop all Christian virtues as
I do hope you may find comfort
in the assurance we have that
these trials are for our own good
and the great gain of the child
who is taken -

"He died to sin, he died to ease
But for a moment felt the woe;
O moment such, the Lord declares
Such are the children of our God"
I know these are moments
when nothing gives consolation
but you will ~~love~~ perhaps
to thank God that that child
so devoted to you here, is safe
in the home where he will
very shortly welcome you -
This is a part of you already
safe in Heaven -

I believe now, if I could, I would
not have one of my dead back
certainly not one of my children

You have admitted it about
little Hattie and before long you
will ^{feel} the same about little "Danny"
But, my dear Macey I do wish
sincerely sympathize with you
and thank you in spite of all
the comforting assurances we have
we are only human and these
agonies do reach our very souls.

I know how you all feel and
from my heart I feel sorry for
you - for Hattie for you for
United hearted ^{and} for poor little
Bobby who will miss him dreadfully
Your father and Mother Lily
Louie and Duncan all feel
his death at a great grief and
draw our sympathy -

They and you unite with me
in love to you and your
household

Sincerely and affectionately
S. J. Humphreys

LEXINGTON
MAY 20
1854



Mrs May & Gibson

Lexington

Fayette County

Kentucky

GLEANINGS FROM THE MUSE.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

How sweet are those voices which speak from the
Past,

When the eyes of affection are inwardly cast,
And we see as in vision the loved and the missed,
The hands that we clasped and the lips that we
kissed!

How sweet were the voices that vibrated through
Our spirits, and answers of sympathy drew,
The voice of the friend that once bade us aspire,
And played on our hearts, e'en as on a sweet lyre,
With the words of true counsel to draw us from
grief,

As the bud by the sunshine is turned to the leaf.
The voices of children, now children no more,
Pale visions of blossoms that fruit never bore;
And often these voices will whispering come,
Not only when lone, but 'mid life's busy hum.
Those voices remind us with pathos, how real,
Of the days when in faith we undoubting could
kneel,

Ere the tares of the world had entangled our way
And taught us to stammer where once we could
pray!

How touching these voices, how tender, how dear;
How plainly they whisper, true peace is not here!
How fondly they lead us to visions of peace,
How sweetly they tell us life's troubles will cease!
Pay heed to these voices, the spirit they'd win,
Of syrens the true ones, from sorrow and sin;
Oh! heed them whenever they thrill through the
breast,

For the voice of the Past is the wisest and best!

—*London Brief.*

House of Representatives,

Washington, D. C., May 10, 1876.

By Gen May. I have your letter - I need
want to make suggestions - not to ensure
you do not see my letter & that
otherwise you would understand
mine & you - He will not write to
me. What is he doing? What is his
daily occupation? How does he
employ himself? I work so hard
that I can almost feel my
strength going away. Every dollar
I earn is almost the earnings
of sweat & blood. What is Hart
doing. Is he unwilling to work or
to try to work at all.

Has your claim & that of Lund been
executed? I think the chances
are all that nothing will
remain after Knapp's debt is

is paid. I would have been
better & let Portland go - and I have
taken my check for \$929 & began
work & life. I am & pay \$929 again
in a year & am struggling night-
and day to get the money with bad
health. You could have had that. The
result I fear will be that I shall
help the creditors with all the money
I can raise & not be able to help
you at all. Now was the time
to stop & work for dear life.
What to be doing? Why don't he
write? The father never wrote a
line & then took offense.
Everything is on the lift in La-
Kia. To be visited & Claude &
Eddie. Why can't you try when
I will help, and am helping - why
won't he help himself. Just brother
R. H. Sibson

JUL 1 12M
KMS

Mrs Hart Gibson

Vincennes

19

New Orleans July 1st 1878

Dear Mary.

See mist connection at Cin so we stayed
all night at the Grand, took lunch next day at the
Club with Charley Wesley & Stanley Mathews and rode in
the night train, reaching this City Sunday morning
at 10:00 clock. Kim & myself so out to Lin Oak to meet
We took dinner yesterday with Lobe & Eva. They have a
very nice two story house nicely furnished and seem to be
doing well. The baby is quite pretty & very sprightly. We came
upon them unsuspectingly but had a nice dinner, broiled chicken
roasting ears, tomatoes fresh peas &c. King looks about as he
has ever since I have known him. but I don't like the
cough he has. He was intensely hot & stifling close on
the cars & I am shivering now out. Will write you
from the plantation. Love to all. Dorethy.

Hart. Gibson

NEW-YORK
AUG 7
4 30 PM



Mrs May D Gibson
Care Col Hart Gibson
Missiles
Kentucky

No 121 East 24th Street

New York August 7, 1878

Dear Mrs Gibson

Your letter dated 3rd postmarked 5th came to hand at eleven o'clock today and I went immediately and ordered two large bottles of the Whooping Cough Medicine prepared from the same prescription given for Mittie nine years ago - Dr Gray is not in the City at present, but as you ordered the same prescription filled I had the original found at the Apothecary where yours was prepared, and your order for Mrs Forbes is now filled and in the express office and will leave this evening - addressed to William Forbes Jr Milmine Piatt Co Illinois - as you gave me no directions I inferred she is at her own home in Illinois, If by any chance it so happens she is in Kentucky, you should omit and direct package to be forwarded wherever she may be -

Had your letter been mailed Saturday (the day of its date) I could have received it on Monday and Mrs F. would receive the medicine this evening - I hope however

It will reach her in time to be of service -

I sincerely hope nothing serious is
going with Mr. Kenley - I don't like that
miserable cough sticking to him as it
has done - please give him my kind
regards -

I hope you will receive intelligence
of the speedy delivery of the medicine
to Mrs. Gorkies and of its proving efficacious

In haste
Yours &c
Wm. S. Day