

Portland June 28th 1843

Dear Mother

I received your letter of 23 last Monday, it found me very well, and the last week has passed very rapidly and pleasantly with one exception, I was disappointed in receiving no letter Saturday morning and felt almost sure that some one was sick. I went to ^{the} office in the afternoon, and called to see Julia Coes, which is the third time I have called, and the first, that I have found her at home. I went to meeting with her Sabbath morning, and to the Methodist meeting in the afternoon, but did not hear Mr Farrington, a stranger preached. I believe I am more of a Methodist than ever, now that I am deprived of the me^eting. I attended Mr Whitman, ⁱⁿ the evening, with Miss Green. General Eustices funeral services were performed to-day, at the Episcopal Church the procession passed down Park street about half past one to the depot (as he is to be carried to Albany) and returned the same way. There were one hundred and seventy six soldiers, dressed in their different uniforms, besides the officers, and about eight or nine carriages with the relatives and friends, and a large number of musicians, which made a very solemn and interesting appearance, as it was something new to me. There is to be a fair next Tuesday, I wish you would write me wether I had better go. I believe ninepence is to be paid for admission. I am not at all desirous to go at present, but I do not know how I may feel about it. I am washing Mary a bag of Orange and brown worsted. Tell her I am much obliged to her for the sweet william. I put it in the purse with the braid of hair. I forgot to say I chose those colours for bag, to correspond with her chusan dress, but if she does not like it I can keep it, and work her another. I am a little sorry we have lost the chickens but if the rest live we shall have enough without them. You wish to know about having my dress made, you may do just as you please. If it is very convenient to engage Abigail Chadbourne you may, if not, I am not

Portland June 28th 1843

Dear Mother

I received your letter of 23 last Monday, it found me very well, and the last week has passed very rapidly and pleasantly with one exception, I was disappointed in receiving no letter Saturday morning
the

and felt almost sure that some one was sick. I went to ^ office in the afternoon, and called to see Julia Coes, which is the third time I have called, and the first, that I have found her at home. I went to meeting with Mrs W Sabbath morning, and to the Methodists meeting in the afternoon, but did not hear Mr Farrington, a stranger preached. I believe I am

more of a Methodist than ever, now that I am deprived of the me^etting.
the Unitarian

I attended Mr Whitman, s ^ in the evening, with Miss Green. General Eustices funeral services were performed to-day, at the Episcopal Church The procession passed down Park street about half past one to the depot (as he is to be carried to Albany) and returned the same way. There were one hundred and seventy-six soldiers, dressed in their different uniforms, besides the officers, and about eight or nine carriages with the relatives and friends, and a large number of musicians. which made a very solemn and interesting appearance, as it was something new to me. There is to be a fair next Tuesday, I wish you would write me wether I had better go. I believe ninepence is to be paid for admission. I am not at all desirous to go at present but I do not know how I may feel about it. I am washing Mary a bag of Orange and brown worsted. Tell her I am much obliged to her for the sweet william. I put it in the purse with the braid of hair. I forgot to say I chose those colours
her

for ^ bag, to correspond with her chusan dress, but if she does not like it I can keep it, and work her another. I am a little sorry we have lost the chickens but if the rest live we shall have enough without them. You wish to know about having my dress made, you may do just as you please. It is very convenient to engage Abigail Chadbourne you may, if not, I am not

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by the Maine Historical Society
(Local Code: Coll. 89 Box 1/15)
Date: June 28, 1843
Description: Letter from Lydia Patterson to her mother.

I am not particular about having it done, it is so difficult to
to carry so many dresses without injuring them. This quarter will
close two weeks from today noon. I wish you to write me whether I had
better leave here Wednesday morning at six, or in the afternoon at half
past 4. I should prefer leaving in the morning as it would be pleasant
and I should lose nothing of any consequence, excepting a drawing lesson
from eleven to one o'clock. If you think I had better not bring all my
clothes, write me which bonnets to wear, for I should want all of my box
for other articles. But I should prefer taking taking them all home, and
one of my bonnets in my hand, if it were not for hiring a carriage
as I might perhaps get Gardiner to take my box, and walk to the depot.
I write all these particulars in this letter, as I shall probably write but
one more before I come home, and that, or your answer might be mis-
carried. I have not received the paper you sent and I think the letters
are a long time coming. Miss Cushman has been out this afternoon,
and tells me she saw Mr Hart's death in the paper of Kennebunk.
You wish to know how I get along with tea. I drink cold water in
the morning and am the only one of the boarders who drinks tea
for supper. I do remarkably well without it coffee. We have very good
bread and butter and gingerbread for supper, and for breakfast bread
and butter, and occasionally brown bread and warmed potatoes. We have
a bread and milk dinner once a week, the rest of the time meat and
potatoes and pudding or pie, and always enough when we eat fast enough
to get through all together. Every thing goes on pleasantly but I cannot
help wishing I was at home. I have been looking past the vacation to-day
forward to the next eleven weeks, which appear rather long, but if they
pass like the last two weeks, and I hear good news from home often, they
will soon be gone. It is now most six o'clock the usual hour for tea.
I shall take this to the office after tea, that I may receive a letter from
home by Saturday. I am writing quite a long letter about nothing,
but I find it a pleasure rather than a task as I supposed it would

I am not particular about having it done, it is so difficult to
to carry so many dresses without injuring them. This quarter will
close two weeks from today noon. I wish you to write me whether I had
better leave here Wednesday morning at six, or in the afternoon at half
more

past 4. I should prefer leaving in the morning as it would be ^pleasant
and I should lose nothing of any consequence, excepting a drawing lesson
from eleven to one o'clock. If you think I had better not bring all my
clothes, write me which bonnets to wear, for I should want all of my box
for other articles. But I should prefer taking taking them all home, and
one of my bonnets in my hand, if it were not for hiring a carriage
as I might perhaps get Gardiner to take my box, and walk to the depot
I write all these particulars in this letter, as I shall probably write but
one more before I come home, and that, or your answer might be mis-
carried. I have not received the paper you sent and I think the letters
are a long time coming. Miss Cushman has been out this afternoon,
and tells me she saw Mr Hart's death in the paper of Kennebunk.
You wish to know how I get along with tea. I drink cold water in
the morning and am the only one of the boarders who drinks tea
for supper. I do remarkably well without it coffee. We have very good
bread and butter and gingerbread for supper, and for breakfast bread
and butter, and occasionally brown bread and warmed potatoes. We have
a bread and milk dinner once a week, the rest of the time meat and
potatoes and pudding or pie, and always enough when we eat fast enough
to get through all together. Every thing goes on pleasantly but I cannot
help wishing I was at home. I have been looking past the vacation to-day
forward to the next eleven weeks, which appear rather long, but if they
will soon be gone. It is now most six o'clock the usual hour for tea.
I shall take this to the office after tea, that I may receive a letter from
home by Saturday. I am writing quite a long letter about nothing,
but I find it a pleasure rather than a task as I suppose it would

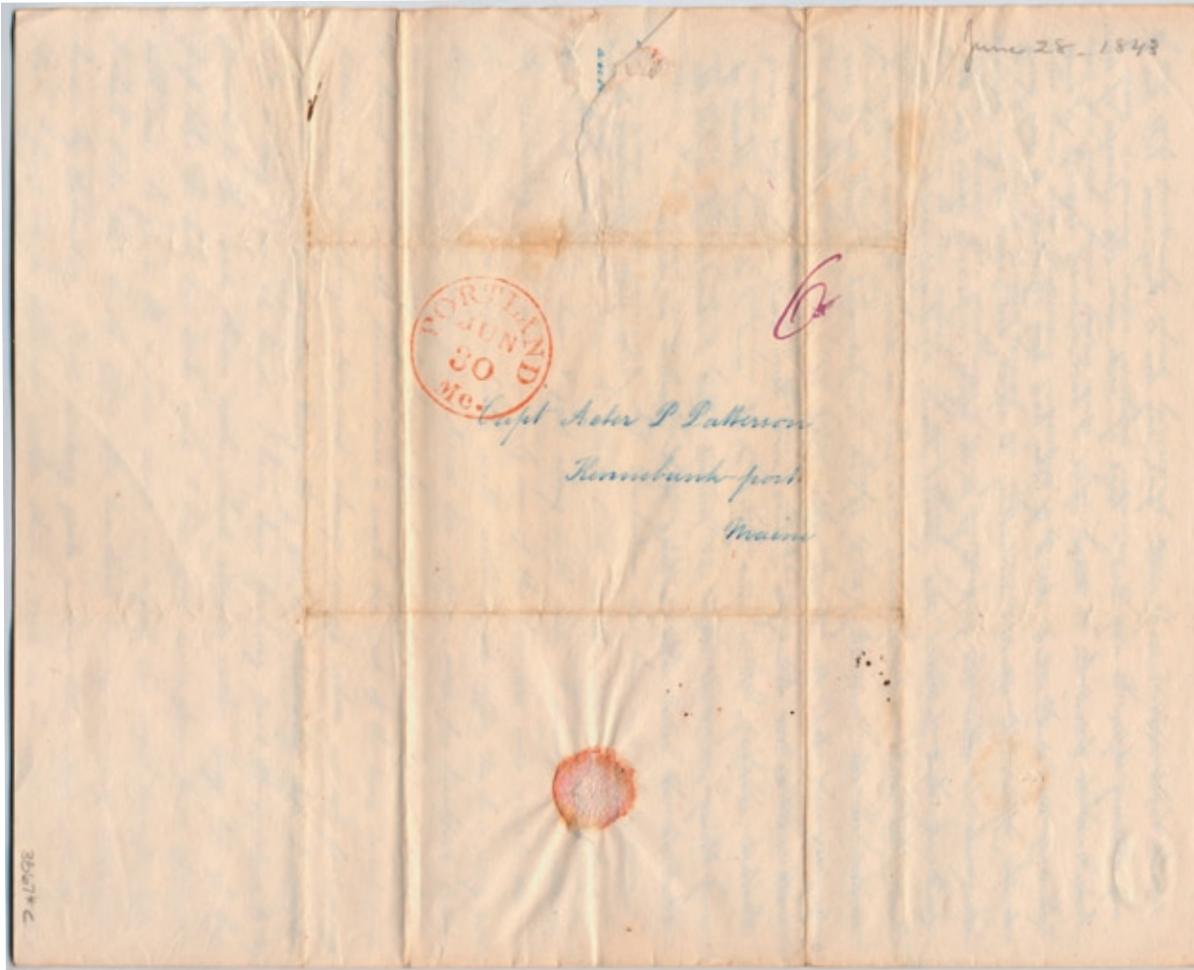
would be, to write every week. Give my love to Mary, and tell her that
my drawing lesson to-day was a heap of rocks and old stumps of trees.
I intend to learn her to draw, after I have learned myself. I have
been to tea, and asked Mrs W if she had any objections to my going
to the office. She appeared unwilling to refuse, but said it was against
her rule to allow the girls to go to the office, especially after tea. She
said she had favoured me several times, and appeared to wish to
now, but could not consistently. She gave me liberty to go as early as I
wished in the morning, and if it is pleasant, I shall try to rise
by four and take this to the office, that it may go at six. A good
walk will do no harm, for I have not been into the street since
Sabbath evening. It is now most dark, and I do not think of
any thing more to write at present. But I should like to fill the
sheet for it seems like talking with friends at home.

from your affectionate da
Lydia Patte

would be, to write every week. Give my love to Mary, and tell her that
my drawing lesson to-day was a heap of rocks and old stumps of trees.
I intended to learn her to draw, after I have learned myself. I have
been to tea and asked Mrs W if she had any objections to my going
to the office. She appeared unwilling to refuse, but said it was against
her rule to allow the girls to go to the office, especially after tea. She
said she had favoured me several times, and appeared to wish to
now, but could not consistently. She gave me liberty to go as early as I
wished in the morning, and if it is pleasant, I shall try to rise
by four and take this to the office, that it may go at six. A good
walk will do no harm, for I have not been into the street since
Sabbath evening. It is now most dark, and I do not think of
anything more to write at present. But I should like to fill the
sheet for it seems like talking with friends at home.

From your affectionate da [page torn]

Lydia Patte [page torn]



Capt Actor P Patterson
Kennebunk-port
Maine