

Bar Mills Novem 28<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Dear Annie

Thanksgiving is over, and I appropriate a half hour this morning to answer your last letter. I regarded it simply as a day for rest and reading and was rather sorry when an invitation came for Mother and me to pass the evening at Dr. Bradbury's.

Mummy and I sat down to a long table, with a turkey between us, for we had guests all the week and the table had not been diminished to fit our loneliness. I told Mummy two were not enough to give thanks for a bountiful dinner, if it was ever a subject appropriate for thanks, which was always questionable to me. The idea is too English and too material; I eschew it.

Jennie had declined an invitation to spend Thanksgiving at the Webb's, thinking she would stay at home to rest and recruit her wardrobe till Christmas, but they were so disappointed,

[Written on side and top, continued from last page]

I received a letter from Jeanie Anderson just before she left for Boston wherein she said she should hunt up as many friends as possible and hoped to find you. I also received a letter from Boston - She was to go to N. York last Friday but would return to Boston and visit Mrs Cheney. She did not give me her number, but you can ascertain it from Mrs. Cheney's Mother who lives in 44 Bowdoin Street. I hope you will call on her and give ever so much love from me. Mrs. Fields sent me a charmingly note cordial note expressing a wish to see me in Boston this Winter. When Aunt Jane was last in Boston she told me she intended to hunt you up. So I hope you will call on her. tell her of Maria Chase and tell her I wish she could have seen Aunt Abigail Hamilton

I received a letter from Jeanie Anderson just before she left for Boston wherein she said she should hunt up as many friends as possible and hoped to find you. I also received a letter from Boston - She was to go to N. York last Friday but would return to Boston and visit Mrs Cheney. She did not give me her number, but you can ascertain it from Mrs. Cheney's Mother who lives in 44 Bowdoin Street. I hope you will call on her and give ever so much love from me. Mrs. Fields sent me a charmingly note cordial note expressing a wish to see me in Boston this Winter. When Aunt Jane was last in Boston she told me she intended to hunt you up. So I hope you will call on her. tell her of Maria Chase and tell her I wish she could have seen Aunt Abigail Hamilton

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society  
MMN # 80985

Date: November 28, 1862

Description: Martha Usher Osgood wrote to her friend Annie about the lonely Thanksgiving she and her mother had, and various activities, including the sad death of a friend, Maria Chase, in New Orleans.

and the Spiritualist. Aunt Abigail, of course, refused to have any thing to do with such mumery. He said the Spirit of her daughter was present and very importunate to communicate. Aunt Abigail, having swallowed an additional pudding stick especially the brother, who has become engaged this last year and is anxious to exhibit his Queen, that Jen decided to go in.

Tuesday, <sup>afternoon</sup> our last visitors left, and Jen and I lay in bed luxuriously late Wednesday morning, feeling in the mud and rain, as secure from intrusion as tho' we were on a desolate Island.

While we were at breakfast - a little past nine - the old brass knocker vibrated. Jen went to the door and ushered in Mr. Bradford, from Boston, Nathan's friend. I consoled myself with the reflection that genteel people couldn't be expected to be ready to receive gentlemen at nine o'clock in the morning, took him into the music room and soon had the sitting room swept and dusted and the comb and brush and candlesticks disposed of.

He and Jen went in town in the afternoon. Mother and I spent last evening at Dr. Bradburys but the evening was spoiled for me by hearing of Maria Chase's death at N. Orleans. It oppressed me very much, and I could not be social - a cloud was over all the company. I feel so inexpressibly sad for the sisters. They were bound up in her.

and found a little more culture but spelt them usual, said in her

especially the brother who has become engaged this last year and is anxious to exhibit his Queen that Jen decided to go in.

afternoon

Tuesday ^ our last visitors left, and Jen and I lay in bed luxuriously late Wednesday morning feeling in the mud and rain, as secure from intrusion as tho' we were on a desolate Island. While we were at breakfast - a little past nine - the old brass knocker vibrated. Jen went to the door and ushered in Mr. Bradford, from Boston, Nathan's friend. I consoled myself with the reflection that genteel people couldn't be expected to be ready to receive gentlemen at nine o'clock in the morning, took him into the music room and soon had the sitting room swept and dusted and the comb and brush and candlesticks disposed of. He and Jen went in town in the afternoon. Mother and I spent last evening at Dr. Bradburys but the evening was spoiled for me by hearing of Maria Chase's death at N. Orleans. It oppressed me very much, and I could not be social - a cloud was over all the company. I feel so inexpressibly sad for the sisters. They were bound up in her.

[Written at left, continued from front top]

and the Spiritualist. Aunt Abigail, of course, refused to have any thing to do with such mumery. He said the Spirit of her daughter was present and very importunate to communicate. Aunt Abigail, having swallowed an additional pudding stick

and donned a cap a little more antique and spotless than usual, said in her  
curt and sharpest voice, "She might stay as long as she liked and go when she  
got ready. She had nothing to say to her." We received a letter from Bess. She says  
she had her usual success with beaux plenty of them at starting  
but they dwindled down to one before she arrived at her destination.  
continued on the next  
scrap of paper.

and her future seemed the one bright gleam amid  
the family gloom. I scarcely dare contemplate it  
for them, for her, more light and a wider sphere,  
with all holy affections idealized in the earnestness  
of eternity, but for them, the overshadowing sadness  
and yearning thought and infinite regret of broken  
lives darkening their future. You know all the  
girls and the family history, and why it is so  
supremely sad for Maria to go.

Last Sunday evening I went down to the Carlls  
to see a very celebrated Spiritualist - Foster - who  
was visiting Dea. Akers. The room was filled  
with our own circle and all the Akers family.  
He asked us all to write the name of some lost  
friend on a slip of paper and fold them up on the  
table. most of them did, and of course he had  
communications from the spirits of most of them.  
but proving him a very good clairvoyant. He said  
a spirit wished to write his name on his arm -  
E. B. U. appeared in large red letters very  
like Father's writing, with the long flourish he  
always made under his name, omitted.

and her future seemed the one bright gleam amid  
the family gloom. I scarcely dare contemplate it  
for them, for her, more light and a wider sphere,  
with all holy affections idealized in the earnestness  
of eternity, but for them, the overshadowing sadness  
and yearning thought and infinite regret of broken  
lives darkening their future. You know all the  
girls and the family history, and why it is so  
supremely sad for Maria to go.

Last Sunday evening I went down to the Carlls  
to see a very celebrated Spiritualist - Foster - who  
was visiting Dea. Akers. The room was filled  
with our own circle and all the Akers family.  
He asked us all to write the name of some lost  
friend on a slip of paper and fold them up on the  
table. most of them did, and of course he had  
communications from the spirits of most of them,  
but proving him a very good clairvoyant. He said  
a spirit wished to write his name on his arm -  
and E.B.U. appeared in large red letters very  
like Father's writing, with the long flourish he  
always made under his name omitted.

[at left, continued from previous page]

and donned a cap a little more antique and spotless than usual, said in her  
curt and sharpest voice, "She might stay as long as she liked and go when she  
got ready. She had nothing to say to her." We received a letter from Bess. She says  
she had her usual success with beaux plenty of them at starting  
but they dwindled down to one before she arrived at her destination.

continued on the next  
scrap of paper.

Nov. 1862  
He called the initials M. H. C. Miss Ripley said she had written a name similar to that, but not quite like it. He called again M. H. S. She said that was right - and asked if she would inform her where she died. He asked Miss R. if she knew - she replied that she did not. The spirit declined answering. She then asked if she would tell her near what river she died. The spirit assenting - he asked her to write the names of eight or nine different rivers including the right one and distribute them folded about the to us. Then each asked the spirit - have I the name? The spirit said no till my turn came, when it rapped yes. I unfolded the paper and read Mississippi, when we were all startled by a most agonized shriek from Sue, who was sitting back on a sofa. The moment she shrieked she put her head behind Helen, in a ~~paroxysm~~ paroxysm of tears. She soon recovered and was much mortified, but said she was very much excited without knowing it - and if some one had come in to announce Maria Chase's death, it would not have been more real to her. It was so singular for Sue, who conceals all feeling we all remarked upon it, and it left a startled and most suffering impression on us. Maria's initials were H. M. C. her married name Helen M. Stickney Sue, without the slightest belief in spiritualism had followed the name till wrought up to an agony. They had heard of Mrs. Stickney's confinement but nothing farther and were very anxious. I told Henry it would have seemed like Father's spirit if he had said "the fools are not all dead yet."

He called the initials M.H.C. Miss Ripley said she had written a name similar to that but not quite like it. He called again M.H.S. She said that was right - and asked if she would inform her where she died. He asked Miss R. if she knew - she replied that she did not. The spirit declined answering. She then asked if she would tell her near what river she died. The spirit assenting - he asked her to write the names of eight or nine different rivers including the right one and distribute them folded about the to us. Then each asked the spirit have I the name? The spirit said no till my turn came, when it rapped yes. I unfolded the paper and read Mississippi, when we were all startled by a most agonized shriek from Sue who was sitting back on a sofa. The moment she shrieked she put her head behind Helen in a pary paroxysm of tears. She soon recovered and was much mortified, but said she was very much excited without knowing it and if some one had come in to announce Maria Chase's death it would not have been more real to her. It was so singular for Sue, who conceals all feeling we all remarked upon it, and it left a startled and most suffering impression on us. Maria's initials were H.M.C. her married name Helen M. Stickney Sue, without the slightest belief in spiritualism had followed the name till wrought up to an agony. They had heard of Mrs. Stickney's confinement but nothing farther and were very anxious. I told Henry it would have seemed like Father's spirit if he had said "the fools are not all dead yet."

[Continued on first page]