

Princeton Dec. 16. 1859.

Sister Ann?

As I have a few
leisure moments, I will spend them in
writing to you. It is rather a stormy eveni-
ng, commenced snowing last night & has
snowed some nearly ever since. It thaws at
the same time so the snow is not very
deep. It seems rather lonesome, for there
has been no one here today & hardly
any passing along the roads. Horace is
taking care of the "baby", & Mary is cracking
hazel-nuts. I wonder what all are doing
just now at J. Jeff's house. I must now
stop for the call is imperative. I am, P. M.
I have a few more minutes that I intend
to improve by writing to "thee". Yesterday I
had baking to do, & was in a hurry to
finish a little flannel sack, for the small
brat, for she needed it very much. This is such
a cold room & her dresses are thin with short
~~short~~ sleeves. It ^{is} quite a pretty pattern for a
sack I think. It is open in front & has flowing

sleeves, & when scolloped all around & worked with saddler's silk, looks rather pretty.

I will send a piece of the one I was making yesterday. By the way I believe I haven't told you what I thought of those pieces of your dresses. I think the flairs very pretty indeed, wish I had a dress just like it.

Do you know the name of that kind of cloth? I saw a piece of the same kind of goods at Princeton, I asked the name of it but they said they didn't know. They asked 50 cts per yd. for it, how much was yours? Your other dresses are nice & pretty too. Tell Mac I think her dress pretty for the price. Seems to me you & Mac both, have lots & "scents" of new things. Does John have as many? I am glad to hear that you are enjoying yourself so well this winter. I have spent many pleasant days in that district too. If any there still remember, & ask after my welfare, give them my best respects.

As Christmas is near at hand I will wish all of you a "merry Christmas". O! By the way whose daughter is Mrs. Daniel Whaley. I read their marriage in the Wakefield paper, but don't know who Mary E. Eldred is. Don't ^{know} as I can tell you anything more

worth reading this time so will close & write to father on the rest of this sheet. Harriet says "say how gay you are" for him so here you have it. My love to mother, Mac & John, yourself included. Write much & often. Yours, Sade.

Tuesday evening,

Dear Father,

Again I take my pen to hold a chat with one of my dearest friends. Now that I am deprived of the pleasure of seeing & conversing with you face to face, it is really a great comfort to be able to converse with you by letter. I always was pleased to get a letter from any of my friends or acquaintances, but not until I came to Iowa did I prize letters, so highly.

We are all as well as usual & hope all of you are the same. It has been warm & pleasant (for winter) the most of this month so far, but we have had a few very cold days. It has been warm & pleasant today. There is a little snow on the ground. Tonight is quite cold & frosty. Lots of cattle here, have not been foddered yet. The weather has been so warm that they have done well, on what they have got in cornfields

& at straw-piles. When people get their corn picked
& grain thrashed they open their fields to the
community at large, so that all cattle may
go where they please. Our cattle don't go far
for they have been fed & stabled at night, for
a long time. He always takes a great deal
of care of his stock. It seems really homes-like
to hear ^{you} looking after sheep. There are
very few around here, & they generally guard those
every night in winter, & summer, on account
of wolves. We hear wolves barking around
quite often, & when they are 'yelling' around, any
one may hear all the dogs in the neighborhood
barking. Ours bark nearly all night sometimes.
A wolf is not as large as a common sized
dog, but every one says it takes a very smart
dog to whip one. — Are the meetings there
as interesting this winter as they were last winter
& the winter before? You cannot imagine how
much I wish I could attend meetings in
those places, where I have enjoyed myself
so, well. When I think of the many happy
seasons spent at various places there, at religious
meeting, it often brings tears to my eyes.
I must close so Good night, dear father, Yours, S.

Rec'd. Dec. 27/65
Ans. Jan. 5-11/66

Miss Ann E. Tappan
Kingston
Washington Co.
R.I.