

Sharon  
Mass

Sublimity agn  
April 12th 1864

Miss Bent

Mrs M. D. Lyman

Forest Grove

Home  
Attn. March 18<sup>th</sup> /<sub>5</sub> 1864

My Dear Friend:

I was glad to get your letter. glad to hear that your children had escaped serious illness when so many little ones have fallen. O what a winter this has been - it will surely be remembered by every mother in Oregon with its long, slow days of weariness, anxiety and heartache - it has seemed to me to be as long as long as three ordinary ones. My little boy is decidedly better. And words cannot express my thankfulness as I see his emaciated form gathering strength and plumpness, and his eyes resume their wonted brightness. That dreaded

disease is still raging - it seems as though it never will run its course. We have had fine weather for some time. I think I never saw a lovelier Spring. I feel all the while like rambling in the woods and gathering wild-flowers.

Can "Millie" find flowers as readily as he used to? I think I see him now twirling a stick in his hand and talking to the trees.

I have no flowers or shrubbery yet but shall get them as soon as <sup>our</sup> yard is faled in separate from the orchard which will not be until next winter. I find that farmers and farmers wives have a great many things to see to, and a great deal of hard work to <sup>do</sup> to, and yet it is an independent

way of living and I would not exchange it for any other.

I often think of you my friend with love and gratitude, and of the many quiet hours which I have spent in your pleasant home.

I remember the counsels you gave me and they have been of great service to me in my poor endeavors to lead a Christian life. And for your great kindness to me in my lonely, orphaned life I fervently pray "May God bless you to yours and greatly prolong your useful life."

I am looking forward to June with anxiety for I certainly look for you in that month - and also Mr. Scott's folk. You must not ~~fail~~ fail to come. I presume your

children have been attending school  
this winter. May will start next  
week, I think. We have no society  
here as we used to have - neighbors  
are so busy jangling and quarreling  
amongst themselves they have no time  
to attend to any thing else. When I think  
of the terrible sufferings of our brave sol-  
diers in the East, and the deep anguish of  
bereaved wives, and mothers, and poor  
orphaned children, it seems to me that  
the course we in Oregon are pursuing  
is positively sinful. We give our thoughts  
to our trivial every day affairs just as  
though no cloud of war hang over our  
dear land. I go to my neighbors and  
they show me their new clothes, talk of  
their blessings and their grievances, but of  
the sufferings of the battle field, scarcely  
a word. It seems dreadful - this apathy.  
I am sorry I cannot feel more.  
Well I must close as I am at the end  
of my little sheet. Please write soon  
and thus oblige  
Cassy