Dear Mother

As I have a good opportunity to send a letter I cannot let it pass, without improving it. I had not heard one word from home since I left until Lavinia received Hannah’s letter, which was gratefully received I can assure you. I met Shubael on the street a fortnight ago, and he was so surprised that he would hardly believe it was me he said he saw very glad to see me. He has called on me once since he told me the last time that I saw him that he thought he would go to Mr. Hanks meeting for it was too far to Mr. Blanchard’s. I have heard Mr. Blanchard preach once, I like him very much, though I like Mr. Hanks better, Mr. B. is a much prettier speaker than Mr. Hanks. I have been to meeting this forenoon, we had a beautiful sermon by Mr. Hanks on Home Missions. We have a first rate Sabbath School, I like Mr. Southworth very much an hardly believe it is Benjamin when he is talking. We went over to Mr. Wings the other night we had a real good time Mrs. Wing is a very pleasant women Olive went over with she invited us all to come over there Wednesday
afternoon and he said that he would invited Shubael and Benjamin there in the evening. But it rained so that we could not go Shubael says that he shall be out of work in about a week but he has done caring for the fleeting things of this world, he says that he should study here as he likes Lowell a great deal better than he does Waltham. He almost promised to write by Mrs. Cole and tell you Ward, but for fear he should not I will write all that I know about him, he (Shubael) says that he is at home now and has been there this good while, and that his health is better than it was before he was sick. Shubael was at Waltham a fortnight at election time. His father came down to see him said folks were all well at Franklin. We have not been Mrs. Daviss yet, she bought Lavinia a little piece of wedding cake just enough for a taste. We went to Uncle David, the other night I saw George he is a bright little boy he is not so large as Emmons. Little Isabella sung to us, she could not speak plain and it sounded funny. Uncle David has got his organ and he played on it and I sung. We have not been to Uncle Luthers since Thanksgiving evening. I finished my stockings a fortnight ago and if you have some yarn you can space as well as not I should be extremely glad of enough for one pair of stockings. I have been very well since I came here have not staid out of the mill one minute since I went in. Caroline has been out sick a week, is considerable better now, I am very much afraid she will not stand it to work in the mills a great while I am going to send a paper to Miss Amelia H. Robinson pretty soon. Give my love to Charlotte Cushing and Miss Lydia May and tell her I should be very happy to receive a letter from her by Mrs. Cole. Give my best love to Mary and the boys tell her I meant to have written to her but I had to stay at home to write this, I have not staid at home but half

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9 Waltham, Massachusetts.
11 Franklin, Massachusetts.
13 Brother: Emmons Metcalf b: 15 Mar 1838, Winthrop, ME d: 1 Apr 1883.
16 Sister: Mary Clark Metcalf b: 29 Jun 1828, Winthrop, ME d: 17 May 1860, Boston, MA
a day since I came here before. Our friends are all except for Mr. Southworth, his cough hangs on yet, he says he does not expect to get rid of it till spring. Shubael says that he thinks it is a rather bad cough. Lavinia has had a very bad cough this week past. I feel rather homesick sometimes when I am thinking of home Especially of that little sweet Martha and than I can say from my heart “Home Sweet Home, there is no place like Home!!” I am going to send Martha something to remember me by. If I can, I would send the rest something if I could, but the wages are low and it becomes me to be very economical. Give my love Aunt Thomas and Aunt “Eliza Haven” and Aunt “Eliza Newton” and Hannah and Elizabeth and Ruth. I expect to write to Ruth, I shall If I have time, I should like to write to E and H but think I shall not have time as I expect Shubael will cal here tonight But I must close for I have another letters to write and I must be in a hurry.

Give my love to all friends
And accept a large share for yourself

From your
unworthy Daughter
s.b.m

Tell Mary that she must write and tell me all about school

PS Do not let Martha forget me for all the world

Tell Emmons he must learn to read and I will send him a book, and tell him that he must not forget me

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17 Sister: Martha Metcalf b: 10 Jun 1841, Winthrop, ME.