

Home Franklin Co Mo.

June 9th 1863

Dear Mary:

Wednesday Evening

Have you entirely forgotten me? I have been looking for a letter for many weeks but have so far been disappointed. I think sometimes that you did not get my last letter. Do write and tell me if it arrived safely. We are all quite well. Henry and Stillman are breaking up some new land on S's place. S is getting better he thinks his medicine has done him good. I have not seen Eliza and Julia since last week was there one afternoon Sue & Sallie Clark were there.

We have had some nice rains lately and they were much needed too for the month of May was nearly destitute of rain. Things look nice since the rain.

Do you go to school any this summer, I don't know though how your mother could spare you and Julia both, unless she had some one else to help her.

Tell me what all the Plymouth folks are at, I suppose 'tis rather a gloomy place in some respects. It seems from what I learn from correspondents that there is considerable doing in the moving line, I'm afraid I'll hardly know the place when I make you a visit. I wonder if Mr Chapman found a home in Mo. I should not like to venture so far to the N.W. of the state at present for fear of bush-whackers.

Friday

Mrs. Esq. Chapman and Mrs. Co. mother, Mrs. Campbell, are here to-day. Mrs. Chapman is blind, she is so patient and

cheerful. We think a great deal of Mr Chapman's folks
Mr Lyman Chapman and wife died a few weeks ago.
There has been much sickness around this spring, and nearly
every one who ~~has been~~ ^{was} sick ~~to~~ died.

I fixed a bunch of wild flowers intending to send them to
you, but as you did not write, I let them go, thinking
I could get some more for you. but the most of the
spring flowers are gone, but I'll send you a specimen
of what we call sensitive brier, it will close its leaves
at the least touch. I cannot get the leaves pressed open,
unless I shut the book together before I touch it. the
other leaves were pulled off and pressed. the flower, has
such a sweet scent when growing, it grows round like
a globe amaranth. I'll try and save you seed from some
of the prettiest flowers, if you would like them.

Emily Chapman sent me a beautiful bunch of roses a
few weeks ago by her brother Charlie. they were red not
pink like yours. Emily has given us many kinds of flowers.

Well I will not write any more now but if you will
only tell me the cause of your long silence, the chief
object of these few lines ~~will~~ will have been accomplished.
Give my love to all the friends and relations when you
see them. How does Julia like her school this summer?
We have one here but it is a poor excuse, I guess.

With much love your friend
Lucy Finney.

I'm going to Durbin tomorrow if it is pleasant shall take
this and mail it there. Wish I could see you sometime
up on the train. Don't mind of looking for Julia's promise
from above.

This is Sat. and as father wants to go
to Stillman's I shall go with him, and
then go to Bourbon instead of Sullivan as
I told you first. Stillman lives about
half way there, from our house. I wish

you could see the woods now, in some
places it looks as if a bird could
hardly fly through them. The oak don't
look so bad in their green robes, as in
their brown. May be I'm getting used
to them, the season they look better.
Now remember to write very soon to Lu.

Bowdon no June 6th



Miss Mary S. Bartlett.

New Plymouth.

Clinton Co.

Ohio.