

Town of Sunderland, Massachusetts

Sunderland Dec. 16, 1869,  
My Dear Henry

"Spasmodic" is the very word I was intending to use the next time I wrote to you, but I can't see how you found it out except by the aid of mesmerism which was very fashionable some years ago, the first two or three cool days you seemed to think you must take special care of us, but last week where the thermometer was down to zero through the day, we felt no exhilarating effect from your warm breath, but had to depend entirely upon Rock Maple to keep us comfortable, your Father is now stuffing it into the stove & says "it takes me to keep the fire a going", it was so cold this morning that I thought I couldn't wash; & ever since 10. O'clock it has been growing colder, & I suppose we have had a thaw & now must look out for cold weather; we should be very glad to see you but I do not think that without for some good reason you had better come when it is so very cold why, you would almost perish in one of our Chambers this weather, & if you should come I should tuck you up in the North bedroom, & keep a fire each side of you as you know I can, however, come if you dare we are about as well as can be Expected your Father does not go out much, his appetite good, I think he is better than at any time since he has been sick, bears the Cold better than he did last winter, I have not felt quite as well since it has been so cold it has developed the Salt Rheum all over me, even in my face & eyes, which is rather uncomfortable, we have got along quite comfortably thus far, & there is no use in worrying about what may happen, time enuf when it does come--- Have you seen by any paper that "Uncle Rees" he[?] has departed this life? Such is the fact, On Friday the week after Thanksgiving he went over to B. B. to carry his son John to go to Springfield he drove a colt, because he was going to break it himself, on his return when near the Tavern (you will remember the place) the Horse going fast, and he, sitting on one side of the seat & that not fastened down the turn rather short, threw him out seat & all on the frozen ground & injured his head so that he was never conscious afterwards and died Sabbath night, buried on Wednesday how lamented, you can judge---no persuasions of the family could induce him to give up riding about with a Colt and an old shackling wagon, not fit for any body to ride in, & the wonder is that he has not been killed long ago---Tuesday, cold & looks stormy, tomorrow is the day for installation, don't think it will affect us much, they are so plenty people don't make so much ado about it as they did when they did not happen but once in half a Century, you ask how we came to get him I can't tell the process, but think likely it was through the instrumentality of Father Moody he was once settled in Orange, since that in Barre, why he left there I do not know, we hear very little said about him, Dr. and William like him, so we may conclude he is sound You had better see if you have a deed of the slip before you come down, I have dis--solved all connection with Isaac, & feel as if I was in exile, it is dark, & dirty no cushions & but I have elbow room enough having it all to myself two Sabbaths---

Had I better get any wood this winter? I should think I might need some light wood for summer hope I shan't be blest with so much apple brush as this year, no sledding yet, but the first of the season is the best time to get it---I am glad you are so sensible as to find out that cabbage is good, some of your brothers raised a great laugh over me once because I said I was afraid I should eat too much of it, Frank thought it an impossibility as he never ate any, I can't think it makes you have the head ache, more likely the coal you are burning would do it,---Father says tell N. we went down to Uncle Johns week after T. and ate Turkey, they came up after him, & he enjoyed it very much, Uncle J. has sprain'd one of his wrists can't use it at all---had a great wedding, all the Town that desired to go---Our chickens are doing nicely, have sold, 9. Doz. Eggs at 40 cts. per doz. if you will bring a bag large enough I will give you a Rooster to carry home / can't spare the pullets. the man that talks about gal news never heard of your mother I don't think, for here I am at the end of my sheet & no room to send either love or hatred M. M. T. let me know when you are coming  
[marginal note] I've just been out & find that the out door pump is frozen what what shall I do