1859 October - November

Philad Nov 7th 1859 7. A. M

My Dear Wife

A golden light and clear sky greet our opening eyes to day after a most dreary, cheerless, murky, lowering, spell of weather; in which I have found you saturated with moisture & stiffened with mud. - Mud tramped in; and daubed on; and spread about; till the whole condition was muddy altogether. - My heart flared toward you with its first consciousness; & as the gilded vane met my eye I thought "though clear I doubt there's getting to church". The roads must be now, if ever, impassible for carriages; and they will be shut up at home; debarred the privileges of the sanctuary; & especially that of mingling with kindred, by earthly ties as well as heavenly, in communing