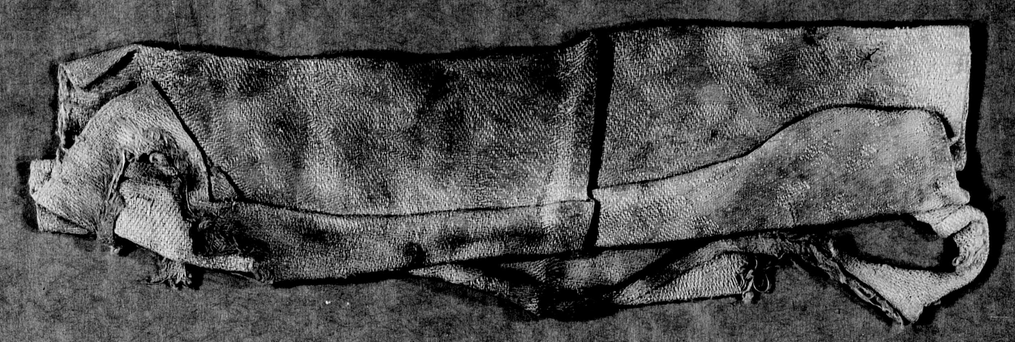
1856-1859 Mary H. [redacted] Murray



Mary H. Murray
West River
Maryland

Green hill Farm
9th m. 26th 1859

Dear Mary –

Thought, is what! – who can tell? – I cannot – but, thought can bring before the mind – playmates far off, that have been kind. – It embraces an amazing amount for good – or, for evil. – These are strange things, are they not, to come in as a Dart, to write upon, when I simply took up my Pen to tell thee how many times, unremembered, hast thou been brought into my mind when taking up the enclosed Rag – why it deserves a better name – Cloth! Dost thou recognise it? – as having been formed & fashioned by thy tiny fingers, & presented to me – how many years since? – well, ever since it has been, when at home, brought into every-other day use, to wipe my Razor, & to tell the tale of kindness – & now it comes in as a Letter to ask how is, thy little Cornelia, when I last saw her; have her fingers learned the use, or are they in the way to learn the use of the Needle that simple implement of former days in constructing Fabrics for both Male & Female; which there is some little danger in the present day of being laid by, in the more rapid movements of the sewing Machines. very good, both of them, in their places – but I don't want, & I suppose thou dost not, to forget the labour of Love that has moved the fingers for Ages gone by in constructing Fabrics to be worned by loved-Ones, & the consolations & comforts that have been afforded to the mind, whilst fingers have been engaged in plying the silent little Bar to accomplish comforts for those, that these have loved. It is very pleasant, even now as I write, to look back upon these labours of Love, as I have sat beside loved ones, so engaged in the stitch by stitch, plodding their way, till the work has been accomplished, that has produced a Garment for the enfolding of the Person, very neat, & comforting to the wearer; & then affording gratulatory