

true Southern hospitality
that, like so many
things in our dear
South, is passing away.
I only wish we could
tell you when we
could go to you, but
poor Sister has already
taken most of her
leave, and I find it
almost an impossibility
for me to leave home.
As my absence would
entail so many cares

on Sister and she is
far from strong. Just
now I am parting
with my good servants
who are going north,
and launching in
the troubled waters of
initiating two new ones.
But rest assured we
want to come, and
when we can, will
But you and Mrs
Emory must not wait
for us. The city in
summer has few at