

I commence at this early hour to write my long letter. On Saturday morning Abel and myself went to County Line Church to hear a clergyman from ^{Delaware} ~~Delaware~~, but as he did not come, our own clergyman Mr. Curran preached us an excellent sermon. Mrs. Boykin had invited us all to come and then spend the night with her. Charlotte Brier expected me there, and Mrs. Williams Boykin invited me there, well after a long consultation we all dined at Mrs. W. Boykin's. She had seven other there also. We had quite a party. From there we went to the church where a singing school was organized. G. C. Hall came out to sing and returned with us to Mrs. Frank Boykin's and spent the night. Abel returned home. As the clergyman disappointed us we thought he would not be there on Sunday, so we went to Charlotte Brier's and with herself, brother, father and mother, all went to Carlisle and attended the Episcopal church. The clergyman's name is Lee and nearly every body in the place had the same name and close connection. I believe they all nearly came from South Carolina. I was introduced to the Minister and about thirty other persons. We were invited to several places to dinner, and finally went home with Major Lee. We first called on his daughter Miss Eliza Lee who was sick, at her brother's opposite the church. She is a very fine interesting young lady. Has been dangerously sick with an affection of the heart and never expects to be well, neither desires it. Her father is very wealthy and has a large family of sons. I am told his palace in Carolina was a perfect palace and cost twenty thousand dollars. His ~~house~~ ^{estate} I mean, I heard him say so myself, and describe it. It was laid out in to the most beautiful walks gardens and fountains etc. His wife who is a fine lady well worth, I presume, two hundred thousand dollars, but gave her brother one half. His obj^t is in coming here was to make large fortunes for each of his children. He has three single sons (not married I mean) at home now, between the ages of twenty and twenty eight, "all very interesting" and handsomely. One of them Mr. Backman Lee with whom I became most acquainted is a perfect gentleman, very intelligent handsome, fine manners, has spent a good deal of time at the north, in travelling, passed a long time in Boston where he has a brother living, is delighted with the north and I write this that you may send some of the young ladies (what-wants-to-get-married) down here. I understand Major Lee says he has husbands for all the young ladies. And he has a number small ones

Dear you or am imagine how much dear sister Mary and I talk of you and

My dear sister Mary and I talk of you and

coming on to stage. They now live in a small, and an
uncomfortable house, but he is building the largest
house I have seen ~~there~~ I left the north and
I believe there are not many larger ones in the
state. It is three stories, large on the ground,
and a wing on each side. It will be a
splendid place. I rode out to see it. "And all
this" you will say, "on Sunday." Yes, Mother, but I
could not help it. They certainly do not keep the
Sabbath as strict people as they do out the north.
And one reason is this, they ride so far to church
they cannot well return without dinner and provide
all winter to join us or and etc. In one view he is
a perfect personification of the "Old English Gentleman"
I suppose. His cellar (? what do they have cellars there?)
I do not know. is filled with ^{cellarated} wine in which he
delights, and for which he is estimated. He has
nothing else for dessert. and I fancy a dozen (if not
more) bottles of various wines brandy and spirits were
used. He imports it, and of course it is superior
Enough of ~~his~~ ^{his} wine? I passed the night with
Charlotte Rivers who is in many respects a perfect
Leticia Curtis. Her father has a library nearly as large
as Mr Curtis containing the most valuable books
So now, as ever I have every ^{book} to read which I wish
She plays very well on the piano. It is a
superior instrument. I have forgotten a great deal
but could easily ^{well} recall it. Do not care at all.
I went from there on Monday afternoon to Mrs Stark's. Huntress
the widow lady. Oh you have put her to ^{lots of}
her to love her. She is very hands one at this
age 54 I should not think her so old. She
is to me a very agreeable companion. Mrs
Frank Boykin is 46. I think Mrs Hunter is as
perfect a character as I ever saw in my life. She
says she never has the least trouble with her
servants and I believe she never has them whipped
They all love her dearly as assume her that they
will always protect ^{her} with their life, and what
she need never fear anything. She has five or
six house servants and they are all dressed with
the greatest taste and neatness, and will not let
you do any thing for yourself. They prefer doing it for
you. I stayed with her two nights and should have
done longer had she not been going to Concord County.
This appears like the English. She keeps up two
establishments and spends her winter at one
and summer at the other. Both very beautiful
situations and handsomely furnished. If she wishes
to return here in the summer as she intends, for

I suppose you will in your next. I am very happy to see how much you improve in your writing. You certainly do express yourself elegantly. Some gentlemen think great to whom I am bound to show your letters. I am glad you received the bundle, sent the birds in a letter, as I thought you would get them much sooner. Dear Father what did indeed have a quick passage, 10 days 12 days. I have ascertained one thing which I think you will be pleased to know. The distance from the top of the bluff to low water mark is (at the landing I mean. It is much higher in some other places) than I say, it is 50 feet, and the water rises and falls 40 feet. Do not work too hard this summer or feel uneasy on our account. We are both very well and anticipate a delightful summer. Indeed we are happy and enjoy ourselves better every day. Mary says Eliza is just

Yr
A. Hall Rm

Mrs. Randall Cook
Wallingford

to be 90 Ann that in October
each week from June to mid
of Oct. I'm much your's
I will know what you would
have me write, but you are
obliged to hermit. When ready
I hope

Portland Me
June 9th

as she used to be when she was about 10 years old. Alex and I have the greatest frolics I ever enjoyed. It makes me think of your dear Fanny. Alex says when we go to the North what glorious frolics we will have with sister Fanny. You are none of you acquainted with him. He improves every day upon acquaintance, and instead of the sober pedant at Heall I took him to be I find him just like Fanny, all fun. Like you he can not contain himself, and I have to leave all for the sport. Is poor Lily is dead? I hope when I return I shall be able to find her tombstone. Do write all particulars, how you get along there. Are the Sunday Mornings the same as usual. Dear Mother how very kind in you, in compliance with my request

Transcript of letter in
OVERSIZE BOX.

June 5, 1841
Portland, Alabama
Saturday

My Own Dear Mother and Sister,

As we are to move on Monday, I commence at this early time to write my long letter. I commenced one on last week but as I was absent could not finish it. On Saturday morning Alex and myself went to County Line Church to hear a Clergyman from Selma, but as he did not come, our own clergyman, Mr. Curvin preached us an excellent sermon. Mrs. Boykin had invited us all to come, and then spend the night with her. Charlotte Rieves expected me there, and Mrs. William Boykin invited me there. Well after a long consultation we all dined at Mrs. Willie Boykins. There were eight others there also. We had quite a party. From there we went to the church where a singing school was organized. Francis C. Hall came out to sing and returned with us to Mrs. Frank Boykin's and spent the night. Alex Hall returned home. As the clergyman disappointed us we thought he would not be there on Sunday so we went to Charlotte Rieves and with herself, brother, Father and Mother, all went to Carlowville and attended the Episcopal Church. The clergyman's name is Lee and nearly everybody in the place has the same name and closely connected. I believe they all nearly come from South Carolina. I was introduced to the Minister and about thirty other persons. We were invited to several places to dinner, and finally went home with Major Lee. We first called on his daughter Miss Eliza Lee who was sick, at her brother's opposite the church. She is a very pious interesting young lady. Has been dangerously sick with an affection of the heart and never expects to be well, neither desires it. Her father is very wealthy and has a large family of sons. I am told his house in Carolina was a perfect palace and cost twenty-five thousand dollars. His house, itself, I mean, I heard him say so myself, and describe it. It was laid out into the most beautiful walks, gardens, and fountains, etc. His wife who is a fine

lady was worth herself, two hundred thousand dollars, but gave her brother one half. His object in coming here was to make large fortunes for each of his children. He has three single sons (not married I mean) at home now, between the ages of twenty and twenty-eight. "All very interesting," and handsome." One of them Mr. Beckman Lee with whom I became most acquainted is a perfect gentleman, very intelligent, handsome, fine manners, has spent a good deal of time at the North, in travelling, passed a long time in Boston, where he has a brother living, is delighted with the North, and I write this that you may send some of the young ladies (What wants to get married") down here. I understand Major Lee says he has husbands for the young ladies, and he has a number small ones coming on the stage. They now live in a small and uncomfortable house, but he is building the largest house I have seen since I left the North and I believe there are not many larger ones in the State. It is three stories, larger on the ground, and a wing on each side. It will be a splendid place. I road out to see it. "And all this" you will say, "On Sunday." Yes, Mother, but I could not help it. They certainly do not keep the Sabbath as strict here as they do at the North, and the reason is this, they ride so far to church they cannot well return without dinner and friends are invited to join you, etc. In one sense he is a perfect personification of the "Old English Gentleman." I suppose his cellar (do they have cellars there? I do not know,) is filled with wine in which he delights, and for which he is celebrated. He has nothing else for dessert, and I fancy a dozen (if not more) bottles of various wines, brandy and spirits well opened. He imports it and of course it is superior - Enough for him! I passed the night with Charlotte Rieves who is in many respects a perfect Lib Curtis. Her Father has a library nearly as large as Mr. Curtis' containing the most valuable books. So now, as ever I have every book to read

which I wish. She plays very well on the piano. It is a superior instrument, I have forgotten a great deal but could early recall it. Do not care at all: I went from there on Monday afternoon to Mrs. Stark Hunters, the widow lady. Oh, you have but to look at her to love her - She is very handsome at this age ⁵⁴ I should not think her so old. She is to me a very agreeable companion. Mrs. Frank Boykin is 46. I think Mrs. Hunter is as perfect a character as I ever saw in my life. She says she never has the least trouble with her servants and I believe she never has them whipped. They all love her dearly as assure her that they will always protect her with their life, and that she need never fear anything. She has five or six house servants and they are all dressed with the greatest taste and neatness, and will not let you do anything for yourself. They prefer doing it for you. I staid with her two nights and should have done so longer had she not been going to Conecuh County. This appears like the English. She keeps up two establishments and spends her winters at one and summers at the other. Both very beautiful and situated and handsomely furnished. If she wishes to return here in the summer as she intends, for a visit she does not have to move. Her house and servants are in readiness to receive her. She is very pious. She has a delightful piazza in front of her house filled with a great variety of geraneums and other plants, and as the evenings were moonlight and mild we sat there until time to retire, talking of each others friends homes and relations. We talked too of Heaven and it seemed as if we had a foretaste of its blessings, it was so quiet, (she lives all alone) and lovely. She had "raised" (This term all Southerners use, instead of brought up"), six orphan children. She never had but one of her own and lost that. Her husband has been dead four years I think. She has four beautiful miniatures of her relations painted on ivory and cased in gold.

Also some handsome paintings done by her sister. When she returns, she says she wishes me to stay with her. Do you recall how kind she was the Sunday we dined there? She gave us delightful pound and sponge cake, roast-pig, turkey, and tarts to carry home with us. She said to me "If there is anything you wish that I can give you, ask me and you shall have it". Do you not love her? I then went to stay with Mrs. Frank Boykin, and had a delightful time. She has a great deal of good fruit, ripe apples, plumbs, cherries, and grapes. She gave me as many as I could eat all the time. When I came home she sent a jar of preserved strawberries, and a pail of plumbs and cherries to Mary, (Mrs. Alexander Hall). Such disinterested friendship as they all manifest I can not account for. Mrs. Boykin wishes me to stay a long time with her, and I expected to spend a week, but on reflecting that Mary was to move to the Summer House so soon I thought I ought come home and assist her, so on Thursday Evening I started on horseback. The carriage horse was sick was the reason of my coming on horseback. A dark cloud came up and I was afraid we should be caught so I road very fast. I say we I mean her servant who came behind with my baggage. I came on a full canter all the way as the horse was very large. I think I came in less than an hour, 7 miles. I do not think any one ever rode the distance quicker, and escaped the rain, got a little sprinkling. The boy could not possibly keep up and I left him far out of sight. The other morning Dubois and I had a ride and I rode a mile and three fourth's in nine minutes on the little pony. What a girl your Elibi is, is she not? Your letter, my dear Fanny, gave me a great deal of pleasure, but you did not tell what Ann Carrington's dress was made of. I suppose you will in your next. I am very, happy to see how much you improve in your writing. You certainly do express yourself elegantly. Some gentlemen think so also, to whom I am proud

to show your letters. I am glad you received the bundle, sent the birds in a letter, as I thought you would get them much sooner. Dear Father Chat did indeed have a quick passage, 12 days. I have ascertained one thing which I think you will be pleased to know. The distance from the top of the bluff to low water mark is (at the landing I mean. It is much higher in some other places) here, I say, it is 50 feet, and the water rises and falls 40 feet. Do not work too hard this summer or feel uneasy on our account. We are both very well and anticipate a delightful summer. Indeed we are happier and enjoy ourselves better every day. Mary says Elibi is just as she used to be when she was about 10 years old. Alex and I have the greatest frolics I ever enjoyed. It makes me think of you dear Fanny. Alex says when we go to the North what glorious frolic we will have with Sister Fanny. You are now if you are acquainted with him. He improves every day upon acquaintance, and instead of the sober sedate Alex Hall I took him to be I find him just like Fanny, all fun. Like you He cannot contain himself, and I have to leave all for the sport. So poor Lily is dead! I hope when I return I shall be able to find her tomb-stone. Do write all particulars, how you get along there. Are the Sunday mornings the same as usual. Dear Mother, how very kind in you, in compliance with my request to be so punctual in addressing each week some lines to me. It does me much good. I very well know what you would have me write, but you are obliged to be patient. How dearly, dearly I do love you. You can imagine how much dear Sister Mary and I talk of you and home. Mary says she can sympathize with you now in so many things. She is exactly like you and becomes more and more so every day. She says so herself also. It seems half of the time as if it was your own dear self. Have not heard of G. Hall of the Carringtons. Write as long letters as you can. Your own,

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