

Mary Baird
Sept. 1852

Frammingham, Mass., Sept. 6, 1852.

My dear friend,

Both my husband and my conscience have been reproaching me for some time for not writing to you. Spence has no charity for such remissness, as he is never guilty of it, and seems to know nothing of the meaning of procrastination. I am afraid he would make a poor business of "writing a composition" on that famous subject. That I have not written sooner is not because I have not thought of you, but we have been involved in a succession of uncertainties, and I have been waiting to get to the end of some of them in order to tell you our plans for the summer; the end of the summer has come, but there is just as much unsettled in the future, and probably always will be.

We left Washington the first of July, and went to Carlisle, where we staid a month with Mr. Wand's mother, and it was high time for us to be off to some such place, for with toothache & tooth-pulling, and more hard work than any other man in Washington had done, I'll venture to say, Spence had made a mere "specimen" of himself, almost a skeleton, and really owned himself rather worn out. I believe he actually was 12 hours in Carlisle (8 of which were wasted in sleep) before he commenced any kind of work. Fortunately, various other relations were in