

Pierpont March 2^d 1853

Dear Uncle aunt and Cousins

It is with pleasure I take my pen
in hand to write a few lines to you
to inform you that we are all well except
Curtis who remains in nearly the same
condition which he has been in for the
last two years I have just returned from
my second campaign as a pedagogue and
have of course left a scene of turmoil and
confusion for one of comparative silence
though the winter has passed away very pleasantly
nothing occurring to break the monotony of such
a life Winter is beginning to loose his icy bands
and Sol at every successive revolution of our
planet is enabled to exert himself in our
behalf We have not received a letter from the west
since the solemn announcement that death
had removed a cherished friend beyond the ken
of mortal eye to that land whither we all are
hastening rapidly and where the finally good
and useful meet to join in anthems of praise
while un eternal ages shall roll their unceasing
rounds unfolding new beauties affording new
enjoyments to satisfy the wants of immortal and
deified spirits which have withstood temptation
ever hoping through the merits of their exalted
Savior to obtain the conquerors crown