

My Dear Cousin,      Mayville Ky Dec 4<sup>th</sup> 1848  
 Thinking perhaps you might receive  
 as something worth the cost, a letter from your Cousin now  
 confined to the room by an alarming <sup>disease</sup> and sojourning among  
 strangers, I am seated for the purpose of writing a few lines to you  
 though as yet I know not that I shall be able to write any  
 thing which will be interesting to you. I do not wish to repeat  
 more than possible in my letters, and with this I send a few  
 lines to Hanson and a letter to Uncle Bill both of which  
 you will no doubt have an opportunity to read. I have scarcely  
 left my room since last Saturday and know not how  
 soon I shall be able to leave it. Remember my dear Cousin  
 when you think lightly of your home, to reflect upon the  
 many advantages you now enjoy over "Hank" who is  
 prostrated as it were by a disease which though it  
 deprive him not of the power to think & feel, yet will  
 not allow him to do any thing to support himself. And  
 think too that he is now among strangers who feel no in-  
 terest in his welfare, only as their sympathies have been  
 excited by his circumstances & character, with which  
 they are & can be at present only partially acquainted.  
 Yes I am now beyond the reach of the aid or assistance  
 of any relative, and were I taken tomorrow with the  
 most frightful attack of my disease, & prostrated  
 upon a bed of death, none but strangers would  
 surround my couch or minister unto my ne-  
 cessities. How then are your blessings exalted above  
 mine, and how are you favored compared to me.  
 Yet I have many things for which <sup>you</sup> to be thankful

There are thousands of poor mortals now groaning out  
their lives in prisons, or performing their hard task under  
the oft repeated blows of Southern task masters, delving  
in mines, or dying far from friends & home with not  
even a stranger's hand to smooth their pathway to the  
Tomb (yes I can safely say that amid all my afflictions,  
I have not been for a moment without some  
blessing for which I ought to feel thankful, and my  
confidence & trust in God are unshaken I feel that  
if all things earthly fade, I shall possess (if faithful)  
something ten thousand times more valuable in heaven  
— Trust not & budge in any thing of earth —

What is beauty, but the image  
Of the gay cloud in the stream,  
Fading from its crystal mirror,  
With the evanescent beam?  
What is pleasure, but the phantom,  
During o'er the marshy waste?  
The false mirage of the desert,  
Fleeting with deceitful haste?  
Trust not life, above life's rod;  
Trust in heaven — trust in God

Were it not for that trust, that hope my situation  
were now indeed a gloomy one, but as it is I can  
only be thankful it is no worse  
But I will give you one chapter in a lawnmowing  
The man with whom I board owns a wench about  
23 years of age, who has four small children

from 7 years of age downwards. The wench was presented  
 to Mrs Gordon when only about a year old, was  
 nursed by & taken care of by her, and would  
 cry after her as much as her own children  
 will now do. She thought nearly as much of her  
 as of her own children, and now says it never  
 yet seemed as though she could part with her,  
 though sometimes when Lancy (as she some-  
 times) is she tells her that she can easily  
 stop that by putting her where she won't have  
 a chance to do so. This is enough it immediate-  
 ly brings the tears into her eyes, and she ceases her  
 Lancy! The black woman is a good one, and  
 her four children, are the mostest best dressed  
 and most intelligent appearing children I have  
 seen among the blacks. They are dressed as well  
 as the whites in the family, and I expect in  
 some coming day though now apparently (and  
 really) happy & contented, they will ~~some day~~  
 enjoy the bright beams of freedom's sun. But  
 my sheet is nearly full, and so badly written that  
 perhaps even you cannot read it. Remember me to all  
 who may enquire, and fail not to think often <sup>enough</sup> about  
 "Hank" to write him a letter as soon as you get  
 this. Send nothing short of a full sheet, & closely  
 written too, would any thing & every thing. Remember I  
 have a hard road to live & must have something to  
 feed upon.

The snow is about 6 inches deep and no signs at present of its going off. Be sure & tell me if anything has been done about that wheat if not what is going to be done about it? Has there been any thing done about mother's feed for her cow? Tell Col to write mighty sudden. How does Henry son get along? Tell your father if I continue to improve, and have leisure I can favor him

G. Ward Esq  
Wadsworth  
Melma Co.  
Ohio  
(Distance 240 miles)



Oh I enclose chiefly sheet to Stanton & I make of about no my last to him, that will not add to the cost of yours. How does the Academy flourish? &c &c &c

with a long dissertation upon the institutions of this state I have conversed upon it with the most intelligent men freely. But I must close. Hoping to see you again.  
Elbridge I am your cousin Henry