

Highville October 29th 1839

It is your turn I believe my dearest
One to receive a letter from me for I have determined to write
to each in turn as long as you continue to answer me, I did not
intend to wait until the end of the month but as I supposed
Charles had given you all the particulars he had heard of our
poor Phil's death I thought I might as well postpone my letter
for awhile, Charles writes me that Mary is better though not well
enough to see him when he went out to see her, poor child it
is a hard trial to her it will be long before she becomes at all
reconciled to it, it is a great comfort to know that he was so
happy in his death, and received kindness and attention from those
who were with him, it seems strange that he should have been
so willing to die when the summons was so sudden, and to him
life appeared to offer so much enjoyment, but no doubt his mind
had dwelt more upon his death than ever before when he was
at home among his friends, his providing a legacy for you in
case of his never returning seems almost as if he had a presentiment
that he should never see home again. I will go to see Mary

as soon as I go to town which will be next week, I have been here longer than I intended Mary was unwilling to have me go soon and this is so much like home to me that I have been easily persuaded to defer my departure from week to week, I am to go first to Martins to pay a visit. The family have decided much at my always going to the Durs and now I have promised to stay with them for awhile though I expect the Durs will grumble at my going so far away from them for Jane writes she wants me very much to spend the winter with her, the winter I did hope to spend with one of my brothers but - the times are hard and George thinks the prosecution of his work so uncertain that it would not do to take myself and Lety to Albany with the probability of a journey from there in winter, so after a few weeks in New York I am to go to Miss Gatz who has written too to claim the winter from me, I shall be there probably until February or March and then if I cannot be with Charles or George then go to Goshen to pay Aunt Hoffman a visit for in summer her house is so full I never can bear to add to the number, but this is looking far ahead.

Charles has been very busy finishing his novel which I hope will find a publisher and a ready sale novels seem to be the only money-making books now a days, his other book which was published in England has not been republished here, volumes of tales they say are unsaleable, the English copy which Charles sent me is lying by me now it contains the stories which were published in the magazine with some descriptions of the sources

of the Hudson &c. The title is "Wild scenes of the forest and prairie" if I had an opportunity I would send it to you to read for I believe you and Katy and I are faithful readers of his books.

You will soon be settled in your own house in Chicago how very much I should like to see you there in your quiet little establishment but I despair of it, and my only hope of ever becoming acquainted with your husband is by his bringing you to the Eastward to see his mother which it will certainly be his duty to do, you and Matilda have been so like sisters to me that I cannot bear the idea of so many years passing without our seeing each other. I feel as if I should be quite an old woman before we meet I have grown ten years older since you saw me, now, and my hair has become quite grey so that before many years I expect to wear caps altogether, I was in truth sick for about a year with dyspepsia I suppose, and it has had the unfortunate effect of making old and ugly, but I have talked enough about myself. Alfred has a son for which I was sorry I would rather it had been a daughter what his name is to be I have not heard but I presume it will be after Mr. Southern, Virginia is a very lovely woman though I have not seen a great deal of her she is so winning in her way that I feel attached to her. I wish I had you, your husband and your horse here to take some of our delightful rides among the mountains the autumn has been one of the most beautiful I can remember and Mary and I have enjoyed it very independently by riding together we have very gentle horses and when we find our wood paths too steep jump off and lead them over the rocks

husbands, the Matilda. I think it quite time she should answer
my letter. and how good night to you my dearest Charles
and your attached aunt
Julia H.



St. Charles Illinois

Barbours

Jan 4 9-11. J. Matilda

W. Matilda

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Your sister Priscilla may be very fine but I would not exchange
for them our noble mountains and sea.
Mrs. Plunk and Mary send remembrance to you and
good wishes for your happiness. Miss Gratz too in her last
letter sent her love to each one of you and kind wishes to you
my love to your mother and Matilda and regards to the two