

Spring of 1851

Dear Cousin Anna,

I sent off Pepie's
bonnet, yesterday morning I
hope you will like it, though
the shade of the ribbon is a
thought deeper than I had
intended. The shape is of the
newest, and so is the trimming,
however. The bonnet cost
nine dollars — The collar &c
seventeen dollars and seventy
five cents. In all — Twenty
six dollars and seventy five

cents, if I may trust my arithmetic? —

I enclose three dollars, and an investment of pennies in postage-stamps — the suggestion of my ingenious Papa.

I ran a wild-goose chase after agate buttons. They are not to be had.

I believe I have done great injustice to the resources of Philadelphia, in ruffles and collars. I apologize humbly to Mr. Serj, and admit that the gleanings of his "Spring Season," compare very well with those of Stuart and Beck. (I know how to spell Stewart now, but there's no use

soiling my paper.) Finally, it is too late in the season ~~now~~ to find anything very fresh or very pretty, and that is why Bess will not thank you much for the dusty-looking things I have sent.

Papa sends his love to "Dear Cousin Tom" (looking over my shoulder.) He has just bidden me good-night. We keep early hours here, as usual - It is only nine o'clock.

Bessie was delighted with the "What's-his" type, and tells me to thank you for it. It looks very prettily in her little room. She has just been promoted next door to me, and is highly

delighted by her change of residence.
Walter and I intend to leave
for England either on the third
of July, or the second of August.
On the former day, if possible,
as it is an English steamer
sails then - My love to dear
Bess - I will write to her in
a day or two - but I am as
well as I can be, just now - I
trust you will not give up the idea
of bringing Bess on, to see me.
I have set my heart on it,
it seems so near the time of

I suppose you know that Susan
Anne is dead, and that Susan
Lind is here? - "Good night, to
you." C. M. Wood.
Friday evening.