Dickinson College Archives & Special Collections

http://archives.dickinson.edu/

Documents Online

Title: Letter from John Zug to Margaret ZugDate: October 14, 1842Location: I-Friends-2013-8

Contact:

Archives & Special Collections Waidner-Spahr Library Dickinson College P.O. Box 1773 Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

Carlisle, Cot, 14 # 1842 My Sear Margaret, It is pouring down with a ven-- grance out of doord, and I am here to night setting by a good blazing fire, too blazing indeed, for the just thad to remove my little table away from the five place to Lane my Shanks from blisters. Well, Speel right comfortable after a hard and long day's work! This week, every day since my vetute, I have been con-- stantly employed either in the field or barn. This morming we went to the fields - carried thocks of Com to the fence awhile, then I lowed timothy seed mutil noon; in the afternoon "Jutch John" and I tramped out and cleaned up barley, and we just finished handing away our strawd this Jevening, as this hain Came on briskly - to very brickly at to give us a little wetting. After changing my clothes and cating my supper I now have the wening to myself, and there and disposing of it, as see meth to me I We are still at the corner; though the there house has been thoroughly cleanted and white washed, and is now ready for use. Mrs Whiter has gove, and Ephraim is in the house, the furniture of his loom Thaving been taken down this week. We have also been gradually maving down Some things for the gawet

and celler, and Some time west weeks we expect to get in bag and baggage". Mother found the house in a tolerable condition, and every room has been fixed se -cept the pavlow, which is reserved mutil we get into the house . ets for us, I handly know where we are to be Stowed. The rooms intended for us I find is to small that I have declined to take it, know. ing that it would not hold us and our things . The alternative now is, the parlows or the chamber above it, which is a tolevable room, with a fire - place. Early in the week I had removed my books to my thelves, which I have set up in that room! My own preference is for the fiarlow, which, you know, mother would not use at all events -; and the only objection is the difficulty of waringing it; but you tknow we had a lange toom in Baltimow, and kept it warms with a very Small stone. However, we shall either fix up the things in one of these rooms designated, or let all lie mutil you come on, When you Can choose you helf .-How we shall fix I don't know, but one thing I know, I wish all was done. _ Mr. Herow has not been here yet . I prefume he will be here wext weeks, which will be convenient monghe, as I thall only go for your Constru Adaline and ten sister Cholly and here yet, but will likely leave tomorrowt

for Mechanicsburg. On their way home, in the course of ten days or two weeks, they will stop again a few days. But whe che, think you, is here? No other than Mrs Postley, who Came on Wednesday with her flock_ She books Remarkably well - not what is Called Tespec-- table - and her children also appear promising; "is", much, but seems to be more of a man. - the left all well in N. York - and Margaret Fastley married, and a mother at that, did you know anything of it; I am lure never heard a word of it. -I should like to see here; they say she is a Aplendid tooking woman, but as big a devil as ever the was, when a girl in barlish. I don't know how you take it; but. assure you an tired enough of this grass-widowfoodi this way of living. I don't relishe this having my Gamily 15 miles from me. To you may look out for me as soon as I Can possibly Come on for you - Among other thousand Considerations, I want to hear the tones of the big fiddle Natting in that big hall. and all not forgetting the folks in the peighbouring city of Houghstation. Jour devolid hathand Tom devolid hathand

ern " mulle hertan ear Deere

Carlisle, Oct. 14th 1842

My Dear Margaret,

It is pouring down with a vengeance out of doors, and I am here to night sitting by a good blazing fire, too blazing indeed, for I've just had to remove my little table away from the fire place to save my shanks from blisters. Well, I feel right comfortable after a hard and long day's work. This week, every day since my return, I have been constantly employed either in the field or barn. This morning we went to the fields – carried shocks of corn to the fence awhile, then I sowed timothy-seed until noon; in the afternoon "Dutch John" and I tramped out and cleaned up barley, and we just finished hauling away our straw this evening, as this rain came on briskly – so very briskly as to give us a little wetting. After changing my clothes and eating my supper I now have the evening to myself, and here I am disposing of it, as seemeth to me good.

We are still at the corner; though the new house has been thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed, and is now ready for use. Mrs. Uhler is gone, and Ephraim is in the house, the furniture of his room having been taken down this week. We have also been gradually heaving down some things for the garret and cellar, and some time next week we expect to get in "bag and baggage". Mother found the house in a tolerable condition, and every room has been fixed except the parlor, which is reserved until we get into the house. As for us, I hardly know where we are to be stowed. The rooms intended for us I find is so small that I have declined to take it, knowing that it would not hold us and our things. The alternative room is the parlour or the chamber above it, which is a tolerable room, with a fireplace. Early in the week I had removed my books to my shelves, which I have set up in that room. My own preference is for the parlour, which, you know, mother would not use at all events; and the only objection is the difficulty of warming it; but you know we had a large room in Baltimore, and kept it warm with a very small stove. However, we shall either fix up the things in one of these rooms designated, or let all lie until you come on, when you can choose for yourself. How we shall fix I don't know; but one thing I know, I wish all was done.

Mr. Heron has not been here yet; I presume he will be here next week, which will be convenient enough, as I shall only go for you in the latter part of next week.

Cousin Adaline and her sister Molly are here yet, but will likely leave tomorrow for Mechanicsburg. On their way home, in the course of ten days or two weeks, they will stop again a few days.

But who else, think you, is here? No other than Mrs. Postley, who came on Wednesday with her flock – She looks remarkably well – not what is called "respectable", and her children also appear promising; "Sis," however, has the whooping cough. <u>Bub</u> has not grown much, but seems to be more of a man. She left all well in N. York – and Margaret Postley married, and a mother at that; did you know anything of it; I am sure I never heard a word of it – I should like to see her; they say she is a splendid looking woman, but as big a devil as ever she was, when a girl in Carlisle.

I don't know how you take it, but I assure you I am tired enough of this grass-widowhood, or widowerhood, or whatever you please to call this way of living. I don't relish this having my family 15 miles from me. So you may look out for me as soon as I can possibly come on for you – Among other thousand considerations, I want to hear the tones of the big fiddle rattling[?] in that big hall.

My love to Bub, father, mother and all, not forgetting the folks in the neighboring city of Stoughstown.

Your devoted husband,

John Zug