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Title: Letter from John Zug to Margaret Zug

Date: October 14, 1842

Location: 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

Scarlett, Oct. 11th 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 cleaned and white washed, and is now ready for use. Mrs. Uhler has gone, and Ephraim is in the house, the furniture of his room having been taken down this week. We have also been gradually moving down some things for the garret

and Celler, 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 room 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 now 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 ^{your} ~~your~~ self. How we shall fix I do not 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; "his" however, has the whooping cough - But has not grown much, but seems to be made 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 - assume 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 75 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 Sloughston. Your devoted husband,
Tom Jug

PAID

Mrs Longue
Newville
Cumberland Co
Penn^a



Jan 2

Carlisle, Oct. 14th 1842

My Dear Margaret,

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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.

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Your devoted husband,

John Zug