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Title: Letter from Harriet Beecher Stowe to Susie Howard

Date: February 5, 1883

Location: MC 1999.9, B2, F5

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Mandarin Feb 5
1883

Dear Susie

You are a blessed good woman for writing to me as you do. But for me, I have had a sort of struggling winter finding hard work to keep up - every thing tires me - tho I try to act as if I felt well I take my daily walk & do a little something every day at other duties. Just now my right arm is almost crippled with rheumatism & I cant write much.

You ask about my Charley - Yes after four years of hard struggling & fighting he is at last happily settled in Hartford over a new

writes, affectionate people
who are enthusiastic about
him & he is beginning his
work with joy - His Saco
friends while they mourn his
loss agree that he did ought
to go, & still keep up their
affection for him & say he
has done a work for them
which will not pass away
Charley & Susie
They have had only one
child - the sickness of
their dear little Lyman
who has had a dangerous
attack of pneumonia -
but he is better now - but
Charley is so busy he
scarcely finds time to
write - He has dealers now
that are real workers &
he is going in with them

with all zeal - The church
is in a new part of Hartford
among plain solid people
& is on the model of Plymouth
having Church parlors, bible
class room & all that sort
of things - Mr Stowe says
"Bless the Lord & my soul
every time he thinks of it"

Mr Stowe is now in
comfortable health but I
can see that every such
attack leaves him on a
lower plane. He & I read
our old hymns together about
Caenann & Jordan & talk
of all who are gone before
Every single one of the
friends of my girlhood
are gone over to the better
land & my time must soon
come as we sing in our

hymn

Many are the friends who are
wanting to die.

Happy on the golden strand
Many are the voices calling us
To rest in the better land

I believe I am a good deal
your senior Susie - you
seem to me a good deal
younger tho you are so
many times a grandmother

Spring is come here in all
its glory - The woods are full
of flowers - the yellow pansies
bursting into bloom - The
orange trees thick with
buds - as to roses we had
had two fresh vases of them

a week for our parlors
spite of frosts that cut off
the banana leaves - I we
hope for a bruce show at
Easter - My arm aches

so - I must stop Love to all

Dear Mother - I believe me - Ever
your affectionate
Susie