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D-329 2:73: Transcription of Letter from Elizabeth Lewis to John B. Lewis, November 4, 1857

This transcription contains language contemporaneous of the time and is being presented as part of a historical record. Please note that the transcription has not been reviewed for final editing.

Libby to John Lewis in San Francisco

Bergan Point Nov 4th 1857

My Dear Husband

Here I am making my visit with Molly. I came over yesterday with Charlie and my carpet bag – May was engaged to go out last eve so of course I would not detain her, she showed me all the conveniences for writing you last night, but as I was not good at finding all I could not write. They went over to Brooklyn. I was here with Charlie, a niece of Mr Williamsons and her little brother, another girl, we went to bed, but not to sleep. They did not return until near twelve. My eyes are not very bright, the paper is not ruled, the ink pale, and with my eyes you must excuse me, if I send you a very short letter. I did not receive any from you by – last mail – and was so disappointed. It seems an age since I heard from you. The Star of the West is in to-day and I hope I receive a dear letter day after to-morrow. I thought I should have been in F.--- before this – but somehow I am here yet, Molly is very pleasantly situated, inquired about you and Charlie and Ned Hall, Little Charlie is very good with little George Williamson (nephew) he is a nice boy – Cate and Will and all are very well. Mrs Howe came yesterday to board. Mrs Holmes is visiting there and so Cate has a housefull. We have been expecting Mother every day – but she has not come yet. I am sorry on account of that letter. I have not sent it because we thought she would be here before this time. I shall go up to Farmington the early part of next week – and if Mother cannot raise the money for you I will see what I can do – I know you do need it so much dear husband – I went over to the city with Hattie last week – I have not heard a word from Mrs Taylor. The other day Cate and I went to the boat in the carriage. Michale the irishman who works for Will drove down, but he is a green hand at driving and we sent him on board to see if Will was there. In the mean time the boat let off steam – which frightened many of the horses, some started and we thought it best to get out of the way, so as not to be run into so Kate drove off. We had ascertained from some of the passengers that Will was not on board, so we drove off to the other landing, leaving Michael to get along as best he could. Pretty soon he came puffing along – He had jumped on the boat at New Brighton, rode up to Snug Harbor, then ran and caught up with us, just at the end of the dyke – We had considerable fun, although I was somewhat nervous, however we drove down to Factoryville landing and brought Mrs Holmes home and arrived all safe and sound. When Will drives I enjoy it, but I do not feel safe in others hands. I have nearly finished the little shoes for Mrs Bacon. I should have made them up but thought they would not go as well – Give them to her with much love – kiss the baby – I hope it is not so fat as to have outgrown them. I know they are all sleepy and tired in the next room, and I am scratching as fast as I can, hardly knowing what I write – but dear Hubby I hope you will excuse me this time if I do send you this shabby letter. It is too bad, for you send me such dear good long ones. I ought to send them in return. I wish I was home with you dearest – I am so

lonely. Kate says “why do you not talk” it is no use, if I can’t,I can’t. Give my love to all my friends and to brother Charlie – also remember me to Dan, Mr Taylor, Bacon ec – all are well at Northumberland at at F--- and would send lots of love to you if they knew I was writing – George’s father was down a few weeks since. He was well. I am glad to hear good news of Dave. Love to him and all other friends. how comes on the ranch, are the people still occupying the house. How does the garden look. I wish I could see it again. and I do want to see you so much dearest, So does little Charlei, and kisses me every night for Papa and Uncle C – and Dan to love him in California, but I feel as if I was keeping them all up for me – It is so cold I cant write in my own room – can you ever read this? I feel you think this little satisfaction to receive such a letter as this. We are both well and hope you are also – If this paper is not full of love the heart is.

So good bye and God bless you dearest, from
your own affectionate wife

Lissie B Lewis

I will send Mrs B little shoes directed to her in a separate envelope as Molly has none here but small ones – so please tell her. Mr W will take them over to town and put them in a large one.
Lissie