

Camillus Jan 22^d 1855.

Dear Uncle Peter

Your letter of the 12th was most welcome. I had been for some weeks wondering that you did not write to let me know what you were doing, scarcely daring to hope that your great joy was so near its accomplishment. I need not tell you how I rejoice in your happiness, indeed, I could not, if I would.

God has been very kind to you Peter, let us give him all the thanks, and let your future life be spent in his loving service. How many thousands groan in hopeless bondage that would enjoy their liberty as well as you, and those you love so dearly! We cannot tell why He has singled you out to make you so happy, but I cannot help thinking that you will so improve all your advantages as to honor Him.

I am glad you are determined to have all your family settled at work this winter. How I would like to see them all! Write me again when you are all settled. I shall want to know where they are. Tell the boys and your girl too that they are young, and if they try hard they can all get a good education. They must learn to read and write this winter. The long evenings will give them plenty of time. Your

daughter will have to learn to do housework and a great many other things that the overseer did not teach at the quarter.

What a happy time it was when you and Aunt 'Nina met in Cincinnati. We were talking of you that very morning here at home. Sister Julia and Mr. Harris were with us, and we were all wishing we could hear whether there was any prospect of your getting them this winter.

Sister Julia has been in poor health ever since you saw her, but was much better when she left here - on the second of this month. She heard of your meeting in Cincinnati before we did - an account came in their papers and she cut it out and sent it to mother.

I am sorry to think of that poor little baby left behind. I do think Mr. McKim might have given that up. What will you do about it? Do you think of trying to get it? If you do, that will delay the publishing of your narrative.

Little Willie has just kissed this paper - he says he put a kiss on it for Uncle Peter. He remembers you very well, and will not be afraid of you when you come again. Mr. Pickard is quite unwell - one of his bad turns - he will be better I trust in a day or two. The other members of our family are well. Give my love to all your family and my best wishes for their prosperity. I hope they will be an honor

to you and to themselves. Tell your children
I say they ought to be the best children
to their father that can be found in the
whole country. I hope they will prove as
their father has done, that miggers are
able to take care of themselves.

Now Good bye - Let me hear from
you soon again.

I remain your true friend

Kate C. R. Pickard.