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Xenia, O., March the 19<sup>th</sup>

My dear Father:

I am at home all this afternoon, for this is the "off" day in Caesar; and I shall spend my time writing to you. Your letter came yesterday morning, just before I started to school, and we were so glad to hear from you, - as we always are, of course. You say that you are having bad weather in Ooltewah. So are we, today. Yesterday it was lovely; - Mr. Groundhog had wound up his winter in good shape and had left off: Monday and Tuesday it was clear and cool, but Wednesday it was really ~~spring~~ spring, so warm and sunny and bright. But woe is me! I "woke in the night to the sound of rain" and today is gray and gloomy and damp and drizzly. And the paper says "colder, rain turning to sleet or snow"! But the chief beauty of the weather here is the mud. I think the East end must equal Chattanooga, - or even excel it, for you say that in Chattanooga one would reach pavement if he dug long enough, - in Hayti he wouldn't.

You see I have been sampling the mud up there; I think I have been in about all there is on Market street, but as yet I hav'n't dared to try the others. I called at Number 931 Tuesday afternoon between three and four o'clock. I knocked a good many times, but finally I had to go away without getting in. I went again at

noon yesterday,—with the same result. Then I trailed through the mud ~~0000000~~ a third time at about half past five o'clock. That time I met an exceedingly fat colored woman. (I think she is a teacher in some of the colored schools, but I do not know) who told me that Mrs Paine lived "next do'" and said I was "ve'y excus'bul" for making a mistake. I went next door (No. 927). Miss Paine was at home, but Mrs. Paine had just gone out to milk the cow. She would be at home every morning. So I called this morning,—letting no grass grow under my feet, you see. There were three colored women in the room, and I didn't know which was ~~000~~ which, so I had to ask. Then I introduced myself: but I didn't need to tell my errand—she knew I was "come collecting". There was no money ready, though. She said she intended to pay, and would come to the house sometime this spring and bring the money. I am afraid we will find "this spring" an india-rubber season, ar'n't you? If she does not come before very long I shall go to her,—like Mahomet and his mountain. Papa,—is she fat?—she gives you the impression of being huge, when you see her down on her hands and knees on the floor, quilting. We are are well, Grandma and May included. Grandma sent over the last Waynesville News Sunday for us to read a letter from that Mrs Ritchie about the way pineapples are grown. According to her, they are propagated by "succors" from the roots! I wrote to Uncle Allen Saturday,—now I am trying to decide to whom the next letter ought to go. I think Don told you of Uncle Billy's accident, and we have heard nothing since. I enclose some rhymes I made yesterday, which may amuse you.

But now I must stop writing: and with heaps and heaps of love, I am,

Your daughter,

Mary Leslie Newton.

1  
I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee  
In every moment of grief or of glee  
The memory will come of these fleeting hours  
Like the scent wafted from distant flowers  
Like the faint sweet echo that lingers on  
When the tones that awakened it are gone -

I'll think of thee, when the sunset dyes  
Are glowing bright in the western skies  
When the silvery moon looks bright above  
Raising the tides of human love.  
When <sup>the</sup> holy stars look bright and far  
I'll think of thee my own guiding star

Remember me, when fortune smiles,  
And flowery paths are thine;  
Remember me, when future wiles,  
Through friendships mantle shine;  
When sloping lawn and silent glade,  
Look brightly all for thee;  
In joy, in sorrow, sun, and shade,  
Oh then, remember me.

Remember me as beauteous spring,  
Unfolds, her flowrets' gay;  
Remember me, when summer brings,  
Bright eve and summer's day;  
When autumn, with her ripening store,  
And plenty smites on thee;  
When winter comes all bleak and hoar,  
Oh then, remember me.

And wilt thou sometimes think of me,  
When thy thoughts from this stormy world are free;  
And thou turnest awearied from toil and strife,  
The warring passions of a busy life;  
May a still small whispering, speak to thee,  
Like a touch on thy heartstring, think of me -