

Philad^a Nov. 7th 1853

Dear Kate,

I feel somewhat ashamed of the time I have suffered to elapse since I received your kind letter without answering it. But my time is disposed of, in so slavish a manner that you would not think me neglectful, if you knew how I am at work, from 8 O'clock Monday morning, until 1/2 past 9 Friday evening; then you see, I have Saturday to mind and iron and Sunday to rest and think of going to work on Monday again; Not so with you housekeepers, what you can't do on one day you may leave for the next. And Jim has not received my pretty Daguerotype, from that thing wearing the form of a man, who could not find room enough in his trunk for a small package like that? He would not take it but, I have made another attempt to send it to you by a gentleman, who is acquainted with T. 'Tis not worth much, but if it is as great a satisfaction to others, as 'tis to me to look at a good daguerotype it is worth sending. I had the sick headache so badly that, I went home and to bed after it was taken so that the eyes have "a die away look", that my mine old as they are, have not. Tell Jim he must send me yours and his and one of ^{all} the others. if he does not I will take it for granted, that he is selfish, and does not care to be remembered by me. 'Tis now 15 years since we have seen each other and it may be, that we may never again but I do not give way to such gloomy forebodings, I expect

to live to be Grand-mother yet. I hope the sickness with
which your country was so afflicted, has altogether dis-
appeared. It was more like a plague than any thing
else. The accounts with which the papers were filled were
frightful. Was it the ^{yellow} fever Willie had? when you wrote
to me you did not know, but said the Dr. did not know
whether it was Brain or Yellow fever. ~~Now~~ As I will
not have time to write but one letter, I will give family
matters as they at present are. Well to begin with the
head. Father is well and might be said to be un-
usually so for one of his age, not having an ache
or pain ^{of which} to complain, but he looks older; he begins
to look like "an Old man". I took him yesterday to
get a pair of new spectacles, and he was as
highly delighted, as if he had had a present of 50
dollars. He spends most of his time in reading and
his spectacles are a great object to him. Sam is driv-
ing as usual; Father is with Sam, still. Bill, slow
and sure, is in the Gas-office highly esteemed by all
who have any intercourse with him. his family consists
of wife, son and daughter. Liz, Mary and Sarah all well
and doing well; families no larger (in number), than they
were two years ago; Mary's health seems better than
it was; and the humble writer of these lines and her
two daughters, tho' the poorest of the lot of boxes, are as
good looking and as happy as they need be. I wish
I could afford to send you a daguerotype of my two
I would feel satisfied to hear ^{that} you said they were second
to none. But looks are unimportant. They are as good as
good looking. Nothing like being spunked is there?

I have had to struggle along for the last 6 years and not the first ten cent piece has been given me since I came to Philad^a but I have succeeded in keeping them comfortable and happy. I am at house keeping (in two rooms) and if you should chance to visit Philad^a and design to look in on me, I could entertain you, as well as those who have dining-rooms &c. Come and try me — Tell Joanna, unless she is coming to see us soon, it is almost time she had written to me again. It seems strange, that all of our family should be here but one — You had better sell out and come and dwell amongst us. I want so badly to see Ben. Duncan. I saw Sarah Conrad, (Mrs. Duncan's sister) last week, she was inquiring after you. And yesterday, Father and I stopped to see Mr. and Mrs. Rowland. She has had a paralytic stroke and is beginning to move about again; she was inquiring particularly about you, (Jim), (Jim Rowland who married Ben's widow), lives with the old people. Nathan Rowland (your old partner), lives in Front St. in style and his brother next door to him — One of Ben Rowland's sons, ^{Tommy} last week, was caught in the machinery of his mill and had both of his wrists broken. I do not see any thing of Aunt Painter's family. I suppose they write to you often. How is Mr. Nickum and family? remember me to them. Now, you must write soon, and let me know when you intend starting for the north. I will ~~even~~ go some miles to meet you, if you will let me know in time. and Mr. James C. Fox let me say a word or two to you — If you do not take the time to scrawl a few

to me, I will not trouble myself to write to Natchez
again - I will write to N. Orleans to Kate and she
will visit it to get ^{my letters} ~~them~~ or I will contrive some plan
to write to her instead of you - You have not sent
me that beaux yet, and I shall soon be too old
to be thought of, as I have no fortune. Too old even
to be a good housekeeper. Well Good bye write
soon, Give my love to all the children, if they
are full grown. Yours affectionately,

Ann M. Hand

Direct to me at No. 4 Jacoby St. Philad^a

To morrow is my Birth-day⁴⁰, how time flies