

New York, Sep, 1^o 1847

My dear Mother,

By way of apology to Pa for address-
ing you exclusively I would say - that I know he will
have the benefit of all I may say the same as if add-
-ressed to both, & it seems more natural at any time
to address you, but more particularly now when my heart
is full even to oppression - when I would open my heart,
free it of its weight - which by the way is a happy one - &
were I at home, should be a perfect child, but as it is
(I think) I am remarkably composed & perhaps dignified.
You my dear Mother can & will enter into my feelings &
sympathies more than Pa, much as he does & may love
his daughter & son.

My Mother, I am very happy a great
deal more so than I had ever dared to anticipate or ever
dreamed, for in my dreams my waking phantoms follow-
-ed, not vouchsafing to me the flowery paths & golden
scens which pure, true love, should bring. But I have it now
& nought can rob me of my treasure, if the Almighty but
will it - which is my constant prayer. One of the very best of
husbands it has fallen to my lot to possess, & much as I
loved him before marriage - as much so I thought it possible
love waxes stronger & stronger every day. Acquaintance

exalteth him above my standard, which it has always been
my intention to keep high. Again & for more than the
hundredth time let me assure he loves me, truly, devotedly
& purely, more so, I know, than ever any one of his sex, loved
you knew my regard, has I held him before marriage, since
— Oh, I can not tell you the half my regards for my beloved
Frank. We have traveled & been constantly together for a fortnight
& not a hint of any thing unpleasant has escaped his lips
You may smile at this, saying it is not true yet for some looks
brotherhood, nor never will be as long as I live, sincerely trust.

Saturday Evan Sep, 4th

A fine beautiful morning, just such
as we have had since we left home with the exception of one
half day, as we were approaching Peratogo (from White-Hall, Cham-
plain & Montreal) it commenced raining & during the night
literally poured down. Frank & I often speak of our being so highly
favored with fine weather, as being indication of something good
(hopeful) & should our future be as happy as the past, earth within
the domestic sphere — would ^{be} a perfect Eden. Upon acquaintance we
find our tastes & feelings very nearly the same. Only one thing has
occurred to vex me as yet which is Mr Pelocum disappointing me
in his house. He wrote Frank that ^{he} was under obligations to Col. M
— inor previous to his ^{Frank} engaging the house. His letter was a very
singular one, bearing upon the face of it, a lack of honor with a
consciousness of it. The reply of Frank's will ^{not} help his feelings any if
he has any sensitiveness at all, will prove a severe rebuke. We have
not purchased any furniture yet as we know not what we shall
need. Frank has written to Horatio find a house & send word

by telegraph that we may know what to do. It is a disappointment
& vexatious as we knew what was wanted to furnish that house
quietly & comfortably, but now must necessarily purchase at
random, I have not seen any one from Ohio that I
had previously known. Met Dr Parsons at Senatoga, & last
evening Mrs & Mrs Mc Kee from C. a. Bida & Broom, they were
married the next Tuesday after our wedding (between ourselves
the ship Latham that was, is not as happy as I am) I don't wonder
he is coarse & ungentlemanly, I have the model of a husband
arrived at N. York Tuesday 9th & shall remain until Monday
perhaps, the first of the week at least when we visit Ct. & Mrs.
hope to be at home in two or 3 weeks from today. have fixed
upon Saturday so that Frank can spend the Sabbath
with me at home.

Perhaps you wonder how I spend my time
here, I hardly know it passes by, & swiftly too. When we first arri-
ved made some additions to my wardrobe of a dress, silk dress,
with sundry little articles. There is another dress pattern like mine
I think shall get for you if Frank does not think it too gay, I
have not worn it yet, shall tomorrow. dress is so becoming to
my mother. I want her to dress & enjoy life for the rest of her life
I know that your daughter & son can & will if allowed, make
you happy, at least as far of the time at Columbus.

I have so much I would like to communicate that this
my epistle I know will appear confused & incomplete, but
I write if for nothing else, to quit Frank who has constantly
urged me to write. but I know you will make all due allowances & accept this
from your ever affectionate daughter
Mary D. Sessions.

Frank is not in, but will take the liberty to send his love to
family, & remembrances to all, while I would be most effect-
ionately ^{remembered} to family & all friends, with a great deal of love to
my Father & Mother, & Uncle Wright's family. We have not
seen Uncle yet, but conclude he has left home ere this &
anxiously awaits his arrival. I do so desire to see an old fam-
iliar face, even E, or M, Wilmor's face would be pleasing
but do not expect the honor, Charles is in the City & George
Smith but they have not called. We had George for a traveling
companion to Buffalo. Just had a call from one of
Frank's old flames with an invitation to tea this evening, but
could not accept without first consulting my husband, ~~my~~
mother thinks I see the that forces itself upon your countenance at
the ~~the~~ last expedition. but you may laugh as it would be prepared
to a frown. But pardon this digression, & in a postscript too, which
by the is rather lengthy as I find many things to say. You would
laugh if you could see me making the acquaintances of the
old friends & flames of my husband's. I must confess I felt embur-
siped at first, Wednesday the next day after we arrived, the servant
brought two cards, the Mrs Chushman. I sent word Mrs Sepions was
not in, but they wished to see Mrs Sepions & Mrs Sepions had
to make her appearance, The servant pointed them out to me
& I presented myself, since then I don't care. I go at the first
call find who & where, play the Yankee a little & get along
finely. As yet have seen but two of his acquaintances like
one a Cousin the other an old sweetheart, Mrs Penman.
dinner is ready you will excuse me, Pardonning the length
of my postscript,
Adieu my parents
Your daughter
Mrs D. Pen-