

4.3

Love to Cousin
Elizabeth S. Hopkins,

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us. So, ^{tomorrow} you may imagine us sitting at the dinner table - with an old ham, turkey, oysters, cranberries, pickles, pies, &c. &c. before us. Myself at the head, the girls on either side, looking pale, from recent indisposition, with Papa Phil. at the foot, his wife, with fair complexion, light brown hair, somewhat on the small order, like myself - with Phil. Jr. fair and tall, quick, nervous, in his motions, and Mary, with dark hair and eyes, fat and hearty, can be still, when strangers are around, but it seems rather difficult - with this description, you may take in the company, 600 miles away from you all, that may meet in our homestead on the 23rd May - for all is uncertain in this world. - But my beloved cousin, the unseen world, toward which our aspirations are now directed, becomes increasingly a reality, a fixed habitation, the longer our loving Father permits us to remain in this mutable state. And O,