

Cherokee Fem. Sem
Friday P.M. Nov 21 [1851]

My dear Mrs. Goodale,

It seems a long time since I have sent a letter to any of the inmates of Goodale Mansion and inasmuch as I have today received a letter from Warren my heart prompts me to spend the leisure moments of this afternoon in writing to you. I am sometimes at a loss what to write to my friends that will be of any interest. If you only knew the people here. I could give you a "heap" of gossip about them. My school—the chief object of interest to me, is very pleasant. We have at present twenty five boarding scholars and four day scholars. The present term is nearly half gone. At the commencement of next term we expect the numbers to be doubled. But unless the Directors are more active in making arrangements to procure furniture for them they cannot come. I make no pretensions to any great energy—neither do I wish to bluster about like Mr. Van Horn. But I should like to push some of these big lazy men a little. I wish I could see David out here a little while. It would be rare sport to see *[end of page 1]* him—but it would be a blessed thing for this nation if he and a few others of his spirit and energy would come in and wake up the people.

But to W's letter—Aug 20th 1851 *[she copies Warren's letter here]* A mail goes out tomorrow and I take a moment to write you. Two mails are now due & I have an interest in them of course. I have not written you for several weeks, tho' I have a letter begun. Have no time to finish that. I am very much driven indeed. My co-clerk A.T.G. is on leave recruiting. Hope he will return soon in good health. I have now been in the office nearly two years & have not lost a single day—have been blessed with wonderful health. Am sure trying to bring my own private business to a focus. Oh—yesterday saw Hartley (?) Colting & McDonald the tailor whom I never saw before. We talked about Mr. & Mrs People, & I was surprised to find I have forgotten some. H (?) Dickinson is keeping a "ranch" somewhere do you hear from G? He has not written me since Jan. 1850.

What a sad accident befel Mrs. A. I hope & believe the accounts we have are exaggerated. I write for fear you may think it strange you do not hear from me more fully and often. When a mail arrived and I have nothing from you I conjecture and imagine the reason why. Sometimes to my own satisfaction—oftener—not. Tho I feel you will write as often as you can, even if I do not do my duty just now in this respect. Aug 22—I open this to tell you I have received your letter of May 17. I have made up my mind fully to come home as soon as I can settle up my business, which may take till Apr. or May— None here know my plans nor would they believe it if I should tell them which I don't choose to do at present. I am very sorry to have kept you in suspense so long. It wears upon me. As you may see I'm growing old by the daguerreotype I sent to Fort Gibson directed to you. You may get it—and you may not. In haste W.G. *[this ends Ellen's copy of Warren's letter]*

This is the letter with the exception of a brief message to Mr. Woodford. I did not think it was so short—in his writing it covers nearly two pages.

O it is pleasant to hear that the time of absence is drawing *[end of page 2]*

to a close—I have had nothing decisive before and now he does not say whether he is coming by Park Hill or not. I shall be impatient to hear again. I have written once in two weeks for several months and shall continue to do so till New Year's and then drop the correspondence. I earnestly hope he will see my brother G. before he leaves that part of the world. Why may they not return together. G's silence is unaccountable—it is cruel for him to leave us so long in doubt. It is in my heart to write him a severe lecture—but I do not know where to send—and then perhaps—O I cannot write the dreadful thought that sometimes will force itself upon me. Don't show this to my parents. I know their anxiety and would not add to it by expressing my own sad forebodings.

Sat eve. — Am I doing right to take my pen when I have felt obliged to give up my usual writing on account of one of my miserable headaches. The day has been very cold and being invited to meet Mr. & Mrs. Van Horn at Mrs. Harris I have been out and the consequence is being thoroughly chilled and a throbbing head. I will lay it on the pillow soon. I sat down today to an elegant dinner—such as one as will load the tables of many New England farmers next Thurs. Will the next anniversary of Thanksgiving find all the wanderers restored?

Monday morning Nov 24. We have a very cold morning and my hands are so numb I can scarcely hold my pen. I feel the cold more here than in bleak New England I believe—and have exclaimed this morning. O I do hope before cold weather comes on again I shall be out of this clime. I miss the comfortable stoves and tight rooms. One would suppose that these massive brick walls might keep out the cold—but they do not—the work was miserably put together and there are innumerable *[end of page 3]* ventilators. No place is comfortable but the one opposite the fire and very near it—and then you must turn your back—to save your eyes. Heighho! This is a complaining strain I'm sure—and I think cannot be very entertaining.

You will readily believe I am anxious to get the miniature of which Warren speaks. I very much fear that 'twill not reach me. Four years and a half have passed since he left us. Time must have wrought some changes in us all. I know it has in me. Sarah says I look much older than when I left home—so my friends must be prepared to see quite an old lady when I return—my hair has not turned yet and my eyes have not failed—but I fear they will before winter is over at this rate. But although 'tis very cold—some beautiful boquets adorn my table yet. I wish you could see them.

Sunday P.M. During my intermission I must finish this letter and commence one to Aunt _____? Else I cannot send away as many letters as I wish tomorrow. I fully realise that this is a very dull letter and would not send it—could I do better. It will at least assure you that I do not forget the dear friends of Goodale Mansion. Your letter accompanying Carrie's was very welcome indeed—a thousand thanks for it. May I not look for such a letter frequently during the winter—tell me please all about society's affairs—Is Mr. Denham still in M? What do you hear from Warren? From Lorrie Goodale? And what is the address of the latter. Sarah is playing on the melodeon and it confuses me—so I must beg you to forgive the confused sentences.

With much love to Dea Goodale & yourself
yr aff Ellen