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Letter from Anne Whitney, Nahant, Massachusetts, to Sarah Whitney, 1866 June

Anne Whitney

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[to Sarah Whitney]

[Nahant, June 1866]

I am awfully forgetful. Had
bought some port wine
it wd. have been a signal stroke
of foresight & far-seeing
legality. A phodrip every day
& no fire nor depressing dis-
-tressing. The curse of living ac-
-cumulate - but - circumstances
are favorable & the table-
-provision for each day
abundant in interest. The
butcher stopped this AM.
but we think we are suffering
virtually without until Sat.
Aunt S. early betrayed me
into 3 lbs. of pork & some lard -
I think I shall present her
with it - when she goes home -
That tongue is eloquent of Father's
pious who bought it - & the
more we eat of it - the more
it seems to be to eat. it is
wonderful. To day rice, potatoes
& tongue - tomorrow tongue & potatoes -
the next day one or the other
ditto. & Sat, tongue (minced).

Counted. How can he get you
out for a purpose. Abby is
weaking. The rocks & the
"symbol" are just a few
bluffs from the back door.
There is still powder & some
in the air all the time, not
a over - but the serious
boasting of him - the night
engulfing suspect. I think
you will be coming by Friday -
Some time next week the
Robbins must come.

We are in no hurry for
anything. The simplicity
of our diet is working fairly
wonders. A little mineral
wine if you please. For
that want revolutionary
society.
Howell, in town.

Be so good Abby requests,
as I send you the Boston times
all the horologies in the house
an either one down or all out
of reckoning. We propose that there
be a note as wages - unless

Friday comes.