

Easthampton, Aug 28

My dear father,

I hasten to tell you of my safe arrival in this place.

I have received a most cordial reception from the Uncle, Aunt, and cousins. I have a feeling of sadness that you cannot be here too, to enjoy yourself as I know you would. The more I think of it the more it seems to me that I ought not <sup>to</sup> be enjoying myself here, while you are so far away.

If not for the single  
hope that I might acquire  
more physical vigor, I  
believe that I would have  
insisted on your taking  
my money and coming  
East. However, we will  
hope that you can come  
next year. I have not  
time in this letter to dis-  
course of my <sup>and</sup> very pleasant  
trip from Mich. here,  
stopping at Niagara, &c.

I will confine  
myself to accounts of the  
folks. Uncle Lauren does  
not look much like you.  
Nor Ad., but his deep  
voice reminds me of A's.

He is not so tall nor  
straight either, though he  
is in excellent physical con-  
dition. He looks about as

old as Uncle A., though not  
quite so much wrinkled.

I have not seen Uncle  
James yet. Aunt Almira  
looks very old and bowed  
down, though intellectually  
very well preserved. Horace  
is a small man, and has  
little of the Lyman look.

He has just had an addition  
to his family in the shape of  
a boy. Mirera Lyman, your  
cousin, is at Horace's. She is  
very old & decrepit.

Emmie is a large,  
strong, calm woman of  
the true New England  
type. She has blue eyes and  
brown hair, and is rather  
intellectual looking rather  
than handsome. She has  
an immense forehead,  
and a voice almost as

low as a man's. She is  
decidedly a fine specimen  
of womanhood. Cousin  
Sarah is a beautiful girl  
of just about Mary's  
size though not quite so  
plump. She is about  
as dark in complexion as  
Mary is though and has  
very black hair, though her  
eyes are gray. She has a  
somewhat remarkable voice,  
having a compass of three  
octaves. Her voice is not  
quite so sweet on the high  
notes as Mary's, though on  
the low notes she gets away  
with M. completely, going  
clear down to low A.  
Low voices seem to be rather

a family characteristic.

Having regarded Henry as that "solemn little fellow," I was somewhat amazed to have a stalwart young six-footer come up and give me a grip that reminded me of Holace.

He is a splendid looking fellow with a huge mass of a head, and evidently having some considerable <sup>old</sup> in it.

He is sixteen years, being about two years older than I supposed him to be.

I like Aunt Mary, as I am instructed to call her, very much. We are planning two delightful trips next week, E., D., H., and myself are going to go in the carriage

to Belchertown, coming back  
by way of Amherst and  
of course catching some of  
the intellectual atmosphere  
floating loose around.

After coming back from  
there, Sarah and I are going  
to accompany Eunice on her  
way to Ohio, or far as I must  
and make much of a visit,

How I wish that you  
could go with us.

I suppose that you  
would find things changed  
here a good deal. They say  
that the town has grown  
a good deal. Probably you re-  
member the road from town  
through the woods. I journeyed  
over that road wondering at  
every step whether you had  
been over it too. Uncle L.  
said that you had been some

hundred times or so.

I am so unfortunate  
or to have a bad headache  
to-night, and will defer  
until to-morrow writing  
any more. You will  
want so much to hear all  
I know that expect to  
write a ream or so before  
I finish the subject.

Your loving son  
Willie.