



Jacobs writes of the difficulty she has had in finding time to write while working for Willis family. "I have not written a single page by daylight Mrs W dont know from my lips that I am writing for a Book"

Cornwall [New York] [nd] March [1854]

My Dear Friend

I recieved your kind and welcome *letter* and should have replied to it much earlier but various hindrances have prevented me and when I would have written I was in Bed with a severe attack of Rheumatism so that I could not raise my hands to my head I am still suffering with it in my shoulders. and we have had much sickness in the family this winter I know my plea for want of time will find its way to your heart

my dear friend let me thank you for your kind and generous offer of the hospitality of your pleasant home which would afford me much pleasure to accept but as yet I . . .
[**obliterated**] ~~not~~ *cannot* decide my friends Mr & Mrs Brockett is very anxious that I should go to their home and write they live very quietly and retired they were here and spent a day and night with me and saw from my daily duties that it was hard for me to find much time to write as yet I have not written a single page by daylight Mrs W dont know from my lips that I am writing for a Book and has never seen a line of what I have written I told her in the Autumn that I would give her Louisa services through the winter if she would allow me my winter evenings to myself but with the care of the little baby and the big Babies and at the household calls I have but a little time to think or write but I have tried in my poor way to do my best and that is not much

And you my dear friend must not expect much where there has been so little given Yes dear Amy there has been more than a bountiful share of suffering given enough to crush the finer feelings of stouter hearts than this poor timid one of mine but I will try and not send you a portriature of feelings just now the poor Book is in its Chrysalis state and though I can never make it a butterfly I am satisfied to have it creep meekly among some of the humbler bugs I sometimes wish that I could fall into a Rip Van Winkle sleep and awake with the blest belief of

that little Witch Topsy that I never was born but you will say it is too late in the day I have outgrown the belief oh yes and outlived it too but you know that my bump of hope is large how is my dear old friend Mr Post I have no doubt but that he is at his Post perhaps heading a mighty Phalanx to put the Nebraska bill through well he shall have my vote 1856 when Arnold and Belshazzar rools down the avalanche remember me with much kindness to all the family tell Willie I want to see him very much when you write tell me if I know the friend that you spoke of in your letter as soon as my plans are more matured I will write you again it will be very difficult for to get some one in my place yet it will be left for me to do I know of but one person she is a Ladys nurse and her wages would be high but I think that can get her she is a nice person I must stop this rambling letter let no one see it Lou sends much love to you I am sorry you dont know her better you would love her

[*along right margin*] *God bless you write as soon as you can yours

H. Jacobs*

Citation:

Autograph letter, signed; Isaac and Amy Post Family Papers, University of Rochester Library.