

Bebe. Swickey.
Feb 11 - 1880.

My dear Mother.

Every time I put on my pink apron I feel inspired to write to you. I don't know what any thing has ever pleased me more. I know there are hundreds of things that you have done for me that have cost you much more trouble than my birthday apron. & yet it always makes me feel so loving every time I look at it. Poor thing it does not get much rest, for as soon as it comes out of the wash I put it on. Well! This afternoon William & I have been bed bug hunting. Can you possibly imagine any thing more entertaining than for a young lady of trusty going on such an expedition with her brother in law? We did not find any. I guess Ellen must have killed them all last night. She slew three. Many was a perfect sight this morning from their bites. I sleep in the cot with Ellen, we have not had any for some time. He had a grand hunt today. Took the springs off

washed the slots & in fact the entire bed
stead. I suppose I have told you that I
sleep with my little Ellie. Oh! Mother! You
have no idea what a darling she is. She is so
bright & pretty. in the morning when she
stretches she throws up her little arms &
I am usually so near that as they come down
her dear little hands fall on my face.
Ellie is exquisite beautiful. every one
sleeps so. She is so plump. & has such a
beautiful skin. I am sure I could not
love her better if she were my own child.
In fact she is called by all our acquaintances
my baby. I still bathe both the babies.
It takes me just an hour every day
for both of them. Do you think that
is too long? They most always cry
a little & sometimes a great deal. At
first I thought it was because I must
be almost smothering them. but now
I am not so frightened. I find if I am

nervous the babies are more so.
Well Mother dear we had a good laugh
at your expense tonight. William
Ellie & I. I think in one of my
letters I must have said to you
that I was very sleepy. for in
a letter I got from you today
you said "what makes you sleepy
you must be bilious". How we
did laugh. I tell you why. I have
not more than half the sleep I
used to at home. For see it is
always very late before we get settled
for the night. it is more times one,
two, or three, than it is two, eleven,
or twelve. In fact I think the earliest
hour has not been before twelve, this
tonight. Ellie, Mary & Ellen, also
William have gone to bed & it is not
quite twelve about every fourth
night it is as late as three before

Invariably lay me down to rest. Then
my baby has to be fed in the night
& usually as often as every two
hours. — We never feed them
afternoon than once in two hours.
— I then have to get up to warm
the food — "Lactine Lacte" — & you
know there are other things that have
to be done for babies in the night
as well as in the day time. Beside
my sleep being, as you see, very much
broken I get up early. Tho' once in
a while when my bed fellow will
sleep & am glad not to get up till
later — That is seldom — very seldom.
— Early is any where from half
past four to seven. Late is any
time after that till nine o'clock. I have
slept till nine twice. ^{Can you see why we caught}
^{at you?} ^{you here the} idea what good it did us for

went to meet the two nurses. Mrs. Rook
& Thompson say that the babies looked
well taken care of. They both think they
are getting along very well. Ellie I
am sorry to say is not strong.
She is not gaining strength as I
wish she was. She is so very susceptible
to cold.

Sabbath evening. 180's
Today has been a day utterly unlike
any Sabbath that I ever spent in Auen
There is only one Church service to go
to. The music is very poor. That is to say
the tunes seem to be chosen without the
slightest regard to beauty. One man in
a great while does sing something that
either William or I prefer. The regular
minister is a Scotch man. Mr Irving -
have I told you any thing about him?
He is a young bachelor. Preaches well &
is very pleasant out of the pulpit. is
rather nice looking. Popular every where.

It is a perfect feast to go to Church to hear him pray for "The United States of America" - he always prays for it using the whole term. "U. S. & United States of America". He prays for rulers & people alike. Just think you all at home come under the people. I have heard much if not all of the Contra-Unionists' Missionary preach. Our Sabbath day has been quite spoiled by Mrs Grew calling. Oh! Mother she is such a trial. Ellie has been just sick ever since she came to William has been angry - & tried. Neither of them saw her. She had the impudence to bring Miss West with her. Because you see she knows that Ellie will not after see her when she comes by her self. She found however, that, to be a mistake. For Ellie did not see either of them, nor ^{did} William. She had the audacity to ask Ellie to come to her house, said she would be so glad to see her & all that sort of

trash. I could hardly be decent to her. It makes me so angry to think of the way she treated Ellie & William. Poor William! I never was more angry for any one in my life. His coming is such a bitter disappointment to him. For nothing he supposed he was to come among the kindest friends who have come among people who have treated him & Ellie worse than ever before they were treated. Seemingly to take no notice of Ellie being so delicate & their being new comers to the Missionary field. My heart fairly bleeds when I think of all these two have had to suffer. I think William will never get over the treatment he has received here. The wound will, I am afraid never be healed. It is utterly dis-
couraged. Ellie is nothing like as grieved as William & I think she would get over it soon. My idea of "Missionaries" is I am sorry to say very different from my idea of three or four months ago.

This letter I am sure will give you
the blues. I did not intend to write
such a one. It may be partly owing
to my being so billious that I write
such morbid letters. My darling little
mother that has afforded us so much
amusement. I am sure you can't mind
my telling you about it. Do you? I
think never since the letter came
here I got up in the night to get
food for the babies but what I
think of my being billious. Really
I am not & have been so very little this winter.

Please give my dearest love to
Father. & tell him I hope before long
to get around to writing to him. Even
tho' he does our one three or four
letters. My love to all at home & to
inquiring friends, but above all my
very fondest love to you my darling &
precious Mother. From your affectionate

Christine
darling
mother

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