

my spirit. I think of those  
who were caught for "their heads  
in the morning", nor timber-sound-  
ness of joints, spirits will do; but  
for one like me with the inability  
to bend and unbend is entirely  
incompatible with genuine heartiness.

After all what a barren  
mockery of hospitality is the icy  
frigidly with which Cincinnati  
welcomes or rather repulses  
the ~~the~~ holidays. In good  
old Philadelphia, the town  
was, and is, on New Years

A. New Years  
Greetings!

Cincinnati Ohio  
Dec 28<sup>th</sup> 1895

Dear Elias Carr;

My dear Elijah;

The curtain is  
fast falling on the old year,  
and full many a change for  
grief or joy, has occurred in  
the years short span; One of  
the greatest joys to me, is the  
universal praise bestowed on  
you by all parties; All join  
in one accord in conceding  
you to be a just, worthy

and True man: One who knows  
the right and dares to do it.

To all of the above my patriotic  
pulse responds, "Well done good  
and faithful Servant Enter  
thou &c".

There has been a kind  
of a happy moonlight shiner  
of the delightful post, gleaming  
fair, bringing a pathetic perfume  
a halo of magnetic <sup>to my soul,</sup> ~~swirls~~  
in the which, mingled with  
joy & glee, were the forms  
of the girls of our  
boyhood, with you Anne  
the scene; Thank God you  
have your early love yet; say:  
But mine, <sup>Oh grief</sup> is in the distant  
"hidden", all purity, sincerity,

and fidelity. In the living  
Mary in many things I have  
the counterpart, the picture  
of the mourned and loved dead,  
and the love of my youth that  
was under grief; comes back  
to me like a soul from the  
dead bringing joy to my  
heart and love light to  
Monticello. Mary is doubly  
my wife, my happiness; she  
is my life, God, heaven, earth  
all to me; I worship her both  
as the living & the dead.

But I am growing  
sentimental; Well! I have  
not looked upon the egg  
now while it was golden,  
for that is again

Kindly the appetite a fresh  
 for dainty morsels, prepared  
 for loving hands who  
 are now in the "blessed  
 hereafter." I was by the  
 side of that sideboard  
 after the "old man" had  
 given me my Alice that  
 she stood by my <sup>side</sup> and with  
 gleams of sick and round  
 arms bare and the lustre  
 glow of tresses and a  
 merry twinkled love in her  
 eyes asked - "Did he

and Yuletide,  
 day one grand family reunion.  
 Every house is illuminated,  
 Windows are decorated, and  
 garlanded, Streets crowded  
 with men + women <sup>everywhere</sup> as merry  
 dancing here, and there,  
 in gorgeous processions.  
 All night long, the great throng  
 listen with bated breath,  
 to hear the whistles screech,  
 and the bells ring out  
 the old, and ring in  
 the New Year. Such is  
 Phila, but not so in

6  
this unwholesome Mob City.  
A great deal of Shopping  
but nothing more.

They do not wax extravagant  
in what they term theatrical  
festivities.

We hope the holidays  
have brought you much  
pleasure and happiness  
and few headaches.

I had the pleasure  
of calling on your gifted  
children in Washington  
and a nice, elegant happy  
home it is; My stay was  
charming to me; Among  
other things of interest  
shown me; none was  
more so, than the

7  
the old Hilliards Turn  
Sideboard. In fancy  
I thought of the many  
drinks taken, from the  
square bottles, laden with  
luscious Peach and Apple  
juice, pressed from fruit  
grown on the sunny  
spots of the Parker  
orchard; while the  
scent of Mint, and  
Cordials rare of Queen-  
cent grape juice filled  
the air with heavy  
sweetness; I thought  
I could hear that prince  
of gentlemen "Uncle Elisha"  
say - "Here's Luck" after  
which there was a

Shackelford is very kind  
to me, and I am working hard  
to please <sup>him</sup>. A blessed happy  
New Year to you, and to  
the dear ones  
gives, and with peace  
and good will fairly  
bubbling over in my  
heart for you all.

I am truly  
your friend

W. W. Carraway

Take a day  
off to  
revel

drink "great luck" to you,  
then of course she  
told me the Almond  
Hart story. As Sydney  
heard it to wit "Poor  
d-d soul who would  
a sunked it, that I  
should drink luck  
for any man to marry  
my daughter".  
Oh what a long  
book could be  
written about the  
Old Sideboard.

God bless Mrs Carr for  
 resurrecting this  
 time honored old  
 household link  
 of the past; To me  
 it spoke with the  
 quivering sounds from  
 a hidden lute.

The holidays have been  
 very much against me.

The jobbers have all bought  
 and there is no reaching  
 the Retail Trade until  
 after the holidays are  
 over;

Let me thank you  
 for the kind offer in  
 the Agricultural

opt, but I think I  
 can after a bit make  
 this pay better.

I have given up all  
 political aspirations; and  
 in the future will try  
 to be a bread winner  
 in other fields!

No matter where I go  
 I shall ever carry the  
 fondest recollection  
 of you my boy! May  
 you ever be happy,  
 and continue to  
 rule in the future,  
 as in the past, and  
 "temper the wind for  
 the shorn lambs!"