

University of Mississippi

eGrove

Personal and Business Correspondence,
1851-1860 (Series 1.3)

Aldrich Collection

1857

Tax receipt, 1857

Allison C. Treadwell

Arthur Barlow Treadwell

Robert A. Treadwell

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/aldrichcorr_c



Part of the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Treadwell, Allison C.; Treadwell, Arthur Barlow; and Treadwell, Robert A., "Tax receipt, 1857" (1857).
Personal and Business Correspondence, 1851-1860 (Series 1.3). 137.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/aldrichcorr_c/137

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Aldrich Collection at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Personal and Business Correspondence, 1851-1860 (Series 1.3) by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Cleveland March 31st, 58.

My dear Mr & Mrs Aldrich

It were useless for
one to attempt to express the sympathy
I feel with you in your great sorrow.
If I could speak one word of consolation how
gladly would I do it, but I know earth
has no power to heal your wounded hearts,
and I can only weep for you and com-
mend you to One who can bind up the
broken heart.

Our whole household mourn with you -
Your precious little Katie was near and
dear to us all - many tears have been
shed by our children, for dear Richard
and Lizzie - and Eddie says "he thinks
he feels almost as bad as they do."

I can think how dark the world
seems to you now, how saddened your

home is. I have often thought that when the "little one" of a household is taken away by death, the light of the home seems gone out.

My dear friends, I know that the only light that can come to you in this affliction, is from above. Your darling is not lost, — He who took little ones in His arms and blessed them, when he was upon earth, has called her, and taken her to His bosom — safe in Heaven. "He died and was buried." The darkness of the grave is taken away, for Jesus has lain there.

And how consoling the thought that though she cannot return to you you may go to her. Heaven has bright attractions for you.

I wish very much that I could see you. I write not only to assure you of my own sympathy, but that of my husband and

children also. and dear Richard and
Lizzie are included in our affectionate
and sympathizing remembrance.

That a Heavenly Comforter may
console, and wipe away your tears, is
my prayer.

Very truly your friend
Charlotte L. Jones.

The Reaper & the Flowers. by Longfellow.
"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grows between.

Shall I have nought that is fair? said he;
Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I will give them all back again.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;

It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.
"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child
"They shall all bloom in fields of light
Transplanted by ~~my~~ care
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred Blossoms wear."
And the Mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.
Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
"I was an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away!"