William's Gap Monday 3 Sept. 1860

According to what I wrote to you in my last letter, my beloved wife, I went to Richmond on Thursday and returned today. The mail which accompanied me brought me your welcome letter of 30th ult. (Thursday)

I was not otherwise than delighted and greatly comforted by its contents, which were essentially that you were generally well and happy that your dear Margaret was at least no worse. I had hoped that the fever and the headache would have made her better. But we must submit.

From Richmond I sent her a barrel of hams — some 10 or 12 — and a barrel of shad, but being able to find herring at W. H. Sullivan's but I hope that the shad (which are more esteemed) will answer as well. They went up. I suppose, to-day to Ringgold Station. I wish I hope arrive in due time.

I did not have time to go to see dear Peggy until Saturday after and I dined there on Sunday. She is quite well as are all the household. Mrs. Roberts had returned from the Wh. Salterite a day or two before. I saw Barbara once only; she says that she
tried to see her afterwards but that the place had grown so large that he used not to find her, & indeed that it would require a directory to find any body.

There is a house full of W. Boots', consisting of, he, 

his family, a young widow (with her two children) of W. Thos. Boots, a son of W. Alex. Boots. 

Peggy told me that Mary Ann, Fanny &c. were all well. Betty Blair is to be married this fall to a Mr. Morley of Buckingham. A nephew of theirs. 

Wager, I had not heard a word of him. Sally Wright 

is engaged in the marriage - I give you my word that I shall say nothing about it; a promise easily kept as I never talk about things which it is in the least degree inexpedient to talk about.

Peggy told me also that Mr. Cabell was said to be engaged to be married to a Miss Perry [I think] a music teacher; that he had driven her out in his buggy to - I give it to you for what it is worth.

On the day that I reached Richmond, how Mr. Cashie died: She was the wife of Mr. John Cashie, formerly 

of Copenhagen, & the sister of Mr. Marmanuke Johnson. The whole City, whilst I was there, & when I came away, was ringing with account of his brutal treatment of her.
That he had beaten her — that the marks were on her body when she died &c. &c. I could gather nothing authentic, nor did I try; but what Mr. Brotchie (who both attended the funeral at St. James', on Friday) told me of Mr. Peterkin's sermon, impressed me with the belief that Mr. Peterkin regarded the accounts as generally true. Mr. P. said that he would say no more of the departed than that no friend of his should do otherwise than rejoice that she was gone, for that she was now an angel in heaven, and that he would not cover up or draw attention from the voices and wrings of the living by a eulogy upon the dead, which is printed language.

He also, in a special prayer, omitted all mention of the husband, who was present. This is a debased custom.

I heard George Douglas Hekin on the capital square on Friday night. He was very nervous and was therefore not interesting as to grace of oratory. He made a forcible speech — Mr. Brotchie is going to Pittsburgh to speak sometime this month.

On Sunday morning I went out to Church, and finding St. Paul's open went up the steps and was informed by the Sexton that Mr. Galtwood was to preach there, which, as I suppose, I ought to be ashamed to say, I turned my back upon the sacred edifice and wandered my way to St. James, where I met...
(for the first time) Dr. Peterskin. I was pleased but rather disappointed. I met with Mr. Steer at the door, who kindly gave me a seat in his pew. I was very much pleased with Mr. dashiel's reading. I did not see or hear of W. Richard Wilmer. W. Minningerode and W. Woodbridge are both taking water in the mountains.

Today I met with W. Tyler on board the boat. Going down to his summer residence at Hampton, he was kind and genial as usual. He said that Mr. Temple had returned to Brooklyn much improved in health. I have hardly had time since my return to hear many things from neighbors. If any thing remarkable has occurred, I presume I should have heard it. The servants are well to desire to be remembered. W. No. Lindsey lost his little son with the small pox. W. Redding's better. I hear of no more.

I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that you think George makes like me in any thing. I cannot but be pleased that the dear fellow should be like me, because it will be a link; but mine is, or rather has been, a rather dangerous character for a man. Thank God that there (I think, although I may be presumptuous) nearly weathered the storm and rocks and whirlpools; but it has been occasionally a nice go. Keep the darling for me, as also dear Ettrine May, and give my heart's best love to dear Mrs. S. F. and warmest regard to W. Wilmar, remembering me to the servants. Also to the mrs. flowers. I am truly sorry that I shall not see W. Whittle. I have written to W. Pomeroy, suspect an answer. I have had the family washing for, during my absence. Farewell my dear dear wife — Ever your R.S.