

Cincinnati, Sabbath Morning, 7 o'clock,
May 26, 1850.

If I know my own heart, my dearest Mary, I have no wish to deceive you, or to hide from you anything in relation to my business prospects. I did not feel at all well in body on Thursday, and you know that I was sick at heart and well nigh despairing. Singular as it may seem, that troublesome job of work that I accomplished before on Thursday afternoon, in the yard I mean, gave a turn to my spirits by acting strongly on my body—so true is it that the body sympathizes with the mind in all its troubles and its joys, and so the reverse.

I ate but little breakfast, next morning—but by throwing my thoughts in a new channel connected with our business, and leaving Mr. Cooper who was as gloomy as a banyan, I revived my spirits wonderfully, became very cheerful, and felt that I could see bright days ahead. Cooper had done almost nothing in my absence, and even thought of telegraphing me not to come home until Tuesday morning or Monday evening next. But he seems to have lost a great deal of his energy, and leans upon me a great deal. When I telegraphed you, on Friday afternoon, I was in good spirits, and we succeeded in selling out our boat-load to one man on better terms than we had hoped for. But we have been worried and vexed, and are still, by the miserably slow movements of three whose business it is to do the hauling. The boat is not half emptied yet, and I may not be able to leave here before Wednesday or Thursday morning.

We have concluded to smother our chagrin & disappointment, & struggle on as best we can for a while—in the mean

Mrs. Mary Collins

Private