



E. A. Bloom  
Bloomville  
Tazewell County  
Illinois

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Greenwood. - December the 11<sup>th</sup> 1850

Dear Eliza Ann, By a kind providence I am once more permitted to address a few lines to you. I received your letter of August 22<sup>nd</sup>, the 30<sup>th</sup> of Nov., and it was with the greatest pleasure that I perused it and learned from it that you were all well. I have read it a great many times over and every time with new delight. It tells me that I am not forgot, though a wanderer and a stranger in a distant land - and that I often think of thee and home, and our dear children, surely you can never doubt or have any misgivings - for I love thee more and more as time rolls on. Yes I love you all, and home, how dearly my heart alone can know: forget them how can I; thou who hast been all kindness and love to me, bearing weekly with my many faults and sometimes harshness, no, the mother will forget her child as soon. —

I now wish to make a few suggestions to you in regard to the management or government of our children - in the first place never deceive them, always tell them the truth or what you mean, and make them obey not by threatening or chastising but by kindness. Never whip, unless it is in extreme cases - for I find that kindness has more influence upon the mind of man or child than all the punishment that could be inflicted - sympathise in all their little sorrows, gain their confidence, so that they will keep nothing from you. Learn our boy to love the truth, and tell it always. Oh how I long to see you and the children, Guy must be quite a boy by this time, I wonder if he is as restless as ever,

perhaps you may think this advice unnecessary, and perhaps it is, however I hope you will exercise your own good sense and judgment in all matters connected with yourself or the children.

Father and myself received 4 letters from George the same day I received yours - I had written to you and George about the middle of last month, and I have written to George about a week ago and sent the letter by a Mr. Curry (a friend of father's) who resides in Alton Ills., he, George, will probably get it before you receive this - you say you received my letters from Lorainia the 4<sup>th</sup> of August - they was certainly a long time in going, I wrote to you from the South Pass, and from Salt Lake, I want you to write (if you have not already) whether you ever received them, this is the 4<sup>th</sup> letter I have written to you from this country -

I am sorry that Vanmeter did not let you have the wool he agreed to - if he has not let you have it I shall consider him no gentleman, and the time may come, but enough of that.

I hope you got into the new house before cold weather, that is, if it is warm and comfortable, - Our winter here is warm we had a little <sup>snow</sup> on the morning of the first of this month - we have had but very little frost yet, - there has a great deal of snow fell on the Nevada mts, which are in sight. we have had no rain for a number of days past, -

I hear that Amy Ann Robinson is married but not who to, but I suppose Mr. Hoag - I think Evans don't like it very well, Evans is here and well - He opens a meat market to morrow morning, I hope he will do well, - tell George Bloom to write to me immediately what has been done in the Brooks case, if he has not written already. and also how things are going off in general, &c.

I have not made much in California yet, but I think if I keep my health I can make money here, I have been sick a good deal since I have been here - but I am well and stout at this time, father is well, Cousin John Bloom is stopping here with us, he is well. it is generally healthy here at present, - the miners are not making much more than their board this winter - When I shall be home is uncertain, but you shall hear from me often, - keep up good courage, be cheerful and don't let sad thoughts distract you - meet the ills of life with firmness, but your trust in Him who is able to help.

I don't want you to give yourself any uneasiness about the brooks concern, for I can bring that all out straight by the time they can do any thing.

You will perceive by the date of this that it is the anniversary of our weding day. six years have winged their <sup>way</sup> into the past, since you gave me hand and heart in holy trust - since I first called you mine, and oh how short they seem, yet much of life, of sorrow and disappointment, of joy and grief, have mingled in their train - but dearest do not despair, we may be happy yet. we must strive to be contented with our lot and repine not at our fate although it is hard, we should <sup>not</sup> borrow trouble of the future nor grieve for the past - " Is life more than a dream at best: it seems more like a dream to me, than stern reality, yet there must be something of reality about its shifting scenes, its joys its sorrows, the many ills we have to encounter, the little good we do, or pleasure that we find, it all seems to say there is a reality in life but it has been strange to me, and if,

I send you a couple of leaves, a strange gift surely,  
the long one is a leaf from the live oak which  
grows here in considerable abundance, the other is  
from a red bark shrub very beautiful which grows  
on the hills and mountains, it is an evergreen, there is  
a great many curious shrubs and plants in this coun-  
try that I wish you could see, I am sure you would  
be delighted with them

You will please direct your letters to me  
after you receive this, to Louisville, Eldorado  
Co. California, George will please do the same,  
we have a new post office just established  
here which will save us considerable trouble for  
50 miles is some ways to travel for a letter,

I see too you have a new post office at  
home, I am glad of it, but I suspect the name hurts  
some of our whig friends terribly, I don't want  
you to let the contents of my letter be known out-  
side of the family — Give my love to Mother and the  
girls — write often, and tell me how you get along and  
how the children come on, kiss them all for me.  
and remember me to yourself in love and faith for  
I give you both from the inner chamber of my  
heart and so farewell till you hear from <sup>me</sup> again

From your affectionate husband

Elizabeth Ann Bloom

Sterling

They sin, who tell us love can die. H. S. B.  
Love is immortal, never dies. —