

Gay Sept 6 1802

Ever Dear Sir  
 Long and tedious has been the week past we received your letter  
 which contained all the news we have had since you left us Mr  
 Bingham went down but the papers had not yet come I am glad  
 you have moved near home I am preparing my self for the worst  
 I heard this morning that Gen Dearborn was on his march for the  
 Northward and if that be true I know what to expect how can I  
 be you bound for the times ~~long~~ I must see you before you go  
 on there if you do go and I suppose without a doubt you will shortly  
 you have the same Protector there the same god and we know we  
 must go when called for yet I shall have quite an other feeling  
 and other trouble to what I have yet seen I wish you to write  
 the first opportunity I am anxious to hear how  
 you like your new situation I suppose I have an uncle by the  
 name of Matthew Barber near you and if you see him I wish  
 you would write to me how they are we have had a Frost  
 as that has destroyed our corn and vines we are all well except  
 that the fire is burnt very bad by the tea kettles being bropt on  
 to the hearth his feet is very sore dont stand on them and I  
 fear he will not very soon you may depend on my keeping  
 up good courage and I hope I shall not get frightened by the  
 Indians again if any thing takes place that you cant  
 come home before you go or call as you come to north you

Wm

James Smith

Whitehall



*Letter from Martha (Patty) Finch to her husband Isaac dated Sept 6 1813 while he is serving in the war of 1812 addressed to Mr. Isaac Finch Whitehall and folded and sealed with red sealing wax*

Jay Sept 6 18012

Ever Dear Sir? (One?)

Long and lonesome has been the week past we received your letter which contains all the news we have had since you left us Mr(s?) Bingham went down but the Papers? Had not yet come \_\_\_\_\_ you have moved near home I am preparing myself for the worst I heard this morning that Dearborn was on his march for the Northard? And if that be true I know what to expect How can I see you bound for the Line I must see you before you go on there If you do go and I suppose without a doubt you will shortly you have the same Protector there the same God and we know we must go when called for Yet I shall have quite another feeling and other troubles to what I have yet seen I wish you to write the first opportunity I am anxious to hear \_\_\_\_\_ you like your new situation \_\_\_\_\_ I have an uncle by the name of Matthew Barber near you and if you see him I wish you would \_\_\_\_\_ write to me how they are We have had a Frost here that has destroyed our corn? and \_\_\_\_\_ We are all well except Martin? He is burnt very bad by the tea kettle being onto the hearth his feet is very sore he cant stand on them and I fear he will not very soon You may Depend on my keeping up good courage and I hope I shall not get frightened by the Indians again If anything takes place that you cant come home before you go or call as you come north you

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Must let us know and I will be at Peru when you are there I long to have the day arrive when I shall \_\_\_\_\_ to call you mine and my children again be blessed with a Father that can correct as well as protect them I feel quite insufficient for the task that is involved on me But was I assured that you would live to return to your family it would be not little to have you gone to what it is now But if it is my lot to loose you it must be so I have wished that you might be the survivor for it appears to much for me to bear to be left But why do I complain when thousands are left in worse condition at this Day than myself yet such is my uneasy make that I view you in every condition sick wounded and dieing and none of your relatives with you to comfort or console your afflictions But I hope for the Best I was in hopes that you would come into this county but I shall not expect you now----- I have just heard that Capt Trulls? eldest son drowned in crossing the Lake & Last week they have taken in another British officer in Plattsburg I have no news to write

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I have heard nothing from Peru since you was home I hope you will write every opportunity and excuse me from writing I have forgotten all that I ever knew about writing You may commit this to the flames if you please  
This from your ever true and constant Patty Finch

To my good? heart no rival of joy supply the loss of thee  
And who can tell of thou my \_\_\_\_\_