

gay March 27 18015

Ever Dear Friend

With a sorrowfull heart sit down to write But shall not
 write much I hate to tell you a false hood and to say I was
 In good spirits I can not I expected a better Cup was falling
 For me to Partake of which time has Determined to my satisfaction
 But it is my fortune and hard as it is I must submit to it
 I will say no more about it Billy lost the letter you wrote
 which I wish you to make good the first opportunity
 I have a great desire to hear from you and hope you will let me
 have a chance of writing slip I received ten Dollars for which I
 return you my thanks the present I received from Lunt Howell
 I gladly received and wish you to return my sincere thanks and
 tell him I can reward him no other way than by Prausing
 the Book which I have read think it to be a good Book I feel an
 Interest in his wellfan as I conclude he is a Friend of yours
 and you are sets out their journey to morrow I hope in
 a short time you will conclude to come home and abandon
 the army I wish you not to write respecting what I hinted here
 unless you write some thing separate as it is not known to
 any but my self and your Friends will ask to see your letter
 I should be glad to write more but my time is short mamma
 is well and the Children I shall depend on your writing soon

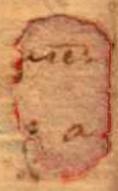
Near to my heart as lifes warm Stream
 That animates this mortal clay
 For thee I court the waking beams
 And deck with smiles the future Day
 And thus beguile the present pain
 With hopes that we shall meet again
 From your Disconsolate Friend till Death Martha Finch

Mr Isaac Finch

Faint, illegible handwritten text in a cursive script, likely from the 18th or 19th century. The text is arranged in several lines across the top section of the page.

Continuation of faint, illegible handwritten text in a cursive script, occupying the middle section of the page. The text is arranged in several lines.

Continuation of faint, illegible handwritten text in a cursive script, occupying the bottom section of the page. The text is arranged in several lines.



*Letter from Martha Finch to her husband Isaac during the war of 1812 impossible to discern address but sealed with red sealing wax March 27, 1813 He was wounded on May 27, 1813 at the Battle of Fort George***

Jay March 27 18013?

Ever Dear Friend

I with a sorrowful heart sit down to write but shall not write much I hate to tell you a falsehood and to say I was in good spirits I cannot I expected a Bitter (Better) cup was Filling For me to Partake of which time has determined to my satisfaction But it is my fortune and hard as it is I must submit to it I will say no more about it Billy lost the letter you wrote which loss I wish you to make good the first opportunity I have a great desire to hear from you and you will let no chance of writing slip I received ten dollars doe which I return you my thanks The Present I received from Lunt? Harrell I gladly received and wish you to return my sincere thanks Tell him I can reward him no other way than by Perusing the Book which I have and think it to be a good Book I feel an interest in his welfare as I conclude he is a Friend of yours _and John sets out on their journey tomorrow I hope in a short time you will conclude to come home and abandon the army I wish you not to write what I hinted here unless you write some thing separate as it is not known to any but myself and your Friends will ask to se your Letter I should be glad to write more but my time is short Mamma is well and the Children I shall depend on your writing soon

Dear to my heart as lifes warm stream
That animates this mortal clay
For thee I court the wakening Dream
And seek with smiles the Future Day
And this beguils? the present pain
With hopes that we shall meet again

From Your Disconsolate Friend till Death Martha Finch

Mr Isaac Finch

***Timeline... April 27 US troops attack and burn York (now Toronto)*

May 25 US bombards and destroys Fort George

Isaac is wounded near Fort George on May 27, 1813

May 29 US troops capture Fort George British retreat toward Burlington