

NOTE: This is another childhood letter written between mothers. Elizabeth Fountaine Shelby Kinkead whose first child is Margaret Blackburn Kinkead and Amanda Bruen Shelby whose only child is Mary Pindell Shelby. Margaret (Molly) will soon be 9 years old and Mary Pindell is 7. Little did they know that Mary Pindell's "Grand Ma" and Daddy would be dead before the end of the month. Six months later Amanda death would leave Mary Pindell an orphan. I do not know who her Aunt Sara must be a Kinkead relation. Perhaps when the Kinkeads moved back to Lexington and Mary Pindell was with her aunt Sarah (Busy) Bruen Cronly they may have been playmates.

To: Mary Pindell Shelby (age 7)

From: Margaret Blackburn Kinkead (almost 9)

Covington Jan 3 1853

Dear Cousin Mary

I received your letter, and am very much obliged to you for thinking of me. It is the first letter I ever received, and I pride it very much.

I wish you could have spent the Christmas holiday with me. I have had such a pleasant time. The little girls have

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a great many parties. I was at two last week, and two before Christmas, and Mother says I may have one next Saturday. We go directly after dinner, so as to get home before night. I must now tell you what Santa Claus brought me. Christmas morning I went in the dining room, and on the table I found a beautiful basket filled with candy, a trans-

Page 3

parent slate, a crying doll and a book, and also two needle cases. After breakfast I had another basket brought to me filled with candy, & a candy monkey.

I am very fond of going to
school, and taking music
lessons. I can play one tune.
I am studying arithmetic,
natural theology, history
and spelling, and am also

Page 4

learning to write. I am going
to school to Mrs. Bayless, the
wife of our preacher. She is
a very good teacher. Her little
daughter is just my age.

I wish you would make
me a visit. I will give you
a party if you will, and go
with you to Cincinnati and
show you so many pretty
things. I am learning to sew.
I am making an apron
to send Aunt Sara, by my Grand
Pa, but I have not much time

Across first page:

to sew now that I am going to school.
You must write to me again,
and tell me all the news. I love
to hear from my old friends.

Give my love to cousin Amanda
and your Grand Ma.

Your aff cousin
Margaret Kinhead

Learning to write. I am going
 to school to Mrs. Taylor, the
 wife of my father. She is
 a very good teacher. Her little
 daughter is just my age.
 I wish you would write
 me a letter. I will give you
 a party if you will, next year
 with you to be in charge, and
 show you a many pretty
 things. I am learning to read
 and now making her lessons
 at and must stop by my father
 P.S. but I have not much time

Livington. Jan 3 1853

I received your
 letter and am much obliged to
 you for writing me. It is the
 first letter I ever received, and
 I like it very much.
 I wish you could have spent the
 Christmas holidays with me.
 I have had such a pleasant
 time. The little girls have

a great many parties. I was present at
 at two last week, and two and a look, and also two pre-
 before Christmas, and Mother all called. After breakfast
 says I may have one next. I had another basket brought
 Saturday. We go directly after to one filled with Candy, &
 dinner, & as to get home before a candy monkey
 night. I must now tell you I am very fond of going to
 what Santa Claus brought school, and taking music
 me. Christmas morning I went to school. I can play one tune
 in the dining room, and in the I am studying, arithmetic,
 table I found a beautiful box. Natural theology history
 that filled with Candy, a train and spelling, and am also

NOTE: Little did Susan know that her brother was near death. Evan died at 11 PM on January 22, 1853 of Erysipelas. Amanda's mother, Margery Parker Bruen, succumbed to the illness she had battled for years – possibly tuberculosis on the morning of the 25th. Just six months later Amanda herself, on July 31, 1853 would be taken by something that allowed her to settle Mary Pindell with her sister Sarah "Busy" Bruen Cronly, who had lost her first child, a son on the 2nd of July. She also disposed of most of her belongings. Sarah Bruen Cronly would help raise her, but she would remain close to her only Shelby Aunt, Susan Hart Shelby Carter and very close to Evan's brother, Uncle Ike, with whom she lived for some time.

This was either hand carried or mailed (envelope lost) from St. Louis where Susan Carter visiting (perhaps her cousin, Mrs. Samuel Magoffin - Susan Hart Shelby) and was preparing to return home. The Planter Hotel was the city's finest. At some point after the Col. Carter's death Susan moved to Lexington. She and her Aunt SHS Fishback were very close and often traveled together. It is obvious they have traveled together to St. Louis. She maintained a close relationship with her baby brother, Evan and his wife Amanda. Her other brothers; James, Lafayette and Kosciusko were all dead. Only Ike lived and he would marry the next year. This explains the lack of letters from her between 1850 and 1853.

Addressed to: Amanda Shelby

From: Susan Hart Shelby Carter

St. Louis **Jan** 17, 1853

Dear Amanda

I received your answer to my first letter sometime ago and should have answered it, but we have been going out a good deal in the evening and you know I must always be reimbursed for any loss of sleep, so that all day has been passed in that agreeable way since I came to stay with Betty Hart. This week we concluded we would stay home in the evenings and having recuperated entirely, can now attend to our friends who are absent. First we went to a select party given by the elite at the Planters Hotel. Take notice we only went as Tabbies (mischievous meddlers) and were lookers on at the fun. We have each a velvet and for four evenings they figured very extensively. One night there were four of our set in velvet and we literally stuck so close together that it was with difficulty we could be separated. You know the cohesive power of that commodity by hearsay as I did before I possessed this important garment. The ladies dress in beautiful taste, many

Page 2

of them, better than in Lex. They go at 10 & leave at 3. The suppers not elegant, but bountiful and good. \$80 for oysters & wines and curds and the order of the day. The mothers and wives are nervous and fidgety below while the sons and fathers are gaming and drinking above.

Two sisters Russell & Bennett live on the same block and throw open both houses which are the grandest in the city. We were there and highly entertained last Thursday. Mrs. B. wore a train of satin and lace, the waist made open so as to leave nothing to the imagination. The Unitarian Minister is preaching against wearing pearls in place of bodice to the dresses. The Kentuckians get together and make a delightful clique. Poor Susan Dunlap! She called to see me and yesterday we returned her visit. She kept us waiting a long time & then came down in a dress with five flounces and Polka waist, with all sorts of fine bellows and mounted her stilts with a book. I did not hear what she said, but when I saw her last she was poised in mid air where I presume she staid until taken down. Mrs. (Col. A. B.) Chambers says that a man named (Sims) Christy, a bachelor of 50, large fortune, highly respectable, has addressed her since she came this fall. He told me he had called once to see her. Put the two together. I hardly think she would let such a chance

Page 3

slip through her fingers. Nat says she is perfectly independent since she sold her plantation. Mrs. Chambers says the plantation belonged to the first wife's children. Put the two together. Nat is just the same as ever, always trying to make a false impression. He called New Years and talked of the canaille (the lowest orders of the populous) as if he were a prince of the blood royal. But Jane is a redeeming member of the finer and a clever woman. (John G.) Chiles in bad health. Ann Davis' baby growing finely. Tom Barton's folks live on the opposite corner. I did not call to see any of them when they were in Lex. and they are returning the compliment. Sue Barton seems to have no standing here. Aunt Susan (Fishback) says that Mrs. Macalester says that Mr. Harrison spent all his time at Mrs. Jouitts and Mrs. Menifee discarded him. He says he forgets whether he paid her one of two visits. He would be as accommodating as Combs when he said he would give her a certificate that he had courted her. Harrison laughed very much at his doing things with such neatness & dispatch. Don't you want to hear how he and I have conducted matters? Well, they are not done yet. He had made Henry promise to let him know when he and I are going to Ky. That he is going with us. To tell you truly if he were a little smoother specimen of humanity

Page 4

I should soon decide the matter. He is honest, candid, kind hearted and has qualifications as a business man inferior to none. Conway writes every now and

then in the most forlorn manner, and says he will never think of another lady while he lives. Dr. Clark had made up his mind if I were the wild Susan Shelby he once knew that he would make his desires to me but when he saw me he said I was too sober. Betty laughed out at this idea. He is a bachelor of 45 or 50 & has made a large fortune. Dr. Johnson, Mary Lewis' Dr. says he never saw a lady he admired more and only wishes he were ten years older or I younger. He is the funniest man in St. Louis. I am thinking aloud or rather communicating as freely with you as if I were. For mercy's sake don't tell what I say.

Ask Isaac to go & order the servants to put my house in readiness for me by the middle or latter part of next week. Henry Hart goes on business and I shall go with him. Tell them to take down all the lace curtains & leave the woolen ones & clean the window blinds. Kiss Mary, remember me aff. to all & believe me Yrs. truly

S. S. C.

NOTE: Thus ended the ten year written intercourse of these sisters-in-law and friends who were tied together by Kentucky Shelby blue-blood, education, love and sorrows. I feel there were more letters, but no others were saved. At the time this last letter was written Samuel and his first wife were expecting their fifth child, Samuel Jr. who was born March 18, 1853.

Married 11/24/1857, Samuel's first wife was Susan's first cousin with the same name! He was 47 and she was 17. She was the daughter of Susan Carter's father James' brother Isaac Shelby, Jr., Susan Hart Shelby Magoffin, thirteen years younger than Mrs. Carter. Samuel Jr. would die 14 month later and, in the fall of 1855, Susan would have their 6th and last child, Susan Shelby Magoffin. She died shortly after this birth, at the age of twenty-eight. This left Samuel with James W. age 6, Janie age 4 and the infant (Ludie).

The first Susan Hart Shelby Magoffin became quite famous when Stella Drumm authored her journal in a book titled "Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico." A few years later Shirly Seifert wrote "The Turquoise Trail" based on the same journal.

After eight years of single life in Lexington with her good friend and Aunt, Susannah Hart Shelby Fishback, a prior acquaintance, Samuel Magoffin came a courting. He and his first wife, Susan Hart Shelby (daughter of General James' brother Isaac) had lived in Lexington from 1845 to about 1852. This was during a time that Mrs. Carter had a reputation of being the smartest woman in Kentucky in the manner of which she oversaw at a great profit the hemp farming that Col. Carter (died in 1849) and Gen James (died in 1848) ran in Arkansas. I am certain they socialized and admired one another's intellect.

I found this record while living in St. Louis at their wonderful Historical Society and had them copy the book for me. Authors Drumm and Seifert never found the date nor did either go to Belle Fontaine Cemetery and search their records. This cemetery thought little James' grave was that of Samuel's brother and mentioned the Santa Fe Trail merchant brothers on the tour they gave!

Their marriage is confirmed in "Record of Marriages, Fayette County Kentucky (Lexington.) 1852 To 1862 Inclusive., Compiled in Alphabetical Order by Annie Walker Burns, in 1938. Interesting that they married on the same date as his first marriage, November 24th.

Page 52: Magoffin, Samuel Shelby, Susan Both of age 11-24-1857

Two years after his marriage to Susan Carter, his only surviving son, James died at the age of ten. Susan raised the girls and enjoyed the companionship of fellow Kentuckian, Samuel. They welcomed her beloved niece to their home and it is there she came to be married in 1880. He died in 1888 and she moved from Barrett's Station into Kirkwood, MO, a suburb of St. Louis. There she was a loved and noted hostess.

Years later one letter to the Shelby genealogist, Cass K. Shelby and two letters from Susan Hart Shelby Carter Magoffin to Mary Pindell Shelby Stallcup were written and kept.

Let me soon decide the matter. He is honest & decided
and honest and his qualifications as a business
man superior to none. But he lacks polish and
refinement of manner. Conway writes very good and
then in the most formal manner, and says he will know
think of another lady while he lives. Dr. Clark had made
up his mind if I were the wife of John or Sally he
never knew that he would make his designs to me
but when he saw me he said I am the sister. Betty
laughed out at the idea. He is a bachelor of 45 or 50 &
has made a large fortune. Dr. Johnson, Mary Levi Dr.
says he never saw a lady he admired more and only
wishes he were ten years older or 20 younger, He is the
greatest man in St. Louis. I ask thinking aloud
or rather communicating as freely with you as if I
were. For my own sake don't tell what I say.

Let me go to order the servants to put my house
in readiness for me by the middle of latter part of
next week. Henry Hunt goes on business and I shall
go with him. Tell them to take down all the car-
petains & have the wooden ones & clean the
windows blind. Miss Mary remembers me off
to all & believe me Mrs. Smith
A. S. C.

St. Louis Aug. 17/1833

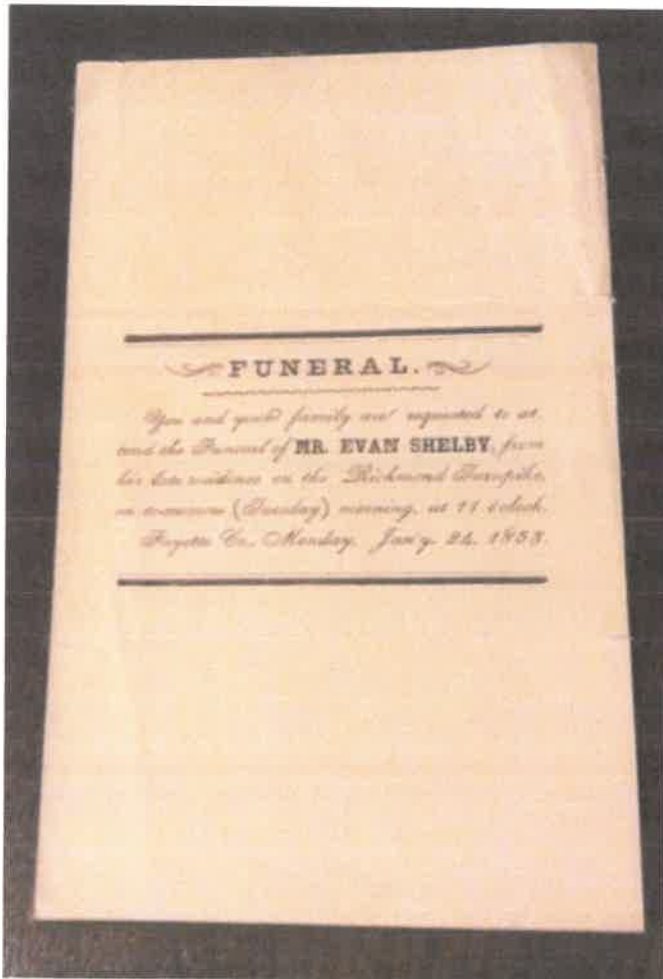
Dear Amanda

I received your answer to my
first letter some time ago and should have
answered it but we have been going out a good
deal in the evening and you know I must always
be unprepared for any loss of sleep, so that all
day has been passed in that agreeable way and
I came to stay with Betty Hunt. This week we
concluded we would stay at home in the evening
and having ascertained nothing, we were obliged
to see friends who are absent. That then we went
to a select party given by the club - at the Phoenix
Hotel. Jack notes we only went as Sadies and was
looked on at the few. We have had a cabinet for
four evenings they enjoyed very extensively. One
night there were four of our old & rich friends
we literally shook & close together that it was
with difficulty we could be separated. You
know the cause of your of that immediately by
how long as I did before I forgot their important
government. The ladies sleep in beautiful taste among

of the latter than in case they go at 10 & leave independent since she sold her plantation. Mrs Chambers says the plantation belonged to the first wife's children. The mother and sons are nervous and judgmentally below. While the sons & father are gaming and drinking about. My sister Bessie and Bennett live in the same block and throw open both houses which are the grandest in the city. Mr. B was there and highly entertained last Monday. Mr. B was a train of Latin and Latin the wail made open so as to leave nothing to the imagination. The Unitarian Minister is preaching against being proud in place of leading to the despair. The Unitarians get together and make a delightful oblige. Can you see Monday? I he called to be in and yesterday he returned he said: He kept us waiting a long time & then came down in a hurry with five flames and Polka wail, with all sort of fun below and mounted he talks with a look. I did not know what she said, but when I saw he had he was pained in mind and when I saw down she stand until taken down. Mrs. Chambers says that a man named Christy's brother of 50 says follows highly respectable he has addressed her since she came this fall. He told me he had called once to see her. But the two together. I hardly think she would attract a chance

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NOTE: Found in Mary Pindell Shelby Stallcup's scrapbook and in the family papers this is an original funeral notice for Evan Shelby: He would have been 28 on the 14th of February. **Dating 1853 1/24**



You and your family are requested to attend the Funeral of MR. EVAN SHELBY, from his residence on the the Richmond Turnpike on to-morrow (Tuesday) morning, at 11 oooo'clock.
Fayette Co., Monday, Jan'y 24, 1853

He was buried that same day in the Lexington Cemetery.

NOTE: A copy of the announcement in the Kentucky Statesman, January 25, 1853:

Died. At his residence in this city, on the 24th inst. Mr. Evan Shelby.

NOTE: The heart felt sympathy of her best friend.

No envelope or address

To: Amanda Bruen Shelby

From: Lizzie Smith

Kalorama
Jany 25th 1853

My dear Amanda, can it be possible that what I hear is true and that you are indeed left desolate? I cannot – cannot believe it! I cannot think that Evan so full of life and of ever flowing energy has gone down in the morning of his days to that silent tomb! and that he has left you, my dear, dear child without a guide and support through life. Oh! my dear Amanda! if we did not know that there was a God in Heaven how dark, how mysterious many of His dispensations would appear! How sad the world would be where death could cloud the sunshine of our days even when at its brightest. But can you not rest upon the Divine arms which are round all His children! Can you not feel that “those whom He loveth He chastiseth & that He scourgeth the Son whom He recieveth!” You have been before reminded that you might call yourself a child of God

Page 2

and I doubt not, felt there the comfort of that unspeakable truth, and now, in your hour of darken sorrow oh! remember that one is near you who sticketh closer than a brother “and is ever more ready to hear than we to pray.” May His comforts be with you, my dear Friend, for I know your heart is well nigh broken. What would I not give for the privilege of being near you in this time of affliction. I could not comfort you – but I could love you and pray for you and wait until your wounded heart was ready to receive comfort from sympathy and then pour into it all that my own feels for you.

I am most anxious to hear more particularly of all connected with your loss – I will not ask you to write yourself, but will not Elizabeth or Sarah be so compassionate to my anxiety as to write immediately and tell me all that I want so much to know. I loved Evan as a brother in my short acquaintance with him and the tears I have shed for

Page 3

his loss speak for the affectionateness of disposition which endeared him to all who knew him. Only the other day Jane Mitchell and I were speaking of him together and the heartiness of her friendship for him would have gratified the heart that is now cold in death. Bozzie – the little fellow, came to me with so much awe & sorrow impressed on his joying face to tell me in a whisper, “Dear little Mary Pindell’s papa is dead!” but how little these little hearts know of the desolation of yours and of the sorrow that fell upon us all at the news. Was Mr. Berkley with you during Evan’s sickness, for I know his support would be unspeakably grateful to you and O hope to Evan also. I only wish Father was near you for his heart is with you and all that sympathy & prayers can do for you you will have, from him and from the heart of your truly attached

Lizzie

Alabama

Jan 4, 25th /53.

My dear Amanda, can it be possible
that what I hear is true and that you are
indeed left desolate? I cannot - cannot believe
it! I cannot think that Evan so full of life
and overflowing energy has gone down in
the morning of his days to the silent tomb
and that he has left you, my dear dear child
without a guide and support through life.
Oh! my dear Amanda! if we did not know
that there was a God in Heaven how dark
how mysterious many of His dispensations
would appear! How sad the world would
be where death could cloud the sunshine
of our days even when at its brightest.
But can you not rest upon the Divine Word
which are vouchsafed all His chosen? Can you
not feel that "those whom He loveth He
chargeth, & severeth ^{that He} the Son whom He
receiveth?" you have been before reminded that
you might call yourself a child of God

and, I doubt not, felt then the comfort of that unspeakable trust, and, now, in your hour of darker sorrow he! remember that one is near you who "shuteth closer than a brother" and is even more ready to hear than me to pray. May this comfort be with you, my dear Friend, for I know your heart is well nigh broken. What would I not give for the privilege of being near you in this time of affliction. I could not comfort you - but I could love you - and pray for you and wait until your poor wounded heart was ready to receive comfort from sympathy - and then pour into it all that my own feels for you.

I am most anxious to hear more particularly of all connected with you all. I will not ask you to write for myself - but will not Elizabeth or Sarah be so compassionate to my anxiety as to write immediately and tell me all that I want so much to know. I loved Evan as a brother in my short acquaintance with him and the tears I have shed for

his lips speak for the affectionateness of
 disposition which endeared him to
 all who knew him. Only the other day
 Oane Mitchell and I were speaking of
 him together and the heartiness of her
 friendship for him would have gratified
 the heart that is now cold in death.
 Boggie - the little fellow - came to me with
 so much care & sorrow impressed
 on his joyous face to tell me in a
 whisper - "Dear little Mary Fiddell's
 papa is dead!" but how little these
 little hearts know of the devastation of grief
 and of the sorrow that fell upon all
 at that news. Was Mr Berkeley with
 you during Evan's pickup. For I know
 his support would be unspeakably grateful
 to you and O hope to Evan also.
 I only wish Father was near you for
 his heart is with you and all that
 sympathy & prayer can do for you
 you will have, from him and from
 the heart of your truly attached
 Leggie.



Mrs. Evan Shelby -
Lexington
Kentucky

NOTE: Bishop Benjamin Bosworth Smith has not heard yet of her Mother's death! He is her friend, mentor, past Pastor and father of her best friend, Lizzie.

No envelope

To: Amanda Bruen

From: B. B. Smith – Bishop Benjamin Bosworth Smith

Kalorama Jany 27, 1853

My dear afflicted Amanda,

At the close of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Berkley, a sentence came under my eye which startled and shocked me as such as a flash of lightening from a clear sky – it as by that which told that you were a widow!

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Blessed far beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, in many respects, how remarkable has been the dispensation which has deprived you and your beloved Mother of the press and stay of the Gentleman of your households leaving you, but thoroughly fatherless, and a widow! It surely does not do for us to drink of a cup surcharged with sweetness – and relish the drop of

Page 2

bitterness must be God only has the wisdom as well as the sovereign right to choose!

Wisdom I say – and I might add love also; for who can doubt that in the methods of discipline, means must be adopted to their ends. Already you find that it is not safe and well leave Mary Pindell to the chances of control or the want of it – or the certainties of over indulgence, without restraint. Already you feel, that no test of your love for her, is now overmastering, than where you felt constrained to chastise her for her good.

It is thus, I would have you as regard the ways of God to you. I would not leave you rest contented with bowing very

low before the inevitable – an approving
intellectually, the wise & the ____dfed

Page 3

but I would have you ascend at once to
the privilege of the filial and to feel and
know that God is Love!

“But this kind goeth not forth, but by
prayer and fasting.” I commend to you
the daily use of the Psalms of David in
your private devotions – the study of the
Epistle to the Hebrews – the perusal of
John Newton’s Life & Letters – and the sum
of Walli Psalm & Hymns, with continual
prayer to God, during those periods of
day for retirement for that purpose.

Breathing the kindest sympathies
for you, for your Mother and Mrs. Carter.

I remain most affectionately
your friend and your fathering friend.

Yours truly

B. B. Smith

Kalorama, Jan'y. 27. 1853.

My dear afflicted Pupil,

At the close of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Bowley, a sentence came under my eye which startled and shocked me as much as a flash of lightning from a clear sky - it was that which told that you were a widow!

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Pleased far beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, in many respects, how remarkable has been the dispensation which has departed you and your beloved Mother of the poor and stay of the Gentleman of your households - leaving you, brotherless, fatherless, and a widow! A surely does not do for us to drink of a cup surcharged with sorrows - and wish the drops of

but I would have you read at once to
the privilege of the filial and to feel and
know that God is Love!

"But the kind path not forth laid by
poor and fasting" I commend to you,
the daily use of the Psalms of David in
your private devotion - the study of the
Epistle to the Hebrews - the funeral of
John Newton's Life & Letters - and the use
of Halls Psalms & Hymns, with continual
prayer to God, during those seasons a
day, for advancement for that purpose.

Accepting the kindest sympathies
for you, for your Mother and Mrs. Carter.

I remain most affectionately
your friend and your father's friend.

Yours truly

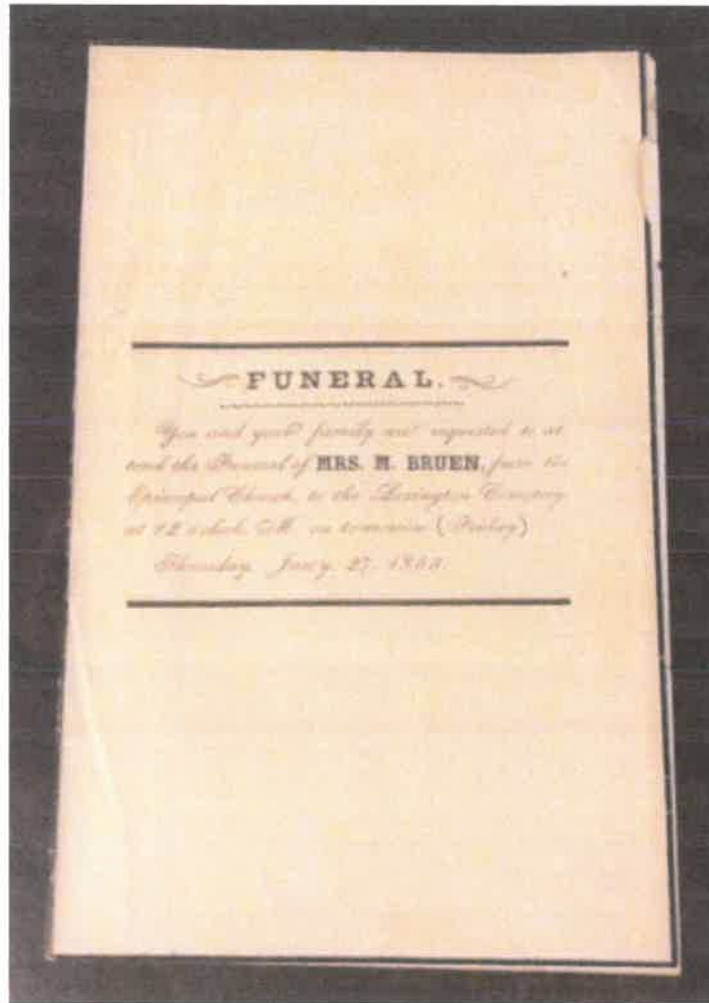
A. A. Smith

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or the want of it - or the certainties of
our wisdom, without restraint, Alas,
you feel, that no test of your love for her,
is more overmastering, than when you
feel constrained to chasten her for her
good.

If in this, I would have you re-
gard the ways of God to you. I would
not have met contented with being very
low before the inevitable - our appearing
in tabernacle, the wise & the sanctified.

NOTE: This is an original funeral announcement for Margery Parker Bruen and a copy from Mary Pindell Shelby Stallcup's scrapbook and also from the Lexington Public Library's Reading Room . Her Funeral notice follows these. **Dating 1853 1/25**



From the Kentucky Statesman, January 28, 1853, p. 3 col. 6

Also a copy from "Kentucky Obituaries, 1787-1854" compiled by G. Glenn Cliff that records Evan and Margery's deaths.

FUNERAL.

*You and your family are requested at attend the Funeral of **MRS. M. BRUEN**, from the Episcopal Church, to the Lexington Cemetery, at 12 o'clock, N on to-morrow (Friday).
Thursday, Jan'y 27, 1853.*

NOTE: This would be Margaretta Pindell Ross Harrison (Mrs. James Orlando Harrison). She was best friends with Susan Hart Shelby Carter Magoffin, Evan Shelby's only sister and she were first cousins to Evan. Their mothers were sisters and they were both grandchildren of Dr. Richard Pindell. She was called Mary and perhaps she used the P. to remind Amanda of the close connection they had. She would maintain a correspondence with their child Mary Pindell Shelby who would be left an orphan in a few months, until shortly before her death in 1883. **Dating 1853 1/30**

No envelope

To: Amanda Shelby

From: M. (Mary) P. Harrison

Lexington Jan. 30th 1853

It has distressed me very much my dear Amanda that it has not been in my power during the past week to do anything to evince my love for you & my sympathy in your afflictions. God grant, that heavy as they now, no doubt, seem to you, they may "work out for you, a far more exceeding & eternal weight of glory."

If Elizabeth & Sarah are still with you, give my love to them & assurances of my sympathy & to dear Isaac. Earnestly do I pray that the sorrow he feels may be sanctified to him & that when our blessed Redeemer comes to make up his jewels, he may be numbered among them. Kiss little Mary for me. May He who has given such precious promises to the fatherless & widow, bless you both & keep you from all evil.

Believe me

Your affectionate cousin

M. P. Harrison

On the back:

If at any time my Dear Cousin you would like me to come out, it would give me great pleasure to be with you. I can at least read to you & try to fill the place of an older & better companion with much love I remain Yours affect.

Mary

Mrs. Amanda Shelby

Richland

Gazette Co.

Lexington Jan. 30th 1853.

It has distressed me very much my dear Amanda,
that it has not been in my power during the past ^{weeks} to do
any thing to evince my love for you & my sympathy in
your afflictions. God grant, that heavy as they now, no
doubt, seem to you, they may "work out for you, a far
more exceeding & eternal weight of glory."

If Elizabeth & Sarah are still with you, give my
love to them & assurances of my sympathy & to dear
Isaac. earnestly do I pray that him the sorrow he feels may
be sanctified to him, & that when our blessed Redeemer
comes to make up his jewels, he may be numbered
among them. Flip little Mary for me. May He who
has given such precious promises to the fatherless, &
widow, bless you both, & keep you from all evil.

believe me

your affectionate cousin

M. P. Harrison.

If at any time my dear Cousin you would like
me to come out, it would give me great pleasure
to be with you. I can at least read to you & try to
fill the place of an older & better companion with
much love I remain. Yours affe—

Mary.

NOTE: Evan was Mary Crosby's first cousin and they grew up as neighbors. She would marry George Shanklin in July of 1856 and die two months later of Diphtheria.

No address

To: Amanda Bruen Shelby

From: Mary Crosby Shelby

Covington Feb 7th 1853

I do not expect my dear Amanda while your grief is as fresh to be able to say any thing than can give you the least consolation, for I know at this time words are but mockery. But having more than once rejoiced with you in the hour of prosperity, I cannot withhold my sympathy in this two fold bereavement. Having known and loved those whom it is your lot to mourn. You will not consider it an intrusion on the sanctuary of your grief.

This is indeed a twofold bereavement. In one short hour to surrender a Husband and Mother to the grave. The brightest links in your chain of existence have been broken, and while writhing under the blow it is hard to say "thy will be done." Not until time has some what softened our grief can we realize it is right. Could I not have been spared this blow, will more than once cross our minds under the pressure of misfortune.

But "His ways are not our ways." Hereafter all will be made straight, but "now we see through a glass darkly." If we all live long enough "our days of darkness shall be many," and our constant prayer should be that we may be prepared for the sad changes, which await us all, and we should not so much pray to have our afflictions removed as that we may be enabled to make the proper improvement of them. Our Heavenly Father wish-

Page 2

es us to be happy eternally, therefore whatever tends to make us enjoy the world too much is taken from us. In many instances our friends, our health, or our wealth. If this world was always bright, we would be satisfied with it. It is therefore an evidence of our Father's love when misfortunes are sent upon us. Whom the "Lord loveth he chastens."

My visit here has been prolonged many weeks beyond what I expected. I am detained by circumstances over which I have no control. Mrs. Kinkead's absence, and the inclement weather. I have been sick a great

deal during the last month. It seems that ill health has been my heritage, but He hath His own wise purposes in afflicting us, and I bow in submission to His will, though my life has been clouded, and my Future has never been bright.

I should like to (be) with you in this hour of trial. Be assured my dear Amanda you have my prayers and sympathy.

Yours very sincerely
Mary C. Shelby

I am so nervous I can scarcely write.

Livington Feb 5th 1853

I do not expect My dear Amanda while your grief is so fresh to be able to say any thing that can give you the least consolation, for I know at this time words are but mockery. But having more than once rejoiced with you in the hour of prosperity, I cannot withhold my sympathy in this twofold bereavement. Having known and loved those whom it is your lot to mourn you will not consider it an intrusion on the sanctuary of your grief.

This is indeed a twofold bereavement. In one short hour to surrender a Husband and Mother to the grave.

The brightest links in your chain of existence have been broken, and while weeping under the blow it is hard to say "they will be done." Not until time has some what softened our grief can we realize it is right. Could I not have been spared this blow, will more than once cross our minds under the pressure of misfortune.

But "His ways are not our ways." Hereafter all will be made straight, but "now we see through a glass darkly." If we all live long enough "our days of darkness shall be many", and our constant prayer should be, that we may be prepared for the sad changes, which await us all, and we should not so much pray to have our afflictions removed, as that we may be enabled to make the proper improvement of them. Our Heavenly Father wish

as us to be happy eternally, therefore whatever tends to make us enjoy the world too much is taken from us. In many instances our friends, our health, or our wealth.

If this world was always bright, we would be satisfied with it. It is therefore an evidence of our Father's love when misfortunes are sent upon us. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

My visit here has been prolonged many weeks beyond what I expected. I am now detained by circumstances over which I have no control, Mr. Thickhead's absence, and the inclement weather. I have been sick a great deal during the last month. It seems that ill health has been my heritage, but I do both this and wise purposes in afflicting us, and I bow in submission to His will, though my life had been clouded, and my future has never ~~been~~ bright.

I should like to write you in this hour of trial. Be assured my dear Amanda you have my prayers and sympathy.

Yours very sincerely
Mary C. Shelby

I am so ~~unwell~~ I can scarcely write.

NOV 18 1844
LOUISVILLE, KY

Mrs Amanda Shelby

No envelope or address

To: Amanda Bruen Shelby

From: Lizzie Smith

Kalorama 10th Feb (1853)
Thursday

On Father's return from Maysville yesterday, he brought us the sad news of your double bereavement, my dear, dear Friend, and although I can but mingle my tears with yours, and pray to God for you that He may be to you more than Husband and Mother, I cannot refrain from writing to you again that you may have at least, the consolation of knowing that there are hearts filled with sorrow for you in your bitter, bitter trials - Whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth & scourgeth every Son whom He receiveth." think then how merciful are the designs of Providence in your behalf and with how much reason you can go to Him as an humbled, rebuked child seeks the embraces of a tender, loving parent, sure that you will find there, consolation & abiding support in your hour of darkness. This second stroke must have been softened to you by long expectation and anxiety, and by the feeling that for the poor sufferer the exchange was

Page 2

a most happy one from this body of suffering humanity to the glorious rest that remaineth for the children of God. And then, too, dear Amanda, what comfort to you must be the remembrance of all you were in the shape of child, comforter & friend, to your dear Mother. How much she has leaned upon you for support, & what constant care & tender affection she has received at your hands. If anything can soften humanly speaking, this blow to you, it must be such thoughts as these - with the added comfort that this world is not our "final rest", and that in a few short years we will rejoin the loved & lost 'who have gone before, in that land where there is no more sin, nor death, and where we may live forever

in the Light that preceedeth out of the Throne
of God and of the Lamb.”

I was inexpressibly touched by
some particulars from Mr. Berkley's letter
to Father, which he received while in Maysville.
He says that Evan repeated the Lord's Prayer while
struggling for life on the fatal bed of sickness
and who knows how forcibly it penetrated into

Page 3

the ears that are never shut to the prayers of
the contrite heart mingled with Evan's man-
liness there always seemed to me a beautiful
simplicity and childlikeness and may we not
hope that, as a child, he has been received
into the bosom of his compassionate Father
and Saviour and is now resting from this
body of sin and death, which still clings
to us and will be our curse, until we
too, are called to put off our "mortal"
and cloth ourselves with immortality.

Dear A - do not be cast down but trust in your
Saviour, who is near you, and will be your
God and guide to the end. I wish I could
be near you to put my arms around you
and weep with you and hear all you have
to tell me of the last hours of those who
were so dear to you; but this cannot be, and
I know you have friends near you who are
doing all they can to comfort you and al-
leviate your sorrows. Remember me affectionately
to dear Elizabeth and Sarah and say how
truly I sympathize with them in their loss.
When you feel able do write to me and tell me
all I want to know and what you have thought

Page 4

of for the future. Bozzie sends his love to dear
Mary Pindell and feels so sorry for her,
because God has taken her dear Papa and
Grandmama - He would love to give her
some of his playthings and do all he
could to comfort her. We have been called
upon lately to mourn with our friend Eliza
Robinson, Wm. Pettit's sister, the loss of her
youngest - a dear little girl named for
brissinier(?) - and her second daughter now lies in a
most precarious state - from whooping

cough. Poor Maria Pettit, too, Williams second sister, is fast following him to the grave with Consumption. The same disease that cut him off in his youth. Dear Amanda! how continually we are admonished that "here we have no continuing city." Let us "seek One to come." and mean while love and comfort each other on the road.

With a heart full of love & grief for you I am yours most truly

Lizzie

Virginia is in school, but she would send her sincerest sympathy & love to you all could she know of my writing – and Louisa too – She has not yet heard of your Mother's death.

Madison. 10th Feb.

Thursday. 1853

On Father's return from Mayville, yesterday, he brought us the sad news of your double bereavement, my dear, dear friend, and altho' I can but mingle my tears with yours, and pray to God for you that He may be to you more than Husband or Mother, I cannot refrain from writing to you again that you may have, at least, the consolation of knowing that there are hearts filled with sorrow for you in your bitter, bitter trials - "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth & scourgeth every son whom He receiveth;" think then how merciful are the designs of Providence in your behalf, and with how much reason you can go to Him as an humbled, rebuked child seek the embraces of a tender, loving parent, sure if that you will find there, consolation & abiding support in your hour of darkness. This second stroke must have been softened to you by long expectation and anxiety, and by the feeling that for the poor sufferer the exchange was

a most happy one from this body of suffering
 humanity to the glorious rest that remaineth
 for the children of God. And then, too, dear
 Amanda, what comfort to you must be
 the remembrance of all you were in the
 shape of child, comforted friend, to your
 dear mother. How much she has leaned
 upon you for support, & what constant
 care & tender affection she has received
 at your hands. If anything can soften,
 humanly speaking, this blow to you, it must
 be such thoughts as these - with the added
 comfort that this world is not our "final rest,"
 and that in a few short years we will
 rejoin the loved & lost "who have gone
 before, in that land where there is no more
 sin, nor death, and where we may live forever
 in the light "that proceedeth out of the Throne
 of God and of the Lamb."

I was impressively touched by
 some few particulars from Mrs. Berkeley's letter
 to Father, which he received while in Maypsville.
 He says that Evan repeated the Lord's Prayer while
 struggling for life on that fatal bed of sickness -
 and who knows how forcibly it penetrated into

The ears that are never shut to the prayers of
 the contrite heart. Mingled with Evan's man-
 linez then always seemed to me a beautiful
 simplicity and childlikeness, and may we not
 hope that, as a child, he has been received
 into the bosom of his compassionate Father
 and Saviour. and is now resting from this
 body of sin and death, which still clings
 to us and will be our curse, until we,
 too, are called to put off our "mortality";
 and clothe ourselves with immortality -
 Let us then - or not be cast down, but trust in your
 Saviour, who is near you, and will be your
 God and Guide to the end. I wish I could
 be near you to put my arms around you
 and weep with you and hear all you have
 to tell me of the last hours of those who
 were so dear to you; but this cannot be, and,
 I know, you have friends near you who are
 doing all they can to comfort you and al-
 leviate your sorrows. Remember me off &
 to dear Elizabeth and Sarah, and say how
 truly I sympathize with them in their loss.
 When you feel able to write to me, and tell me
 all I want to know, and what you have thought

of for the future. Brozzie sends his love to dear
 Mary Kindell and feels so sorry for her,
 because God has taken her dear Kasper and
 Grandmamma. He would love to give her
 some of his playthings and do all he
 could to comfort her. We have been called
 upon, lately, to mourn with our friend Eliza
 Robinson, Mrs. Lett's sister, the loss of her
 youngest - a dear little girl named for
 Virginia - and her second ^{daughter} now lies in a
 most precarious state - from whooping
 cough. Poor Maria Lett, too, Williams' second
 sister, is fast following him to the grave
 with Consumption. The same disease that
 cut him off in his youth. Dear Amanda!
 how continually we are admonished that
 "here we have no continuing city." Let us
 "seek one to come" - and mean while love
 and comfort each other on the road.

With a heart full of love & grief for
 you I am yours most truly
 Lizzie.

Virginia is in school. but she would send her
 sincerest sympathy & love to you all. Did she
 know of my writing - and Maria, too. She
 has not yet heard of your Mother's death.

NOTE: It makes sense that Amanda would move into town, which she did – with Susan Hart Shelby Carter, her widowed and beloved sister-in-law (Lizzie Smith's letter of March 22, 1853). Isaac (Ike) Shelby her supporting brother-in-law and executor of Gen. James Shelby's estate, was still a bachelor; however, he would look after her Shelby affairs willingly.

List of Notes taken at E Shelby's estate sale 24 Feb 1853
 (Probably written by Isaac (Ike) Shelby)

Page 1

E Saml Broaddas	5,507.00	
HB Franklin	1,318.38	
P.G. Hunt	103.00	
Curd & Shelton	72.00	
T T McClelland	147.75	
John Taylor	250.00	
James Lawrence	2,464.00	
Saml Henderson	65.41	
T. J. Barr	91.00	
Aza McCarthy	165.10	7,744.28
N. C. Hart	50.00	
Mary E Gep	55.00	
Alexande X(his mark) Spittrell (?)	36.12	
Temple Parish	41.00	
Robert Marshall	135.00	
B. R. McCann	361.00	
J. D. Carperter	94.50	
R. P. Todhunter	430.00	
P. E. Todhunter	286.38	1,489.00
John Wheeler	77.00	
Isaac Shelby	216.17	
Thom. H. Shelby Sr.	361.90	
R. S. Bullock	69.00	
James Dudley 93	817.07	
	10,050.35	

Page 2**List of Notes taken for negro hire for 1853 Due Dec. 25 '53**

E Saml Broaddus (Perry)	131.25	
J Christopher (Finney?)	50.00	
Broaddus (Charity & Mat.)	70.00	
Thom. H. Shelby Sr. (Tom & Berry)	212.50	
Jacob Embry (Slucy)	40.00	
Lawrence (Jimmy)	10.00	513.75
List of Notes forwarded from Page 1		10,050.35
Amt. Todhunters note for sent due 1st March 1854		1,900.00
(TOTAL AMOUNT DUE)		12,464.10

Amt paid out by Adms to 25th April	5,758.98
Debt of estate not yet paid	
Jimmy Hannah 1100 with int	1,198.70
D. A. Sayre(?) (due in June)	1,000.00
Colwell (Taylor)	315.75
Cochran & co	279.05
Holloway & Wasson	43.33
Fox (boot maker)	35.00
Borrowed of Bruens heirs(?)	1,200.00
Corin Howes	
(TOTAL PAID OUT)	\$9,830.81

(BALANCE LEFT)	\$2,633.29
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List of Notes taken at E. Shelby's sale 24 Feb 1853

E. Sam Broaddus	\$ 5 507 00		
W. B. Franklin	1 318 38		
D. G. Hunt	103 00		
Card & Shelton	72 00		
J. J. McClelland	147 75		
John Gaylor	250 00		
James Lawrence	24 64		
Sam Anderson	65 41		
J. J. Parr	91 00		
A. J. McConathy	165 10	7744	28
M. G. Hart	50 00		
Mary E. Geph	55 00		
Alexander ^{his} Spittle	36 12		
Temple ^{Mary} Parish	41 00		
Robert Marshall	135 00		
B. R. McClann	361 00		
J. D. Carpenter	94 50		
R. P. Godhunter	430 00		
P. E. Godhunter	286 38	1489	0/0
John Wheeler	77 00		
Isaac Shelby	216 17		
Thos. H. Shelby Sr	361 90		
R. S. Bullock	69 00		
James Dudley	93 00	877	0.7
		10.050	35

List of Notes taken for negro hire for 1853. Due Dec 25th

E. Sam. Broaddus (Perry)	131	25		
J. Christopher (Winney)	50	00		
Broaddus (Charity & Mat.)	70	00		
Thos. H. Shelly Sr (Som & Berry)	212	50		
Jacob Embury (Stacy)	40	00		
Lawrence (Jimmy)	10	00	513	75
List of notes forwarded from page 1st			10.050	35
Amt Godhunters not for rent due 1 st March 1854			1,900	60
			12,464	10

Amt paid out by Admr to 25 th April	\$5.	756	98	
Debts of estate not yet paid				
Jimmy Hannah 1100 with int	1	198	70	
Det. Sarge (due in June)	1	000	90	
Colwell (Taylor)		315	75	
Cochran & Co		279	05	
Holloway & Swasson		43	33	
Hoy (bootmaker)		35	00	
Borrowed of Bruens heirs	1	200	00	
Corin Howes				

NOTE: An Acrostic for herself - perhaps written at the same time as it is on same paper – or perhaps she wrote this after Evan's death??? This interesting and not sure when written, the following two for Elizabeth Kinkead who did not nor was not dying and Ann Pearce Vick born in 1838, lived in Louisville when she died at 17 on September 4, 1855. **Dating 1853 3/?**

By Amanda Bruen Shelby

Acrostick

Along your path while here below,
May all the gifts of fortune be
And when such gifts kind heaven bestows
Never forget that world on high.
Do not forget that earthly joys
Are altogether vanity.

Should Heaven on you affliction send
He knows how much we need.
Each sorrow teach thy heart to bend
Lean on his arm indeed.
By sorrow is the soul subdued
Your Heavenly Father knows what is your good.

Amanda Shelby written down the left side.

For: Elizabeth Kinkead

Acrostick

Every pleasure earth can give
Long may you enjoy.
In pursuit of Heavenly things
Zealously your time employ.
And should sorrow shade your brow,
Be your hopes on Heaven still.
Eternal peace without alloy,
To all who trust Him will be given.
He has promised, He'll fulfill.

Keenest anguish may be yours
In your pilgrimage below.
Now doubt your Savior's goodness,
Kindness often amid the blow.
Every heart must have some care.
All our hopes might center here,
Did not Heaven direct them there.

(Elizabeth Kinkead)

Page 2

For: Ann Pearce Vick

Acrostick

Along your path while here below
Never may misfortune come
Nor a sorrow shade your brow.

Perhaps I wish your life too fair
Every heart must have some case
And He who sways the tempest power
Remember we in sorrows hour
Come what may joy or woe
Every sorrow He can cure.

Very soon your life will end
It behooves you to attend
Constantly to things of worth
Kindred to Heaven, not to earth.

(Ann Pearce Vick)

Scottish

Along your path, while here below,
May all the gifts of fortune lie.
And when such gifts kind Heaven bestow,
Never forget that world on high.
Do not forget that earthly joys
Are altogether vanity.

Should Heaven on you affliction send,
We know how much we need.
Each sorrow teach thy heart to bend
Learn on his name to feed.

By sorrow is the soul subdued
Your Heavenly Father knows what to your good.

Acrostic

Every pleasure earth can give
Long may you enjoy.

In pursuit of heavenly things
Jealously your time employ.

And should sorrow shade your brow,
Be your hopes on Heaven still.

Eternal peace without alloy,

To all who trust Him will be given.

He has promised, He'll fulfill

~~He'll fulfill~~ ~~He'll fulfill~~

In your pilgrimage below.

Never doubt your Savior's goodness,

Thinking often mind the how.

Every heart must have some care,

All our hopes might center here,

Did not Heaven direct them, there

Devotional

Keep your feet while here below
Pace may misfortune come
For a sorrow shade your brow

Perhaps I wish your life too fair
Even heart must have some care
And He who wags the temptations power
Remembered be in sorrow's hour
Come what may joy or woe
Every sorrow He can cure

Very soon your life will end
It behooves you to attend
Constantly to things of worth
Directed to Heaven, not to earth.

NOTE: This folded and nearly torn in half blue lined paper seems to be filled with the writing of **Amanda Bruen Shelby** although much larger than usual. Or it could be Susan Hart Shelby Carter or Lizzie Smith. All four sides are filled. Blue paper like this showed up from about 1850 until Amanda's death in 1853. This was found with some poems that Mary Pindell Shelby Stallcup kept. Perhaps Amanda collected/made up with her daughter, Mary Pindell for entertainment when they moved into town after Evan's death??? This is really a guess, might even be a Fishback poem/collection – will date **March 1853**.

“As I”

Come! Come! ye winds
That evr blow.
O're Southern prairies
And Iceland snow.
What digs ___ands by whistling 'bout,
And making such a noisy rout?
Don't you see! This is our room.
Swept each nock with a nice whisk broom.

Just pop in and take a look
Doesn't it look as nice as a book?
In our bright a varied carpet
A “stirred up rainbow made to laugh at”

Take a seat & view it nearer
Here's a chair, now isn't it clearer?
There's our washstand up in the corner
With pictures, bowls &c to adorn her.

Then by far the most prominent feature,
At which each stops to view the creature.
Stands our bureau in front of the door,
The like of which you never saw before.

Page 2

O her top in surprising numbers
Flourish writing desks and other wonders.
Among them the pincushion covered wide while
Thick taken altogether is quite a fright.

The little box too on the back of the bureau,
Is enough to put a body in a great furor,
Because when round-keeper goes there to dust;
It looks just as though it were about to bust.

“Shilings Ambrosia” which stands back there,
Is a sovereign remedy when losing your hair.
The recommendation I give is quite fine
Because used three months by a friend of mine.

& elipers

And in this time my dear, as she solemnly declares
She found five or six right new hairs.
Could you desire any thing better than this
When I give you the word of this dear little Miss.

On the right hand hanging from a knot
Behold! Mr. Uriah's latest jot;
Bearing that dignified name Almanac
Write recipes of many a Quack.

Just beside it, with radiant luster
See our little red & black duster (elipois)

Page 3

Then the watch with bright red chain,
Or rather cord, for that's its name,
Points out with faithful hands at night
The 'ten o'clock" and extinguished light.

But, in the room, at three o'clock
It has contracted a brick to stop,
And notwithstanding all our care,
It seldom neglects to stop just there.

Our bookcase too excites admiration
And calls forth everyone's adulation.
On the top most shelf stands boy & pictures,
And various other little fancy fixtures.

All the rest is filled with weighty books,
That call from all most wondrous looks –
Such at Literature, Botany, and too Morales
Which latter teaches how to settle our quarrels.

Literature especially is our great delight,
And if allowed we'd study it all night.
Under the book-case behold her little table
While inside remains our much of Babel

Open & you see a little dumb-bell
Note books papers &c too many to tell:

Page 4

In fact it is our receiving agent
Presenting to beholders glittering pageant

Unpardonable sin, we'd forgotten our closet
In which when Miss Bars finds there's a new deposit
The like of the closet I am sure you never did see,
Such mysterious capacities of compressibility.

We put in the dresses, skirts, bonnets & a shawl
And yet without scolding it takes them all
Indeed like Oliver it seems to ask for more
Never thinking of course bout closing the door.

We have two beds in our pretty room
covered with linens from the finest looms
And honey-comb spreads, with a hard boil
made very white after a three weeks soil.

Underneath each fair, but frail limb-rester,
Where each girl fled when lessons hard pressed her.
In the shape of drawers was a huge back-bender
And it strained the frames of the girls so tender.

But from little No. 2 and its beauties we must part,
Though its memories will linger round each
Now girls all with a sweet & magic strain [beating heart]
We'll close our effusion with our noted refrain
 Oh! on are a gay set
 And a merry set too.
 Come who will & join our crew!

18
18
18

Over the mountain
And the wind snow
That comes in a whirling gust,
And the falling rain is not
Could you see the snow
Except each man into a snow drift
Down

Just jump in a snow drift
Snow drift is not a good
In our night as a friend
A friend of snow drift
To catch it

Take a seat & view it
Here a cheer and
Here our hands up in the corner
To see the snow drift

It is the most prominent feature,
Of which each hopes to see the
Hands our hands in front of the door
The side of which you see

On the top in surprising numbers,
Hounded by the wind and other powers.
Downy down the precipitation comes, and down
black water, as if from a fountain.

The water, too, on the back of the ground,
Is enough to put a hole in a great furrow,
Downy when the wind keeps you there to rest,
It looks just as though it were about to heat.

Tracing down the side, which stands back there,
Is a covering, seemingly to be done, your hand,
The recurrence of which I see in the light, being
Because of the water, which is a friend of mine
and slips

And in this case, my dear, as the columny details
The former of you or the latter of you, being
Could you see any thing better than this
Mean to you, you the word of this dear little map.

On the right hand, hanging from the kind
Of the Mr. Perrot's salted feet,
Showing that significant ~~part~~ of the
The receipt of many a lunch.

Just beside it, with prominent letters,
The one called on P. Black, and the other slips

From the watch, with light at hand,
 Or rather come, for that's its name,
 Points out, with fainter hands at night,
 The "Ten o'clock" and extinguishes light.

But, in the room, at these o'clocks,
 It has contracted a habit to sleep,
 And not reflect on any of our care,
 So always neglects to stop just here.

Our book can too easily attain
 And calls for our constant attention;
 As we see the most ~~valuable~~ ^{valuable} boy & pictures
 And various other state papers & papers.

All the rest is filled with mighty books,
 That call from all great & good books
 Such as Literature, Poetry, and so, I think
 Which latter, I think, has to be done, I think.

Literature especially is our great right,
 And if allowed will stay it all night.
 Under the book can hold the little table
 Which inside remains our punch of Power.

Open & you see a little dumb bell

In fact, it is our following request
Pursuing to beholders of following request

It is pardonable even you forget the old cloth
but what when this part quits there is no doubt
the like of this old cloth can save you from
such unbecoming appearance of disrespectability

So put in the discuss, which comes to be
and get without violence it takes them all
trouble like Oliver it seems to all for
them thinking of course but clarity the door

from the part in unbecoming from
course into the part the part the

in a more cost spread made a more
made only white also a more more well

Reminiscent each pair, but full light just

There each get the more light more more more
In the shape of boards more more back more
and it spreads the part of the part to more

Just from little the more in part the part part
The part at more more more more more more
You get all well to part the part the part part
The part the part the part the part part

Oh, we are a great part

and set in more let so

There the part of the part the part part

NOTE: Written on news of the deaths of her Husband and Mother. Eliza Ross Reily was Evan's first cousin, daughter of his mother's sister, Eliza Pindell Ross. Her full name is Ellen Hart Ross Reily (Mrs. James Reily). They were in Texas at St. Paul's College in Anderson, Texas and in 1853 they had 64 students but financial failure caused it to close in 1856. Her sister was Margaretta Pindell Ross Harrison (Mrs. James O. Harrison). Their mother and Evan's mother were sisters, both daughters of Dr. Richard Pindell. **Dating 1853 3/1**

No Postmark or envelope (from Texas)

To: Amanda Bruen Shelby

From: Ellen Reily

March 1, 1853

My Dear Amanda,

My intention was to have written you some days since but – I was suffering with a headache, & weakness of the eyes, which wholly unfitted me for it. We are all well, this beautiful spring morning, the birds are singing, & all nature appears to be rejoicing - & yet my heart is very sad when I think of you and dear Susan, for I know that your hearts are full of sorrow. Your trial has been great indeed, few have been called in so short a space of time to pass through such deep waters – but I trust in Him, who hath said, "I even I, am He that comforteth you." What would we be in this wilderness world, without the precious consolations of the gospel? When those we most love are cut down, & we are left to journey on alone: if we have not that blessed voice saying "My son despair not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him.", "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, & scourgeth every son able receiveth." Oh! let us all learn more, & more, to realize, that this is not our rest – that we are but exiles from our Father's house – "pilgrims & strangers upon earth." & have a longing desire for that love & everlasting peace – where there is no more pain, or sorrow, or separation, or death. "God grant us all, such a deadness to this world, & such a realizing sense of the glorious realities of that to come – that our whole lives shall be but a preparation for entering into that rest which awaits his dear children.

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Our little family have enjoyed unusual health during the past season, though sickness, & death have been doing their work around us. The winter has been unusually mild but so damp as to produce very severe colds & indeed a great many fatal cases of pneumonia - & something like pleurisy. Little Ellen grows finely & is apparently becoming quite robust, so that I have more hope of keeping her a little while, than ever before, & yet I strive to feel that she is but lent to me, & that at any time my Master may call for her. trusting that I may be open to yield her up, whenever it is his will to take her to Himself.

I was rejoiced for your sake to hear that Susan had returned at the time she did. I had been hoping to hear each day our New Orleans Steamer arrived that she was there, & expecting to visit Texas also –

sis having mentioned in one of her letters that she spoke of doing so in the course of the winter. We would have given her a warm welcome & made her as comfortable as Texas arrangements would admit of. Please say to sister that since Mr. Hamblin left Houston, we have no tidings of George – the steamers being so high as to prevent the transportation of mails – – the prospects are better now however, & we shall doubtless hear soon – when I will write to her. John being nearer, we usually have a letter or two each week. He is much improved in all respects, & so well pleased with his prospects at school, that he is desirous of remaining there until his education is complete. Mr. Gillett has obtained a charter for St. Paul's College - & John hopes to see it soon possess all the advantages belonging to older institutions at the North. I am truly grateful to Providence for thus providing one child with a place where he can have all the morel & mental training he is capable of receiving. ----- Mr. Reily has walked out, or I am sure he would have many kind messages for you, & Susan - for both of whom he entertains a sincere affection, & expresses a great deal of sympathy.

We had anticipated passing the whole of the coming summer at Galveston, but I think that even an appearance of warm weather

Page 3

will decide Mr. R.(Reily) to turn his footsteps towards Kentucky. John is a strong tie, & if I consulted my own feelings alone, I would brave heat, & a thousand other disagreeables, to be near my child – but I will never take the responsibility of keeping Mr. Reily, where the little stock of health he is now enjoying, might be taken away, by a long succession of days, & weeks of intense heat.

I only wish I was there now dear Amanda, that I might contribute my little mite, to cheer you all in the midst of your present depression. Well, you have one, who is more than any earthly friend can be to you - & I trust that the Angel of His presence, is ever with you – I can ask nothing, nothing more for you, & your little one – than that He may go with you as a guide through all your earthly pilgrimage, & at last when you come to pass through the dark valley, & shadow of death – that His rod, & His staff may comfort you.

Such is the prayer of

Your truly affectionate cousin,

Ellen Reily

March 7th 58.

My Dear Amanda,

My intention was to have written you some days since but - I was suffering with a head ache, & weakness of the eyes, which wholly unfitted me for it - We are all well, this beautiful spring morning, the birds are singing, & all nature appears to be rejoicing - & yet my heart is very sad when I think of you, & dear Susan, for I know that your hearts are full of sorrow. Your trial has been great indeed, few have been called in so short a space of time, to pass through such deep waters - but I trust that His grace has been sufficient for you - that you have trusted in Him, who hath said, "I even I, am He that comforteth you." What would we be in this wilderness world, without the precious consolations of the gospel! - When those we most love are cut down, & we are left to journey on alone? - if we heard not that blessed voice saying "My son despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him. for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, & scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Oh! let us all learn more, & more, to realize, that this is not our rest - that we are but exiles from our Father's house - "pilgrims, & strangers upon earth" - & have a longing desire for that land of everlasting peace - where there is no more pain, or sorrow, or separation, or death - God grant us all, such a deadness to this world, & such a realizing sense of the glorious realities, of that to come - that our whole lives shall be but a preparation, for entering into that rest which awaiteth his dear children.

Our little family have enjoyed unusual health during the past season, though sickness & death have been doing their work around us, the winter has been unusually mild - but so damp, as to produce very severe colds, & indeed a great many fatal cases of pneumonia - & some thin like pleurisy - Little Ellen grows finely, & is apparently becoming quite robust, so that I have more hope of keeping her a little while, than ever before, & yet I strive to feel that she is but lent to me, & that at any time my Master may call for her, trusting that I may be ready to yield her up, whenever it is his will to take her to himself.

I was rejoiced for your sake, to hear that Susan had returned at the time she did - I had been hoping to hear each ~~day~~ ^{day} that our New Orleans Steamers, that she was there, & expecting to visit Texas also - as having mentioned in one of his letters that she spoke of doing so in the course of the winter - We would have given her a warm welcome, & made her as comfortable as Texas arrangements would admit of. Please say to sister that since Mr. Hamblett left Winston, we have no tidings of George - the streams being so high, as to prevent the transportation of mails - the prospects are better now however, & we shall doubtless hear soon - when I will write to her. John being nearer, we usually have a letter, or two each week - He is much improved in all respects, & so well pleased with his prospects at school, that he desires of remaining there until his education is complete - Mr. Gillett has obtained a charter, for St Paul's College - & John hopes to see it soon possess all the advantages - belonging to older institutions at the north - I am truly grateful to Providence - for thus providing our child, with a place where he can have all the moral, & mental training - he is capable of receiving - Mr. Daily has walked out, or I am sure he would have many kind messages for you, & Susan - for both of whom he entertains a sincere affection, & expresses a great deal of sympathy - We had anticipated passing the whole of the coming winter at Galveston, but I think that even an experience of warm weather

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 tie, & if I consulted my own feelings alone, I would brave heat, & a thousand
 other disagreeables, to be near my child - but I will never take the
 responsibility of keeping Mr Rely, when the little stock of health he has
 now enjoying, might be taken away, by a long succession of days, & weeks
 of intense heat. I only wish I was there now dear
 Amanda that I might contribute my little mite, to cheer you all in
 the midst of your present depression - Well, you have One, who is
 more than any earthly friend can be to you - & I trust that the Angel
 of His presence, is ever with you - I can ask nothing, nothing more
 for you, & your little one - than that He may go with you, as a guide
 through all your earthly pilgrimage, & at last when you come to pass
 through the dark valley, & shadow of death - that His rod, & His staff
 may comfort you.

Such is the prayer of

your truly affectionate cousin.
 Ellen Rely.

NOTE: Amanda sends clothes to Lizzie (her colorful ones since she will wear black for at least 6 months and she is living with Susan Hart Shelby Carter who was widowed in 1849. She is also close by her sister, Sarah (Busy) Bruen Cronly who has just buried her first child. I believe when she was close to death she was moved to the Phoenix hotel, so Mary Pindell would not see her die. **Dating 1853 3/22**

No envelope or address

To: Amanda Bruen Shelby

From: Lizzie Smith

Kalorama **March 22nd (1853)**

I ought to have written you a week ago, my dear Amanda, when the boxes you sent me arrived safely. My heart & thoughts were still of you as I saw how kindly you had remembered me in your hours of sorrow. I shall love to wear what was once yours and you cannot know the value I attach to every thing which belongs to you or upon which you have bestowed a thought. The mousseline de laine Virginia appropriated and it came most opportunely for her. She is now altering it and as I pinned it on her last night, I could not but think with a sort of longing of the fuller proportions that once filled it. I long to see you, for there is so much we could say to each other – which the pen cannot communicate and yet which would comfort both our hearts to hear and tell – never do I feel the distance that separates me from, my dear ones so much as when sorrow comes near them and I am denied

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the sad pleasure of mingling my tears with theirs and showing them otherwise than by words that I do love them with my whole heart. Do you remember how sweetly you sympathized with my grief in dear Aunt Fanny's loss, the news of which reached me while I was with you? You may have forgotten it – but I never can, and often – and after, I have longed to tell you how much my heart thanked you for your love. If anything can sooth the heart wounded by the shaft of affliction aimed at us through the persons of those beloved by us, it is the love and sympathy of surviving friends and I rejoice to think you are not without such

consolation. I am glad to learn that you are with Susan – and so near your own sister – and earnestly pray that ere long you may attain the composure and perfect peace that mind feels which rests upon God – Dear Amanda, is not this, indeed, a world of change and varying sorrows? And how differently the Divine Being apportions to each his measure. The hand of death has not for years come nigh

Page 3

our dwelling, and instead of that our family has been increased and multiplied around us, but trial has come in other forms and some times think in those harder to be borne: for when the blow comes from the hand of the Almighty – from Heaven, we lay our months in the dust and bow in submission to what is often in mercy sent; and then there is so much connotation in feeling that a higher, divine strength is given us in those hours – our being is exalted, as it were, and brought nearer the presence of the Divine; where as in wounds inflicted by a human hand we often fail to see the Providence which orients everything. and our pride rises to resist, instead of our humanity tending in submission. Do you not understand me? You, mean while, have had your dear ones taken from you one by one, and have wept for too many a vacant chair; but they loved you while with you, and they are even now gone from you only for a little while, to that better country where there are no more tears, and where ere long you will be with them Eternally. Do not think that I would

Page 4

compare my sorrow with your now great ones, but in the midst of your afflictions, and from your chastened heart, let then sometimes a prayer arise for your not always happy friend.

We are all quite well and Father now absent in Frankfort. If I were so near I should feel that I must go still farther, and see you, were it only for an hour. Bozzy often speaks of “little Mary Pindell” as he calls her, and cherishes a very fond

though indistinct image of her. His heart scarcely understands or is able to take in the great loss she has sustained, still he feels it is a very sad thing to have no Papa – and he would willingly make up for the loss in his simple way by sharing his playthings with her and loving her with all his heart. I wonder whether they ever will meet? Louisa sends her very best love – is looking better & prettier than I ever saw her. I tell her she is younger than her sister, and indeed, she is less worn. She has so little to wear upon her. She seems not even to wish for children now – but I cannot comprehend that. Think what a comfort your own little one is to

Across first page:

you now! What would you do without her! Long may she be spared to be your Dearest Earthly “blessing”! Remember

me to all
about you –
Mrs. Carter,
E.(Elizabeth Bruen) I.(Ingels) and
Mrs.(Sarah Bruen) Cronly.
Will you
not write
soon to your
own true
friend

Lizzie?
I have written
in the utmost
haste that this
may not be
delayed over
another mail
or I should
write you
a longer
letter – for
my heart is
full of love
& sorrow for you.

Written across Page 3

You have spared me many a thought for my summer wardrobe and I know not how to thank you enough for the outfits which will keep you in remembrance as I wear them. I fear you have been favoring me at the expense of some of your other friends you have so liberally supplied me.

you were! What would you do without her! Long may she be
happy & healthy! I should be
glad to see you
I should be glad to see you

about you -
Mrs Carter,
Ed and
Mrs Comley.
With you
not write
from bygone
your true
friend
Aggie?
I have written
in the utmost
hurry that this
may not be
delayed over
an other mail
as I should
write you
a longer
letter - for
my heart is
full of some
longings for you.

I ought to have written you a week ago,
my dear Amanda, when the boxes you sent me
arrived safely. My heart & thoughts were full
of you as I saw how kindly you had re-
membered me in your hours of sorrow.
I shall love to wear what was once yours and
you cannot know the value I attach to every
thing which belongs to you or upon which you
have bestowed a thought. The newspaper de-
cine Virginia appropriated - and it came
most opportunely for her. She is now altering
it and as I pinned it on her last night,
I could not but think with a sort of
longing of the fuller proportions that
once filled it. I long to see you, for there is so
much we could say to each other which the
pen cannot - communicate and yet which
would comfort both our hearts to hear and
tell. never do I feel the distance that separates
me from my dear ones so much as when
sorrow comes near them and I am denied

the sad pleasure of mingling my tears with
 theirs and showing them otherwise than by
 words that I do love them with my whole
 heart. Oh you remember how sweetly you
 sympathized with my grief in dear Aunt
 Fanny's lap, the news of which reached
 me while I was with you? You may have
 forgotten it - but I never can, and often -
 and often, I have longed to tell you how
 much my heart thanked you for your
 love. If anything can soothe the heart
 wounded by the shafts of affliction aimed
 at us through the persons of those beloved
 by us, it is the love and sympathy of
 surviving friends, and I rejoice to
 think you are not without such
 consolation. I am glad to know that you
 are with Susan - and so near your own
 sisters - and earnestly pray that ere long
 you may ^{attain} to the composure and perfect peace
 that mind feels which rests upon God. Dear
 Amanda, is not this, indeed, a world of change
 and varying sorrows? And how differently the
 Divine Being apporitions to each his measure.
 The hand of death has not for years come nigh

I know not how to thank you enough for my summer has not
 the gifts which
 our dwelling, and instead of that our family
 has been increased and multiplied around
 but trial has come in other forms and
 sometimes think in those harder to be borne
 when the blow comes from the hand of the
 Almighty - from Heaven. We lay our mouths
 the dust and bow in submission to what
 often in mercy sent; and then there is so
 much consolation in feeling that a higher, divine
 strength is given us in those hours. Our being
 is enabled, as it were, and brought nearer the
 presence of the Divine; whereas in wounds
 inflicted by a human hand we often fail to see
 the Providence which directs everything,
 and our pride rises to resist. instead of our
 humility tending in submission. Do you not
 remember I told you? You, meanwhile, have
 had your dear ones taken from you one by
 one, and have wept for many a vacant
 chair, but they loved you while with
 you, and they are even now gone from
 you only for a little while, to that better
 country when there are no more tears,
 and where ere long you will be with
 them eternally. Do not think that I would

compare my sorrows with your own great ones, but in the midst of your afflictions, and from your chartered heart, let there sometimes a prayer arise for your not always happy friend.

We are all quite well. and Father now absent in Frankfort. If I were so near I should feel that I must go still farther, and see you, were it only for an hour. Bogy often speaks of "little Mary Lindell" as he calls her, and cherishes a very fond though indistinct image of her. His heart scarcely understands or is able to take in the great loss she has sustained, still he feels it is a very sad thing to have no Papa - and he would willingly make up for the loss in his simple way, by sharing his playthings with her and loving her with all his heart. I wonder whether they ever will meet? Louisa sends her very best love - is looking better & prettier than I ever saw her. I tell her she is younger than her sisters. and, indeed, she is less worn. She has so little to wear upon her. She seems not even to wish for children now. but I cannot comprehend that. Think what a comfort your own little one is to

NOTE: This is a receipt found in Amanda's papers. It was probably an act performed by Isaac (Ike) Shelby in the disposal of Evan's Estate. He was very good at taking care of business for Amanda (and other family members). It appears to be signed by **Jos (Joseph) Milward**.

The load may have been estate residue. Dated **April 2, 1853**

Receipt:

Re'd of Mr. E. Shelby three dollars
for hauling load from County

Apr 2 1853

Jos Milward

*Recd of Mr. E. Shelby three dollars
for hauling load from County
Apr 2 1853
Jos Milward*

Amanda's Death

According to Sarah (Busy) Bruen Cronly's Bible, under Family Records. Deaths

Amanda Shelby died at the Phoenix Hotel on July 31, 1853 at 11:30 in the morning.

Amanda was buried by her husband in the Lexington Cemetery on August 2, 1853.

NOTE: Found among the papers in the truck was this rolled up envelope with a thin, braided length of Amanda's beautiful chestnut brown hair – over 12" long. The writing reads:

Amanda Shelby
Died
Sunday July 31st 1853
at
¼ of 11 o'clock AM



NOTE: These hair brushes were among saved belongings. It seems the only reason to have kept them would be that they belonged to Amanda, unless dating proves otherwise. They are in the boxes.

Dating 1853 7/31

NOTE: This was found in Amanda's papers. It is obvious that her sister, Sarah (Busy) Bruen Cronly balanced her accounts at the end of the year concerning Amanda's care during her last days at the Phoenix Hotel and her burial in Lexington Cemetery beside her husband, Evan Shelby in the Bruen Lot. I believe at a later time, when Mary Pindell Shelby and Sarah Bruen Cronly spent time and travels on family genealogy, they came across or purchased false information that General Evan Shelby, the Governor's father, was indeed named Evan Dhu Shelby and therefore had Evan's headstone changed to Evan D. Shelby to to include the false middle name, and it still there today. Cass Knight, Shelby genealogist, spent years trying to remove that from records...Judith Trolinger, current Shelby historian, has also spent years removing this myth which has been proven false.

Mary Pindell Shelby Stallcup perpetuated it by naming a son Even Dhu Shelby Stallcup and he inturn had a son and grandson and a daughter Ann dhe Stallcup Goldberg...

Dated Dec. 22, 1853

To: Amanda Bruen Shelby

From: Dr's (nurse) Mrs. Fleming

Lexington Dec 22nd / 53

Mrs. Cronly

Dr to Mrs Fleming

For tending on Mrs. Shelby \$5.00

Re'd Payment

Mrs. Fleming



Lexington Dec 22^d / 53
Mrs Cronly
Dr to Mrs Fleming

For tending on Mrs Shelby \$5.00

Rec Payment
Mrs Fleming

NOTE: Also found in Amanda's papers this prescription for Cholera.

This is what was used for **Cholera** – possibly written in 1853 since it is on the same paper that was being used then. We know Amanda's mother Margery Parker Bruen died a few days after Evan but we do not know what they died of. Also, a few months later in July, Amanda herself succumbed to the disease and this could have been written for her. There appears to be some account information on the back verifying it was reached for in haste... Cholera greatly plagued Lexington particularly in 1833 & 1849.

I have dated **Jan 1853**

Doctor's note which was written on the back of a ledger page that was torn off. Amanda had some of her father's ledger books that Mary Pindell used as scrapbooks.

Give her 3 drops of camphor with water
put a mustard plaster to her
stomach & head. If that does
not relieve her in an hour or so
try cold water to her head and
hot brick to her stomach
the head ache is not an unfavourable symptom. Do not suffer
her hand & feet to get cool. If her
discharges have not been decidedly
bilious give more calomel.

“ J Shelby” written across end of last five sentences
(Could Ike have sold James (Jim Shelby Jr. slaves and sent him the money?)

on back:

M J Shilby (Mr. I or J. Shelby?)
48 To McKee & porgur(?) D?
Dec 22 Sunday 500
Mar 15 for & extra boy 1000 1500
Re/payment McKee Swigart By J (James O.?) Harrison

Give her 3 drops camphor with water
put a mustard plaster to her
stomach & head. If that does
not relieve her in an hour or so
try cold water to her head and
hot brick to her stomach.

The head ache is not an unfavourable
symptom. Do not suffer
her hand & feet to get cool if her
discharges have not been decidedly
less. Give more calomel.

W J Shelby

28 To M Kueferger D
Dec 22 Sunday 500

Mar 18 Jan & extra pay 1500 1500

Red payment Mc Fee swigart By J Goussier