

Haverford June 17. 1835

Dear Mother,

I take advantage of the opportunity which is afforded by Barclay Smith's sending in his trunk to-day to town and as he says that it is in his father's way in going to the Bank to leave it at our house, or rather your house, as Haverford is my house now. How long to see you all out here: Sister Mary has not been out to see us yet, and it has now been 3 weeks since we came here. Although I am very well contented, yet sometimes (a sometimes that comes pretty frequently) I wish that I could again see you all at home, and visit all those places so familiar to me that I can see them all as vividly as if they were before me. But I talk as if I had been here an age — but it is only 3 weeks. It is only 2 or 3 months before I shall return home (how sweet that word sounds!) and I hope meet you all well and happy. I hope you will not get

the idea that I am unhappy or discontent: on the contrary I can say that I am very well satisfied with every thing about me. And I can say that I have made far more progress in my studies and understand more fully what I have learned than I did either with T. Booth or M. Mitchell.

Benjamin Hardy has commenced giving lessons in Short-hand; his charge is \$5 for the whole course. Francis and myself have joined the class supposing that Father would have no objections but we thought that we had better let him know. It is so arranged as not to interfere with our other studies. Cranley desires me to tell thee that he can just read the Print in the Bible Association's Bibles like ours at the distance of 18 inches. Please to send us out the Inkstand and other things we wrote for and our Latin Tutor and a quire of the same kind of paper that this letter is written upon. Please to send out the Common place book of prose for Cranley. I expect to see you out here soon, and Sister Mary with you. We saw Uncle Edwards at meeting last 1st day. They will be within a mile and half of us during the summer. I received Uncle Alfred's letter. We are well.

Your affectionate son, Thos Hope jr
Your letters do not come often enough. T.H.C.

Henry Copes
for Rachel K. Copes

Philadelphia

Politeness
of B. Smith