

A Pioneer Wedding

LETTER FROM CATHERINE M. NOBLE TO MARGARET A. SULLIVAN

Indianapolis, May, June, 6th, '40.

My Dearest Friend:

I persued your letter with a mixture of pleasure and pain. I was delighted to haer from the dearest girls to me on earth and was pained when I found that you were wounded at my sending notice of my marriage with the respects of Mrs. A. H. Davidson, and that you imagined that as I was forming new interests that I had not still a place in my heart for you. I will tell you about the paper. I requested M. Davidson to get me a journal containing a notice of our marriage, to send you. He got it and wrote on it and addressed it to you with his own hand. He said with the respects of Mrs. A. H. D. as much for fun, of seeing it written as for any thing, else, and I know, he did not once think that respects would sound cold and formal and as I was dressing for making rather returning calls I did not write myself. Mag, forget this and feel assured that there is not another girls on the earth, for whom I entertain pure, disinterested, unmixed affection except yourself, you Mag. Since you, ', have been away form you I have learned how, to, appreciate your excellent and amiable qualities. I am not flattering. Not ,a, day passes away that I do not remember you and am not reminded of some act of or exppression of kindness towards me. Mag I have to dwell on your character, energy is your prominent characteristick. In yourself are united two qualities which are irristible, the most acute sensitiveness, to joy or grief in your own person, and the most lively sympathy with the feelings of others. Mag excuse me but I can ,not, refrain form pouring out the sentiment of my heart and soul in regard to yourself. I will now tell you about my wedding how I was attired for the occasion. On the 19th about 7 o'clock we were united hand and heart in the pphesence of nearly 200, hundred persons. I cannot say in their presence for they had to stand in the front hall, and in the yard, and of course there were many that did not witness the

ceremony. The candles were not lighted until afterwards. My dress was of White Satin very rich and thick dead white. The bosom made with folds across, with one row of shell trimming deep blonde on the sleeves. My gloves white kid satin on the tops and edged with blonde. My hair was pplaited behind and my Grecian curls were curled very beautifully and worn behind curls in front. Mock orange blossoms were sent to me to wear in my hair. Iwore them in front buried in my curls and beautiful white rose in behind. My shoes were of light kid they were entirely white at candle light. My pocketkerchief was trimmed with lace. Mrs. Williams came in the room we were in before the gentlemen came and she offered me her chain and watch which I wore and completed my dress. E. Browing's dress was of some thin kind of goods of I do not know the name with a broad satin stripe and a vine in it and something between the stripes. It was very beautiful, looked like a blonde dress. M. Yandis' dress was trimmed with satin on the skirts and on the bosoms likewise Jane Rings. They all looked well. Pretty E. B. and Dr. Bobbs went first. (I mistake) O. Neal and J. R. went in first, and stepped to the right of the fire place in the front parlour, Jane retaining O. N's arm, and then E.B. and Dr. B. went in nexce, and stood to the left near the foldinf doors, she still leanding on Dr. B's arm. M. Y. and Hubbard' went in and parted to make room for Mr. Davdson and Catherine who followed and stood between M. Y. and Hubbard, Catherine still having D's arm, immediately in the front of the fire place. Imagine us arranged Mr. Beecher^o in front of the semicircle, and dozen upon the sofa composed as one could be on any ocaision. I felt Mr. Davidson's heart beat next to my arm. Now the prayer begins which is quite long beautifully appropriate, mutilated, it made me thrill with emotions pleasure of the most peculiar character. Beecher knew all the circumstances of the former engagement, and he made a very delicate allusion to it. The ceremony was short. Mr. Beecher kissed us both and said it was done now he was sick and was carried into a room to lie down. My attendants were the first to kiss me. When the door was thrown open for us to enter the parlour there was Duncan standing immediately in the view. Mag I ought perhaps not

to mention Duncan's name but there are subjects I dare not touch upon on paper at least. Wait till I see you. But I digress too often from the subject. Our supper was between eight and nine. The bed was taken out of mother's room, the tables were set one opposite the fire place and then down the sides from one, opposite the fire place in the centre of the room between the tables was a small mahogany candle stand, round top covered with a white cloth, bearing the Brides cake which was very splendid. A large pyramid was at the head of the table. We had elegant jelly cake and plates, tea, coffee and ice creams were sent around in the parlour afterward I have not told you how Mr. D was dressed. It was a rich suit of Broad cloth black satin vest, stock, frock coat, boots very handsome made for the express purpose, a pocket handkerchief that I gave him. His appearance was fine looked extremely handsome very animated. His attendants were dressed in the same style. Well Mag I am as happy as mortal man can make me! I feel as if I had indeed, entered into a new state of being and that I had my part to perform in great theatre of human life as if a good was expected from me, and that I know must begin to take my own stand in society and must depend upon myself. I wish you were in the same existance and near me to begin the world with me. Mag, marry some person and come and live in Indianapolis. When you are engaged won't you let me know? I am invited to dine at Mr. Beecher's today, and I am looking for Mr. D. to come and go with me. We are going to a party tonight at James Morrison's. Alex Morrison has given one which we attended. There will be more parties given, which would have been given were it not for so many being gone to the battle Ground. What glorious occasion the greatest political gathering ever known in our country. You have heard of the number estimated to have been present from 40,000 to 60,000. In the evening there was a most brilliant Borealis which was hailed with a shout as an omen of success to the whigs. There was great excitement on Monday as the different delegations passed through with their banners and flags, log cabins toward the Battle Ground. A great many persons went from this place, but no ladies. There has been incessant rains, which

have prevented the ladies from this place from attending, 600 ladies from other parts were there. The day waws fine for convention. Tom called up to see me the evening he arrived. I was much pleased to see him. Isabelle Wick^{se} has returned and is preparing to go to housekeepin, and will be ready this coming week. I called to see her. I thought she looked very thin. We had a great number of calls on th next day after our marriage, and someone has been out ever day since. Last evening we had twelve calls, in the afternoon rather.

Parry has returned from the Baltamore Convention." Did not know anything of Mr. D. and I until he got to Cincinnati and then he heard that I was married he was shocked and could not come to see me until yesterday he did not call my name and had very little to say, trembled like an aspen, voice faltered. I am delighted with those articles you ppresented me. The music is pretty very, been very much admired.

I must bring this to a close. Will trouble your self to read it? I have not looked at a word as l have written if you can read I will be glad. Do write soon and I will be glad to hear from you as often as you will write, I will take just the same interest in you and your, mutilated, formerly. My feelings have not changed in regard to any, illegible, young person's love. Don't mention when you write, either Duncan's or Parry's name. I will not show your letters to Mr. D. if you do not wish it I will not let him know anything that you might want to say to me alone.

Adeu dearest friend, Mag, I remain
stilll your friend Catherine M. N. Davidson.

Mrs McClure left us evening before last for Madison on her way to Virginia she will visit Mrs. H's some time.

Miss M. A. Sullivan, Madison, Indiana.