

November 1815

Dear Papa,

I do so hope this letter finds its way to you, though in truth, I do not trust that it will. Though we made anchor in New Orleans in order to post it, our poor country still reels from the destruction caused by this horrid war. Great sorrow and loss, along with great celebrations inhabit the city where the last great battle was fought. Thank the Good Lord it is finally over. What a shame so many lives were lost on both sides when a peace treaty had already been signed.

Alas, no more depressing talk! I wish to tell you of my grand adventures! As you know, Owen and I set sail for Spain last January. Such a lovely country, Papa. So warm and sunny with lush palms and golden shores. Indeed, the people are so kind and generous. Owen made several connections there before we traveled to Lisbon. Papa, the architecture of that great city is beyond words. I have tried to capture it in my paintings, but I fear I have not done it justice.

From there we sailed into the Mediterranean to Genoa, Italy. The color of the water is as beautiful as they say. I cannot wait for you to see the painting I did of that great port city. Owen is most anxious to return with the good news of all the connections he made for our merchant business. I know you will be pleased. You will also be pleased to hear that we have told many people of the love of God. At least, those who would listen. By God's grace, He has touched many lives here for the better!

Back across the pond, we stopped in Barbados, where we spent a week relaxing. Oh, Papa, what a stunning paradise! I can't wait to tell you all about it! The people are the friendliest I have ever encountered.

We are sailing *Liberty* to Jamaica and then Veracruz, but afterward, we plan on returning to Baltimore by Christmas. I have a surprise for you, Papa, I wished to tell you in person, but I can wait no longer. I am with child! Oh, Papa, me? The lady who never wanted to be tied down with children!. Yet, I find myself astoundingly overjoyed. Indeed, Owen and I are happier than I ever thought possible. I owe this all to Almighty God who set me free and gives me purpose and life in abundance.

I am longing to see you, Papa. I hope all is well. Give my love to my brothers.

Abner and Hannah send their regards.

Your loving daughter,

Emeline Baratt Masters