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Thursday eve.
[Jan.1856.]

Dear Susan,

What has been the fate of my letter. I corrected it and sent it straight back as you directed but I have never got the promised copies. The errors in Douglas paper were dreadful, and I did hope to have a few corrected copies to send to friends. Where are you, Susan and what are you doing your silence is truly appalling Are you dead or married? Well, I have got out the sixth edition of my admirable work, another female child is born in the world! Last Sunday afternoon,
Harriet Eaton Stanton.

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oh the little heritic [sic], thus to desecrate that holy day, opened her soft blue eyes in this mundane sphere.

Maggie's joy over her little sister is unbounded. I am very [proud] and very happy that the terrible ordeal is passed and that the result is another daughter,
good night
yours
E.C. Stanton

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E.C. Stanton

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Good night

Yours

E.C. Stanton