Jan 1, 1859

My dear Jane!

I wish you a very happy New Year and think it will be so. You are recovering so fast and Emily has come to live with us a year.

I sent some candy to Mrs. Baby Fairbanks by your cousin Sarah.

The festival of Mr. Fishers Sunday school takes place today. Sarah Crook is married to a
Mr. Morse—

Everyone I mean all your friends in Milwaukee sent love to you—

I have a beautiful letter from Julia— She is keeping house in Brooklyn and hopes that you will be able to visit her soon.

Mr. Ginn sent you some wax fruit, which is beautiful—

Mary sent you a large picture of a

Shepherd's boy that is very beautiful—

Emily & Jane send love— I have read a beautiful psalm for you this New Year's morning.

dear Jancy—

your loving mother
Williamsburgh, Jan. 17, 57

My dear Mrs. Low - the last time I wrote to you I was in Berlin for a time on account of my health - I remained there about seven weeks and lived on ripe tomatoes right off the vine, and got better though not well but perhaps as well as I can be, since that time after my return a sister of the Ingles's has been on a point of eight weeks here and while she was here those improvements my time by going about among my friends making merry and enjoying myself very much and I am obliged to stay at home for it is too cold to go much and my going would leave George alone with two little ones for so don't keep a kind eye - I was very
We Rys have had any of the ill
that little children are liable to
yet. Though we have never had
a chance to keep her from them—
Wardley
is an engineer on a road that has
been longer
more than his sister Pauline's,
built in Desoto—Clinton County.
She is six months old and the two
years and three months—only short
a time and likes the business very
much of having such a bouncing around
and hopes to keep in it—she had the
house she has not alone for about
a month and is as forward as sick
yet children can be—she is my
darling pet yet—she is a very fine
forward child. She has known her
names and addresses but she
did not for a long time. We don't read
is a member of some secret learning
her to read if we can help it for the
Society. She is obliged to care for
is too forward and should be kept but
if we can do so—She is determined to
learn and whenever she finds empty
stands she has her book ready to
put into them to be taught—
Christmas and New Year. How can
having a great one—Never Christmas
with Mrs. Beitz and has a present
dozens linen pocket handkerchiefs.
Six pairs cotton stockings and
two dollars in money—very nice
present indeed—I don’t know any
Montford news but if you do please
inform me of it When you write
I hope no one in Montford to write
to but I suppose you have—When
are you going to be married?
Miss Beaugl family are all well
Mr Beaugl has lost a brother since
I wrote—who left over thirteen
thousand dollars a piece to his
brothers and sisters which was
worth putting on black for—so
they do not mourn much for him
she has been confined to her bed five
years and most of the time helpless
she was about 50 years old—Black
has no children but is a happy
as can be—is as fat as any one
you know He is also her husband
our family are all well and
join in love to you and yours—
I hope to hear very soon from
you but must for the present
say remember me with much
affection—Marie J. Beaugl
Hawley Jan 28 1851

My Dear Mother

I prize you if possible more than ever. for since Aunt Margaret's death I see how lonely Margaret and Arabelle are. They cannot think they shall soon hear from her or see her again in this world. But they have the satisfaction to think she is released from her toil and suffering and has gone to a better and happier world. Martha sent them the letter you wrote them. They wept over it and said it did them a great deal of good. It was so comforting. Arabelle said who can blame you for wanting to live with a mother. What a comfort it would be to us if you could only be here to speak comforting words to us. They prize Aunt Mary's likeness she had taken in the spring very highly no money would tempt them to part with it. I am sorry to hear that New England does not agree with papa as well as the West. You can hardly think what castles I have built since I heard you talked of coming to Hartford to live. I went to see Mrs. Keys and she was as pleased as I was about it. She thought she should certainly go to see you. I have counted the days to spring it is near at hand. Are you coming? I asked Jane and she did not know. I have not found time yet to tell you that she has come and brought me the love tokens sure enough and I had to shed not a few tears over them after I got home. How is it you always know just what I need most?
The fans were very acceptable this cold weather. The broad
pieces were very pretty. I generally go over to Charlestown four
times a week three evenings to singing school and once
to meeting. Since I reached home Friday night they were
on the road nearly all the time. Some of the passengers
went for eight hours without eating, but they had some
thing with them. I called on her a few minutes Saturday
she thought I had done nothing but grow since she had
seen me. When shall you decide whether you are coming to
W Hartford? Is it naughty for me to urge you so hard to come?
Sometimes I feel as if I could not live away from you
any longer. Oh! had I the wings of a dove how soon would
I be with you. I told Father I could not endure
another parting, and I am not going to I am going with
you next time you come any how. When are you coming?
I guess you will think it is strange I have not written before
I have not written to penny since she went back, and I owe May
a letter. I will try and write often in future. I wish I had
something to send to you all by Lucina but you know how
I am situated I have no way to get anything now so you
must take love you all know how much I love you and
you know by your own feelings how much I want to see and
be with you. I hope I may be soon. You wished to know how
Martha hired her boarding house. It is ready furnished except
the parlors and a few other things she uses of her own.
She pays eighty dollars rent. She has not been home since
her mother's funeral probably will not come till spring.
She was not here tite when Aunt M. died but came to the
funeral. Amory did come he wrote that it was impossible
His health was poor and the going bad. Aunt A. requested an examination of the body after her death. The next day after, three doctors were there. They found seious bunches about the size of a pea all over her insides, liver and lungs. They thought the poisoning she took for her cancer settled it all over her system, and that was the cause of her death. Some of the arteries were ossified. The spleen was badly diseased. It would be difficult to give a name to her disorder. The Homeopathic doctor from Conway did what other doctors in some measure could not that was to ease her distress. She suffered night and day from the time you was here till she died. She was not conscious for about a week before her death. I thought she spoke my name Thursday morning as I was marring her. She died Friday morning at 8. She had very bright views. Isabella said it seemed as if Mother was impatient to be gone, none of us can wish her back to this world of sin and sorrow. Had I but sought to be with my Mother now while I am young and need her advice if ever? Who will not answer Yes certainly. Who can teach a child as an own Mother can? (If she is such an one as you are.) I live in hope of soon seeing you and my dear sisters. I have learnt to sing considerably this winter. Sometimes it is very pleasant moonlight nights when it is fine sleighing and then it is quite as unpleasant when the wind blows and it is drifted. We have had a very hard winter here so far last night the wind blew enough to take one's head off and to day it is extremely cold. Uncle David started for Boston this day after the funeral calculating to be gone three or four weeks he has not come back yet.
Dearest and ever so dear with best wishes of love and thank you for your kind letter of wishing you merry
Dear Sister Ada,

I doubt you have thought long before this that I had forgotten you and your kind letter, but I assure you that is not the case; you and yours are seldom out of mind long at a time. The last eight days have been extremely cold one, I assure you, and such drifts. Albert has made himself sick shoveling snow. Eliza and Ella have had colds, so you see there is no body Captain but Father and I. It is very pleasant it would be if you would step in and cheer us with your sweet company. I am urging you to think of coming to Hartford in the spring not only on your account but Emily and mine. How is dear little Ellen's cough? how Hunt does want to see her, give her a hearty kiss and tell her not to forget me. I hope we shall meet again and take as much comfort as we did last summer. Tell Mary that Dr. Green has been home two weeks but thinks of going out again in the spring. He came here with his wife last week and gave us a full discourse of you all such good folks, but Mary tried to constrain...
Dearest Jennie,

We received your letter when we had begun to think you had forgotten me. It found me suffering with toothache and headaches, whereas Jennie to say "poor little innocent thing" and the like endearing expressions. Mr. Green was here this morning he heard I had a letter from his folks at the west, he said his wife had one from her other Jennie with a gold piece in it that she thought more of than she would of ten from him. She is in hopes you will continue to take the syrup he has great faith in its healing powers. Eliza is taking the gum for her lungs. I think you are better off now than you would be at Washington. Tell wishes she could have been with you and visited the Christmas tree with her cousin, she sends love to all. Anna and Ella in particular she has convinced without her letters and as many times not disregarded she has not been to school for the with in consequence of a bad cough. She is a good girl and take good care of your health write often to old buntie S. Morgan.
Leyden, Feb. 23d

Dear Mary,

Excuse my neglect in answering your kind, affectionate letter so long. I have been waiting for a visit from Fred and Sarah, I have given up expecting them, as the sleighing is almost gone here and Graysfield, besides I wished to be free from aches and pains, especially that distracting pain we have in our jaws—my face has been swollen in several days, consequently the pains not so severe. We have all had and are having the influenza. I suppose you in this are not free from the ills that flesh is heir too, by any means, though very much to hear how you all are. Mothers it give Jennie's cough and spitting, and the dear little ones, have they yet well—Jane did not tell us whether her trunk and contents arrived safe with nothing broken—she's was afraid she could not pack them so that all would go uninjured. I suppose your husband is over head and ears in business since he has taken possession of his new establishment. How I wish I could look in upon him and see him work it would seem so natural—
Please give him my best regards, if he will accept them... I do not despair of one day seeing you both in Leyden. Husband received a line from sister Pelton last Tuesday wishing him to send her 6 or 8 bottles of the Spanish Remedy and saying that Mr. Sneed and Mariana there that day—wonder if Mariana man's dead or drowned. He probably will come out bright in the spring. I wish you would come too. I wish you would come to the wood chapel. She is able to go out much this winter. You have I want to know what you are all doing this tedious cold weather. Please tell me all about it. Ella wishes me to tell her dear cousin that she has sore eyes and her nose is very troublesome. She plead but it will not stay pleaded. As she says, she thinks she knows how to pity Ella with the whooping cough. She thought she would write herself but her eyes feel so bad she cannot. Her school bus shut four days more to help. She sends a deal of love and a motto, Kiss the cherubs for twenty. Write soon dear.

Yours in love.

J. S. Morgan
My Dear Mother,

I have read your letter over this morning for the fourth time and am greatly rejoiced at the news contained in it. I am sorry for your thumb. These little cakes of sugar are all I have to offer in return for your present and much love. I have seen Susie and once about half an hour. The bridge across the river went off three weeks ago and could not go across very well till Bridge I went over in a boat and had a tooth drawn. I heard then she was going back tomorrow and I just with her, Stabel and myself went over last evening to singing school. We rode down to the river then piled sailed across and walked the other side. I should, if pretty well only there came a light snow and made it rather hard walking. They will probably not have a bridge before six months if they do then so we shall have to ride the river or boat across. I believe you are really doing good Mother, visiting State prisons and reforming drunkards. I hope I shall do as much some time. I have been to school this winter ten weeks have stayed out three things I shall go next week or two more. Margaret has gone to live with Martha. Jenny has come to stay with her (Stabel). I miss Aunt M. more and more. She gave Aunt J. a nice Alpine cape and me a collar. I have a new calico dress and Aunt J.
a delaine. These are pieces. Doctor Hawkes wife says she wants to see Mary she used to go to school with her at the Falls. she was Jane Dink. I think you will like her. I liked her as a teacher. Aunt Strongly is at Mr. Bostrood now. She will come here next I suppose. The month of February was very pleasant we made some sugar. I have been troubled with the toothache considerably lately but have had it drawn. I dream about you very often but to find wake up to find you far away from me. When you eat this sugar think of me. There is a cake far one apiece Brother said put it two more to do what you are a mind with. Your letter was a feast to me. Do all write love to all. Carrie
Hugh Letty would be happy to see Ella Booth tomorrow afternoon at 4½ past 4 o'clock at his birth day. 

Mandy Thursday (March 19th, 1857)
Haydenville. Apr. 16th

My dear Aunt Adeline

Your letters were both to the
only and the only excuse I have for being so negligent in answering them is a want of time. I cannot express my thanks for your first letter, but it did one so much good I felt as if it was just what I needed. The feeling of love comes over me that I have felt. Now, more still I see

my dear another that she will never again visit one and that the last word has been spoken that her life will ever after and then it seems as though I should see her again but no that cannot be. She has gone here to return and may I be prepared to meet her for I have not a doubt but that she is now singing the song of the redeemed and praising God for all she suffered while here on earth. She told me two or three weeks before she died that she had but been a moment that she was free from pain since she was taken sick and she was confined to the bed for nearly five months. But as her body
joined away. The cloud which seemed to hang between her and her Savior during the first of her sickness broke away and she seemed to see her Savior in all his glory and longed to depart and be with him. It would do me good to see you and tell you about her sickness and death, and I hope to see you before many months. How about the business of your second sister? There is no vacancy in any of the boarding houses and probably will not be before Fall, and that may make it then. This is a small village and but three regular boarding houses and there are always a great many applicants who one is to be vacated. There is a widow lady with three children. The eldest but 11 years old went from here to Hartford last Fall. Her parents reside there and took boarding. She came here for a clay or two. About two months after being three and was quite elated with her prospects. Thought she was doing much better than when she could live here. Another thing, it lies within twenty miles of Hawley and Caroline with you. Should you have any fees in regard to another person. Excuse me for asking this question, but I should not like to have you troubled as you have been heretofore. If there is any way in which any her band or myself can render you any assistance we shall be most happy to do so. Margaret is staying with me at her
Health is pretty good. Jane is at Harlay. The twins are very well and are not quite as much care as they were two years ago though it is a good deal to see to them each.

Now about Adeline I have a favor to ask of you. We are thinking of leaving A-t ville. Now do you know of anything in Columbus of Seattle that my husband could engage in with a capital of 10 or 12,000 dollars that would afford us a comfortable living and whereby he might buy up something. Will you be so kind as to talk with Rev. Swope and write me what you think. This is confidential. He is by trade a copper plate printer but that business has been its best. They annual here and he has not done any thing at it for five or six years. Wish you would write me as soon as convenient what you think about it. Much love to Mary and Jane, and the little ones.

Yours with much love
Dr. A. Delson.
Hartford Apr 12th 59

Dear Jane,

I received a letter from you some time since, and my excuse for not replying before, must be that one time has been so much taken up with the Lenten services and some necessary labours, that I have no time to devote to writing.

I attended Church this morning at St. Paul’s, intending to visit the other churches this afternoon, and evening, but a heavy rain prevents. The Font was filled with flowers, those beautiful emblems of the Resurrection. Yesterd. we had service at 10 in the morning when there were 4 persons bap. in the evening at 5, when there were 3 children, made members of Christ in addition to which Mr. Fisher attended three same - viz. one at 9 in the morning at 53 Broadway St, another at half past 11.
in St John Church — another —
on Front St at half past two —
I should think the man would
be uncommon — his family have been
sick for sometime past — Mrs Edw.
—and the children had Choking
Cough — and Mrs Fisher was sick at
the same time — Mr Post Family
have moved to 61 Windsor St —
Joel and Jane were both sick with
the Measles — but are better now —
I saw both the girls — at Church this
morning — Perceved a letter from
your Brother a few days since in
which she informed me that you
have not been as well for some
weeks — I hope before this you are
better — may we not hope for a visit
from some of you — this Summer?
I left East Hartford the second
week in June — my health was
such that I could not walk back
and forth. I have had plenty of
work since I have been here and

we may continue to have
I think I feel better to see all
the time — I go over week and stay
a day with Emily and the children.
So I do not have a supply of work
I shall probably return — Jane was
well a few days since, they are very
much engag'd with their addition.
They have a calf which they horned
with the name of Jessie, and about
50 chickens — — Mrs Howell and
family are well as usual —
You remain at 63 Front St

You will remember me to your
Mother and Sister, and write soon —

From your sincerely
Friend

I. S. C. T.ower

P. S. Has your Brother ever seen
the enclosed? I know Mr Pratt
was a friend of your Father.
Springfield Apr 19th/57

Dear Mrs. Corp,

You must pardon my seeming neglect in not answering your letter before we commenced housekeeping the first of March and I have been very busy in getting my things in readiness. I am happy to hear that you contemplate visiting Mays this summer. You will find me on water street second house from Gardner street come without fail and make me a visit. My husband has returned from the south.
and will remain at home for the future I received a letter from brother James the other day he is well and doing well he has been through with another course of laws in the state of Ohio and has succeeded in gaining his freedom once more. As for spiritualism we have nothing new at present to be moving along calmly evening steadily they continue to hold meetings at the hall on the hill every Sunday sometime we have lectures and sometime not our meetings are generally very interesting. As for myself I am more interested in the

Hermoned Philosophy than I am in spiritualism and Mr. Hexam who resides in Palmer yet he was here last week she continues to have beautiful visions and enjoys much of spiritual influence Mrs. Cateswells health is very poor and is not in condition to be influenced as much as formerly. With my best wishes for your future happiness.

I am respectfully yours,

Miriam Lee Dean
Indiana, April 3, 1857

Dear Mr. Smith,

Your last document I came readily af¬firmed me as personal, infinite pleasure. Although I am sometimes amused at the heterogeneous mess of your items, yet the whole, always yields abundant satisfaction, for it reveals to me yourself you at your time, move, or have your being. The last letter shows you up in somewhat of a new aspect to me; for I have never thought of, or looked upon you in love before. No doubt the feeling gives you a remark¬ably amiable appearance; your dimples are deeper than ever. There is no knowing what, how much that does delightful,
Then a Cousin is coming to be here some weeks which will make the time until I go to Ft. The door knows what will happen then. The times are very hard but going on worse as long as A. A gentleman told me to day that many families here who were supposed to have means were obliged to send their lists for furniture to the auction rooms to raise money to keep them. These prices are not only high but rising to fright. I suppose that means gone on a spree. My Husband went with a great deal of difficulty, because in his practice it makes my heart ache often to hear him tell about it. I so glad up the necessities often & go to see them. I am not a preposit in the way of explaining for he gives visits & meddling & I give suggestions. As has become so sick for his health go to the poor...
that they are all after some.

I commenced laying out pretty largely
for Spring & Summer clothing; my highest
bargain was 20 dollars for a superfine
robe, besides three other divers I purchas
ed, at different prices under that 50
dollars went off quickly & I intended
to get considerable more, but I hear
so much of want, that it seemed
worse to cram to expend more & stop
there. I felt too stingy to buy a pair
of gloves—nevertheless, our latch string is
always out for our friends & the venison
is on the table, for their nourishment.

The merits, of human kindness, for their
thought, I do give some happy leverages for their heart's happiness.

as much fair & merriment, as in consistent with our old age, & convenient habit
for the forests 200 lbs. & 1 lb. 178.

I commenced this some days ago, but my company has interfered with my finishing
they are out again this evening though

Harley, May 3, 1857.

My Ever Dear Brother

It is a most beautiful day, the most pleasant we have had this year, but Bajarah people have to stay from church, the river is so high they cannot boat very well. I like the fun of boating across quite well. I have not rode through yet. I have not seen Mrs. Heges since January, I intend to go over and see her as soon as possible. I have not been out of this neighbourhood but once on a weekday since the bridge went off and that was when I had my tooth drawn, so you see how much I want in this world. We have met with a good many misfortunes here this year, Uncle David's horse and cattledied, then I had such a hard cold I could not speak loud for several days. Uncle P. was taken sick & was confined to his room two weeks we had to make mustard poultices for his neck and David's ride by the wholesale. Then eight pigs died and to top off with father cut his foot yesterday quite bad so he is confined to the house. I have three calves and a lamb to feed with a little help. The lamb I call "Jessie." Would not Mrs. Fremont think herself honored if she knew it? We have had no hired help since Mrs. Wood left last fall and I have to "play sound." I do not feel quite as homesick and lonesome as I did last winter before the snow went off, but I am far from being contented away from you and my dear sister, I try and be reconciled to my lot but it.
is almost an impossibility. I know that you are I never take
as much solid comfort as other girls, how can I? You are
in my mind almost constantly and it is not a want of
inclination that I do not write oftener oftener but this
thing and that must be done first so it is put off a great
while, O Mother when will that happy day come when I can
live with you? I hope it is not far distant. I have just been
thinking of ours. Does what an affectionate woman she is
so kind and seems to feel so much for us. Diantha Bragman
is going to the Falls I should go with her if there was a horse
we could get but I do not know of any. She has a melodeon
that cost sixty dollars, it made our folks stare some but
I was glad for now I shall have a chance to play on it.
Ethan Whitchurch has moved into the red house opposite
Mrs. Weeks they have seven children which is company for
me. the youngest is a sweet little creature I would like to make
her a dolly if you have a pattern of one or its cloths I
would like one. I feel the need of older sisters and a mother
more and more every day to tell me what is right and what
wrong. I was very thankful for the advice you gave
me in your letter and would like some more. I commenced a
letter to her and cannot tell whether I finished it or not.
I was quite surprised to see Freeman Whitchers enter the church
he looked very natural. how I longed to go back with him.
Will you please tell me what will be pretty for a bonnet
this summer and what they are wearing this summer.
Margaret and Elizabeth does in dress morning, Martha
did before her mother died last father Fileston. Jenny is
here yet she said the other day how I wish I could see Aunt Edie. Amelia has another little daughter she does her duty I think. I suppose you have heard that Jedub Gregg has sold the farm and moved in with Uncle Belong I was sorry for I was intending to go over there this summer. Have you decided who is coming this summer you know how much I want to see you but I must not be to selfish although it seems as if I could not wait a week.

Shall I have my silk dress made up for the spring? how cut and what trimmed with? I do not go to the city to get the fashions but send. How do the misses comb their hair "in your place". Write me everything you all wear and have, so as to keep me "posted up" about your things. Uncle Pitch has been inquiring for the book you lent Mrs. Bathop "The True Church." I think it was, instead thought you carried it back with you. I have got this old house partly cleaned. The chamber, nursery and back room. When it is all done I shall feel relieved we have had no whitewashing done yet. Aunt Longley is at Mrs. Bathop's now she is going to Mrs. Toddy's. I think Diantha will teach in the Aunts district this summer. I know not whether they will have a school here or not. If they do I shall not go I suppose. Monday 11th Aunt Sally has been raising blood today so now she will not be able to do much for some time. "Henry and Basta" came up Saturday and went back this forenoon they did not take young either.
I have just received your letter & am sorry you have been sick as well as it is to be expected. The autumn I do not know what to do coming in a few weeks with the babies. Have I written you that Thomas have buried their little girl she died in March with the dysentery. A very great trial to them she was sixteen months old as healthy a child as ever was till a fortnight before she died. Charleston folks are going to build a bridge across the river the coming summer which I hope will not be carried off. Chase Taylor has written a letter to his wife he is in Minnesota he laid up some money to send to her but last it Merrill sent them 55 dollars. Will you be surprised when I tell you that I weigh one hundred and thirty seven pounds and measure five and six inches. Who can boast that met you was Mary as you. You remember Ellis Basset he is married to Polizana Aldridge she was a Swede before she married an Aldridge. The black man that lived in随me Daves house is dead he died with small pox. It is almost a good idea another time since I looked on your dear face and can I wait another year before I see you again? It hardly seems possible. Do tell me whether you have decided anything more about coming to Hartford or any where. If you will write me soon you shall not be kept so long waiting for an answer.

I was much please I with your Historical sketch. Very, very, much love to Mary Jenny Ella and yourself. And believe me ever yours off daughters Carrie.

Thank Ella for her letter I will answer it.
Dear Jane,

Your kind letter of Apr. 27 was duly received. I feel very sorry to hear of your Mother's ill health, but hope she may be spared to you many years. Perhaps you will wonder why I write so soon—I will tell you. A few days since I took a walk to the beloved place where you and I hope to rest when the journey of life is over—I found that they were making great improvements there, and among other alterations, they had taken down your Mother's Pine Tree. To-day I have seen Wolfe and from him I learn, that it was by order of the Committee. At his request I wrote to say that if it is your wish, he will set one of Pine or Spruce or Balsam of Fir—but should be obliged to set it within the hedge—the other stood directly in the Alley. I told I feared your Mother would
feel very much trust, he said
we would absolutely set another
if you wish, it, but the
Hedge was far better without it.
The Willow will soon overshadow
the whole lot — you will of course
write without delay, and tell me
what you decide. As now is the time
to sell one, if you accept his offer
I am pleased to think there is a
prospect of a visit from members
of your family this Summer
Pam still expect, Mrs. Stowell
We have been very busy this week
sending Lizzie off. She is going in
the country to take a School.
Austin is spending a part of his
vacation with Jane Ann Palmer
and family are surrounded with
Water again — the Water has been
almost as high as in 1856 —
I shall expect to hear from you
as soon as you get this and then
I will see Ann Miles and tell
him what your decision is.
Excuse errors and bad writing.

for I am very much satisfied
but wished he have this, on
the way — Love to all

S. C. Powers

P.S. I have not any of Mr. Post
family except himself — he told
me they were all well.
Freedom Township
May 11th 1854

Mrs. Corps,

Your kind letter came to hand on the 26th of April, and was very unhappy to hear that my dear little boy was so sick and likewise my dear little girl. But I am happy to say that Mr. Williams arrived from Milwaukee yesterday, and brought me very good news. He went to see my two little children, and he says Emily is quite well and happy thanks God for it, and the little boy is much better than he was. I hope and put my trust in God that they will be better now. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Gordon are very kind to them, which makes me more content than I have been since I came out here.

I should very much like to see my dear children with I shall endeavour to do as soon as I can. When you see my little girl I wish you would be so kind as to give my love to her and tell her to be a good little girl and she will come and
Sister as soon as be can. I hope you and Mrs. M. Booth and family are all well. Thank you for your kindness to me and mine and I hope you will reward you in the world to come. I should of known you live some but waited anxiously every day for another as you said you would write again in a few days but I suppose it got mixed as it never came to hand. this place is about 10 miles from Barraba. The Post Office is and there is no place of worship as near then Barraba, which makes it very unpleasant. May 13th. I have received your other hand letter to day. With most of love all at Barraba for a long time. but it makes me much happier to hear that my dear little girl is so happy and of such a good disposition. I wish the wife continue to have as long as she lives. I have been very sick since I have been out here but never lost from work. as I very afraid I should be quite laid up having no one here to comfort me. For when I am

with my self I am so unhappy but I hope and trust I shall be better of that soon as I pray and do all that seem to comfort myself I am better in health this last few of these days than I have being all the time I have been here. when you to Mr. Ingram I wish you would give my kind regards to him and I hope him and his lady and children are all well. Likewise Mr. W. W. Thomas and Mrs Colites. I like Mr. Williams very much he is a very good gentleman but would like to be near my dear children.

MoN WESLY Young
Wilson Ellis
June 6th Williams
Barraba.
Dear Adeline

I received your good letter yesterday and was rejoiced to hear that you are so well employed and are doing so much good. Nothing in this world surely has power to make one happier as a consciousness that we are doing something for the happiness and benefit of the fellow creatures.

For my own part, my mind has been occupied for the last six months on the subject of the subject of Persons. I have spent the last six months thinking much on the subject, and my attention has been drawn to consider it more attentively by two great interest I have felt in a person whose case I mentioned to you when the letter came. I found him one of the most interesting beings I have ever known. I cannot begin to tell you how much I have to say, and I wish you well now how to toi. I have many beautiful letters to show you, which he has written in Person — it is he could only write in German — it was too trouble to get them translated. I hope him to write a little in English — at first it was quite difficult to understand his meaning — and I sent him a
In my youth, his sowing has since been fruitless. The soil is covered with the same weeds as before, and the harvest is not as promising.

His words are not very good. His sentiments are beautiful, and his style sublime, but his influence, the Stars, the political changes, and events, their beautiful scenery in German. I have not yet set them to writing any in English.

There is a petition to be approved by the legislature for the reduction of the clergy, lawyers, and other men of the sort, and it has been signed by all the men of the town. I have been made a clergyman, and it has been signed by a few of the men, and I have now a doubt. It will be good for him to be good, and for us to be good in about a fortnight; we shall hope to see him free.

It was a few by which he has been made a clergyman, and one of the men who signed it.

I was told of your great deal. I should have written before if I had.

I am very glad to hear such a good account of you all, and to learn that you are doing so much good. As you have left a page for me to fill, I think I cannot do it in any way that would be more interesting to you. I am swimming a part of one of the letters of the German writer in the expression of his feelings about his liberation. I am sure you will feel a great deal of sympathy for him.

Your friend,

[Signature]
It is a strange feeling when I think that a free night will perhaps open for me these heavy iron doors forever; that I shall again breathe unstrained air, walk unperverted among my fellow-men, that I shall again be able to feed my free eyes on the beautiful blue Throne of God, and on his green footstool, that I shall again behold all the manifold wonders and beauties of nature with renewed sensibility of their majestic splendor and of the glory of their Maker, and above all that I shall be able to pay unto the Lord my vows, to walk out of free impulse to the House of God and to mingle my voice with the children of Heaven in the free songs of praise unto the great Jehovah.

It is so sweet a reflection, so sweet a phantasy to view me on the top of a green hill, on a certain beautiful morning, awaiting the first rays of the sun when he comes out of his Bride Chamber, seeing these peaceful lambs winding in green pastures, and amidst this delightful scenery to hear the peaceful Church bell of a Village coming over the landscape, that I at times even forget the reality, and cannot make up my mind to make myself a little acquainted with the possibility, that perhaps all my hopes, all the great trouble you have taken, and the expenses with which such an act is undertaken to united, might be vain. That perhaps for a long time, or perhaps forever in this world, I shall be nothing more of nature than the square yard of green grass and as square yard of blue skies, and shall hear no other sound than that heart rending voice of the prison bell. And I cannot think that God would have awakened in me such miraculous a hope, and in your heart such miraculous a goodness for me, only to make me the harder feel the wretchedness of my confinement, and I therefore continue to amuse myself with fancy, about my liberty. I am sure how can love nothing by that.

I have only been to add my best love to you all, and the hope that we shall hear from our again soon. Your affectionate, W. Williams.
Walley June 1st 1858

Darling Sister,

I was made happy a few days since by receiving your letter. I was afraid before I opened it that mother was worse, but I was very glad to hear that she was better. I am afraid she taxes her strength too much. I think she needs it herself. I presume you are very careful of her, she always speaks of you as her tender nurse.

I have received her letter and you can hardly think how happy it made me to think she was coming so soon and then I fervently hope I shall not be separated from her again.

As we are having most beautiful weather now and I find it makes a great difference with my feelings whether it is cloudy or plain.
for I am a great deal more homesick and
shy in rainy weather. I think of
you nearly all the time and imagine you
walking, riding, or anything else which
I think you do. I write to David Belden
the same time that you did. I have had
no answer yet. Uncle David went to the
Falls yesterday and I was going with
him but Aunt Sarah happened to
think she could not spare me although
she had a girl to help her so I do
not know as I can go this summer.
I had selected the scream for my
bunnet before mother wrote, it is white
with a blue edge and a white and
blue flowers on the outside. So they
flowers inside the bunnet in stitches
there is quite a dispute what the fashion
is here. I am going to get me a “Hat”
and trim it with the blue ribbon bought
Martha is here with the twins
they can talk considerably. Martha will
not stay in the boarding house this
summer. All those girls are growing
old with work and often they have
killed themselves what will it amount
to if it is nothing but house work.
Housework, it is just what our folk
mean. I shall do it. I said the other day, but it
takes two to make a bargain” as they
will find. The apples are just
completing to bloom they look so
pretty and smell so sweet. June 3
It had seemed to me that mother was coming today. I have looked
looked out the window several times to see if I could see her. When had
I see her sweet face I wonder.
I have called in twice to see boys. Their sister has moved away from
the Falls, and she feels quite some- 
about I commenced this letter I 
have received one from Rosy. 
she says I wrote to her the day 
when she was fifteen years old. Rosy 
is well and her baby grows nicely 
Sarah's baby walks it hardly 
seems possible. Mother wrote she 
had a spotted muslin dress for me 
Do you not think that you always 
get just what I have been 
wishing for? Tell Mary the next 
letter I write I think will be to 
her. My love to you all. my thought 
are constantly with you and 
I hope my presence will be soon 
Miss Ella and Thomas for me. 
I have a very poor pen as I 
should write better. I also join as 
prejudiced against horses as 
ever I sat this think you wear them 
or will. Good night. From your loving 
Ezra.
Dearest Jennie,

I beg a dozen pardons for neglecting to answer your kind letter so long. I do not know that I should mind the matter were I to tell you all that has prevented my doing so before and knowing your loving and forgiving heart, I may as well short and blunt — we have cold damp weather with snow and then rain and hail. Apple trees in full bloom — but not one solitary blossom upon the peach trees anywhere where in these dizziness. Albert has been suffering with muscular sensation for some five weeks. She is not well yet enough to work. She is on a visit to Northfield and Warwick among his friends with his sister. Mrs. Porter from New Britain she is in feeble health, and has come to spend the summer. She says "to fat" I think she has consumption. Eliza thinks of going visit her to Portland (Me) to visit Julia. To be absent some 3 weeks, we have been expecting Sarah and her husband ever since the ways were settled but they do not come yet. Have you not seen Marie Howard yet? She has been resting more than 2 months.
I hope your dear mother is as well as she is—tell her I am looking to see her face—
and that I am writing to her.

How is your own health? How does your health feel? Have you not suffered enough yet to
realize its value and are you going to be married or are we going to hear of your

How is Long Mary and her little family? When your mother has decided to come east
please let me know so I do not want any very long wait about to hinder my looking her
in the face and eyes. I have not been to visit Aunt Clara since I went with her last
summer. I am confined at home as much as a married woman don't you think?

I suppose our Ella is attending school wonder
of she ever thinks of country guess so—give her a
bouncy kiss at any rate. This long letter has
me. I have been good and am still expecting a letter from

Letter almost hope my expectations will be real-
ized in five days if I could write as easy so your
mother can you should not be left to wonder
why I do not answer your letters sooner I
assure you I should like to know if Mary and

I think that I had wings like a dove.

New 1946

Julia

Dear Cousin Jenny

I am leaving for a place
for me I will try and write a few lines although
I feel very little in the writing mood. I suppose
Mother has given you a general summary of the
news I have not been feeling at all well this spring
coming & suppose to us having so much damp

weather. I suppose after the June rains its
debut in this love would we shall have different
weather a consummation most dear to. I wish I
have been very neglectful in regard to writing this
spring but will try to atone in future once my

last love to Cousin May and husband and say
to them she should be very happy to welcome the

Julia

This summer. Cousin Ella the
and May must at our house in Greenfield so much
her on a visit when she leaves here she is going
to Maine and I am intending to go with her

whether I shall get any news there that you had to
Washington we will have to the future to decide

May 14
I really wish you were to cheer our spirits with your pleasant smiles, still I do not want you to come without your mother until she has resumed you. you will probably say, "I shall never come then" but genius dear, you must find some one to love; devotedly, & believe you were born to love and be loved. in return almost to death. ella is very much engaged in her club, and Sabbath schools, and we think a very good sibbling—she often speaks of her cousin and wishes she was nearer, so that she could see her often, I wish so too! love to all. write soon to your loving cousin.

J. J. Morgan
June 14, [1857]

Dear Dear Brother,

When shall I see your dear sweet face Brother? As early coming this summer? My mother is there yet, she is not able to go home. The babies have arrived here are angels, they came up here very often they are sweet little cooing - mules they love me dearly. We have no contact here. Dickinson is going to teach in Rutherford again this fall. We wish John went the other day we did not know what would be by that time and I thought we did not make reception and Oliver have been here visiting. He has a very pretty little boy. There are debts.
Do write to me as soon as possible.

Brother and sisters are all well.

Mansfield's, you can think what a fuss would be made I hope the sauce will not come in spices while they are drinking tea. We have had a hired girl five days and half that is all the work we have had since last fall. I do not think about it as much as she and last summer she ran and did light work. As all the heavy comes on me. Samantha is teaching in the fourth district.

I wish I could teach as you do but O dees!

I hear of how she is receiving Harriet Smith that I dreamed of seeing a gentleman who wanted to be your husband. I am sure if you write often. From your affectionate Sorrie.
Enjoy with me, my sister, this little poem—one of the
sweetest to me I ever read. I do not know how it will affect
you; but I cannot read it without tears, and emotions of op[posite]
grandeur and sublimity. I read it over and over, and aloud, and
drink in all its deep spirit and know that our hearts issue more
while with raptures to the same words and thoughts.

"As A Vesture shall Their Change Them." Psalm 102.

"Oh, solemn sea, for ever chanting to the shore,
The heavy burden of thy mystery!
Oh, lovely isles, listening evermore
To the deep echoes of eternity!
Oh, people earth, that sittest rainbow crowned,
Thy garments all aglow with trembling flowers!
Oh, slyy curtains veil ing radianc depths profound,
Your face folds drooping from the heavenly towers!
Oh, beauty shined in earth, or air, or sea,
Thou formest but the vesture ever new,
Whose throbbing folds encircle deity,
With tide His glory shining through,
Oh, joy!
His glory shining through.

But is! in the far future rest, awaiting sovereign will,
A day of change and mystery sublime!
"Twill dawn, and falling stars, bearing golden sand, shall fill
The mighty hour glass of expiring time!"
And all the wondrous fashion of this earth and air,
A most new and blend of God shall change,
Oh what bright note of glory shall He then prepare?
How swell the earth in beauty new and strange?
Shall Eden flowers in bliss immortal bloom,
Flower on the sweet isle in many a fragrant zone?
Shall ocean lifting high his implored hands,
Shall sun as the shining sea, who loves the waves?
And 'neath His mighty touch, oh, holy midnights skies,
Shall your chosen stars along your arches blue,
Burst into suns — bright orbs of Paradise,
The glory shining through?
Oh, God!

The glory shining through? * Tell me is it not apparent
That it must have birth in a heart full of the highest poetic feeling,
And a soul from which in very truth "His Glory" is shining through.

Washington, 12 Sunday after Trinity, June 14th, 1854.

Dear dear sister — I would you could look into my heart today, and
see there, what my interest centers in cherished for a few loving words from
your own loving hand — How you must have wondered at my long, long silence — really I wonder at it myself — notwithstanding the circumstances by
which I have been surrounded — I do not want to write this morning — I
would like to throw my arms around you, and talk with you face to face
or one with heart to heart, in quiet silence musing upon highly and holy
themes, for my spirit is recharged — to full for utterance — but this may not
be — more widely separated then ever — I must ascend to this high matter
of last pole — and cleanse my thoughts to the pensive wing, when they would
fly on high for the eagle flight. On the beauty and freshness of Greenery —
written thought! I could have the gift to 'able the thought vision  — but it is
not mind — as I wrote some years ago, in a little poem which I addressed
to a young man of noble talent, who was returning all in the wine cup — a slight
apologies for its pority — so it is still —
With weak and trembling hands I've touched this line —
And weak and trembling are the weak words expressing utter —
To mean this wild, tumultuous, burning thoughts
Are rushing through my consciousness of my brain,
But we can't expect much of my pencil point
Its cold and lifeless tone.

"Did I ever tell you, Jenny, of that poem and its consequences?"

But I must come down to the prose of life, you I suspect you are anxious to know where I am, and how I came here, and how I have situated myself.

We left New York on Friday April 17th and after a weary and toilsome journey travelled arrived at our new home about nine in the evening — and I have been wandering, once and twice, trying to get over my revulsion of feeling. I will not begin to recount all the petty troubles which have gathered around to annoy me — they are expressed in no words. I have come to a small to semi-house — one that had been occupied by a wealthy Southern — who lived five hundred and yet lived in the dirt — thinking champagne and whisky —

Of course the first requirement was to get some wood — and after the trouble commenced — for four weeks I was, the greater part of the time, unable to do any work myself — I had long negroes and African ones — when I thought I would try the horses — but I managed and after waiting three days for fire, the stove came at all — the best one came to see the house for whisky — and so on it went, until my thoughts had almost entirely given out, and I was just on the point of giving up in despair, when a friend sent me one who has proved valuable. That trouble one I looked for better times — but just when my little house was taken down with the Southern grave, and went through a severe course of acclimatization — it had been very cold, and the roof fell, and there was that to make me sad to see — oh, I am thankful to say she is better so that the iron one has gone again; and here I hope to see the entirely restored — those plans, Jane darling, are the reasons why you have not heard from me.

I am very delightfully situated here — and am very happy—now that my dear baby is getting well. Our house is one of a row of seven, called "Ardent Laurel." It fronts on Franklin Square — and is like a country residence so quiet and secluded, and surrounded with green trees. It is very convenient and situated excellently to our wants. It is a yesterday house, having the porches on the second floor — on the first floor are two cheerful rooms — the front one I use as sitting room and nursery, and the rear for dining room. The kitchen is in a back building detached from the house. On the second floor are the parlors, the front one going all across the front of the house taking in three windows which open to the floor, and built up a balcony — in the rear is a piazza, across which is the bath room in the second story of the kitchen, and another small room which my husband uses as his barber's shop, and in which he produces wonderful evidences of his mechanical genius — on the third floor. The room over the front parlor takes in the full width of the house, and brings north light is occupied by James as his studio. The back room is my bedroom — again, on the fourth floor I have two spare bedrooms and servants' rooms. It is a very cheerful house.
I hope we can retain it as long as we stay in Washington. How long that will be is difficult to tell — several years probably. Mr. Cottle has not yet commenced any thing on the walls of the Capitol — he has been making the State Arms — water color drawings, in a circle, 20 inches in diameter — they are to be enameled on glass for the ceiling of the Representatives Hall. The first work at the Capitol will be the Senate Interior Room, but it will be some weeks — perhaps months yet before he gets through with the State "Arms."

The general aspect of the City does not please me — apart from the public buildings there is not much to attract me. I can tell you more another time — so I have had no time to see the sights yet. I have not even seen the Capitol. My Baby takes up all my time — oh, how I wish you could see her — he is a darling — and has even grown beautiful — Can I ever hope to see you here? —

The State of society here seems to be very delightful — wealth is more recognized and wealth less worshiped than in New York. I have been very warmly received, and I have had a great many calls, not one of which I have returned — of the churches I can tell you nothing. I have not been to church since yet. Something or other has kept me at home every Sunday. I am too impatient to go. Our Pastor the Rev. Mr. Cummings and his wife, called on me — they are very agreeable people, and my husband describes him as an excellent and capable preacher.

My dear son, how are you — and how have you been during these three months past? Write me as soon as you receive this. I am hungry to hear from you — and I shall wait anxiously to hear from you.

My address is

4 Caroline Terrace (St.)
Washington City, D.C. — do write very soon.

I am as ever,
Your own sister,
Julia.

Saturday, June 16th

Your letter has not yet reached the Post Office. It will be at the Post Office. It is too far down in the City that it is a journey to get there. Yesterday was my Birthday — I am thirty years old, only think! How my dream of life is rapidly away! We were going to have a pleasant time, but my poor little Isabel was taken down about half way with a chill again, and spoiled it all — we had a very sick day and night — my Baby is quite sick today.
Boston,
June 19th, 1837

Dear friend,

Your kind sympathetic letter was weeks since received by my dear husband - and I should have been acknowledged before this, but sickness in our family has prevented - a faithful servant who has lived with us over some years was taken very ill and for seven weeks needed almost constant attention - so that with the extra domestic duties - and nursing my time has been well taken up - and added to that, I may say I have not felt...
in a state of mind so
write, even to my most in
immediate friends.
I have lost loved ones,
but this is my first great
sorrow. The Lord long deigned to unite
the hearts of a daughter - having two beau-
tiful boys. "Daniel Sharp Pratt,
aged 12; and Eliza B. Pratt,
aged 8; and when dear James
came to bless us - she was six
months in deep sorrow - a shower
of sorrow - (for the same two
months after my dear Father
Rev. Dr. Sharp) went to rest - and
with the youngest son, was
every thing we could desire.
beautiful to look upon - gentle
mannered - mature - beyond
the years. She can only say,
"God loved her and took her
for his own." She is free from
sin and sorrow - with her Savior.
and good judgment. This dear mother went home about two months before I became his wife. I never saw her but I have a great respect for her memory. Mrs. Jane Pratt I am sure was a splendid person—delicate refined—lady-like—intellectual. Mrs. Susan Pratt I can't say much about. I can say she is a perfect contrast in looks. Age is that with a heart tenderly devoted to your old neighbor. Mrs. Pratt units with me in kind regards to your self and family. Should you ever visit Boston we hope you will call and see us.

Your truly,

Susan B. Pratt
Worcester [date illegible]

Dear Friend,

I hope this letter finds you well. I am certain to be happy to hear from you soon.

It is at hand we offer to be kind to friend as well as to you, to be to us this answer to be something in the manner that you might and whole hearted that you do in affection it as it is something that we do not deserve from your hand. What have we done that we should merit your good will and sympathy that you have ever shown us? As we first became acquainted with each other, I certainly no my duty is to do all that lays in my power to make myself, family, happy and my friends.

Thank you.
While we rise you our best, we hope to see you before long and then we will tell the whole of the past. Since we last met we are still living in Manchester at 7819. Now I am gone from home the most of the time but will try to beat home when you come. We are glad to see that you are well and all the same. Though I have been sick all winter and now I enjoy very good health. My business is very good in good weather but the rainy weather that we have had here has put me back very much. I have 2 and 3 hands all the time to pay work or not but things will all come right in the end. I am doing well as I know how all is well with us. Say to your friends all if they can.
Dear Jennie,

Your letter was received today, but could not possibly attend to answering it till the present time. I began to think you had not reached home and been left at some abandoned depot, or stolen by somebody. But I am glad to hear of you. Where about? I suppose you are very anxious to hear from me. Do you know the result of my story? Whether the "Little things" in that course of theirs have come to any good yet, or whether I should do it in the bed or this cold weather.
Well, the effect of the baths have proved very beneficial. After thoroughly washing with a little Second Edition soap, I took a bath in the tub. I found the water warm and comfortable to the skin. The things in the dresser have come to an end. I am happy to buy the last corner of the room and instead of two in the world on the first day of December at half past 1 P.M. O'Brien the coffee potter's wife. Having little girls to provide for, I put them aside just on the corner. While I write, a little fool of a child. I have been busy. I was busy yesterday. I must be back here. I am not finished. I was told not to write big words. I would again. She is very good and well behaved. I wish you could see her. She is the like of the cream of humanity in particular. She is the last paternal descendent. She has a proportion of dark hair and dark blue eyes. The fondest little

June 2nd. Let's set out at sound, choppy shoreditch. 2 little humphed females 8 the same number of feet. We can think the bright! But she ran, the call her Lizzie. Fanny after Lizzie, I promised her, perhaps. Day fromenthed Jesse to my own family by conform to Syms's home. I am very well. Do not care for me yet. Grant & Church. New London. Supper not properly go out much. This winter. I cannot describe. Any more at this time for the letter Lizzie is longing. Write home. Love to all. The guy called but Jack. Desires to be remembered. He is expecting to have from Mary. John from Jenny.

P.S. I was gone to Sutten and Maine. We could send love. Did
Your love girt trouble
true - I found one after
you left belonging to
somebody.
My dear Mrs. Corse

At my request, my good wife
"Susy" has answered your kind note of a recent date, as I have been much
pressed with business for some months past. I often think of you, and your
little ones, as I remember them—far
t hey were both quite small when I
last saw them. How rapidly time
flies! You are really, and have
been for some years, a grand-mother.
Tell your daughters I remember them
as two very pretty little girls, full of
life and that if I ever visit on
Call at Milwaukee I shall seek
you all out.

Yours truly,

E.B. Pratt
Dear John,

Your note announcing the arrival of the children is at the same time so much obliged in consequence of it.

I have a greater interest in hearing from them than ever. Every detail was very pleasant. However, with the exception that they did not stay long enough for my pleasure, I cared more about it because I believe the story is certainly very long.

I agree that, though in thinking about how I never could form an opinion of what the mother years would make, I still had a sort of notion of something
Sir,

I am disappointed in all my arrangements & calculations for this summer, especially so, I can hardly be reconciled, if you will not stop, so as to avoid all effect the object, which you suggested, might be worthy consideration. Though it has something more than is necessary for the position which I occupy, than I believe it should not wish to do you the injustice of my weak appearance & to tell the truth, there is not exactly a genuine reason why I cannot go if I think it necessary. Thought on it, that this is a great fault, he never can conclude to spare money you any, or make a loan upon his own money. You can be done with perfect ease because they have laid in a large stock this spring, & have been desirous

I trust you will see your way out that I shall not see you until making sales for which you is done.
of money, but they have had no especial trouble, nor will have what is the one talking about it.
I won't go to see you until my husband is willing, for it would spoil all my pleasures. Why can you not come this way when you go east?
So far as my own home is concerned, it has been very pleasant this spring.
I have had company from a New York City some very unexpectedly last week enjoyed it much. The gentleman in particular is an old friend, a most excellent man and one of the most desirable acquaintances we have here at
plenty. The last one I attended I enjoyed very much for one of the young gentlemen of the place who was always a good friend of mine, invited me to ride in the carriage with them.

Another Lady, Gentleman, we joined the picnic party about two hours and then went off to ride about 18 miles farther.
Milwaukee, Sunday, June 27

My dear Mother,

"Being" as I have done up one week, I thought I would write to you. Ellen called for you all the time Thursday, and I had to take care of her constantly. The weather was quite cold with her. She was quite a well. She kept one awake at night, and I never had a "poorer spell" than Friday & Saturday. Friday night, I could not get to sleep, an accident of any sort. I was sick. Sick yesterday. Mr. Bridgman billed the Aves of my body. And as I am quiet well. The case of anxiety of the baby been one thousand and five hundred sick.

En as his have a child are also sick all near Friday night, and I came within an inch of it. I took a little quinine and it absolutely killed me. I never shall touch it again. I had a violent fever with the drachin two days and spent Brumo and my hands and towels like eggs. I hope not to have another such a spell. Every time the baby cried I cry. It am worried one or two - both the breasted the sweetest girl in the world. Time. Time, the times herself to sleep & is pleasant all the time. She is good cross as the sun be.
Mama is as cross to me that she will not allow
her to touch them. The event with her father
yesterday to see the Diamond—Your picture
is very fine. Mr. B. came in very often to look
at it. And you stole your other picture I
gave him. Again know it. We ain’t anywhere.
I heard the news bleed yesterday as I did
not. Some black to do & ride alone.
I went for Mr. Blackman to be stopped in I
never found such a garment. The Came
brining this box. But I did not need
that Mr. Booth is to deliver an enor
Mr. The Hay 1st. The baby 1st. I am going
Friday & shall come home Sat.
Mr. Allen has a little silver watch worth
$3.50. She speaks has been crook back
and makes it quite well. Mrs. Mine called
Monday morning. My mouth is sore
from the pigeon that killed my teeth, that I can
hardly speak & can’t eat anything.
Ella is screaming & dancing around & she & tie
they came girl brought her this time.
Being on this Monday I have saved another
dinner, a cracker & jam & pears & onions & chips.
Mr. B. still is out of the house on yesterday.
"grimmacing" & B. guns picture being
what he came in - P & Lyra are going to
accomplish - thanks to God. Ella can't
endure Almina - she is just as good as
the can be - Almina herself to sleep. It is very
good - & besides he a pair of brown kid
boots with little straps - they are dreadful
arming - the children eat all Ella's candy &
too. I was saying - I cannot take both
of them. They don't want to go. I can't
put them through the cold. - The little
boys - they are - There is a hair
on your hand - goes picture.
"The young woman has just been telling me that with the
Mr. Holman has just been told that the baby
is going to work. I have promised Almina
to go there on Friday morning & stay until Saturday
night - they do tell to the baby that I can't
just live with one. Mr. Holman took another look at your
"shudder" you can't imagine how pleased the
baby is being of she is with one on a trip along
the sea. I spent the day 9 am to 9 pm - the sun
to the Holmans - I saved Mr. Hasbrouck at work
upon the "bridge."
Ella fell from the top to the bottom of the
kitchen stairs. He bruised her face & her hand
very badly. She cried with a shriveling
sound of one playing with her new
shoes & tennis.
Tuesday morning - I cleaned 1 pair of clothing
soaked, washed 6 dozen! Bird, shelled 1/2 dozen
seeds & made 6 dozen pies, its been busy
sunday & this week - Last night we had 1 pie
better than any cake.
I laid down my bed and the children kept me up
until 2 o'clock. The next morning I said "I wish you to
your mother up the stairs. The door as I knew it. I feared
now I take case of 1 bird good for 2
Mrs. M. is going to 1/3 of 140. avocados with fish to help
Rosalee is going to 1/3 of 140. avocados and
a bunch of flowers. Rosella bought some
Brooke bread for my bracelet - Ella.

Shad have been to see the father
that lady be near to see the father.
I have been thinking about
Wednesday night - 1 week less 2
meals, 2 meals. The other 2 meals.
I have been thinking about
that lady be near to see the father.
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that lady be near to see the father.
Friend James:

I cannot resist the temptation & write you from this lovely spot, & let you know how I am getting on.

I arrived here on Saturday evening at 11 o'clock, having come through from Boston in one day, a distance of 215 miles, the last 22 by being in a coach, from Bretton, with 16 passengers, at many turns, & it took 5 1/2 hours to get here from that place.

To-day, a party of 16, including 5 ladies, ascended
The mountains, to the summit of Mount Washington, a distance of 9 miles from the house. We passed over the summits of Mount Clinton, Mount Pleasant, Mount Brainard, and over the ridge of Mount Monroe, the latter being too steep that it could not be ascended, save on foot, and we were all on horseback save three, who joined us afterwards, and increased the party to 19.

But the scenery is beyond description! I cannot do it justice. Oh, hursprize and magnifique! I have not time to say more, and must reserve further 20 months until I get home. How I wish I had a friend here to enjoy it with me. So many strange faces! These are about 150 ladies and gentlemen here, and most of them very sociable. The ladies from New York have been very sociable with me, and the time passes pleasantly, and guess Jill Lillian that there was a little girl in the stage coach, but a little older than she, who became fast friends with the mother of the coach, and I held her a long time. Her name was Lillian, too, and she had golden hair.

Excuse the illegibility of my writing as I am in great haste, and have written five letters since I commenced.

Again I wish I had a friend here to enjoy this with me. This mountain air would do you good, Jamie.

Hastily yours,
L. S. Chaney
Friend Jennie:

Here I am at length in Senex, trying to rejoin the turf, and trust I shall succeed, for I need it much, as since I left home, have traveled very fast and visited many places. Among other places, my opinion of which you probably have perused in the True New Era, this reaches you.

I regret to say, Jennie, that I failed to find your friend, Mrs. Park, in New Haven. I left Providence last Saturday morning for New Haven, by way of Hartford. I stopped at Hartford a couple of hours, and arrived at New Haven about half past one in the afternoon. I immediately found the Eaton School, but a gentleman near by informed me that it was their vacation, and on further inquiry, he said that Mrs. Park had gone to Hartford, but could give me no information as to her locality there. He, however, directed me to her boarding place, as I was probably I might ascertain there. After considerable search, I found it, but they were likewise unable to direct me, or give me any information, but said if I would call at the house where she boarded, previous to com-
ing there, I could doubtfully ascertain her residence in Hartford. After another good, long walk I found the house, but there was no one at home, and I failed again.

I regretted this very much, as I had made my arrangements to spend the Sabbath in New Haven, and I should have been pleased to have company, which I certainly feel the need of. As up to that time I had seen but one familiar face from home, and have been entirely alone during the trip.

I have seen Miss Collier, and she is well and appears to be very happy at home. She has had news from her brother John at Belvidere, Ill., which you have probably learned; he is still had one of his eyes destroyed by the explosion of a percussion cap.

I think of you Sunday evenings, Jennie, and wonder how you manage. I shall return as soon as I can, probably in two or three weeks from this time.

Give my respects to all

And Believe Me

Very Yours

[Signature]
Friend Jennie: I arrived here last day somewhat tired—in fact I may say very tired. But having become refreshed, have written some letters, and will close up by writing to you. The visit to Senec was a pleasant one. Mr. Booth called here yesterday, but I had gone to Lebanon Springs, K. G. and did not see him. Learned from Miss Booth, through a letter to Mrs. Callin, that Mr. B. was to meet her in Massachusetts, instead of at Albany. As Mrs. Callin expressed very much to see her again, I telegraphed her to come to Senec, and meet him there, and write him at Albany to the same effect.
Mr. B. did not come, but Mr. B. called, not knowing but that it might be there. He went on to Mr. Adams and Shiloh in the afternoon of yesterday, having called about noon. I did not know when I telegraphed Mr. B. I know Mr. B. had an engagement to speak at Shiloh Falls, and must go there any way, which fact he informed me by letter, or I should not have sent any more to Mr. B. He said in his letter that he left me, but if they should return to Pittsfield probably on Tuesday, I shall try to meet them there on that day.

I am now at the residence of one of my cousins in this city, and shall probably see the rest of them before I leave. Not one of them, except one, have known me, where I call ed on them.

How is Milwaukee getting along, without me? To-morrow is Sunday, and to-morrow night is Sunday evening! Heaven and —, coming down opening from that with you, enter my head, and dance in my mind! Shall you go to church?

If nothing happens to prevent, two weeks from to-day shall be at home again.

Remember me to all inquiring friends. I have written to some of them. How has been a fine day, awful. I was this week, and am rather anxious to see some of my letters. Truly yours,

Very yours,
[To: Mr. S. M. Booth
Milwaukee
Wis.]

Ripon Aug 9th 57

Shelburne coming

Dear Kind Mr. Booth;

I passed through
Milwaukee but could not take the time to stop at Mrs. Booth's and
yourself as I promised at 29.

Uncle Allen told me about Mrs. Booth was dead
so I thought to wait until my
return and then have the
double pleasure of seeing you
both.

I shall pass through C'ville
soon and will write you,

Sincerely yours

[Signature]
day over — Shall I write and see you? call Mrs. Barthele at home? I know you
have left you, a man with a sense of duty and a desire to do as
I have not been able to do, and a year has passed since then.
I know, only, to a certainty,
that the change is not due to you. I am not myself, with a wealth of affection that
filled with new thoughts, cares and loves, many homes in place
for one, or more, besides mine, dreamingly been a Daughter. But
I promised you I would write
Mrs. Barthele. I did not — and you will please join me on the end of
leaving what is now some good at sufficient reasons
Charles

However, seeing you know
thought of it as only the more
sophisticated, the animosity
and just am in faith in your
order.

But I am deliberately set down
to trouble you with a letter.
I cannot let any I know
written you these few lines
My heart has prompted
I came out from its own
polities. I remember you and
Mrs. Barthele always with a warm
affection and a word like to the
yourself, and now that I write
this many days equal claim
to these few lines, lines as a
mote in the heart of
Hawley, Aug. 10th 1853

Dear Brother,

Sherman has come to see me and I am so glad for now I have seen all the family but William. He cannot stay long but I thought I must write a few words to you. I do not know how badly I want to go back with them but perhaps it is not best. If you will come after they get home I will not feel as bad as I should if they were not coming.

I do not enjoy myself here one bit and never shall that is a fact but I will try and content myself a little while longer if it is best and I suppose it is or it would not be so. I knew Sherman as soon as I saw him but he could hardly believe it.
was me I was so large, I wish I had something to send you but I have nothing but love and a good deal of love that I wish Jane would write to me as soon as they get home for I shall want to hear how they get along. Sherman says they are going to start tomorrow and will be home this week. I would not I "give all my old shoes" to go with them, but if "wishes were horses beggars would ride" so I will stop wishing and be satisfied with my lot. We are making a carpet I think it will be done before you come. I think of going to Chicago next week. I have not time to write any more so good bye.

Much love to Jenny and the children. From Carrie

[Signature]
Mrs. Ch. B. Burfs

Milwaukee
Wis.
Madison, Tuesday, Aug. 11th, 1827.

My own dear sister,

Have you cast me out from your heart—do you think me no longer valuable with your family? Is my love no longer valuable? Or are you sick—too sick to write to me—and has your mother forgotten that there is one far away, to whom you are very dear?

Why does fancy—do you know your last letter was dated in March? Nearly five months ago! I wrote you from Madison, and again from Washington; why have I not heard from you? My cares have been very many, and my time continually employed; or you would have heard from me oftener—but it is useless to offer the old apology—If you love me as you have always said you did, you would believe that I write you as often as I could, and would do the same to me—I have shed many tears, my darling, on account of your long silence, for I can accredit it only to serious illness or else to an estrangement, which I never believed possible should take place. I have sometimes tried to comfort myself with the idea of a miscarried letter—but a letter would have reached me in Washington no matter what the direction, if it only were directed to Washington City. If such be the case, it is the solitary instance. What is the reason—Are you sick—Then beg your mother, or Mary, or any one who will oblige you—to let me know it, if only by a single line—If you love me less, and
your long silence is caused by a determination to write
then do not the one to - let silence will rest upon the
expression of our former sympathy and affection, and
in silence I will hide my pain, down, deep in my
heart - and bring your picture in the halls of Memory to
be kept over in my silent home as among the "tossed and
lost."

I am here at the North quite unexpectedly. My stroke
was taken very sick, and for a few days I was compelled
to encompass myself - and it caused my head to swell
and become painful. Upon showing it to my physi-
cian he told me there were two cancerous tumors
formed again, so my husband thought it best that I
should come North immediately, but by the time James
here the apparent tumors softened away proving that
it was only the result of overworking the muscle, which
is so tender from the time operation - operations to which
it has been subjected. I am left now only to enjoy
myself instead of the suffering which I anticipated,
for which blessings I am very thankful - for it was a
great trial to me, to think of losing my baby now
in the heat of summer - and he only 9 months old,
and teething too. Oh, he is a noble Boy - he has a
good Christian Physique - and promises to have no mean
intelligent either -

These "tongues Away" - do they not make
you think of me? You have been much in my thoughts
since they commenced. In the evening I go up
and see beautiful eyes with her...
which we linked our names in those first August days, and I have thought— 'Well, upon, blessed stars are unchanging—time, our sickness, nor death, can have no influence upon your pure shining—ye gaze upon the first love-death—ye gaze upon the sorrowed hearts, and upon the grass-covered grave, in the same outline, unchanging majesty—' and it seems to me that they thrill in sympathy with the painful simplicity which fills my heart. As long as I live, thy name is ever written in the heavens. Thy prince is lying on my breast—It, with my husband's always accompany me in my dreams.

My dear boy is waking from his morning nap, and needs my attentions. God bless you, bless you. I and my family are enjoying perfect health—I trust the like blessing may be yours—and I shall remain here until after the first of September—my Washington address is "Most Caroline Street."

Yours, with true affection, and
an anxious heart on your account.

Julia.
Madison, Friday August 18th 1857.

My dear, dearest one,

Your affecting letter reached me last night, enclosed in one from my husband. You have perhaps before this received my last—forgive me for writing it! But if I have been so anxious to hear from you—and nine months seemed such a long time—that those thoughts were suggested in spite of myself. Oh, dearest, do not let it be so long again—if you are able to write but a few lines, or if you are not able—your mother surely would write for you—and now, after the harassing years while your letter of last might have awakened—It will be cruel to have one in suspense.

But no—it cannot be—you surely have unnecessarily alarmed yourself—those dear true eyes—it cannot be! I will not believe it. Blind! Oh, my sister—surely you have suffered enough. God will not fill your cup to over-flowing. Had you told me that your life was ebbing away—and that you soon expected to enter upon the glorious mysteries of this other world—I could have borne it—but to tell me that you are "growing dimness"—how can I think of it? It is a doom worse than death, for death is but the passing into light!—Dear Sister. But only can support and strengthen you—I too, must seek comfort from Him—Oh if I could only see you—If the distance were not so immense that separates us—I am so nervous and impatient this morning that I can scarcely contain my thoughts.
I shed tears for you last night—and prayed most earnestly for you—that our Heavenly Father would avert the threaten'd stroke—and something tells me that it will not come—is it the assurance of angels, in answer to my prayers—or dare I deceive myself, and is it from any unwillingness to believe the afflicting truth!—to take care of those precious eyes, dear?—do not stain them, even by writing to me—ask your Mother to tell me how you are—Are you not doing something for them? Have you not medical advice?

And your beloved sweetheart loves you—you did not say that you love somebody—but that is very evident. My sweet sister—God grant you health and sight and give you just such a heart as He has given one—I can ask no more for you. "He is a Christian, and though not handsome, yet very good." That is an excellent recommendation—God bless him, and make him all to you that you would have him. Just such a heart as God has given me, I say—for pure kindness, more faithful love, or tender care, none ever knew than I—and these joined to a mind fitted to appreciate everything that is beautiful—such a wish is Poetry—say—a born poet—creating all the while forms of loveliness while none but a poet could conceive, and with all—like a holy, enervating faith, and a spirit gentle as a little child—a strong arm—and a fearless, brave heart—such is the protector—and the nature of the somebody who loves me—and we are just as much lovers now—same as we were in the dawn of our happiness—after rip years of married life, with many, many changes and
cared - we are bound - but the closer to each other, and become each day the more necessary to each other's existence.

Such a loving and faithful heart, as you need from one - may I ask you to all this!

If your sight is spared - do tell me more about him - does he know if you fear? Only fears they
must be - I cannot believe it otherwise.

You did not tell me any thing about your general health. When you wrote me last Spring you said that you were quite unwell, and had your bad cough again. How I watched for another letter to tell me that you were better - but it did not come - and I wondered and wept - perhaps I have been wrong in not writing often to you - but I have had as much care - a few
business words to my Mother once a week, is all the writing I have had time to think of - I will try better
- staying my cares to write often henceforth.

Other duties call me now. If my last letter wounded you - forgive me - I did wrong to write so - but these poor human
hearts are so full of care - My best love to your Mother -

if you should lose your sight - what an affliction it
had - I and my children are well - Heaven grant that
I may hear better things from you ere long.

Yours as of old,

Julia.
I send you a lock of my hair that you may see how golden it is. How my heart aches as I write “see” — What if you cannot see it — ask God to hear from you soon.

Dear Cousinennie,

You have probably begun to wonder why Calvin Blake don’t write and have begun to think I had forgot — or you let me assure you such is not the fact. I have either been visiting or receiving visits most of the time this summer consequently I have been very busy and have neglected my correspondence sadly. I shall hope to do better for the future. We are all blessed with a good degree of health at present for which we are very thankful. I was very miserable through the spring but my journey to Boston and Portland did me a great deal of good, if I were able I should delight...
to travel I enjoy it so much
When are you coming to
see us we want to see you
very much I suppose you
are all very happy with
Carrie went out there is
the enjoyment of each other
society
We are to have a select
school here this fall and
shall probably have our home
field filled with scholars just as
it was last fall
I had a beautiful visit with
Mary and her husband and
shall hope to see them again
next fall I am not always
at home to these friendships
but as her cousin Sherman
he fairly "rock my heart by
storm" and I thought it best
to suspend all discretion in
plain words I was happily
disappointed in him and liked
him much better than
I expected to do you not
Think it was very kind in
them to take Carrie out
with them and send her
to school I presume
the appreciates it I should
think she would I was
terry in one account to have
them take Carrie we shall
not probably receive a visit
from them now as we
should have been very happy
to have done I hope you
will write soon and we
will see if Eliza will not
be a little more permanent
in the letter I expect best
to your mother and
Carrie and accept the same
best yourself
Your affectionate Coy.

Eliza J. Field
Missennie Cross
At J. M. Booth's
Leyden Dec 28th 57

My dear Cousin,

Many thanks for your kind ness in writing and letting me know of your whereabouts at the time and all the circumstances. We were so interested in it and felt very anxious to hear from you. You advise so miserable when you left. I am thinking there was not much better to it when you wrote the first time, but when the letter came from Chicago I should have known you were better if you had not said a word about it. I could see by the style of your letter that Mary was herself again.

It must have been rather aggravating to be obliged to stay so long almost home. You must have felt rather impatient at the delay. I want very much to know how Aunt must Carrie I presume if it had been one I should
have stood perfectly still and said not a word. I rather think the little ones were happy to see papa and mama, but they are not. Here I wish I could run in and see you all; would I not enjoy it.\n
Sister Ella goes home this week Friday, her husband wrote she should be in Boston to meet her. I shall be very happy to spend the week with her for I love her very much. But Ella is in Bernardston at a school to one of the school teachers who she thinks very much of she will stay a week or two, it is very lonely without her.\n
Father went to Warren a week ago and brought home eight or ten fish of various kinds. I often think of you and wish you were here some time on occasion. Yesterday I bought some very nice blackberries. I told Sister Ella I wished you were here to eat some. They seemed to agree with your "human system." To swell our people are ill well and send love to you and yours. Write soon.

Yours lovingly,\n
[Signature]

My dear Cousin Sherman,\n
When I write to Cousin Mary I consider I write to tell you that your name was written in the Bible. I thought if you were more than a week that it should acknowledge your letter a little more particularly than I had done. I was very happy to receive so good and curious a letter from one. I return to you as highly as I do to Cousin Mary's and thank and I am both proud and happy to have the privilege of meeting you with the title of dear Cousin even though it must necessarily be on paper for the present and I hope the acquaintance so pleasantly commenced may always continue, and hope it may not be as long before we meet again as it has been since Mary and I have met.

I suppose you are looking forward to a time when you can get up above thousand and one stars, and retire to enjoy the fruit of three years of toil, but I fear there will not be much enjoyment in it if you were going by yourself and quitting a competency, I think you
two ambitions, it will carry you beyond your strength, you know mental labors so much. The hardest but forgive me for running on in this strain. Do you it is probably only the repetition of an oft told tale. Accept our thanks for the promise of the help. My husband was pleased with his visit from you and is participating the perusal of your papers. It will seem quite like sitting down and talking with a friend yet after all I should much prefer your bodily presence yet I will try and be content with the shadow but shall hope to see the substance. In one year come and make us a good long visit and we will try and make it pleasant for you, with much love, I am your cousin.

C. J. Field
Indianapolis, Aug. 17, 1759

Dear Mr. [Name],

I had this sheet all arranged for writing to you last week, but a young gentleman came in, & sat with me the afternoon & in the evening I was otherwise engaged; necessarily.

The news of your coming here struck me very pleasantly, approvingly, & imperatively.

Indeed I see no other way for us to meet at present. Ben is just engaged in a new speculation which will demand a thousand dollars from his business; & I dare not speak the word money to him.
for any visiting purpose, though he has sent to CH for a nice silk dress, for me, but I had not had a heavy silk for cool weather, before, for two years, needed it. As to the Husband, always teachiing how his money shall be disposed of; I do not fully agree with you; particularly, when the wife does so much to assist the Husband, in making money as many of our P. E. women do, oh for example, I have earned my Husband hundreds of dollars, since I was married. I have saved him 3 or 400 dollars a year, in my assistance, given him in helping in his schools, while at the same time I kept the charge of 8, 8, 8, scholars on the piano. To where I was giving lessons, at 800 for general, making me 800 dollars a year more, for his pocket, I have since 12 commenced his practice had at different times 485 on the piano, I have also had hopes in painting, & at one time left home for the purpose of giving lessons in that accomplishment in an adjoining town, was gone 3 weeks, & owed 60 dollars. When my husband was in College, rather than have him spend so much of what he had already laid by, had beaders & did the work myself & thereby paid the expenses all but the rent. Since coming here we have had beaders, all the time till within the last two months, & so more have left, the time the income from that source has paid off our expenses & the money has gone into
my Husband's pocket.

Now how do I speak of West bloom.

But as an instance that a wife has a right.

To say how the money shall be disposed of, or

matter she should have the privilege of appropriating some portion of it for her pleasure if she chooses.

But if I have not come to the conclusion I have enough

Ben has got it all to do. If I have come to another conclusion

that if I were to live my life over again, I would do nothing more

than take care of my house.

My Husband is a very kind and
collegial one. I like to have myself enjoyed myself, & he is very efficient in busines.

The only drawback to us has been our constant changes.

which verifies the old adage that

"It is almost man who has a wife that saves us as I have if it seduces into. The more you do, the more your many; if a man who has a wife that does nothing, and needs you as well. When a Husband is sick or particularly important the case is altered. Often always had me off into a long vacancy about something, I think if you had better come back to the subject of your coming here. Oh we before all means is don't make at Scott Perry either.

If we live & think & love shall some time in the course of another

year visit you. I think if you are making yourself so useful in it you'd better give up.
Sept. 2.

Mrs. Lindsey is here yet - I thought I would let her stay until Marion came to an open rupture with her. A Marion has a sore eye & is not well & Mrs. L - helps her very much & as the house will be full of company she might Marion offered to leave her slip with her.

No. 4. of course my "bean" is not affected.

Mrs. Chipman makes a great fuss over any one being sick but that's because she is trying to cure one I suppose.
She comes into my back every day. She gives to my Gulf. There is not any great thing major of me. I flash in the face especially the left side of my face once at a thought of fright emotion. I seem to be kind of weak somehow. That makes that. At times it gives me a particularly healthy look. I have a pain in the right side of my chest. Miss O'alle. "into" that. I cannot get take lessons on the guitar in that account. Mary Briggs sews for me all the time. Now she is making a dozen shirts for Mr. Booth. I attend to things generally due to victuals & things. I like it very much. Tell him it crosses as a bear. & Ella's eyes are some. Mrs. Seney has your letter & the way she bawled over it is a caution - the cont with nor read writing. I have a great deal of blackberry "Dass" & greens. I would send you a ginger jar of Blackberries if I could. Yesterday I pickled 400 cucumbers. Sherman. I made squash pies yesterday. Sherman is a "master cooker" to eat & he has outgrown every pair of his brushes with fastness. Everyone speaks of it. He has an excellent appetite & relishes this victuals.
Sherman has just got a letter from the Mrs. King who has the Lindsay girl — it is to you outside — X her husband is dead & she can't keep her any longer. Robert Bosson is worse than ever. Joe is with his mother (who will be confined this month by Jack Lindsay) & he stole from his brother & says you was a fool to take him back. When he was learning a good trade — Mrs. Lindsay is airing the stairs carpeting — Ella & Lillian have gone to the Junction with the "Chaps" to meet Allie Hills & her mother. We — Lillian "fit" to go.

Frank Maxwell fights all children that interfere with Lillian — Mary is not well & I guess never will be — I don't feel very spirited myself but I ain't as bad off as she is. Mrs. Hills thought she was fetched but is now right — I do not think she was. If you suffer for money go with for it, but Sherman was never as hard up as I have 100 $10.00.
Berlin Sept 4th 1857

My dear Mrs Corso,

I received you long looked for letter since I came here to make my annual summer visit and might have read it to hear from you. I had begun to think you not had written up or that your memory had begun to fail — I am remember and this enough.

After I wrote to you respecting the Church which the ladies with others were trying to get together, I wrote to a friend in Elizabeth City for who was interested in both the Church and Sunday School. Then read my letter which contained an extract from Jane’s and from Sunday School to the ladies of the saving society and they responded immediately and sent him ten dollars beside one lady will give a share of land — the matter is before the Bible class and Sunday School there now. I am no doubt but at least ten dollars more will be collected — I feel proud to think that through any little means a little has been done for these and hope it may be the means of doing more — while we are here I am going to have our boy baptized by Mr Russell (Mary by your husband) by the Name of Reuben handly instead of
Dear, I do not like the name of Dick but the folks do and so it will be - he is now fourteen months old and it will not be six months more before he has a brother or sister - the world will be people just as it is now, maybe as many as the "Old Woman Who lived in the Tree" had but their names will be just one, yet for me, and that one is at my elbow and has got a number of holes on the other side of this page - I have been here three weeks to day and expect to stay three more weeks longer - God grant us here and both children the services of Dr. Bell between two houses - I stay at the homestead but George stays with her Aunt Mary - We are enjoying ourselves very much there with pacing 80 acres getting our full of such good things as a country farm produces - Corn and beans are in perfection now and I do so justice to them. I assure you - before I left Williamsburg I promised her to send New York with all the family and came to meet the family with them. Betsy has bought a beautiful place in New York and newly furnished it from top to bottom. It cost them without the unfit sixteen thousand five hundred dollars but she did not feel it to pay out so much for his brother who lately died and left him
Nearly fourteen thousand dollars just before I am glad Carolina owns the house, and with it all the same but there is no use of my writing I am as rich now as I was. There to be I spend my time the same as I did at home—working for the children, and nursing after my pet. Who is determined that my joints shall not get stiff if waiting on the world. Point—You need of applicants was all new to me. I thank you for it. I intend to go up there this time. I am here and perhaps I may go next week. I hope no harm to them. These same might and I expect it will make me feel bad to see so many changes as I expect to see— I am one who loses to see things as I found them and cannot bear to see changes even in my own house or room. I like to have the things stay just as they are. I put, and any change disarranges me very much. I am glad you are made happy in the possession of your other daughter and hope the same from a real blessing to you. I do not think I would find any new in this place to interest you so I shall have to do my best among the scanty materials of my own here or from the scanty in the hand. I would like to meet you this summer but don’t expect that pleasure. My home with worldly in the Western world as far existent as ever
for his prospect of making a fortune is rather
him through his courage near fail. He is
still looking forward in hope riches may
be his, but the look is forlorn it seems to me,
but I never disconays him - he is a man below
child and I hope success will crown his efforts.
I had a letter from him yesterday he was one
but expected to be out of business in a few
weeks - The road on which he is journeying is
now much done - after that he must seek
another I expects to continue in that
business - he thinks it is the best for him
and the only one in which he can make
any thing at present - but there is no
certainty in any thing now days when
banks and large houses are failing - and
banks and co's - and Cunningham lawyers are in
boops bobos - and we are living in a great age
no go - we are living in a great age.
Your next letter if written before the first
of October may be directed to me Berlin. Con
after that time I expect to return to Sea.
and Jane Stark - give my love to Mary and Jane
and tell them I would be happy to hear from
them any time - George would add the
love of Mrs. Ayes Hurre and knew I was waiting
Write soon and long - and believe me to be
as ever your affectionate friend
Jane Austen
Washington Oct 8th 1857,

My precious letter,

Your letter came today, and I thank you for writing through you have received no answer to your last. When I tell you that during my absence, the servant whom I placed so much confidence told lies, and went away, so that when I returned I found her missing and the house in confusion. Then taking in new servants, and such servants as are to be obtained here—you cannot imagine the trouble—but worst of all both of my children are sick with dysentery. My baby is better to-day—so that he is creeping about the floor—but poor little Sara can scarcely lift her head from the pillow, and she suffers much from pains and violent retchings—I have my hands full. I can assure y
and although I think much
very much of you — and it would
let me read a bit to fill long
pages to comfort you as I used to
do in your house of suffering in
Bountiful — but darling — it is comes
before inclination now —
In the rotunda at the Capitol is
a picture by Lewis "The sun backlit
of the O'gans" in the right hand
corner stands a life size figure, with
upturned - soul full blue eyes, as the
my Jennie's as though painted
from her own — I stand before it
and gaze — until my heart is
filled with almost to bursting —
Those dear eyes! Oh can it be that
they must be darkened? — I often ask
Oh God what is thy purpose in these dark
dispositions? — I wish you could
have heard the sermon Mr. Cummins
preached last Sunday evening from
the words "Beloved think it not strange
concerning the fiery trial which is to try
you as though some strange thing had
happened unto you, but rejoice, inasmuch
as ye are partakers of Christ's suffering."
1 Peter 4:12.

Did you ever read Milton's lines on
the loss of sight? If so I wish if you
never did I will copy them for you:
they contain as much sublimity to me
as his whole poem of Paradise Lost,
and must be a comfort to you.
My hands are too full to write
often — but darling I have plenty of
place for you all in my heart — and
I never cease to love to weep to pray
for you — let me hear from you
so often as possible.

Julie

Do not wonder at my inacquaintance
I have written at my daughter's
bedside and have the while been attending to her wants and
those of my Baby.
Washington Sunday Evening.

It is a still, holy Sunday Evening, my sweet Sister—my husband has gone "up to the temple to pray" and I sit in silence, keeping my accustomed watch over my sleeping children. You have been much in my mind all day, and now the old feeling of intense longing for communion with you must be in part satisfied by writing to you. If I could only hear from you every day— if only every week, but we are so far apart, and day after day glides on in their noiseless, yet unwearied march, and my anxiety sometimes knows no bounds. I try to console myself with the idea, that if any thing of consequence occurred to you, I should know it, and yet I know you have not told me before, lest I should be dismayed for you—and so I wait, and speculate. You spoke in your last of having your eyes examined again—has it been done? I feel as though I could fly to you—oh, these vast materials! how much they are in one way of times.

It is a great trial to me, to be kept from Church as I am, by my duties. And yet I must believe that God will accept my desire to go, for the act—
since the performance of the tender duties detain me from his sacred courts. Ah, dear, dear father, you can go to church, even if you should be tired — you will not be wholly destitute — yet God, amid the threatened blow, it makes me tremble even to write it. None can know, None can know, that I felt — when I read your letter which told me first of your fears — I saw it was written in experiment that it was a perfect "cry of the heart" — and its red broken branch into the depths of my spirit like molten lead — the trials which our heavenly Father sees fit to test our faith — seem oftener more than we can bear — and yet I believe we even send the bitter cup, without the strength to drink of it — and we must satisfy ourselves with the thought that He has His purpose, and that it is certainly for good — Some weeks since Dr. Amyes, our clergyman, made a most striking illustration of this point — comparing it with the process of refining silver. "The assayist," said he, "is beside his crucible and watches the molten silver, and waits until he can see his face in it, and then he knows it is pure. So God looks for us the furnace of affliction, and watches our hearts until He can see His image there — and then He knows it is enough." This is only the substance of his meaning, not his words — but clothed in his beautiful language, and expressed by his earnest voice, and in passionate grief, it seemed to me to be speaking of after and lovely. I am sure I shall not soon forget it — every pause of pure silver I see brings it to my mind.

We are all suffering some what from colds here at present. My Baby especially is very sick, in the hands of the physicians — he has such a dreadful cold in his head — his eyes and nose are terribly affected, so that his little face is all swollen and crimson, and he looks like a fright. I told him when I was undressing him, that if he were not my own baby I would not want to come near him. Poor fellow — it is as well he has a mother to love him, my heart is full of gratitude to God, whenever I reflect how He has blessed me from the very jaws of death and spared me to my family, where I am of so much consequence — It is a most terrible thing,
to me — that of the possibility of being taken away from my children. Bless God that He has spared me thus far — and another thing, dear Sister, — you can scarcely know how we are blessed in being situated here as we are, now at this time of universal downfall in business affairs. If we had remained in New York under the same circumstances as last year this time, nothing but certain ruin would have been our lot. The publishing houses upon which we depended principally for daily bread — have smashed up, with the rest — and what would have become of us, I cannot see. Here life moves on steadily; on the first day of each month, the regular income is in hand in hard gold eagles — without the least care or trouble — "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." "He saith the life from destruction and enwrath thee with mercy and loving kindness." 

A few days since, my husband made me happy by presenting me with a beautiful, sweet toned Melodeon. I am delighted with its organ like strains — I regret that my time is so limited for practice.

Let me hear from you soon, dear one — imagine my case, yours, and read my anxiety in your own heart. God bless you, bless you — and fill your soul with His glory — Amen.

Yours lovingly,
Julia.
My dear Mrs. P.

I was going to say that I had determined we should eat meat at present, but I reckon it to be I can't if you won't that keeps us apart — something which I do not call Fate. I hope when we do meet that I shall not have grown so old that you will not recognize me.

I was truly delighted to learn that Caroline was with you. It must be greatly to her advantage, as well as pleasant to you. What will Aunt Sally, Uncle Johnson, and Colonel Beamor do? What is his name?
she without her? I can dispose of her, she has been experienced the delight of a separate home from Flawby Hills, a permanent stay there will be a difficult matter to effect, with this I hope she will get married at once and to you have commenced a Winter's campaign of parties. I beg the times are not as peaceful as late, not with you as with us, or parties would be much thought of. I am of opinion we will have comparatively few splendid entertainments this season, and by it. So some few I know, who are going to be married. Two of them are daughters of the wealthiest families in the place, and are perfectly independent of their times, one of them is married next week, I suppose her wedding as to be a splendid affair. She marries a son of a first-class millionaire of this city, and the lady was
a collapsed pocket; & no ability to
amend the difficulty — a man in all
vanity & pride has flamed against me.
The whole world have made of him, while
the silent partners — such a lot as can change
& where the man help make up the join!
& they have turned out a beautiful speaker,

He makes me like poison, far I never
spare him; if he has used his influence
over his interests — until now we seldom
meet; The has affected the same object
with all who oppose him even to her own
sisters — I do not expect to be to that
wedding although her family friends are
some of the best in town. & them I am
getting no old, & with no younger members
in my family — for that reason I am not
invite as often as I used to be & than &
I am comparatively a stranger. Still & you
occasionally & my acquaintance is among
the best in the City. I care much like
for parties than I used to — for I was
tired to death of them in Phieu where
I have been present at many most elegant
entertainments but here them all in all
they are only socials concerns — Our pleas
enter & gatherings here are social ones of to
& I (0) & (0) — where the object of each seems he
make the other as happy as possible & to
nearly & 0 here it weeks since which was
pronounced a pleasant affair. A night
or house again & was at the house of the
sister's of my Lieutenant Governor of the State
Home Dec 9th 1857.

My dear Jennie,

Does it seem possible that a year has passed since we were shut up together by our enemies in Uncle Jervis' sitting room talking over our childhood, girlhood, and all the griping and郑州 in our youth from the time that we used to go and head down and King one to school till we took that long and tedious journey to Hartland. Now that the year has passed, how that they all fly! And a year has seemed so long as a month and to — Does it to you? Strange when we have so much of our own company and know that the year should seem shorter. Down when she was full of grace — Shall I describe the home circle? k-nights — the head of the family is down street,
With her grandmamma joining a quarterback when she
joins to a pig - bow bow to a pig - bow bow. She
is a complete animal and is very much delighted
with pictures. She was a year old last week.
Begging to read some Mrs. Tutty's leg. Delia sets
on the other side of the table turning her lesson
for school - so here you see me at

Thank you much for sending me the Free
Democrat. By your sending them I imagine
that Light & Reading be neglected & shaded by gain.
Tell if it is not so. I think the Methodist Phegans
is time to help - Brother LEYBOLD, some thought that
Pendleton Judge giving him a green Apportionment.

Speaking of Methodists I had one thought of Aunt Mary's
"Brother Feband" brother there yet - they came from
Northern and send your best regards to Aunt Elizabeth.
Aren't I finished - and she ashamed this teaching
school girl and grown Sarah and a little
girl - "Julie Ratler" - about four months old. They grew
quite a六月 week before last in home of Mr.
Mr. & Miss Jeff's family are
well. Mr. Jeff preached a sermon upon gam-thing
last sabbath morning. There had been two fights since the
Friday before in a gambling pride, that induced
him to grumble upon it. I suppose. And received
a note, or I thine found one just like to this.
just before in the evening, saying that he
in punched upon something of Olinda Smith.
his tutorial, he would get two black eyes (which he
doesn't find). I suppose they meant something different
though. I guess. They are in 'Stcker Down Deal'.
Lyman is in bed. He is sick and in pain. Monte
his strength helps as good. And he takes a great
deal of exercise. His cough is very severe. Sometimes
I know a giant amount of courage, but sometimes get
very low. I don't know about him. I can but hope
he will be better. He is under the care of Dr. Hall
of New York. Dr. Experince at home to talk. He sends
this letter to you. I hope you will come. Give
your mother Miss. Pat. Monte. Monte and she
had a pretty Christmas pattern. Which I forgot to
take. Will you put it out for me. And also is
the kind any pattern of any thing via the little girl
time. Please send me some. They will bring
these next - I like something new. Everything here
is alike for children. Ellen mild is very
low. She cannot live long. How the girls are
getting along. The cheerful morning. The cottage
on mount Rose. I quite at one hour. They soon
send me the pattern in a couple of days. At your convenience.
I would write more but - Hubby is looking for Trumma
to go up to stay with me.
With regards with love
Your's faithfully with love

Fannie
Leicester Dec 27th 64

My Dear Cousin,

With a very humble bow allow me to approach you my darling cousin and crave your forgiveness for my long neglect. If I have not always measured you well, I am willing to do so for the sake of your wife was correct when she told you I wrote last. I also have wondered if you had forgotten me and was very happy to learn that such was not the fact. To tell the truth, I have so much to do that I feel very little like writing and do not write as much as I ought to.

Our family are all enjoying very good health. Ella has had the chicken pox we do not know where she took it, she had it quite sight went to school every day, consequently she gave it to the school, had we known in the first of it what it was I should of course kept her at home.
Dear friends of hard times, I believe it is the universal cry everywhere and get as far as our little family is concerned, it makes very little difference, although my husband is thrown out of employment in consequence of the hard times, he has as much custom as he cares to do, say enough to keep him out of mischief. He has to that some of going west this winter and looking about some as there was not much to do at home but I hardly think he will get started this winter.

Bedford is very quiet, as usual. Mrs. Greene is the same man who tried toelope with your wife, himself and family are well. We have an occasional wedding in town notwithstanding the hard times. I attended me on Thanksgiving evening and one the evening previous and there is to be another this year so there is the probability is that two at least will have a happy New Year in Bedford.

I often think of the very pleasant visit I had with you last summer and hope I shall enjoy many more such. I am quite sure if your family lived at Shattow Falls, we should go there often, then we now do although I think a good deal of my friends at present residing there.

Father and mother made them a visit in the Hall. I have not seen since you were there, foresee we shall visit them this winter, if we could meet you there we would start forthwith. When I get to thinking about you and your I want to see you so much it seems as though I must see you, take the risk of a don as some equally impossible convenience, but I must close hand write a few lines to you. Mary, that reminds me of your Sister asks I hope now she has your pen "the tangle of his tongue in you will let his rest in peace I should judge from his language, she was a Methodist and that is a seed I always stick who for, how I wish I could see you and wish you all a happy New Year and would I not claim a little for my trouble you know I would. With love and kiss to all the dear ones most especially your self and I am more as ever. Love and kiss to your cousin, E.S. Field.
Dearest Cousin Mary,

I sit down with the full determination of doing it for you in the shape of a good long letter but I have written so much to Cousin Emily that I have written too many times to do great things in it, and you for writing and am glad you are not particular to wait for me to answer. I love to hear from you and if I do not write as often as you do you must consider that a "maid of all work" cannot always feel in writing mood. We are well and happy. I thank you. I sometimes think you must be perfectly happy as you meet home with so many beautiful things but it is generally the case that want wants want. The more we have the more we want and I suppose I am just as happy and perhaps happier than I should be if I had every thing I wanted, when I get to thinking my lot a hard one and I cannot hate I think of some one who is not as well off as I am and I am content. I wish I could see you. I would tell you all about Mary Ann Chattuck and Mrs. Ella Cook and Mrs. Furlong and all those you think so much of. I want to see you, you know we Morgan's and Fields have a particular regard for you and yours especially the yours. Ella send love to her mother and say the boy goes to school. If only I could some of the concerts with you, we have to hear some beautiful singing you