



## George B. Wright and Family Papers

### **Copyright Notice:**

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit [www.mnhs.org/copyright](http://www.mnhs.org/copyright).



Justice Commission

# The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

*To all Persons to whom these Presents shall come,*

*Greeting:*

*Nathl P Banks*

Know Ye, That We, confiding in the ability, discretion and integrity of Thomas William Clark of Boston, in our County of Suffolk, Esquire, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, have assigned, constituted and appointed, and by these PRESENTS do assign, constitute and appoint him, the said Thomas William Clark, to be one of our JUSTICES OF THE PEACE within and for said County of Suffolk, for and during the term of SEVEN YEARS, from the date of these PRESENTS, if he shall so long behave himself well in the said office.

And We do Hereby Authorize and Enjoin him, the said Thomas William Clark, to keep and cause to be kept the Laws and Ordinances made for the good of the peace, and for the conservation of the same, and for the quiet, rule and government of our citizens and subjects in our said COUNTY, and to execute and perform all the POWERS AND DUTIES which, by our laws, appertain to the said office, so long as he, the said Thomas W<sup>m</sup> Clark, shall hold the same, by virtue of these Presents.

Witness, HIS EXCELLENCY, NATHANIEL P. BANKS, OUR GOVERNOR, and OUR SEAL hereunto affixed, at BOSTON, the 4<sup>th</sup> day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and in the eighty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America.

By His Excellency the Governor, with }  
the advice and consent of the Council. }

*Oliver Warner.*

Secretary of the Commonwealth.



Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Suffolk Boston May 11<sup>th</sup> ad 1858

Personally appeared *Thomas W<sup>m</sup> Clark* Esquire,  
and took and subscribed the oaths prescribed by the Constitution of this  
Commonwealth, and a Law of the United States, to qualify him to execute  
the trust reposed in him by the within Commission.

*Before*  
*W. Thompson*  
*Chas. R. Davis*

} Executive  
Councillors

Note.—A Certificate of your having taken the oaths required as a legal qualification to act in  
said office, should be forwarded to the Secretary's Office.

[1858?]

Thanksgiving Day Nov 25 - A.P. - I do not had a opportunity  
to write more and have not got half what I intended to  
write - You may consider this the first installment  
of a tremendously long letter, - If I fall, a  
manly to my devotion to the Governor's procla-  
-mation, you will be duly informed of it by the  
papers - I tremble for the results & more so for the  
chickens - Please write will you not, soon  
And Oblige, Yours Truly  
George

On this March tenth, 1856  
of '58. This letter sure will  
travel straight,

To Miss Margaret F.  
At the Charity Fair.

Who presides  
over the Post, if she chance  
to be there, this short ragged  
line from a dull old admin-  
ister, who would feel very  
fine, if to him an inquirer  
a letter should come, by  
her fair hand addressed.  
And his heart would beat  
"Love if not more" in his  
breast. Asking her condescen-  
sion, which never can fail,  
~~and~~ <sup>he</sup> called her attention to  
one single male who de-  
sires another, Superscribed  
in ink dark, for a friend's  
eldest brother

J. W. Clark  
" "

1858

10  
10  
10

Dear

Washington  
Jul 21<sup>st</sup> 1858

My dear friend  
Pardon me

for not writing earlier.  
I should be most  
happy to aid you  
in the direction of  
your series.  
What

supp  
I think determines  
me as to the place  
you name.

I do not wish  
to interfere with  
any of his convictions  
in the matter but if  
he can aid you he  
<sup>will</sup>  
~~would~~ make, ~~a great~~  
in Congress

language, a "good  
thing" by it. How don't  
have a committee of  
wives trying to learn  
and out what 2  
mean by "a good thing".

I mean by it that  
you are a good fellow  
and would tell any  
place to the credit of  
his administration



Brother my first  
utter his seat -  
live to the boys  
and believe me  
they

A. V. Burlingame

F. W. Clarke

Cushing

Baltimore March 25

Dear T. W. [To Thomas W. Clarke]

Many and changing  
are the moods and manners  
of the denizens of this tempestuous  
ball, and upon some the ~~ch~~  
various sky and howling winds,  
and sunny days of march produce  
an impression of lassitude, which  
is not favorable to the proper  
performance of their duties, epistolary  
or piscatory. As I lazily write  
allowing my pen to guide my  
mind and hand, rather than  
my mind to guide my pen and hand,  
a dim consciousness flickers  
up and suggests that I may  
possibly writing nonsense instead  
of philosophy as was my intention.

But never mind I will let  
things take their course and trust  
to your powers of translation.

Did you ever realize the song of  
the shirt and the image  
therein contained of a young girl  
falling asleep over her shirt.

If you have you can imagine  
my present condition, If you  
have not read it why congratulate  
yourself that there is one good  
thing left for you to enjoy. There now  
see what an absurdity! Think  
of my asking you, the man of  
multiform reading "whether you ever  
read the Song of the Shirt" please do  
not laugh aloud at my folly and  
I will not so offend again.

Apropos of the Commissionership  
for my native State, I made the  
requisite inquiries and find that  
you need only apply to the present  
illustrious Governor of Maryland

and he will in all probability  
grant your request; in case you  
feel doubtful as to your success,  
I think I can bring influence  
sufficient to bear upon his excellency.  
Notice the numerals above. They  
signify that suf comes first  
and influ second.

As you wisely remark, we  
have kicked out our fool of  
a governor. The miserable rogue  
was not fit for any thing  
but pardoning, thieves, murderers,  
incendiaris and such like  
Kindred Spirits. If I ~~she~~ may  
happen to be sick this spring  
I will most certainly apply for  
admission into one of your hospitals  
for I must confess to a fondness for  
sardines.

March if. The above portion of this epistle  
has been drying for a few days

so I can now progress without  
any anxiety lest my extremely  
beautiful writing should be  
blurred in folding.

Gentle Spring, Etherial mildness  
has now come and I am  
happy. I am buckling like a  
young tree and neighing as a  
young colt and leaping as a  
young kid and singing like a  
lark and doing a great many  
other things.

Good Bye & write soon

Your aff friend

McLushking



Miss A B Clarke  
Boston,  
Mass.



Feb. 2. 1858.

Dear Annie,

I received your packet and the letter, and, not on account of the threat, I answer your letter, and inform you that you are very unjust to me, as I don't have time to write half a dozen letters every week, but must attend to my studies. As to your dancing, I don't think much of that, as I could, and have done it, danced till nearly one, and then got up at five, for the purpose of making up the time lost the night before. However, I will excuse your not writing, more on that I fear, and am very glad you had such a good time. Going out 5 times a week, is not <sup>quite</sup> so very bad, for you must remember <sup>that</sup> ~~months~~ she can only keep it up for a few ~~months~~ together, and then rests all summer from the effects of her winter's dissipation.

I certainly do wish I had been in your place when you met Ada. I think I shall write myself to Mr. C. O. Kirk, and just at present I think of nothing that you can oblige by doing.

your affectionate brother,  
J. M. C.

Bradford Vt. March 11th 1859

Dear Sir

I presented the will of Mrs Merrill to the Probate Court in due time and it has been proved and probated by the Court so that I am now ready for to pay the Legacies when ever I can collect the money

I intend now to be in Boston the 23 of this month and if it will be convenient for you to pay your note at that time it will be a matter of convenience to me and also to the Legates perhaps as I have written to Mrs Stratton and Mrs Shaw that I should be in Boston at that time and if they would meet me there or authorize some person by Power of Attorney I should probably be able to pay them their Legacies but shall want a receipt signed by them or some person legally authorized to receive and receipt for them

The Legacies to your children you will see that it is arranged if they should be from home at that time so that I shall have receipts from them if you please

If your Niece Miss Lois Stratton should conclude to come here and take the clothing of Mrs Merrill for her Mother and select such other things as Mrs Merrill gave Mrs Stratton and her daughters she can have <sup>them</sup> now at any time

I would like to have Mrs Stratton take the clothing and such other things as she may select before I go to Boston If it will not be convenient for you to pay your note at that time I presume it may be arranged with Mrs Stratton for her to wait awhile



I have not written to Mrs Stratton anything about  
the gold pieces Mrs Merrill gave her four daughters but you can  
name it to Lois and if she comes to Bradford to select the clothing  
and other things for her Mother I will hand her the gold  
for herself and Sister as directed by Mrs Merrill

Cahin W. Clark Esqr

Boston Mass.

} Very truly Yours  
Brad Stubbins

Jackson April 11<sup>th</sup> 1858

Dear L-

Having just consumed a huge dinner, I feel much like an anaconda might be supposed to feel, after having swallowed a buffalo. Slowly, cautiously, unctuously, let me uncoil myself.

I was truly glad to perceive that the envelop held an answer from you. By the way, have your ancestors - very remote - ever made any sartorial pretensions? I was glad too, to perceive that your letter was not a reply to my last somewhat ranting epistle. Your considerate forgetfulness of any ill feeling that may have existed, I attribute mainly to the salutary change that has occurred in your political notions; and regard it as a first fruits, which you have generously laid upon the altar of friendship.

Now I, haven't you been disappointed about some office? - haven't you desired to have a finger in the public pie? Even if you answered yes! I should not think less of you; since nothing is so efficient an eye opener as ingratitude from those we have served. When self interest is taken out of the balance, things weigh in a different way from that before it was taken away. (What sort of a mark do you think child would ~~lead~~ red pencil the last sentence with!) In fact,



when self interest is removed, we see, with telescopic powers, things that before were totally invisible. But, whatever may have been the cause, I am glad that you have left the Black Republican ranks, and assumed a bold stand for the constitution. I tell you, with entire confidence in the truth of what I say, that the B Rs are not pure. They combat for no right - they fight for no principle affecting themselves. The whole contest matter is of opinion and unsound philanthropy with the best of them - with us, it is home, right, pocket, and honor.

I do not feel greatly concerned about the Union. If any state be refused admittance because it permits slavery within its boundaries, I say, with Banks, let the Union slide. I should deprecate a war with the north; but if that be the necessary sequence of disunion, I am ready to meet it.

The south is old enough to stand alone - and though neither so old nor so strong as the north, she will catch hold of the constitution, and derive support from it.

As for Robert J Walker, he is regarded as having proved traitor to the south; and couldn't get the support of a corporals guard. With us, he is infamous.

I wish you would read a speech lately made by Judge Hammond of S.C. If you can get them, I wish you would send me the last two or three speeches of Seward. He is certainly, as Lord Jopier says, "an astute politician". Did you know that he once taught school in Georgia? What do you think of Davis, Senator from Miss? Opinion varies much here, about his abilities. Some

think him a very talented man; - others think that his military fame, and some knack at dressing up common places, are his only claims to admiration.

I studied law from Nov 1855 until Sep. 24<sup>th</sup> 1857 when I was licensed by Hon Charles Scott to practise in all the courts of law and equity in this state.

My brother, Robert A. Clark, of this place, was my preceptor. Although my law card is out, I have not permanently located in this place. I expect to go to Arkansas. Have not determined upon the exact point where I shall settle. I have made one speech in a murder case; and, from what my friends told me was said about it, did myself some credit.

I find it difficult to arouse the community to a sense of my merits - You would say, that my only reasonable hope lies in keeping the public unapprised of my merits as long as possible.

Seaneell was in Phila: not very long since - Also Mitchell - Alison at his old post office in Tenn. What do you think of a translation from the french, of a work on chemistry, by Fresco den of this scientific?

If you happen to see "poems by Rosa" contrive to print a notice of em. She has a sister of surpassing beauty, whom I want to make a wife of - and such notice, if she should happen, by mere accident, to discover that



1858  
I was instrumental in the notice etc, would  
much aid my suit. Matrimonial diplomacy!

Goodbye. Remember me to all who  
ask about me.

Your friend

C. B. C.

1858

F. B. Clark

Mem<sup>o</sup> papers wanted before  
I can pay the money to  
Catharine Kinneys Heirs  
April 28<sup>th</sup> '58.

{Apr. 28, 1858}

Before Mr. Clark will be authorized to pay over, he must be made aware officially of the death of the depositor.

This can be done only on proof that letters of administration have issued.

A proper power of attorney from the administrator would then be executed authorizing some one to make a demand on Mr. Clark.

This power of attorney must be brought to Mr. Clark's notice.

The attorney must execute a sufficient release of all demand on Mr. Clark.

Equities arising between the administrator & third parties can be decided only in courts of proper jurisdiction. In this

matter Mr Clark can know  
only fathering the depositor  
and her personal representa-  
tion or his attorney.

Boston Apr 28. 1858

Thos: Will: Clarke  
Atty at Law



Miss Annie B. Clark,  
No 1 King St. N. Y.

27 Court St  
Boston, Apr. 30, 58

Dear Annie,

Will you please  
lend me for this P.M.  
your Kerosene lamp.  
I wish to see if it  
will give light  
enough for our of-  
fice. We have  
some work to do then  
to night, & if such  
a lamp will an-  
swer, we shall get  
one. Let me take  
it for the experiment,  
& oblige yours truly  
brother  
T. W. Clarke

[May 1, 1858]

Articles of Copartnership made and entered in-  
to this first day of May A.D. 1858 by and between  
Charles L. Johnson and Thomas William Clarke both  
of Boston in the County of Suffolk attorneys  
at Law, being an agreement, in company with  
each other, to open and establish a law Office  
in said Boston for the practice of the law  
and transaction of all law business under the  
firm name of Clarke and  
Johnson and on the following terms.

I. The said Johnson shall keep the books of the  
firm, receive and deposit the money of the firm  
in some Bank or institution of deposit in said  
Boston, such as may by note to these articles  
from time to time be agreed on

II. The Books of the firm shall be adjusted and  
the accounts between the partners settled quarterly  
on the first days of May, August, November and  
February of each year, and the books shall  
always be kept open to the inspection of said  
Clarke.

The receipts of said firm shall at such settlements  
be disposed of as follows.

I.



1. First-to pay all Office Expenses and rent.  
2. The surplus if of the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars or upwards for the quarter just then ending, to be equally divided between the partners. If the receipts shall not equal two hundred ~~dollars~~ and fifty dollars, the sum of one hundred and twenty five dollars shall be paid to said Johnson, and the residue to said Clarke, and if in any quarter the receipts shall not amount to one hundred and twenty-five dollars net profits: deducting Office rent and expenses the difference between said sum and the receipts shall be debited to the Office, and at the end of the Year, a balance shall be struck, and if the net profits shall exceed for the Year one thousand dollars, either partner shall pay the other a sufficient sum to make the division of profits equal, and if the said net profits shall not equal one thousand dollars, the sum of the profits shall be so arranged and divided that said Johnson shall receive five hundred dollars and the said Clarke the balance, and either partner shall pay the other such sum of money

as may be necessary to perfect such division as aforesaid, at such final settlement of the Yearly account.

III. The necessary expenses are agreed to be, rent, care of Office, Office Messenger, Court-fees, blanks, Stationery, fuel, postage, furniture and Library, and insurance. These shall be charged to the Expense account, <sup>as also</sup> the travelling expenses in the transaction of business unless paid at the time by the client for whom the business is performed. Court expenses shall be charged against the client in whose behalf they are incurred, and postage shall always be included in the charge for correspondence. Interest shall not be charged by Office or either of the partners against each other on the arrears of profits.

The success of one year shall not affect the Equal division of the profits of the next, but there shall be a rest in the Office accounts on the first day of May annually.

The expense of fitting up the Office, and of signs with the firm name thereon shall be a joint expense as shall be cards or advertising.

Signer with the separate name of either of the partners shall be at his sole expense.

Unless dissolved by mutual consent after a months notice of such intention these articles shall be binding for three years and may be renewed thereafter on such terms and conditions as may then be agreed on. Neither partner shall render the firm primarily liable without the written consent of the other.

In witness and for confirmation whereof we have hereto set our hands to this and a duplicate hereof, the day and year first above written.

Thos: Will: Clarke  
Charles L. Johnson

In presence of,

The words "dollars" & "Office"  
being erased, and the  
words "as also" interlined.

Sumner Allen

Note The separate time and proportional earnings of each partner  
shall be for the joint-benefit of both. May 1<sup>st</sup> 1858.  
Thos: Will: Clarke  
Charles L. Johnson  
Sumner Allen

[May 5, 1858]

Brother Clark-

Please find enclosed a receipt for his April students Expense. My delay in sending it-

I should be pleased were you & have a good, free, old fashioned talk. Differ we may in the head- Every man's head is his own property - & it is a very queer thing - But we do not differ in heart & spirit, of that I am very sure. Therein we are one - we have been & ever will be. Why cannot we put away all formality - & join in mutual labors for his cause, wh. of all others is dearest to us - If I have ever given you reason to think me cold, I sincerely regret & can assure <sup>you</sup> my manner was no hind index to my heart. You must know how much I have suffered - & how truly I may say, "I have tried his win straps alone". My best intentions have been and continue to be most earnestly efforts have been discouraged. Sometimes hardly a word of sympathy has been vouchsafed. But I feel ~~sure~~ I have been with him

Sing camp of heart, faithful to my Lord - & in  
them do I still put my trust -

But I did not mean to say any thing of this -  
only fraternally to ask for a good, old-time  
visit - I am at home every afternoon at  
4 o'clock -

My love to your household,

Your friend & pastor

J. S. T. Cothran.

Wednesday. May 5<sup>th</sup> 1858

J. S. T. Cothran, letter  
May 5<sup>th</sup> 1858



U.S. Dist. Ct's Office,  
New Haven, Conn, 6 Aug<sup>t</sup>, 1838

Thos. J. W. Clark, Esq

27. Court, St. Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir,

In reply to  
Yours of the 4<sup>th</sup> instant, I would  
say, that any Attorney of the United  
States Cir. Ct. in "good & regular" stand<sup>g</sup>  
is permitted to practice before that Court  
in our District, without any further  
ceremony than a responsible intro-  
duction to the Judges, by some  
member of the Bar.

The regular admission of Attornies  
to this Court never takes place, ex-  
cept in open Court at term-time.

For such admission, proof of good moral character &  
a practice in the State Court three years next preceding  
is required.

Very respectfully,

Yours,

Alfred Blackman

MILITARY BOUNTY LAND ACT OF MARCH 3, 1855.

No. 2307 Receiver's Office at *Minneapolis* *Aug 25 1858*

RECEIVED from *Addin Mages*  
of *Wright* County *Minnesota* the sum of *Three*

dollars and *Sixty* cents; being in full for

*Two* acres and *Eighty Eight* hundredths, of

*South East qr. South East of Sect. Twenty five Township 120*  
*Range 24. & South West qr. Sect. Thirty and North West qr. of*  
*North West quarter of Section No. Thirty one in Township*

*one hundred* No. *four* of Range No. *twenty three* being excess in said tract over the area located  
in virtue of Military Land Warrant No. *87718* in favor of

*Suey Cole*

*\$3.60*

*Geo D Evans*

Receiver.

Peterboro Oct 4<sup>th</sup> 1838

W<sup>th</sup> Clark Esq<sup>r</sup>

Dear Sir

Yours of the 2<sup>d</sup> ult<sup>o</sup> is duly  
rec<sup>d</sup>. In regard to Mr Kowake's  
building Lot, I have given him  
my individual Bond, that the  
Union Company will Deed to  
him his lot, within 30 days,  
So he is going to put his Shop up  
at once, Mr Wheeler is satisfied  
to commence on his Lot for a Store  
with my assurance that he shall  
have a Deed when you & Mr Fox-  
sworth come ~~up~~ to Peterboro  
Mr Forbush has bargained  
for 5 Lots on the North side of  
the new highway at 50 dollars each  
on which he agrees to put up imm-  
ediately, 6 Cottages, Provided  
the Union Co<sup>y</sup> will trust him  
for the land and lend him  
pecuniarily in a loan of \$400,  
for which he will Mortgage

the whole for security  
I do not know of being gone  
this week, I shall be happy to see  
yourself & Mr Farnsworth as soon  
it is convenient for you to come  
here

Yrs Truly  
Sam<sup>l</sup> Eeles



Reineford, June 2/58

[To Thomas W. Clarke?]

Friend Clarke -

I went up in the boat last night & back early this morning - About 12 o'clock I went to your house, but found every thing dark & concluded not to break in, even to deliver the Thacher's flag - The sewing was done by our special flag maker & is, I believe, as directed - Hot day -

Yours  
J-G -

4 Court Street,  
July 1, 1858.

Messrs Clarke & Johnson,  
Gentlemen.

I called in to see you  
in relation to a little Justice writ of  
yours against the U. S. Loan Fund  
Association. It will be of no avail to  
enter the writ, for there is not and never was  
a corporation of that name. The association  
is a mere partnership, and never was in-  
corporated.

The secretary, however, tells me  
that he is ready to ~~pay~~ the funds to  
Mr Johnson, if he will call for them.

Yours respectfully,  
Wm Rogers.

# Proprietors' Adjourned Meeting.

Boston July 2, 1858.

In compliance with the notice duly given a meeting of the Proprietors was held in the vestry, this evening at 8 o'clock. About 26 members were present personally or by proxy.

The Clerk called the meeting to order in consequence of the absence of the Chairman of the previous meeting of which this was an adjournment.

Mr. Geo. F. Smith was elected Chairman.

~~At the suggestion~~ <sup>At the suggestion</sup> of Mr. Clark the Journal of the last meeting was read.

Mr. B. Callender then said that from the legal opinion of Mr. T. L. Loring on file he found that a majority of the Proprietors can sell the Church, he therefore moved "That a committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of disposing of the Real & Personal property of belonging to the 13<sup>th</sup> Congregational Church & the proceeds of such sale be divided among the ~~for~~ proprietors according to original appraisements of the Jews."

Mr. Bennett seconded the motion.

At which time the Chair stated that such a proposition should be the action of a special meeting only notified of the intent.

Mr. Clark read from the Revised Statutes adverse to the action of this meeting, there could be no final action, <sup>relating the claims upon the corporation</sup> till the expiration of three years.

The Chair thought the law as cited did not refer to churches.

Mr. Clark replied that it covered all corporate bodies.

Mr. B. Callender did not think the law met his case because the committee might report as a lawful meeting, having previously ascertained the legality of the proposed action.

The Chair stated that an illegal meeting could hardly appoint a legal committee, & suggested an amendment.



Mr. Barrett proposed a simple vote to test the feeling of Proprietors & which at subsequent meeting might be confirmed. Mr. B. then amended his resolution so as to read as follows:

"Voted, That a Committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of disposing of the Real & Personal property belonging to the 13<sup>th</sup> Congregational Church, the proceeds of such sale to be divided among the four parishes according to the original appointment of the pews & in case the committee deem it advisable to dispose of the property, they be requested to call a legal meeting for final action." Mr. Sam<sup>l</sup> P. Pierce seconds the motion.

Mr. ~~Calist~~ <sup>Chapman</sup> ~~Clark~~ <sup>Black</sup> said that as the members of the Standing Committee represented a large share of the property, it was proper that they should have a direct hand in its disposal.

Mr. Clark's amendment was not sustained.

The Chair then put <sup>the question</sup> ~~the B. Cottonson resolution~~ <sup>to the vote</sup> ~~and it passed~~  
unanimously so far as ~~advice~~ <sup>advice</sup> were ~~concerned~~.

Mr. B. Callender favored Mr. Blanks proposal.

of dollars & cents, but as of principle. In all the actions proposed we were striking a blow at Unitarianism & we should hesitate to let the failure of our worship cast a chill upon our whole Fraternity. ~~We should make an~~ <sup>There would be strongest</sup> effort to maintain our worship though ~~we should~~ failure should overtake us at last.

The Union then <sup>the present</sup> put Mr. Calhoun's resolution & it was carried unanimously so far as voices could be heard.

Mr. Ballander asked the Treasurer if the April taxes would suffice to pay all dues on the 1<sup>st</sup> of July.

The Treasurer said there would be a deficit even if delinquents should pay arrears of which the promise was better than fulfilment. The July taxes would be needed to pay the Pastor & Sexton.

The Treasurer answered about one half.

Mr. Dodge was in favor of shutting up the church with no



And it was unanimously Sustained.

Geological block.

[Aug. 1858]

George B. Wright  
First letter, To Susan M. Ames

Written Aug. 1858.

August 1858

NB P.S. 4 years later  
Sad consequence — Wife & baby

Geo B Wright

to

Serena M Ames

Aug 1858 to Aug 1859

(Friends)

Serena M Ames Wright

Forest City, Winnebago Co. Iowa

Aug 26 - 58

Lucina

I feel very much like asking pardon and making apologies for not writing before. - I am apt to apologise. It is something which comes over me, periodically, - a spasmodic longing to apologise to every body for everything, I might perhaps indulge in it now only that I feel I may with more reason apply it at the ending of my letter. The letter will need a most humble apology ~~for~~.

I have had no time since I have been here in which I could write a letter - as I wished to. - Somehow I've not felt brilliant - it is much to be feared that my feelings have been a lamentably true index of my mind. It is a very melancholy, to one who has always fancied there must be a latent smartness in him of which the world has never seen any indications. Suddenly to come to a realizing sense of the fact that the world is right & he wrong.

I've been very busy here, - nor would I try to write now, but that I solicited the privilege as a special favor. & that I may provoke a reply, for I am in great haste now-a-days in settling up my affairs here. preparatory to leaving. - You see the address at the top - it is the where I am going from here. You will of course consider that this is written from Iowa. & act accordingly, albeit I hope



to meet you at Minneapolis on my way down river.  
I expect to leave here next Monday.

Few hars will be shed, I apprehend. - I go where  
I have a brather living. - shall be gone some 2 months  
- surveying Swamp-lands (so called) - Enchanting  
prospect. - During my stay I expect to enter into  
partnership with Messrs Fe'Ver. & A. Sue. The former is  
said to be "no great shakes" & I expect some warm times  
with him. The latter is given to turning the "cold shoulder"  
to his acquaintances. However a six months acquaintance  
will be refreshing. - How out of the world it seems  
here sometimes. - A message goes from London to Prairie  
du Chien on the P.M. of Aug 16<sup>th</sup>. Two days after they  
receive it in Minneapolis - and Minneapolis groans to  
think how far from the world she is. - The same  
message reaches at - 80 miles from Minneapolis -  
on the evening of Aug 25<sup>th</sup> only seven days - the news  
how fresh. Why we are, to reckon it in telegraphic time  
as far from you, as the sun is. And if we reckon  
it by Musquitoes, a great deal further.

I have been - oh horrors - "batching it" - alone -  
ever since I came up - Had to do my own cooking  
- what an odious bore it is. - My chums, are both away.  
You cannot imagine how lonesome (except for the Musquitoes  
- A red squirrel has taken up his abode in the shanty  
and innumerable mice. Did they but know with what  
amiable feelings I regard their nightly uproar - could they  
imagine how I would treat them if I had them in a bag

and could borrow a flail for a few minutes. I fancy they would not so demurely nod their "Good Morning" & "Good Eve" to me at my daily goings & comings. You cannot imagine what an insupportable wink & wicked twinkle that squirrel has to his eye. He will wipe his nose with his paw - make a grimace & twist his fingers in a way that says as plainly as rodentia ever spoke "My Dear Sir - don't you wish, you were a squirrel?"

Aug 28<sup>th</sup> P.M. I had got thus far when the shades of even admonished me that my supper was waiting for me - to cook it. - Yesterday I had no opportunity to write more. This morning we had a frost. It seems to me that <sup>the</sup> years here are like a cloudy November day. - cold & churlish - save when once in a while comes a break in. The clouds the sun streams down through that, for a few minutes just enough to warm the tips of our noses & then sweeps the clouds along drift between us and sunlight. - We have just such little gaps in the clouds every July and perhaps in August - a shaft of summer occasionally piercing the frozen years. - The trees are putting on their sallow garments - and the grass has a cold, purple look. The sun shines but it is cold today and we shall have another frost to night. Not an ear of corn is ready for the frost. - The farmers all have sad, long faces - and say - "why is this?"

A day or two ago I rec'd a letter from my friend Wakefield in Boston. - he devotes a long chapter to Prof. Daniels of Wis. - They are warm, intimate friends and the mention of the Professor in a letter of mine ~~draws~~ from W. a tribute to his honor which from ~~my~~ the little acquaintance I have with him I should certainly say was merited. Wakefield is himself <sup>more</sup> of that same stamp as Prof D. - ardent, generous, whole-souled and really noble. - He has an admiration for Daniels, almost romantic.

His address is "52 Commercial St Boston" - his name Cyrus Wakefield Jr. - if you should go (as I think you were speaking of) to Boston the coming winter, you must get acquainted with him. By the way - when is Mrs. Ames? In Boston or somewhere near there is that?

- I have never felt so lonesome before, since I have been in Minnesota but as since I've been here this last time, - I had such a good time for 2 or 3 days before I left that the reaction has almost made me sick of the wild prairie. beautiful as it is - I have <sup>enjoyed</sup> you the rich treats you have, in King's sermons every Sunday, and shall expect you will retail them out to me when I see you in Minneapolis - It is too bad that you monopolize them.

Well well - I've written this and been thinking all the time of half a dozen things beside - and you see I cannot write decently. I trust you will excuse me on account of the "peculiar circumstances" of the case

Sabbath Eve

Really I must begin to apologise  
 - I did think perhaps the fates would  
 be with me enough that I might  
 write a passable letter. - Darling  
 hope, - signally wrecked, - but tell  
 me now, am I to blame, when my  
 head is full of the things I must do  
 before I leave. - the errands on the  
 way etc - , I am a regular Memorandum  
 book - half crazy with items, none  
 of which have any connection with  
 each other - every thing gets  
 done but what needs it most -

Tomorrow will be rich in adventure  
 - some days since I made a map  
 for Mr. Rev Whitney, the consideration  
 was that he carry me down to Min-  
 neapolis, & start tomorrow. Now  
 however he is going to take a load, not  
 start till Tuesday, arrive there on  
Saturday next. - Out of the question



entirely - so tomorrow I shall stand  
on the merits of shoeleather alone  
- How numerous, how kind & attentive  
will be my friends of the forest  
- You have heard of the "Mosquito  
coast" I suppose. This is it - the  
Crow River is the coast line.

Well-well - it is only some miles from  
here to Minneapolis - and the glad  
faces and warm greetings of friends  
there, already from anticipation have  
taken off the sharp edge from the  
weary miles, there is such a glad  
thought for every footstep. a consciousness  
that I am fully three feet and half a  
second of time nearer the true earnest  
grasp of friendship. And I am gladdened  
just seventeen hundred and sixty times  
in every one of those would-be - if-they  
- could-be tiresome, sad, weary, miles -  
- and there are about sixty thousand  
separate & distinctly throbs of joy -

Sixty thousand little weights of sadness  
- burdens of anxiety & loneliness  
lifted off my heart, for every time  
the sun rises & sets. - a glorious  
day work surely. If you have ever  
walked till heartily tired, & just  
as you get almost home, & remember  
having missed something & have to go  
back. you will realize the truth of  
this - that one mile back is longer  
than four forward. - The weights (each  
of them now three feet long) are replaced  
at the rate of sixty thousand per diem  
- very solidly, heavily, & unpleasantly  
- seventeen hundred and sixty individual  
pangs of sorrow & heart sickness are  
registered for each & every milestone  
along the way. - & multiply this by  
the ten voiced "song of the maize" from  
the pedal extremities - and you have seven  
teen thousand six hundred bodily complaints  
- seventeen thousand six hundred "corn law"  
patients - One might well say "corn-woepia"

The literal <sup>or one rather</sup> translation of which is -  
- "Too much of a good thing."

I wonder how and what, Sunday  
of my friends are now doing?  
I wish I could reach them all  
now. - My friendship is of the  
combative order - really dangerous  
sometimes. - I recollect meeting once  
an old school friend whom I had not  
seen for a long long time - 't was in  
a different part of the country from  
where I had known him, - He  
being of the same ferocious, combative  
temperament in friendship & having  
been so long separated, our meeting  
was terrific, we nearly choked each  
other to death, in the excess of good  
will - Had there been bystanders, they  
certainly would have thought there was  
a hereditary feud of blood price  
between us. - Among women, the  
same destructive instinct would  
doubtless have been gratified by  
an attempt at suffocation. - Smothering  
- with kisses" - And now oddly enough  
that puts me in mind of real fighting  
- I don't suppose you ever saw girls  
fight. - but I have, in school - They  
never fight fair either. - but bite, scratch  
& pull hair. - a boy on the contrary, puts  
himself on his dignity & stands very firmly  
in his boots - but the flexors & extensors of his  
right arm are on duty and his opponent gets a green mark

just above his right eye.

Well, Well, I declare, here I am writing on the first line of a sheet of foolscap. — what in the world is the use of my trying to write so mightily? If I had anything to say. — I might have said it long ago.

What a wide & striking difference there is in the letters of different persons — In some there isn't a bit of character. Some of my friends — whom I have learned to love from long acquaintance — who I know have true honest hearts — never reveal anything of their character in letters. — Again others spread themselves out broad & fair on every page. — every line is individual,

They write out their whole souls — In their letters you have their daguerreotype — every feature is to the life. You seem to be in their living presence.

— I humbly acknowledge that there is to me scarce anything dearer than such letters — it is a mania almost. — Did you ever receive letters from anyone — say some one you have known at school — when the letter seemed to confuse, the idea or image in the mind which the mention of the name of that person always calls up?

And did ever succeeding letters confuse it still more till the image grew faint & dark — a kind of mental jelly or nebulous thought — without form or substance. — unsual — intangible?

It seems very odd, yet there's lots of such. — Another Iure — How many persons did you ever get acquainted with? — In thinking over the list I cannot say that I have but very few acquaintances — I have a slight acquaintance with my brothers & sisters. — Some what well acquainted with my mother & very little with my father. Yet these slight acquaintances are very dear to me by kindnesses & associations — and I have a few partial acquaintances elsewhere scattered over the world. — but I never yet got fully acquainted with any



one, oh dear, but how I should like to. — just to see how it seems

You think this very ~~or~~ queer no doubt — my writing at this time, and mailing the letter at Minneapolis (which I shall probably do, —) when I expect to see you then. Probably I shall not see you or talk with you, albeit I very likely may see for a moment, and say "good morning" or "good bye" to the Young lady who writes in the Register's office (Miss Ames by name) — but I want it distinctly understood that I shall take such visits only at their real value. — After I reach Iowa I shall be probably pretty busy & I trust you will forget the dicta of etiquette & the sneers of Mrs. Grundy as to favor me with a good long letter, without the necessity of <sup>my</sup> writing one from there first. Please do? — And as I wish to get acquainted with my friends as soon as I can — excuse me, I have no right to ask it, and it may be painful to you to mention the subject — yet (and it is not all idle curiosity impelled the wish) I should very much like to hear from yourself, something of what the past has recorded for you, for I believe it is different from the story of the earlier years of most of us — Have I asked too much of you? — I hope not.

In return — though without event & barren in more than one <sup>I will willingly give you if you wish</sup> sense, the history of the past 33 years so far as concerning myself. I can assure you though it is a very blank history.

Well well — I have wearied & bored you quite enough for once — ~~at~~ I almost fear for the last time as well as first. Do you hate such long letters? I would it were one fourth as long & four times as deep. But I can dilute easier than con-centrate. Good Bye. Please Write, and excuse this long dull letter & its mistakes — Truly Your Friend George B. Wright



{Oct. 17, 1858}

[This correspondence has been filed chronologically]

[See letter dated Oct. 27, 1859]

The correspondence of  
Serena Marie Ames

My acquaintance and  
My Friends.

From Oct 17, 1858 to Aug 5, 1859

No 1. Forest City Iowa

Barnstead. Oct. 17. 58.

Friend George:

You will forgive me I know, when you are told I did the best I could. Since I saw you I have not been in circumstances allowing me to write a long letter such as yours would have to be if it contained a history of my life. By writing a page or two at a time, I have written you a long letter but in reading it over I see I have not told you any thing you wished to know. I have written a few uninteresting particulars of my life's surroundings but in doing it I am sure of having made myself silly. I have burned the letter, and resolved not to write to you until I can have time

2  
to think of what I am writing. You know in visiting one time is not ~~there~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~own~~ always. Well, I have been thinking today that you would think, and justly too, that I showed very little respect for you and your letter, to remain silent so long a time, therefore this letter, this dull, cloudy Sabbath afternoon. It is in no way an answer to yours, but simply an apology. I hate to apologize, and to me it is not natural, but sometimes it is due.

I have strayed far and wide since my Good-bye to you in Minnesota. I am satisfied with what I have seen, and now only long for home and rest. Oh! It is tiresome visiting.

Three weeks ago tomorrow I reached Mamma in Dover, four days from home. I found her quite unwell, but rather better than she

had been. It is a fine thing to have a mother, after going without one five months. Grandmother having a host of relatives to visit we immediately started, and have been going for three weeks, and are likely to go for three weeks more. We spent two weeks in Portsmouth, with some dear friends. We had a pleasant time; went about the city and visited all the places of interest, and there are a good many, the place is so old. Mr. Tripp told me the history of the oldest houses and oldest inhabitants. We went to the Grave Yard and read the names of those who lived and died and were forgotten over two hundred years ago. Two hundred years to come, and all that will remain to tell that we have been, will be a name upon a stone. Our names are as much as the World ought to



perpetuate, for the snast of us.

There is very little in our lines that would be a blessing to the Generations that will come after us. It is a shame to us that it is so. Is it not?

Two weeks of City life was quite enough. I was glad to go to Uncle Williams and the Country.

The noble hills and rocks of New-Hampshire are a delightful change from the stoneless prairies of the West. The Woods, too, are their greatest glory now. There is a much more brilliant variety of colors in the woods here than in any I ever saw before. Is it not strange, how any one can think the West compares with the East, in beauty? But I would rather live in Minnesota, a great deal rather, than here, as beautiful as it is. The people here seems to have settled down into a

way of living that they will not  
accept just, if they can. When  
contrasted with the western hurry  
and continual change, this dull,  
slow sameness of Eastern people  
is very tiresome, extremely tiresome.

I do not know as Pitt is owing  
to any superior goodness of  
the people west, it may be, and  
probably is their worldliness more  
than any thing else, but I know  
there is not half the gossip and  
slander there, not half the interest  
in the doings of others that there is  
here. I grow sick at heart, every  
day, to hear some new trouble has  
arisen between friends, once the  
cleanest, and <sup>from</sup> almost <sup>ready</sup> to <sup>cry</sup> out,  
delivers me from those I love  
for to know is to hate or be hated,  
and when I know nothing of my  
friends I can love them for what  
I think them to be, and live in peace.

It seems to me if there is a sin harder than other sins to be forgiven, it is evil speaking. And it is the besetting sin of poor, fallen humanity.

Some great man has said "The heart is always glad to hear evil of any one, if it be once dearest friend."

I do not believe this, but it is true to a painful extent. We are all of us too ready to believe what is said of those we do not know, or those of whom we have heard nothing good. Oh! for charity. I always wonder, in looking at my own heart, and seeing there what might ripen into what I so loudly censure in others, under some influences, why I <sup>am</sup> not more ready to pity and be charitable, instead of blaming. I am forced to the conclusion, that the much lamented Beckett arrived at, and in so forcible a manner revealed to his wife, "Says he Cilly, says he,

76

"We are all from Crittens".

I had a nice visit of a week at Maple Grove, before I came away from Minnesota. I learned to love Mr. and Mrs. Austin more than ever. Dear little Marie and her darling Jessie May were napping and putting as they could be. Does it not seem like staying Lup house to be at Mr. Edgys and watch the bashful half girlish movements of Mary?

She told me strange stories of what George Wright was about to do. I do not think I should say strange, only a little queer.

Have you written your congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Churmen? I can hardly imagine George a married man. I have so long thought of him as a bachelor. I hope he will be a better and a happier man with his wife Sue. I hope her influence



will lead him to look at the bright side of his life and the world.

I have written until it is nearly dark, and a poor letter this will be to you. When I get up to Wolfboro, where we shall stay until we keep house I will write you something of the influences that have been around me. It will not interest you, I fear but at your request it is given, I shall then expect you will fulfil your promise to write me something of yourself.

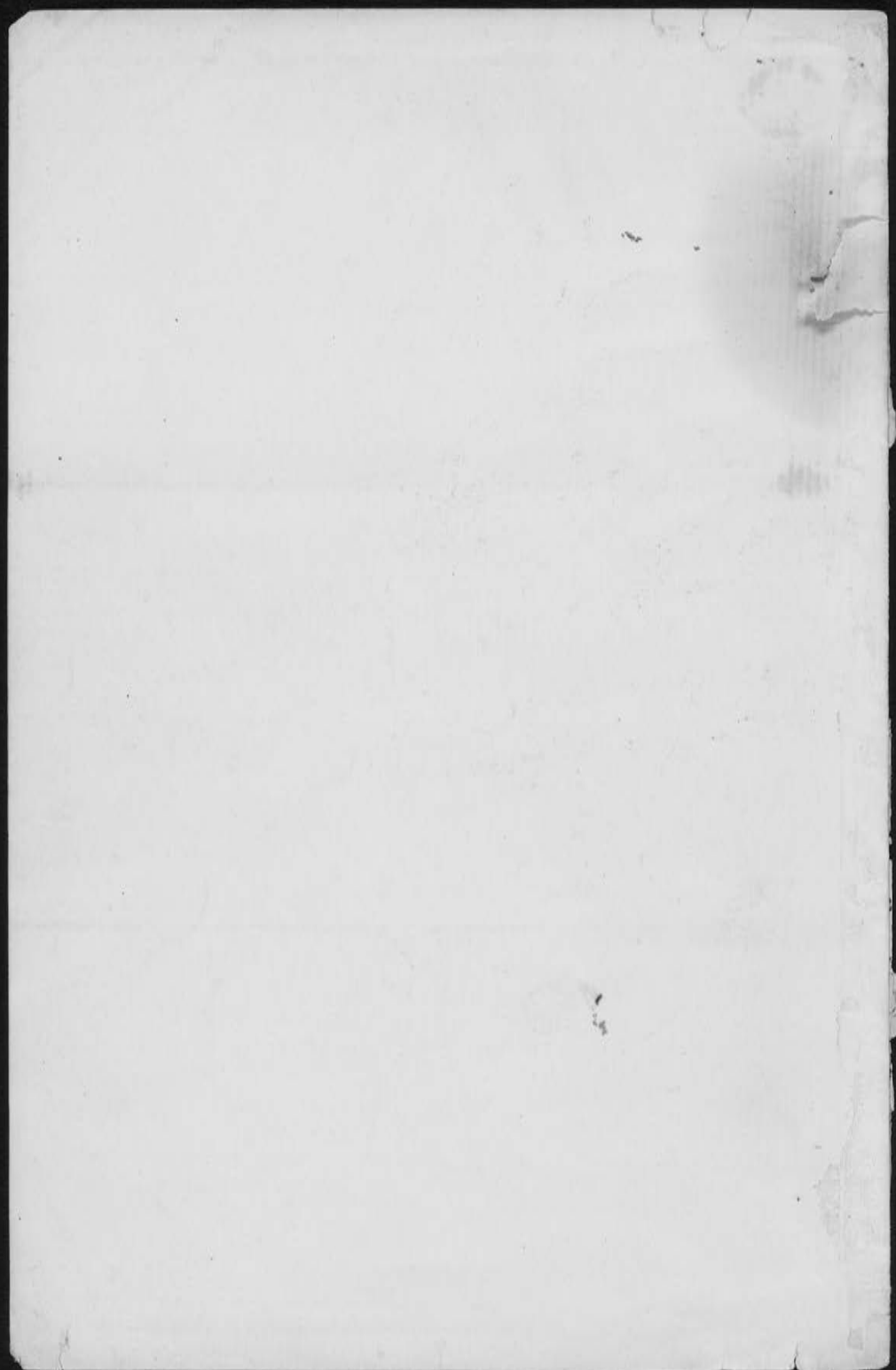
If you have time I shall be glad to know how you have been since you have been in Iowa. I really hope you are not shaking with the Ague.

Take this letter as it is worth.

My Address is North Wolfboro N.H.

I hope we shall like where we shall see you this Winter, when you visit Boston.

Truly your friend Serena



San Francisco Oct. 26. '58.

Dear Madam

I write to inform you that I am in better health than I was the last time I wrote. I received your last letter and was very glad to hear that ye were all well. I have written two letters one to you and one to Mr Clark and I have not received an answer to either of them yet. I cannot imagine what the reason can be.

I have removed my sisters remains from Downieville to San Francisco and interred them in the old Mission burying ground at the Mission of Dolores. I had a good deal of trouble in getting her remains down from the mountains. as the coffins were very heavy the three of them encased in one another weighed in all seven hundred pounds and it took me seven days to bring it down.

Harriet Burley's letter  
Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> '58.



it made the coffin much heavier  
through having it large enough  
to hold the mother and infant  
both together, as I put them both  
in the same coffin. I have been  
out and purchased a stone  
to day, which I will have put up  
on the grave in the course of  
two or three days, as soon as the  
lettering is done.

In regard to her husband  
William Kenny I have received  
but one letter from him since  
she died which was a very short  
one. I wrote two or three letters  
to him in Auburn and telegraphs  
to him once but I could not  
get any answer or any tidings of  
him so I took the remains down  
myself at my own expense.

I cannot think what could be  
have become of William Kenny  
unless he has gone home. and  
if you know anything of him  
I wish you would let me know  
and in regard to the money  
which Mr Clark has got

William Kenny took the receipt  
for the money out of my trunk  
along with some gold specimens  
and all the money I had in  
the house Mr Clark ought to  
know that that money does  
not belong to William Kenny  
for my sister wrote to me in  
her first letter that I gave the  
money to her and I don't think  
Mr Clark would be doing  
me justice to give him the  
money after all my expenses

I am now going to live  
down in Canyon as the times  
is very bad in the mountains  
for since the Fraser river  
excitement property is worth  
very little money very scarce  
and nothing doing. remember  
me to Mr Clark and the children  
and yourself in particular also  
to Mrs Appleton and family.  
when you answer this letter direct  
to me in care of W. Matthews  
(Canyon) so no more at present  
Santa Clara } from your friend  
County } Hannah Purley



[1858]

French City, Iowa, Sabbath Nov 21

To Emma M. Combs  
 N. Wolfers N.H.

My Dear Friend

It is several days since your letter of Oct 17<sup>th</sup> was recd; and I have been waiting to see if some time would not come when I should feel as though I might answer it as it deserves. It is useless to wait longer - for I feel more stupid for every day I delay. A letter can best be answered I believe at the first impulse, for if one has any vivacity or feeling it will "knock out" on receiving a letter from a friend.

I had supposed, until your letter was received, that you were still in Minneapolis - You told me when I last saw you, that you would probably go East this Autumn, and the time you mentioned is already past - but I had forgotten and really expected to meet you again in Minneapolis on my return. I wondered somewhat that you did not write and had I not seen so busily engaged in the "fine arts" (Swamp Surveying?) should probably have written you, and directed to Minneapolis. Indeed I did commence a letter and scribbled to as to destroy some 2 or 3 or 4, but felt so ashamed of it that I burned it. I am glad that I did, for after reading your letter, I felt more than ever ashamed of it.

Now you don't like what I have just written. You would say (out of respect to me & not to offend me by an accusation of flattery) that "Compliments are quite unnecessary among friends". No. No. I meant all I said - but if it were flattery I should say you have no right to condemn me for it, for though a fault, it is so far this side of my words ones that I claim to among my virtues. The "dividing line" must be so adjusted as to balance the good to ill bad. Thus every man <sup>may</sup> be "a very good man in his way". I have been puzzling my <sup>head</sup> - (I was about to say brain, by mistake - people are apt to <sup>make such</sup> mistakes when speaking of the first person singular number) for a week past, to discover a reason for my friends being so kind to me - and I have here before me a wealth of letters which are unanswered & which I cannot answer as they ought to be. Besides yours, are those from Sue H. (Mrs C.) and Mr Coffey and Miss Jefferson & Mrs. Lomis. And Delos Hawkins & George Chawen (last two answered) and they are such good letters too. I cannot answer them. God wishes and thanks are all - which by the way I claim to be genuine coin, though perhaps of little value.

What would become of me if there were not for my friends? I drift back & forth, up & down with every breath of outside influence. Sometimes I think that I haven't a bit of character or individuality. And though by habit my eyes and hands <sup>are</sup> pretty steady and methodical, yet I <sup>inside</sup> am wandering & drifting through all the Earth & the heavens above & places under the earth - the latter particularly.

They seem to be very happy in Minneapolis & St. A. and anticipate a pleasant winter. Messrs Coffey & Clark are going to "keep house" this winter. Their sisters to Mr Coffey says, are with them. The Republicans elected their whole ticket - Geo C. Reg. of Deeds by only 50 Maj. I very much feared he would be defeated for he would not stop to use the usual means of politicians to ensure success, and was not personally as popular as his opponent, Mr Russell. I think he ought to be happy. I suppose ere this they (Mr & Mrs C.) have returned from W. They went <sup>to Delos</sup> at Hamilton C. W. on their way to W. & had a pleasant time so far.

Ada L. is in the school yet and likes very much. She thinks Prof Stone is the very best of teachers. I have a better opinion of her than most people have. She is one-sided and angular to be sure, but if one really gets acquainted with her, I believe she would show herself to be a true woman in spite of her angularities.

She is a positive, decided character at all events, which (begging your pardon for the intimation) I really think very few men women really are. I picture to myself a very pleasant winter in Minneapolis - in a cheap and frugal way of course, and regret that (as I infer from your letter) your people are going to live in Mass. for a time at least. So don't seem right to me that the people of Minneapolis ought to suffer your people to leave. Such a proceeding (if not the participants therein) ought to be "arrested".



It is possible that for some part of the winter I may be in the County Commissioners "Temple of Folly" - If so I promise to preserve an affectionate regard for the South West Corner of the Register of Deeds Room.

Perhaps the reason I still expected to see you on my return to me, was that in my mind you were still at the little desk in the Office as I saw you last. A long session it would be, but my fancy plays strange freaks sometimes.

I have wished several times to go "to the Eastward" this Autumn & stay till the birds <sup>had</sup> "bleamed" & the blood roots & Liverworts and Adderstongues (as we used to call them "shaking" next Spring, But having had a quarrel (or as commonly expressed, a "falling out" with Mr Federal Currency, whereby we dissolved partnership. It is now an impossibility for me to visit my friends. I shall not see the Modern Athens this winter though I would like to. My friend Wakefield of Boston - I think you would like him - you acquainted with him; His address (business address) is 52 Commercial St. And if Mr Ames goes to Boston and has time, I would like to have him call on Mr Wakefield (the younger) and will guarantee him a cordial greeting and a pleasant visit."

How far and in what direction from Boston is N. Wolfboro? You will of course be where you will hear Lectures. - Although I like living in Minneapolis to much, I almost envy you the privileges of listening to real live talking & thinking. Every time I do hear a good speaker I think over it and for one thing I may "gettin' out" with & of Mr Currency, that I would be straight to Boston & live.

A find in looking over the four pages I have written  
 that there is less "method in my madness" than I  
 have sometimes seen in those who pretend to more  
 sanity than I do. But I have been writing  
 under somewhat of difficulties. You do not know  
 perhaps how many persons on Iowa Shanty  
 will hold, or their lung-power and capabilities for  
 making a noise. All my remarks are discon-  
 -futed you will know the reason.

Let me review your letter  
 I am sorry you have burned anything you had  
 written respecting yourself and the incidents of your  
 past life. You are, perhaps, more critical in reviewing  
 your writing on those subjects, than I should be - more  
 severe than you would be were it about any one  
 else. It was only that I wished to become better  
 acquainted with you - to meet you on the same footing  
 that a longer acquaintance would entitle me to  
 that I requested you to write of yourself. I hope you  
 will not be too careful in writing. I fear I shall never  
 find out that you ever had a childhood or early years  
 experiences, if you are.

I can hardly realize now  
 that you are really in the Granite State - in the  
 heart of our much loved New England, and that I  
 shall not see you when I return to Minneapolis  
 (with whom I have been visiting) strangers.



to you, except what you had heard of them? If so, it must have been very funny to you with your western eyes to go around among the new cousins and Aunt & Uncles - and noticing the contrasts & comparing them with your ideals of the same. It cannot be quite like going back to the "Old folks at Home" and wandering about among the woods and hills, that childhood memories have made dear. I noticed when <sup>path</sup> along the road when I used to go "across lots" to school that the hills which I once thought to very great - the largest and certainly the most magnificent in the world, had dwindled to very insignificant hillocks and the colors of the hill slopes were faded and dingy, and the views, once so broad & comprehensive of all that is sublime & grand, was bounded on one side by a row of scattered hemlocks supporting a brigade of alder bushes and on the other by a rail-fence & fringe of brambles. The whole distance being about a quarter of a mile. But the Elms - the great noble Elms down in the meadows, that used to wear the greenest of leafy coats in summer, and whose tops seemed almost to touch the fleecy clouds that grew up in the summer sky - They were gone.

That Kandal-utility, had been there with an axe and a few half decayed stumps were all that was left - and besides it was estimated that nearly "twice as much grass grew there as when the trees shaded the ground," and the schoolboy too who stretched himself at full length

on a mossy green "cradle knoll" under one of these same old Elms, every afternoon when he came home from school, and there looking up through the branches into the clear blue sky he dreamed of the future - built his first castles (aerial) and wondered, for wonder I believe is the boy's first lesson, his first experience of Nature. Such an odd world as this seemed to me (and it seems to yet sometimes) I have sometimes laughed outright when after a lapse of years, by some association of thought one of my school boy fancies has come to my mind.

As soon as we begin to get acquainted with others we commence following in the beaten track, a child of four or five years old has more originality than a thousand "Solid Men" "Merchant Princes" or Military Cicerones or Civic Dignitaries. Well, Well, I have strayed further from the subject than you have from Minnesota. "Tired of visiting" Ah me - After all the variety excitement and pleasure of visiting, there is something lacking which makes (perhaps not you, but it does me) feel as though there were almost last time. There is a quiet happiness which you will in vain seek elsewhere except at home. It is a satisfaction which rests the soul.

Can you tell me what would be the effects (in your own case for instance) if there were no such place to rest; if the bow were always bent, - the head always aching & the heart always sad? If you were in short on a visit to this world & had got "tired of visiting"? But there are such - Are they to be blamed - pitied - or let alone?

It is 9 P.M. We keep good hours here & I must close  
for to-night. I hope to get time to write more before  
the mail leaves here again. And if I can think of any  
thing which would be of any interest to you, concerning  
my earlier history I will try to tell it. It is almost  
a blank though. — A word of the present, you know why  
I came here. I found my Brother here, living in very  
primitive style with keeping up his rich student habits  
and refreshing (airing) his Classics in conversations with  
his cattle. I hear him setting his dog on strange  
figs with a shower of Latin, and he regales his oxen  
— Old "White" and "Star" — the former of which is a character  
somewhat like Dr. Kane's dog "Grim" — with a hickory sprig  
and black & pepper to season it, with — He gave his hens with  
a lecture on Political Economy and a smaller dose of corn  
than otherwise might be necessary — and cuts down a  
tree to illustrate the Theory of Savitisation etc.

We have not quite finished the Survey of the County, on  
account of snow & cold weather. I am at work on the  
map as fast as possible. The work has been severe — more  
so than any I ever did before. and we have had some  
notable adventures. But we are all well and thankful therefore.

While I am well you write to Minneapolis where  
I hope to be ere long. Give my kindest regards to your  
mother — and but I know you will be as good a daughter to her  
as she has been a mother to you. As I may not have an oppor-  
tunity to write more, I will say good bye now — and believe me  
Truly Your friend George



No 2 Minneapolis Minn

9

North Walboro. Dec. 2 1838.

George:

Do you think me a  
traitor to friend and promise?

If I could tell you of the  
many busy days that soon  
lengthen into weeks that it has  
taken to get fairly settled  
in our home among the  
hills of New Hampshire, with  
Father away, and a sick  
and helpless Grand-ma to care  
for, you would say, your heart  
speaking, I forgive.

But we are now fairly,  
comfortably and happily at  
home, and after spending  
all of the forenoon tacking  
the East "comfort" for our  
winter beds, I begin late in

in the day a talk to you  
hardly knowing where or how  
it may find you. Papa  
wrote me that you were still  
in Forest City, Iowa, and  
that your stay there was quite  
uncertain, so I still think of  
you as there, and shall act  
accordingly, it may be unwisely.  
I might do as the Irishman,  
request that you write and  
let me know whether my  
letter if reaches you or no.

If I was an artist, George,  
I would draw you a few  
pictures beautiful indeed;  
a picture of our little home  
in this little town of  
Wolfboro, the one entirely  
surrounded by hills and  
mountains, which I never tire  
looking at, having been



accustomed, so many years  
 of my life, to a life on the  
 prairie. I can look from  
 the window, by which I now  
 sit, and through the green  
 spruce trees, catch a glimpse  
 of the lovely lakes,  
 Minnipegosis. A little farther  
 up the hill on which I live  
 looking to the north on a clear  
 day we see the White Mountains  
 standing out in clear, bold  
 relief, being only sixty  
 miles distant.

I can tell you nothing  
 more; as I approach the  
 grand, instead of growing  
 eloquent, my tongue fails  
 me, and I am dumb.

I wish I was a poet!

We shall probably spend  
 the winter here and in

if Papas designs are carried out we shall again take up our residence in Minnesota when Spring comes to us.

The East is only a stopping place, Minnesota is our home or so thought to be.

Papa will join us in a month we hope, and give over the reins of Office to George. Do you suppose George will make any better Register of Deeds, being a married man and not an old bachelor? I had a letter from Will Cornell a short time ago giving me the particulars of his wedding. I am glad you were not of the company. Poor George and Luc! How glad they must have been

to have found themselves floating  
down the River out of sight  
and hearing of triflers and  
trifling. Sometimes our  
friends jokes do come very  
untimely.

Dec. 21st.

This is my first opportunity  
to write since the second.

We find it very difficult  
keeping house without a  
husband and father.

Fires are necessary, and so  
are dinners, and one needs  
wood and the other water.

If I have such a formidable  
task before me as writing my  
Autobiography I shall certainly  
have to hurry myself or  
I shall have more years to

write of than you will care to hear about.

Eighteen are as many as you asked the history of. I give you friendly warning of the dullness of my life and the dull manner in which I shall write the little I know about it.

You say you are not acquainted with your friends. I feel almost as little acquainted with Serena as with her friends. Uncle Lewis (our nearest neighbor) says I am too little to amount to much. It would certainly be a comfort to know I am as guiltless as I should think myself if that were true for where little is given only a little will be required. Have you not felt that that which has most to do in



...molding over your character  
and in making you what  
you are, is not that which  
is most readily told, even to  
a friend? If you can  
catch an occasional glimpse  
of the girl writing, in the  
sketch of my years I will  
now give you, you will do well,  
and will be welcome quite sub-  
come to all you may learn.

A. D. 1840 I opened my  
eyes in Wesley Maine, on the  
Sixth of August.

Wesley is a small, quiet  
town, in the very extreme  
extremity of civilization  
in dear, old Maine. Ten  
years I lived there, ten very  
smooth, still years that  
seem to me now like an

sun-shiny Day than they do like the greater part of my life. I remember crying and I remember laughing, I went to school and I played. I cared not much for learning nor much for anything. I was called a bright little girl, and I would be good looking, they told me, if I would only be true myself and not appear so old.

It was an old brown house where I lived all those years with my mother and Step Father and two little sisters. My Father died while I was yet a very little child, only six months old. I never knew any thing of Abraham Huntley only that he lived, and was my Father.

Shut 32!7

That same old house sitting  
away from the road, black  
and drear as it, is, is a sunny  
spot in my memory of  
early days. It is unsurrounded  
by tree or bush. But all  
storms and hot suns seem  
to beat upon its black sides  
very gently. I know there are  
bitter crops of anguish, great  
grief and poisonous mirth in  
my childhoods home, but  
time has softened all harsh  
discords and through the years  
between that time and this  
there comes to me only low  
wailings mingled with subdued  
joy.

You speak of "boyish fancies"  
and "childish aspirations." I  
don't think I ever had any

dreams fanciful and wild, while I was a child, unless indeed I be yet a child, as I sometimes think, spending many days more than is profitable in idle dreams of the ideal future.

I lived strangely in the present and if ever thinking of time to come, thinking of it with dread. My Mother was my all in all, and to be with her my happiness. I had misgivings that the future would take her from me. I remember when six or seven years old stopping in the midst of my play and crying very bitterly at the thought that when a woman I should have to marry and leave my Mother. All the women I knew had married and left their Mothers and I



supposed it a thing inevitable.  
But she staid, not until I  
went of my own free will, to find  
in another heart my home.

Soon after my Father's death she  
was married to my Step-Father,  
the Father of my sisters.

He was to me ever a kind  
Father, and it deeply grieves  
me that anything should have  
come between his love and me.

I was ~~not~~ his child, and I  
was not a child likely to make  
him feel toward me as his own,  
for I was early taught that  
I was a strange lamb, and not  
until I was old enough to feel  
ashamed of doing otherwise,  
did I call him "Papa", but  
his treatment of me, as I see  
it now, was, if possible, more  
than Fatherly, more tender

than his treatment of his own children  
not because of greater love, but  
rather because of lesser feeling.

I think he tried sincerely  
to make home pleasant and  
happy for my Mother, who  
was a sad woman, one of  
those unfortunate people who  
see the dark side of this world  
continually turned toward  
them, and if occasionally the  
sunny side is seen, thinks it  
only an omen of greater darkness  
to-morrow. She was proud and  
they called her "very odd".  
As of our family she had  
little to do, and even <sup>in</sup> it she  
could not be understood.  
My home I know was not a  
happy one, for her sadness  
settled like a pall around  
the husband's heart; but too

Shut <sup>21</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> bk.

young to think of sorrow, I  
glided through the years glad  
and joyous, sometimes wondering<sup>at</sup>  
looks and tears, but again soon  
forgetting.

P Your fear lest you will  
not find out that I have had  
a "childhood" and "early years"  
I am afraid will be realized  
not that I have fully ~~realized~~ passed  
those periods yet, but that they  
are so uneventful and without  
interest, that, I myself, cannot find  
anything worth the telling.  
Sometimes I think I have never  
fully awakened to the truth  
of living, but am trifling away  
the years in actively doing  
nothing. They tell us there are  
in most of us dormant powers  
and hidden springs that only  
need the touch of skillful

hands to call <sup>them</sup> forth into life and action. I am somewhat skeptical concerning this saying, as far as I am interested, and think if I do not wake myself up to newness of life by strong effort, I shall slumber on, but it is best to hope the best, and I may be greatly astonished some day by the discovery made by some body, that I can become what I never thought or dreamed of being. But I have gone way off into unknown regions.

The Fall I was told my Step-Father proposed we move to Minnesota. My Brother rebelled but after many wakeful, I mean sleepless nights—spent in arguments and entreaty on one side and objections and



cooping on the other, it was  
 decided, in four weeks we  
go. They were four weeks of  
 grief and care to Mother but  
 they quickly passed, as all  
 time does, and after bidding  
 good-bye to every friend and  
 foe we had in the world  
 we started, and in four  
 weeks more reached the place  
 that for eight years has been  
 my home. It was indeed a  
 sorry day for Mother that  
 turned our face westward.  
 Her heart was crushed in the  
 Farewells spoken to Father,  
 brothers and sisters. She was  
 sadder than ever the little  
 time she staid with us in  
 our new home. Not quite a  
 year, and she left us.  
 My heart was indeed desolate.

I mourned for her as only a loving child can for a living mother. It was my first sorrow, and from it my pathway has stubbles intermingled with its roses.

Cousin Mary kept house, and we were all together for one year. That year is my darkest spot in the past. Home was not home. I would forget it.

Mrs. Dorr (Caleb's brother's wife) heard of a little motherless girl who lived with a step-father, and, for reasons wholly unknown, wanted her. Cousin Mary was sick, and in her stead came a hired Irishwoman who my heart as well as trust rebelled against. The future

to my Father looked dubious. His three little children he knew not what to do with.

They must have care better than could be given by a wild Irishman, so when Mrs. Dorr asked consent to take me home for company a few weeks, being "exceedingly lonely", he said "yes", and I went. Wider and wider from that time till now have our paths diverged. Only by blood am I connected with my Family. Yes, I will except my sisters whom I love as I would no others but sisters, and being older than they I feel an interest in their well being elicited by our relationship. There may

be others I should love if I knew them, but as it is, they go their way in life and I mind. Sometimes indeed something akin to regret I feel that it should be thus, but it ends there. Am I unnatural? Many I am sure would think so.

Well, I went to Mrs Albert Dorr's, and instead of a "few weeks", my stay there was almost two years. They were not two happy years Mrs. Dorr was cray. She was sick and that made her crasser. I feel far more charity for her at this distance than when within seeing and hearing distance. I remember she was nervous and that every scolding was the seed of general snore and I do <sup>not</sup>,



wonder much at what I had to suffer from her tongue. She must have suffered more than I. She was often kind for which thing I am glad, she was oftener unkind and I am sorry, both for the effect it must have had on her, and for the effect it did have on me. All the evil in my heart would naturally come up to meet the evil in her heart, which was continually boiling over. And feeling ever the jar of irritable nerves acts like a file on our own. I do not think she made me more amiable.

While I was there Mr. Dorr, a kind, good man whom I love dearly, died. She was worse than ever after his death.

Grief and increased illness acted like an evil spirit on her temper. In six months she married Dr. Jordan, a crazy Quack, people say. He is a pleasant man and would like to have made a pleasant husband, but his son Florant, a boy seventeen came home from school and proved a hot blooded southerner, which could ill brook his step-mother's cross-grained tendencies, and of course all peace was at an end. He was a bone of contention daily picked. There was a bit of the ludicrous mingled with the painful in their fights of words. Mrs. Jordan usually ended with a cry half repetition and half repentance.

C. H. 29

I like to think. Florant was warm hearted and really affectionate, and transcended by him at once melted his heart, and with his arms around his mothers neck he would promise so faithfully not to do so again that it would seem his repentance was of the kind that brings forth fruits <sup>that are</sup> sweet, but, alas for the next imagined occasion.

My only comfort these dreary days, were <sup>in</sup> my best friends, Mr. & Mrs. Ames, my Minister and Sunday School Teacher. I had learned already to love them as I loved none others. When my heart was most in need of love and something to love,

they came to me, and in their hearts I found a home, long before I was called their child.

In the Spring of Fifty four Mrs. Jordan resolved to visit her friends in Maine. Blessed resolve! I was to board at Mrs. Ames and go to school at the Academy in St. Anthony, she told me. Oh! how my heart leaped for joy at the revelation, and you may imagine how anxiously circumstances were watched and the first day of May longed for. It came, and so did the stage that carried from my sight the woman I had lived with so long, and did love some in spite of herself. I was glad to have her go but still I shed tears of unfeigned



sorrow when I said good-bye. That day, however, is not remembered as the one in which I bidd Mrs. Gordon a lasting good-bye and forever left her house. I went home that day.

Mrs. Gordon, after some months came back. I chose to remain where I was, rather than to again take up my cross with her. She saved.

I lived happily two years <sup>with</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Ames as Serena Miriam Huntley, and in the winter of Fifty six, by an act of Legislature, Serena Maria Ames was to the world what she had long been <sup>by virtue of love</sup>, the child of Charles Gordon and Sarah Jane Ames. My dear Father and Mother! God bless them!

At home and happy,  
surrounded by "the dearest  
friends in all the world",  
I class me "Life".

"Only a little of the outside,"  
you might well say.

Of the inward struggles, victories  
and defeats, I can never tell,  
of what they have made  
me, perhaps you could  
tell if you knew me better.

There are dear friends  
scattered all along my  
pathway through Life, those  
to whom I owe many bright  
hours, and who have helped  
make me what I am. There  
are some I have loved unwisely  
but who have had their  
influence, and there are others  
I thank the Good Father  
for giving me; of these I have

said nothing. Let your heart  
speak for me. What can we  
say, of those we love, more,  
than to say, we love them!

Dec. 12

Your letter of Nov. 21,  
which has been received since  
this tiresome epistle, that  
you must lengthen out your  
patience to read, was begun.  
I was all the more glad to  
get it because it was so  
unexpectedly and undeservedly  
given. Thank you sincerely.

I am sorry you were  
not amiable enough to  
keep friends with one so  
indispenable to enjoyment  
as "Mr. Federal Currency".  
I certainly thought the  
East would see you this

winter, although I hardly  
 thought of doing so myself  
 since we have settled so far  
 out of your way. We are a  
 hundred miles from Boston,  
 or one days journey by  
 Cars and stage. I think  
 your "envy" would be turned  
 to trust if you knew  
 how out of the world I am.

I am more out of the way  
 than you will be in Minneapolis.  
 There is absolutely nothing  
 here. We have a meeting once  
 in two weeks. That is all.  
 You will have an attempt  
 at oratory, and some passable  
 speeches and you will have  
 friends to visit of an evening  
 and books to read.

We have books but evenings  
 are spent idly for want of



eyes. When Papa comes we expect fine times. It is lonely now. Do you wonder? I sometimes enjoy thinking we are so far away from every body; our friends, because I can think of them, and enjoy in anticipation, the seeing of them next time we meet, and if they are away from me they will see nothing that shall make them aware of me. This is sometimes only.

George, I should tire to death, if I had no home to "rest" in. Oh the heart-weariness of the homeless!

I hope you do not speak from experience, when you say there are those who feel themselves in a "long visit" to this world. I hope your heart does not

"always aches", and that your heart  
 "always aches." I should blame  
 you some and fit you more.  
 There is too much of light in  
 living, for us to make ourselves  
 unhappy by dwelling on the  
 dark. With health and  
 strength, with mind, with a  
 heart that can love all things  
 lovely, with friends, what have  
 we to fear and gross melancholy  
 over? "Every heart its own  
 trouble," eh? So it has.

I am thinking of you as in  
 Minneapolis. Your work in the  
 "fine arts" all done.

What a brother! So classical.  
 When will that "tremendously  
 long letter" be forth coming?

Don't <sup>you</sup> enjoy the evil?  
 I am glad to make you glad,  
 I enjoy it too.

Truly your friend, Serena.

Calvin W. Clark Esq.

Boston

Forwarded by  
Mr. Richard.

Dec 20th. 1858.

Dear Brother,

I expect Mr. C. Richard will leave here in the freight-train this evening, and will call on you one day this week. I have been waiting some weeks to send a small bundle by private conveyance, was rather small for Express, it contains two pair of socks for you and pair <sup>of stockings</sup> for Annie. Tell Lizzie I have tried very hard to get yarn that was nice for her a pair, (fine woollen yarn is an article not to be obtained here,) and will knit her a pair as soon as I can get some that will answer.

I hope Mrs C. has recovered her health, am sorry she should be so often afflicted with Erysipalis. Your letter was very acceptable, I was not disturbed about the receipt, supposed you had let it slip your mind, and would send it as soon as you saw it.

We dont have a chance to be lonesome here

there are four little busy bodies in the house from 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> years to 6 months, they find plenty to do all day long, the two oldest are out doors all weather and enjoy the snow very much.

There was a Temperance convention here last week, the towns were well represented throughout the County, if people would put the laws in force it might do some good.

Bradford town agent sells to every one that wants.

Annie will be likely to go to Washington. and see the marvellous things there, she will enjoy it very much, Mr & Mrs Shaw have both written to me to spend the winter with them. There would be much for me to admire, but the undertaking looks rather great for me. Abby and her children wanted me to come there this winter, if I should get my affairs regulated in the spring I can go to Winslow and stay some time. I should enjoy being with them very much. Mrs P says there ought to be one

old lady in every family, they have got one. she thinks she ought not to spare me.

We are having fine winter weather, snow enough to make business brisk.

Accept much love for yourself wife and children, and enquiring friends.

Your affectionate

Sister

Elizabeth Merrill



Dec. 21, 1858

Know all men by these presents, That I  
Morris Morcom of Seneca County Minnesota  
have made, constituted and appointed,  
and by these do make, constitute and appoint  
George B. Wright

of Hennepin County Minnesota My  
true and lawful attorney, for me and in my  
name, place and stead to grant bargain sell  
and convey, to such person or persons and  
for such consideration as he shall deem expedient  
any and all lands situated & being in any State or Ter-  
ritory of the United States that may be located & entered  
by virtue of Sioux Act of Lake Pepin Reserve Land Sioux No. 617.

giving and granting unto my said attorney full  
power and authority to do and perform all and  
every act and thing whatsoever requisite and  
necessary to be done, in and about the premises  
as fully to all intents and purposes as I might  
or could do if personally present, with full  
power of substitution and revocation hereby ratifying  
and confirming all that my said attorney  
or his substitute, shall lawfully do or cause  
to be done, by virtue hereof.

In witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand  
and seal this 21<sup>st</sup> day of December  
Eighteen hundred and fifty Eight

Signed, sealed and Delivered in presence of Morris Morcom  
J. S. Donaldson  
W. Moorhead

CS  
CS

State of Minnesota  
County of Pembina

Be it Remembered, That on  
the 21<sup>st</sup> day of December Eighteen  
hundred and fifty eight personally came  
Arthur Myerum  
to me well known to be the identical person  
described and who executed the foregoing  
Power of Attorney, and he acknowledged that  
he executed the same for the uses and  
purposes therein expressed

J. B. Donaldson  
Notary Public

Witness my hand and seal  
this 21<sup>st</sup> day of December 1858

Office of Register of Deeds  
Pembina County Minn  
I hereby certify that the within  
instrument was filed in  
this Office for record this  
eight day of October  
A.D. 1892 at 5 o'clock  
P.M. and was duly  
recorded in Book &  
page of Miscellaneous  
Vol 2 and

John W. Caldwell  
Reg of Deeds

True copy as recorded  
this 10<sup>th</sup> day of Oct 1892  
J. B. Donaldson  
Notary Public  
I have purchased this  
copy of my former  
copy of 1888 at 12 cts  
and send only 10 cts  
for the 10 cts  
enclosed 100

John W. Caldwell  
Reg of Deeds

Shawano  
J. B. Donaldson