



George B. Wright and Family Papers

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Commision
as Justice of the Peace.
expires
January 20th 1864.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

To all Persons to whom these Presents shall come,

Greeting:

Know Ye, that We, confiding in the ability, discretion and integrity of Calvin H. Clark, of Boston in our County of Suffolk, Esquire, have, by Nathl P. Banks, Our Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council, assigned, constituted and appointed, and by these Presents do assign, constitute and appoint him the said Calvin H. 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 Calvin H. 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 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 twentieth day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, and in the eighty-third 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.

February 2nd

1857.

Personally appeared Calvin W. 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

Oliver Warner

Abner Brown Jr.

} Commission
to qualify, &c

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.

recd 22
Jan 23^d

Bradford Jan 20th 1859

Calvin Clark Esq [To Calvin W. Clarke]
Dr Sir

Yrs Merrill is very sick with a secondary attack of Scarletina. She was first taken sick a week last Friday and partially recovered, without calling a Physician. My wife and three Children were sick with the Scarlet Fever down stairs, & she went down Saturday, and several times Sunday, to see them and suppose took cold. Monday she was very sick, with a high fever and soreness all over and an inclination to sleep. There was not much change until Wednesday morning she appeared better, her pulse were twenty beats less, and she was brighter, To day she has remained about the same except some pain from the Blister. She does not think she will ever recover and says she is willing to die. Dr Poole thinks her case not hopeless but from the severity of the disease and her age that the chances

are against her recovery. We have a good Nurse to take care of her and we shall try our best to make her comfortable and promote her recovery - If possible would like to have you come up and see her. It would afford her much Satisfaction.

My Wife and Children are recovering and are about house. I will add a postscript in the morning saying how Mrs M is there. And will also inform you of any important change in her hereafter.

Yours very truly
Edward Richard

Friday Morning 21

Mrs M will remain about the same this morning. her Nurse thinks her spirits as well as yesterday. The Dr was with her until half past three this morning & has not been in since - She complains better this morning than yesterday.

Yours
E.R.

Bradford Jan'y 22^d 1859
Calvin Clark Esq [To Calvin W. Clarke]
Dr Sir

Mrs Mcmill
is not as well this morning as
yesterday. She did not rest as well
last night as usual. She appeared
bright and had her senses as well
as ~~yesterday~~ early this morning, and
inquired after the Children asked
and answered several questions as
regular as usual. She is very much
prostrated and cannot help herself
at all, and lays in a stupor most
of the time. The Dr. thinks she
will not recover altho. she may.
he does not like her symptoms.

Yours very truly E. Richard

Bradford Jan^y 24th 1859
Calvin Clark Esq. [To Calvin W. Clarke]
Dear Sir

Mrs Memill
is alive this morning, but not able
to speak, although we think she
has her senses as perfectly as ever
when aroused. She is evidently
sinking gradually away. She may live
through another night and may
not two hours - ~~Yesterday~~ Saturday she wrote
Mr Stebbins. Called in, and gave
him ~~direction~~ in regard to her Will of
which she wished him to act as
Executor. & also to take charge
of her funeral. (Mr S. settled Mrs
Memill affairs for her after his decease)
We hope to see you here to

night and hope. Aunt will be
able to recognise you.
We wrote to Mrs Stratton ^{at Wmslow} ~~last~~
Friday, & shall hope to see some of
her family here to-morrow -

Will you please inform Miss Lois Stratton
of her Aunt's sickness if you have not
already done so!

Yours very truly

Edw^d Prichard

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For tariff or further information inquire at the office.

I. H. NORRIS, Sup't

Office in Merchants' Exchange, with Union Office.

Boston, Jan^y. 26th 1859

By Telegraph from Bradford W.

To Calvin W. Clark.

1 Kingston St
Aunt died last night. Funeral

Friday -

E. Richard

6.40

Minneapolis, Jan. 26th 1839

Serena

Don't I keep my promises well?

My promises of long letters - and very soon. It is now a month and a half since the last page of your letter was written - Let me explain the delay.

About the first of Dec, and while I was in Iowa I received a letter, on account of which I had to go to Wisconsin on business - I immediately returned to this place, and a few days later went down the river to La Crosse & thence via Rail Road to Dodge Co - some 40 miles west from Milwaukee. It was near where I had many good friends, so after the business which called me there was attended to, I visited for a few days - Christmas to New Year. I was at Ripon & Berlin during that time. I saw Prof Daniels, a few days later, at Milwaukee; for half an hour perhaps. He has purchased a pretty residence at Ripon & is fitting it up. People there "say" he is about getting married - I asked him - he said it was so - another victim. "His son hath gone down while it is yet day". I had a real good visit - it does my heart good to meet old friends - true & true - ones more. But alas the boys & girls I knew there, four or five years ago have almost all got married since. I passed as one of the "Good old Bachelors" among them; consoling, very,

From then I went to Battle Creek Mich. (165 miles from Chicago on the Mich Central Road) to see a sister who is stopping with some relatives there, & is an invalid. I stayed with her, some three days and then returned to Minneapolis. I wished very much to go to Vermont, N.H. & Mass., but I could not ^{have} made a visit, had I gone - for lack of time, so I looked to the Eastward wistfully - and turned back.

While away I saw Horace - the great Horace - and heard him lecture, And by the way - that makes me think how much I came to see hearing & seeing him once before - at Burlington Vt. I wanted to go very much, but it was voted that I wasnt big enough to hear, and I stayed at home & raked oats and peas in the field - (It was a sultry August day) and the rest of the folks heard Horace freely. I was grieved for several days.

Since I returned from Mich I have been to Forest City, and finally reached here last Thursday, to stay. My business here is all behindhand - I have been away some 4 1/2 months you will recollect - and besides - George is hurrying me about the plats (I may as well state to him - He has given me the job of copying all the plats in the Register Office) and I have been very busy - day and night.

But every day seems to make the way clearer & I begin to feel somewhat at leisure. And now I am sure you'll not blame me for indifference, especially after I tell you, that ^{this} is the first letter on the list to be answered. So much for a preamble.

In writing to you, I hardly know when to commence, I have so many things to tell, some wise, perhaps; many foolish without doubt. I miss your people very much - somehow I don't seem half like home here without you. My last year's acquaintances I have forgotten. It is very dull ^{here} I think, compared with last winter. I feel lonesome already notwithstanding I am so busy. Your desk at the Court House, remaining in the same place - I have not seen the former occupant there lately. I think she must have gone.

Isn't it a little lonesome in N.H. too, this winter? Thank you very much for the "Life" - it is a very good foundation. Facts & figures are what we build on. They are the co-ordinates, - the causes of all that we are, may generally be measured by them.

I feel too stupid this evening to think of answering your letter - in just the mood to do justice to my Auto-biography. And I promise you before I begin, to be delightfully frolic & dull - to tell a hundred foolish irrelevant things and to make myself tiresome & disagreeable as possible.

Read till you get tired of it and then - I will burn. I don't use fireproof paper or Salamander ink.

"Once upon a time" no that won't answer. It is too indefinite. Veritable histories should commence with some date. Biographies too often commence with the flood or the Creation, if not the still more ancient date when chaos was the only man living. I might indeed go back to those

early days for the sake of reaching around beyond
good old Adam and Eve, to shake hands with you
and say - "sister". But in walking down through
three hundred score of years - (and a very bad, dark,
road it is, a part of the way) I fear the brotherly regard
would fade out or at best be substituted give place to
a substitute. Quite likely our ancestors were
fierce bloody foes - It is very probable they may have
been addicted to the immoral amusement of toasting
each other, over the slow fire, or some other of the
many pastimes which long since were much in vogue
in "Merry England". The thought is not pleasing
and so I will come down to later days.

"George Burdick Wright was born", - I do not state
- this on my own individual authority & without the
proofs, The Bible is considered the highest authority
among us, I have the testimony of the Sacred Volume
in support of my statement. For several years the
entry stood as I have written above. There has since
been added - "June 21st (Sunday) AD 1835"

I have thus you see, a great advantage over you
- dating back more than five years further - five years
nearer the "good old times" of which we hear so much.

And I can remember the "Harrison times" - "Pippa comes
and Tyler too" of 1840 - I was going to school at the
time the "Great Whig Convention" was held at Burlington Vt
in June 1840, I never heard Martial Music before that
day. I think my military ardor has never been at
quite so high a pitch, since then. Men on horseback

each with a bit of pasteboard stuck in his cap and a red sash hanging from the left shoulder, were to me, no less than Hercules, Pluto, Neptune or Jupiter were to the Old Greeks. I was clated - my eyes dilated & I got a browsing for getting belated that morning, I think, had a recruiting officer happened around then I would have enlisted for life. My "first love" may as well to have been for a "Drum & fife". I put particular stress upon this incident as I do not suppose you remember very distinctly the Presidential Campaign of 1842.

My Mother - now eighty years old - was one of a large family - a family which death visited several times in the form of consumption. My mother's name was Murray - Scotch probably. Several of the family have strongly marked Scotch features. Of their history I know nothing save that my mother's Grandfather was one of the Early Settlers in the north part of Vt., & came then from Massachusetts or Conn. I know as little of my Father's family.

I think then could never have been any F. F. blood in any of my ancestors, else I would have been educated to a greater respect for dead men's bones than I have been. Possibly some of them may have been presented with a hampden testimonial of the Commonwealth's appreciation of their distinguished services in the sheep-stealing line, for my parents never talked of them

and I made no inquiries - It only a little way
from here to Oblivion. - It matters little and yet
I would wish to be remembered.

My mother is a kind, gentle, tender-hearted good
woman - she has seen some changes, and borne much
sorrow & suffering. For some 20 years she has been sick
much of the time - and I wonder now that she
never complained more. Sometimes. -

Sabbath Eve. Jan. 30th

Then I fell asleep or rather wandered off in
a half dream to New England - and I came back
only to have a quarrel with the clock about
the time of day - It resulted in (to use an obsolete
phrase) "going to bed" and the "Life" of "Our Hero"
has been in suspense ever since. You wish it
finished no doubt. - Ancharitable homicide.

"I haven't had an opportunity to write since"
which being interpreted, means - in Yankee dialect -
- shiftlessness. Before I begin any long stories
to-day let me account for one evening

Last evening at Mr Loomis' - a few friends
called in "most unexpectedly" and celebrated the
Anniversary of Mr Croffut's birthday. - Jan 29th 1836

We had a very pleasant time - a presentation
of a pair of slippers to Mr Croffut and an
impromptu reply, ^{these to} were noticeable features in the
evening's entertainments. Mr Croffut is winning
friends fast here, and the "News" is thriving, and
It has now a much larger circulation than ever before.

Well, this is Sabbath Morning - such a morning
as I believe Minnesota claims exclusive
title to. You know what I mean when I say
so, for you have lived here. Six or eight inches
of snow fell one day last week and the sleighing
is now excellent. - It is cool - the snow dry &
powdery - a bright glistening eye peeping out from every
flake. The sun shines brightly, yet more like a
sentiment than a passion - more like a beautiful
idea than a comfortable fact. I am boarding
with the Hawkins - at the lower bridge & from the
window at my side I can see down the river
and across to Minneapolis - The trees are loaded
with a feathery fringe - ripe fruit, it is falling
rapidly now. The river partly frozen over - rushing
by - blue with cold. But singularly enough there is
a smoky haze resting on the uplands, & Minneapolis
seems to be wandering somewhere between sunlight
& "moonshine" in a dreamy soft air of doubt.
The snow complains audibly when the sleighs
domineer (?) over it, it will not be trodden under
foot without a protest. Altogether it is a real
Minnesota Winter Morning, such a one as
would be useless to attempt a description of
to a New Englander. And so not been to
church - I do wish I could enjoy going to church
and listening to good psalm & happy hymns - but
I feel so much better & happier to sit here & watch
the river and the steam from the water - & withal to pick up
my pen & scribble.

Do return to the subject. — My Father
several years older than my mother, is like many
others — a common type of character in New England
is the "practical man" so called — the result of
circumstances over which the man has, or can
have, no control: mould him to what he does not
(at the starting out) wish to be. Necessity compels
the New England farmer or mechanic, to turn every
muscle, every nerve, all skill, tact & talents into
gold — they must first be, fed & clothed & housed.
All things must be reduced & measured by the one
standard of $\$$ & cts. Every moment of time is valued
as to give larger opportunities for producing the means
to sustain life. At first, this is a necessity, and when
it becomes no longer so — habit has grown up around
and within the man, that he cannot throw it
off — It is work-work-work, and the man gathers
around him broad fields, & barns & cattle — and he
dies a poor man. I cannot see where he is to blame.

Made with bodily necessities; living when it is only
by severe toil & the use of all the talents he possesses, that
these wants can be supplied, and so constituted that
habit must & will become second nature to him —
it seems to me there can be but one result.

But though so illy-developed & one sided, the New
England farmer has a straight-forward, stern, earnestness
and integrity of character, he is a kindly man
withal, and generally at the bottom has a good heart
though difficult to approach. He had idealities &
sublimities (~~or~~ Phenologically) once — that was when he
was a boy probably — but they were expensive things
to keep & entirely useless in the battle of bone, muscle
& living against the world & so they were long ago discarded

My Father was a clothier - but his mills would burn down & disappointments would come, one after another till he could go on no further - then he went to tilling the soil - A struggle of forty years has given him a small, snug, well-kept farm - every acre of which he can truly say has been hard-earned.

He is an old man now - near 70 "

There are six of us, children in the family - all living, for aught I know. The ages respectively 40. 38 36. 34. 32 + 23 or thereabouts - A long skip you see between the two last. My oldest Brother I have comparatively little acquaintance with, and that perhaps ^{little} to the benefit of either party, for I could not understand him, neither could he understand me. He is the only one of the family who has not lived at home within my remembrance. My earliest recollection of him was as a clerk in a store several miles from home & I saw him not oftener than once or twice in a year.

He is a small, nervous, excitable man, his wife just the opposite - always cool, collected, and at ease. They have three children - boys, promising youths of course. He lives in Orwell Vt "

My two sisters were next oldest in the family. One married - living in Hinesburgh Vt - and one a Widow - now stopping in Battle Creek Mich. She has two children - little girls. - She (the last)

was always rather singular - she had few friends, but those were for life & death - very few understood her, she went little in society - was a stranger at the neighbors - cared more for a new lecture than a new dress; when she visited a lady friend she stayed a week or two, & when they visited her, they did likewise, - She would persist in doing everything differently from other folks, was a Yankee school-mistress for several years, & finally married the Principal of the Academy where she was an assistant, - The only gentleman I guess, that she ever formed much of an acquaintance with.

He died since I have been in Minnesota. I never saw him but two or three times, but from all I can learn, of him he was a real nobleman, He died of Consumption at Lancaster Coos Co. N.H. - and she nearly wore out her own life, trying to save his.

My brother next younger than her (the one now living in Iowa) had a severe attack of bookishness when young, it was discouraged by my father who could as he thought, ill afford to spare him from home, after he got large enough to work - or furnish money for schooling, Nevertheless he battled his way along till he got ready to enter College, a year I believe in advance - It seemed to my father a waste of time & money - so he refused all assistance, but at the same time offered to help him if he would go to the Military School at Norwich Vt & study Engineering & Surveying

for a term or two - So he went to Norwich - And there, he went through with the regular course and afterward studied the law for a year or two, at the same time acting as Operator in a Telegraph office - to pay his expenses - but happening to attend one or two terms of the local court, he was cured of the law, which as he said, he had, always before supposed had some connection with justice. Since then he has been farming in a small way & with the success which usually attends the labors of those who try to do something that ^{they} weren't "cut out" for, - so much for Chas. Rolla.

My youngest brother, Norman, who's yet a bachelor - always used to live at home & is the only one ^{of our family} ever knew much about.

He is a queer character too. He was the one I depended upon for sleds - boxes, wagons, saw-mills & all such little trinkets - and I always got them, - never however without a deal of borrow & trouble - for he never made one when I asked him, & never gave me one when he had it made, My possession of it was either a lease or the result of some compromise or sale in which however he took care to give the best of the bargain, after tormenting me to despair about it, I believe he really liked to have me "tag" around after him in his rambles over the hills & through the woods, better than any other company he could have & yet he would try to run away from me, just for the fun of it. For some 10 years

more or less I grew to him - he couldn't do anything except work, but I must have a share in, he was my entire dependence - the only society & only acquaintance I had, - all this without being aware of any particular affection.

But for the last six years I have hardly seen him - he is a machinist, working at Hinesburgh Vt - like all "God Old Bachelors" he is known all around for good deeds - for risking property, health, & life to help another - when no one else would think of so doing - always however with the tantalizing way, with which he used to give me handshakes & saw mills,

Then, - that is all the brothers & sisters and with the foregoing respectable array of facts & figures you will be able to locate me

You will see that there is nothing very strange in the position of the world

or of in my relations to it,

- nothing essentially different

from other people's experience

can be expected to come from such

a beginning but let us adjourn to a

new sheet, for my "shiftlessness"

has prevented me from moving the paper so as to write across the whole page -

Once more to come back to the subject -
 I imagine you now - yawning (no doubt through impatience
 to learn my exciting & "deeply interesting" story) and I
 wonder if you will not become so absorbed in the perusal
 of the tale as to "go off in a trance" & not wake
 till tomorrow morning.

The first incident, which my memory considered ^{worthy}
 of record, was I believe the crossing of a river
 somewhere, on a ferry boat, with my father and
 mother. The huge red posts to which the ferry
 line was attached on either side, were sublime.
 Bunker Hill Monuments would now appear quite insigni-
 -ficant beside the memory of those posts.
 The horn with which the ferryman was called over
 was a remarkable musical instrument - The
River, a very Atlantic. Still later I remember
 owning a small, yellowish-red, dog - a most strange &
 wonderful animal. There was a time when, a little
 square box of valuables, that red dog, and I, were
 the most important personages in a vast world-
 bounded by the stove on one side, & mother's bed-room
 door on the other. From there, I found my way,
 some time later to a limited knowledge of the
 Universe (i.e. outside the house) And here I may as well
 give a sketch of the premises where my first
 recollections all center & where my parents now
 reside. An old fashioned good-sized farmers house

blazing with Venetian Red (which is quite common among the country farm houses of Vt) - Stocking taste you think - very true, no one makes pretensions to taste, then. But after all I have a real veneration & affection for a red+ house. It fronts the west & the road runs north & south in front. To the North & west the land slopes away so as to give a fine view of the greenery of meadows & of the dark woods (where the hemlocks grow) beyond.

Off toward the South stretches a rocky pasture & back in the rear are the woods again, so full of mystery they used to be. Still further back is a range of hills, bearing North & South - the preliminary symptoms of the Green Mountains. The highest of the range - Leoblo Hill - is directly back of our house. It rises to a height of some 500 to 600 feet and is very steep at the sides. Through breaks in this range of hills, the Green Mountains may be seen. Camels Hump a conical peak some 20 miles distant in a South Easterly direction, & Mansfield Mountain ~~some~~ with a profile somewhat like  about the same distance, directly East. The chin of Mansfield Mountain is the highest land in Vt & only excelled ^{in New England} by some of the White Mountains, I think. Lake Champlain is distant some 2 1/2 miles - west, & from the high pasture land East from the house it may be plainly seen for many miles North & South. Beyond the lake the Mountains in New York are plainly seen.

This then was the spot that I called home. There were no neighbors near and I learned to make "plays for one" - The only time I recollect having any help in my play was when I was some five years old & the district school teacher (then a student at Burlington - but since a Minister of the Gospel) helped me play grazer and tend the droves of Hickory nut sheep & Batternut Cattle. I remember him with gratitude even now.

The usual trials (and some extra ones on account of not having any acquaintances among the children who were a new race of beings to me) awaited me at school - The school-mistresses were most awful creatures - They would fall asleep in their chairs & when they again awoke, the boys would have to "catch it". The small girls would be granted furloughs & sit under the apple trees by the road side - no small boys ever had such privileges. On the contrary the small boys usually had to pass a portion of the afternoon under the floor or up-garret.

And again, we had to take compulsory lessons in the art of gallantry - of a sultry afternoon the hated school marm would make up go over to the girls' side of the house and offer them our straw hats for fans (The witch) when we knew that all the thanks we would get, would be in the shape of hats shockingly torn or killed. Some sturdy Republicans - young Washingtons & Luthers in check aprons refused to buy & wear

summarily crushed, — but after all I don't believe
the exercise was a salutary one, The lady who
introduced the system was an old maid & I suppose
intended to educate us to a proper respect for
and devotion to the other sex — all last labor, —
The six year old Swains wouldn't learn, I well
remember the one she used to make me offer the
fan to, — A fat, broad-buttressed girl of twice my age
She is married now — last time I saw her she
had three of the dirtiest, homeliest, young ones I
ever saw, I was glad they were so homely,
for I had hated her, ever since she used my
new palm-leaf for a spittoon.

Yass came & went — Summers & winters
I went to the district school, In figures I astonished
some of the older ones by my unorthodox way
of studying arithmetic (They always began at the
beginning every winter and at the last week of school
they stranded somewhere on the shores of vulgar
fractions & if by accident one got as far as the
"Rule of Three" it was considered unsafe to
keep him at school any longer, he might
go insane), But in due course of time I had
demolished not only the "rule of three" but the
whole book & was quoted a marvel in "figgers"

In English Grammar however I signally
failed, My Moods & tenses would have astonished
Even a Comanche — By & by the Summers
found me at home & to make up for summers I
went to the "cademy" 3 miles away, in the autumn

But the "Academy" privileges were limited, besides being by me abused. I never was away from home (except at my sister's in Hinesburgh) at school. My studies, ~~off~~ (which I mostly pursued at home as they were not taught in the District schools) were in view of the business I am now following. My Father had marked the course for me & he suited my own talents very well.

It is now nearly seven years since I first commenced "practice" on a Rail Road Survey in Vt. in the humble capacity of chainman. I well remembered the day I got news that I was one of the "elect" (There were several applications for each place) I did not sleep any that night - Glory was before me - Honors - renown - everything! That was my first skirmish with the world at large - When I left home with a carpet sack on my back, twenty dollars in my pockets & some good advice about behaving myself & working faithfully, in my mind & went to work on the rail road. Responsibilities thickened around - for the first time I was my own financial manager -

Boys in Vt are not generally supposed to know any thing till they get to be 19 or 20 years old which though perhaps not far from the truth is yet a poor way to bring them up, so that they

may ever know anything or ever have confidence in their own ability or judgment.

Well - a few weeks convinced me of several things - One was that I was yet a boy & that honors & emoluments would come slowly.

The others who were older, would batter me and make me the butt of their witticisms & I had to bear it. (By the way this is quite common - the greenest one of a party of surveyors or lumbermen ought to have double pay for it is a hard place.) It does me good sometimes to see the tables turned & the butt of a party suddenly throw the laugh on his tormentors.

I have never since kept awake nights contemplating prospects (glittering ones) of the future. - That was a new study for me and I learned more of men & manners - of my own ability - my own weakness, more of the relations between myself & the great "all out of doors" world in six weeks, than I had in all the fifteen years before.

In April 1854 I wished to go West - my request was granted & May 3^d I started for Chicago & the great unknown West beyond it.

A year was passed in Wisconsin - during that time I saw but three faces I had ever seen before. My whole visiting comprised perhaps three hours. But I found friends - very dear ones - learned to appreciate kindnesses, to know

something of the meaning of mutual dependence - and I think succeeded in correcting & lopping off somewhat of the rank growth of selfishness which had grown up in me. The world grew broader & better. - Another year I passed in WY though not at home - save a few weeks. The world narrowed down again. Nowhere did I see the spirit of the Wisconsin farmer - who tells the stranger that has dined with him & who offers pay for it - "Man Alive, put up your money - it don't cost us any thing to live here, & when you come again this way stop & see us - you're always welcome."

And I got homesick. In April 1856 I started for Minnesota and arrived here Apr 20th of that year. Minneapolis was my first stopping place - it has become a home to me. For the first year and a half I was here I made, not a single call I believe except at Mr Barber's. I was slightly acquainted with them before I came here.

Even now I have comparatively few acquaintances here.

You have not discovered anything very unmarkable in the foregoing - no very salient points, nothing so decisive whereon to hang a character, very dull & prosy and you are glad I have done - Hold a moment not so fast I've not done by any manner

of means. I've only needed a moment to try again.
Then are certain mile-stones by the way side which
I have not as yet noticed ^{at} all - You may be
sure that there are, such as I am now going to speak
along almost any life, though they are generally
not pointed out to by standers, I know not whether
to call them mile stones, or moments more; a
little of both perhaps. Let us look at the
first one. I've often seen it myself since
it was planted, yet I think no one else ever has
before to-day. It reads - "Edna, 1841" and it stands
by the old red school house where I used to go to
school. Edna was a young lady of four summers
very angelic of course and entirely different from
all others - had golden hair & wore a silk net on
her head - nominally to confine the thick hair & keep
it out of her eyes - really to make her look as
handsome as anything could be. A young
gentleman ~~was~~ whose name it would not be necessary
to mention, got caught in the silk net.

I don't think, this, was ever carried as far as
words; he would rather have been shot out of
a cannon than speak to her. Being thus
entwined it is probable the young lady was all
unaware of the mischief she had created
or that she had caught in the aforesaid
net, any larger game than the parasites which do
then mostly congregate.

That was something, all pleasure - and when the young lady went elsewhere, then were no regrets - the image faded, I only think of the occurrence now, with a quiet inside smile.

Let us walk down a few years further - Ah here is the same old yd School House again. It looks very much as it did when we saw it last; the walls a little more dingy & dilapidated perhaps. The same fly-cages & other evidences of my skill with a pocket knife, yet remain; but, others have recorded their first attempts at Sculpture, on the pine desks, since that day. Here on the South side - by the window - on the "long bench" - next to the girls, this was my seat, and right across there only two seats distant - thus ^{7. east} _{South} sat ———
 ah yes, that makes me think, well let us look at the Monument. This one isn't white marble like the other - it has a somber, dark, sad, look - the cutter when he engraved the words, must have stood in the way of the light & forgot to take his shadow with him, when he left.

This is very brief also - It reads

"Lizzie - 1847 - 1854"

A profile of the above would be somewhat like this The exclamation points would naturally follow the announcement of her marriage at 19 years of age - some time in Nov

AD 1854, which intelligened I recd while in
Wis. The happy husband, a red-nosed tavern keeper
— My sister tells me she saw — Lizzie — (I can
manage to speak the name now with tolerable
ease, but for years it choked me to speak it
& so I did not try, but it used to work out at the
ends of my fingers, on to the barks of trees & on
odd slips of paper) — yes — that she saw her
not long ago, — now living in a log-house, has two
very dirty children, very dirty herself & as happy
as dirty. "What a fall was there, my countryman"

Ha, Ha, Ha. It seems very funny to
think it all over now — "What a fool" I say
to myself sometimes — Very possible I may
be just as foolish again — Enough, enough. Goodbye.
You have no right
to be surprised — you cannot complain, if
I have said so many silly things — Didn't I
tell you at the outset, that such would be the
case. — And I cannot help it.

You have seen cabbages have you not, with
one side burst out and growing out into uncouth
shapes — the whole worse than useless?

I've wished oh so many times that I
had not grown up into a "one-sided cabbage
head — a vegetating monstrosity." You'll tell me
I ought not to think so — that it is unjust — same time
thinking just as I do, — excuse me — I know better
than to accuse you of saying one thing & meaning

another.

My sister gave me a lecture the other day — said
she — "The world won't give a man any more than
"he demands", he may put too high a value on
"himself — but is oftener in danger of making
"too small estimates, (for his own temporal welfare
"at least). If you know you can do a thing as
"well as another — don't be afraid to say so — stick
"to it — You're just as good as anybody — if you
"only think so — and until you do think so,
"nobody else will."

Now it is again — evening — 9 1/2 P.M. & I
must close, for to night — Delas says I'll have
to wait till "Navigation Opens" before I can send
this — wishes he had bought up a lot of paper
some days ago — Stationery won't be stationary
long if I use it so, — Good night — "

Wednesday Evening Feb 2

And now after all this tiresome preface, let
me try to answer your letter — I recollect
that when I first read it, I thought I could
sit down and write a forty page answer, without
trouble — every line needed a reply — But —
two or three weeks have since come & gone & the
brilliant (?) things I was going to say, the fine
thoughts that came to me, under the inspiration
of the hour have all faded away — And yet
I think if I read it (the letter) once more

I will find enough, to cause me to spend
three or four sheets of foolscap, Don't think
now that that is all your letters are good
for, I find some things that set me thinking
- things probably I'll not write about.

Answers to your Queries - and answers
without any Queries, Yes I do "think George
makes a better Register of Duds for being a married
man" - He is twice the man he used to be, - he
hardly seems to be the same person. He is really
a happy man now I think - Sue seems
very happy too - I was at their room last
evening, so easy & comfortable - a stray bit
of Heaven upon Earth. I could hardly help thinking
of how much Happiness George had lost by not
getting married ten years ago, I mean to ask
him tomorrow if he isn't getting tired of
his new mode of life & wishing himself back
an odd Bachelor again. Will Cornell was at their
room last eve - I stayed with him through the
night - we came near talking all night. I like
Will - he has many fine noble traits of character
& his faults are such as time will cure, Indeed
I rather like him for his faults, Some things which
he has in excess, are the same wherein I am sadly
deficient.

Your saying that you feel "as little acquaint-
ed with Seneca as with her friends" reminds me of
something which a lady told me a few days ago

- She was married some two years ago, and this was what she said a married lady friend told her a day or two before her marriage - ^{It was this} said she - "Now you are not going to be near as happy for the coming year as you anticipate - not as happy as you will be thereafter - You don't know your husband - and - you don't know yourself"

"I thought it very strange" said she - "folks I supposed were happy the first year after marriage if ever - and I thought if I didn't know myself that I didn't know anything - but I was true as the Bible - I didn't know myself - but am trying now to learn" -

This isn't answering your letter though, That old brown house had not a "tree or shrub or creeping vine around it - Can't seem like home to you? Have you never noticed that a single bunch of lilacs or a rose bush often times forms a hedge, around a heart, that all the massive gorgeous marvels of cut brown stone could never fence in? I remember once when Father said that the rose bushes in the front yard had got too large & unless stopped, would overrun the whole yard & so he hitched the horses to them & pulled them out by the roots, - now the house looked & reminded me of a man with his under jaw pulled off -

What funny freaks children have - I can imagine how you looked - crying because when you grew up you would have to marry & leave your mother. There's many a six year old Princess - Royal baby - that's might well cry at the thought - for they are used, much as our present Chief Magistrate was in '56 - "No longer James Buchanan but the platform of my party." It used to make me feel very bad, when my girl-cousins got married one after another, - Last - last - last - no more would they come "visiting" - no more to make fun & merriments to turn the old house topsy-turvy - "

I do not wonder from your story that you should be of a grave, thoughtful turn of mind - " Perhaps too I may explain something concerning myself which otherwise might puzzle you - For years I feasted on Jack Books - when I ought to have been reading something of value & importance - and I feel the effects now, I relish a keen joke better than anything else, & sometimes think that a witicism stirs my deepest feelings - Like Lake Erie - shallow, Mind is very like a lake - some places deep - Thoughts drawn up from the bottom are fresh & invigorating & wholesome, as the water the boatman gets, by sinking a corked bottle four hundred feet down, into the dark green Lake Superior - down - till the bubbles rising to the surface tell them that water is harder than cork.

In reading your letter I have wondered, how it could be possible, for you to become what you are now, from so sad - so (in many respects) unfortunate a childhood - I refer particularly to your two years with Mrs Dorr and - without a mother. - I should ~~give~~ make up my mind, ^{that} a girl could not well avoid being utterly spoiled by such an experience as yours with Mrs Dorr. There must have been a little of the straight-unflinching ~~fun~~ "fun" in your nature - And then too, it seems to me you have everything (almost) to thank Mr and Mrs Ames for. It is very seldom that a child by legislative enactment gets a real Father and Mother. I would say that - "do all you can do for them you can never repay them for what they have done for you" - but that I know you appreciate more fully than any one else can, how much you owe to such a Father as Charles G Ames and to such a Mother as Sarah Jane Ames.

"Only a little of the Outside" - That is all - and yet it is sufficient for me to read a great deal now, Three points only - will determine a circle - wait a moment and I'll tell you the contents of the sphere also. - The three points on paper are little persistent facts, - The sphere is the whole of a Human life

A few days ago I was up at Maple Grove - perhaps I have already said so in this horridly long letter

but I'll repeat it. And now I'm not much in the habit
of saying I love any body - lest I get into difficulties
- prudent you see - but really I do love those people
at Maple Grove. I had a real good visit there -
Mr Croffut & Sue (Mrs Chown) were along also - Mr Croffut
was delighted with the people there. Jessie is as pretty
as can be - she is about the only baby I ever saw
that I thought looked handsome - all the rest look
alike, - I bother Mary (Mrs Eddy) on account of
the little Jessie - I'm going to wait till Jessie is
seventeen (only sixteen years) - & Mrs Eddy declares her
girl shall never marry a snuffy old bachelor, - but
Jessie seems well content with such an arrangement
for she will come to me & sit with me (almost the only
baby that ever would do so) & that of course plagues
Mary all the more.

Surely can you pardon all the
It in this letter, they are many, I'll promise to be more sparing
of them in future. And now although I have lots & lots of things
more that I wish to tell you, I think this is enough for
once, to tell, not only you but the Post Office Department &
every body or thing else that has anything to do with it.

Give my kindest regards to your Father & Mother and
say to them that we (I speak as representative) want to see them.
- If you can withstand such an attack as this, I
hope you will write me again - and I pledge myself not
to be so voluminous hereafter - Don't excuse mistakes
They are inexcusable - but be charitable toward the writer

And so Good bye and Good bye - May
God bless and prosper you ever,
Sincerely, Your friend George

No 3.

North Wolfboro. Feb. 9. 1859.

George :
Maybe you have not received
my "life".

I am pretty well, I thank you,
but alone and lonely.

It is a fine, dark, dismal day.
Happiness to ye. Ames.

Serena Ames.

Boston Feb 10 1859

Bro Clark Esq.

Dear Sir

I had intended to have called at your home, & take a ~~Seguex~~ type of Mrs. Merrill, for Bro Edwards family, but owing to having been absent at N.Y. & not returning in season to complete other business, have been obliged to omit it.

If you will please send it to Messrs Anderson Sargent & Federal St. where we are having books packed, it will be sent up & you will much oblige me. I leave for home this morning.

Yours very truly
Geo. Richard

No 4

39

1 sheet

North Walfboro. Feb. 12. 1839.

George:

Your letter, lying before me, I have just finished reading. I will show my appreciation of it by beginning an answer, a poor way, surely, but, under the circumstances, the best I can do.

I hardly know what to say first. Shall I say I was interested in your "Autobiography"?

That would seem too courteous and commonplace. Something more than a letter from George B. Wright, I received to-night. Several pictures. One beautiful, some pleasant and others pretty. I wonder you did not grow up a poet, indeed, I do not know but you are one.

if you are not, it is not the fault of your surroundings. Woods, and mountains, green and blue, and calm waters, and the same dear sky over all, that is to me such an all-beautiful; all-protecting, loving friend. Your home is one picture, and that curly-headed little "Lady" of four years, whom you regarded with such officious veneration is another. Bless her little heart! I care a good deal more for her than I do for "Lizzie." I don't like to laugh at such a sober epoch in a man's life, but I can't help something like a smile, when I think of her and her children happy in their dirt, and the well-washed "Lantern keeper" who was the successful rival of my friend. But don't think that what was

most interesting to me in reading your letter I have spoken of. I don't like to call the Bible in question, but it is true that what is most in my heart I speak of least. Your home and early surroundings, and boyish loves, are only so many influences that have been at work upon the man, who will remain forever something as they have made him.

I should like your Sister; I do like her. You ought to be "very much obliged" for the good talking to she gave you. I have no idea you believe in slandering being a Christian duty, any more than I do, but will you please tell me what right you have to slander yourself, and greater than to slander me? Perhaps you will think

me egotistical, vain, selfconceited, when I tell you I acknowledge no man nor no woman on a footing above my own. A place was prepared for me and I am come to occupy it, an individual, dependent on no one except Him who put me here, and owe to him who crowns me. I do not say these are not those whose heads tower above mine as far as the mountain above the mole hill, but they are nothing to me only to teach me what man has been and what he may be.

Really, I forgot I was a girl. Even and boys, I believe, were made in God's image, to grow more and more like him, and women and girls for them, I don't know as it is told in whose image we were created, or if it has been told, it was forgotten a long time ago. Alack-a-day!

2 Sheet

It is going on to Sunday. Ten,
 the clock sounded some time ago.
 A glorious night! White clouds
 and stars fill the heavens. Quiet,
 quiet every where. — Good night.

Sunday. — I came
 from the Sea of Glory. I have
 been to see the White Mountains,
 and my eyes were almost put out
 by the splendor of the morning, the
 Sun on the snow and the glitten-
 ing of Lake Winnepesaukee. My
 fancy never pictured any land
 more exquisitely beautiful than is this
 place. On such a morning as
 this, and in such a mood, I wonder
 how I can turn, with such restless
 longing, from all these visions of
 perfect loveliness, to one little place

away was off. But cannot you breathe free and don't you feel as though you could grow to a more perfect manhood on the broad open Prairie, with no limitation but the blue sky, coming down to meet the earth, than you could in a little garden, if it be fair as Eden, begirt round about by hills? I feel confined; something as a prisoner might feel while looking upon his golden bars garlanded with roses, that kept him from the world. Probably you will say "He is homesick, that is all". That is enough.

I am alone. Papa and Mamma have been away for almost three weeks. I heard from them two or three days since. They were then in Boston. He preaches to-day

in Somerville - three miles out of Boston - to a Unitarian Church.

It is quite impossible for Papa to stay here and it is in no way probable we shall return to Minnesota at present. Grand-ma, I am sure, cannot be moved so far. Something, however, must be done, and Papa is away to see if in some way he can get a wife into the future. I am afraid he will return, as he went, uncertain. Things look rather dubious, but they will come out right in the end, no doubt. I am not overburdened with faith, but I have a little in the Good Father who has always cared for us.

Papa writes me he heard Starr King last Sunday, I wish I could be blessed with hearing a living Man talk. I

read Theodore Parker and my friend Emerson, and think that does almost as well, being the only alternative between nobody and our Ministers talks about what I cannot believe. I could not think of going to meeting to-day and having Gods Sunshine put out of that dismal face right before my eyes recounting in such a dismal way the crushing weight of sinners and from corners of the dust are favored with by One, who in a few days will cast us into outer darkness because we don't believe the "Creed", or stop at home of a Sunday, or believe in but One God etc.

Do you read Emerson? I am sure you would like him, if for no other reason, because he is so entirely Emerson. He is a man, and no pattern of Somebody's

the manhood. You speak, and I have to confess, with too much truth, of woman's littleness and her want of character, but I think there are very few men who ever grow up to the full status of noble manhood. They rely too much on each others, and, it seems to me, their bump of veneration is too largely developed. The truth our Fathers lived or uttered will remain. nor does it require us to stand with weapon in hand to defend it; our duty is to seek for more the truth and if it does not seem to us to work smoothly side by side with other truth we may be sure that all is true harmony; and abide patiently the time when we may see it as such. Emerson thinks, speaks

and acts so differently from every body else, that when I get sick of the rest of mankind I like to turn to him and hear what he says. Read his "Essays" and tell me what you think of them and him. Are you ever given to hero-worshipping? I am somewhat, but I find no hero that stands by one long. I find a man that I think combines all the qualities of greatness and answers my ideal no sooner is my heart placed on him than I hear he has quarrelled with his wife, hung himself or done some other very unheroic thing. Emerson says, "If an angel should come to chant the moral law I should expect to hear he had eaten too much gingerbread, taken liberties with private letters or done

some such precious atrocity".

I have had no one to talk to for three whole weeks, so do not wonder if I say somewhat of what is in me to you. Excuse me if I do not nicely arrange my subjects before trusting on them, they would not come in natural order. If I did, as it is, my letter is a perfect index of my mind, a jumble of all sorts of things.

So you are hurried to death by the Register. Time to come. Who is Deputy?

I am glad George and Sue are happy. Is he as unadvised as ever? I used to think him my good friend but he is treating me so exceedingly shabby that I am beginning to think it is a one-sided friendship. Never mixed with me it is

not impossible to have love all on
 one side, and enjoy it just as well
 to. I believe the most of my friends
 those who have no knowledge
 of my existence, or, if they have,
 count it a little thing to know.
 I like Millie too.

Don't you think I have written
 enough for one, such as it is?
 Some days since I sent you a note
 that I recall now. If you will
 some time in due season send it here
 otherwise, otherwise.

Oh! Give love to Jessie Mary. I
 don't think you could do better but
 fifteen years from now her Ladyship
 might think she could. Is not
 Mary the dearest little girl-woman
 you ever saw. She is charming.

The wind wails most pitifully.
 What does it want, I wonder.

Good night and Good-bye, my
 friend,
 Truly Serena.

St
Cuth.
Written Feb. 19.

Feb 19th 59

Serena:

Perhaps you had not received mine?

I am glad you are well. - a little lonesome
myself. God bless you for your kind
wishes.

A-dieu

George Wright.

P.S.

Sunday, Feb 20th

My dear Friend - I was going to send that (the
above) in reply to a "concentrate" under date
Feb 9th & over your name. I wrote you some two
weeks ago - several weighty matters considered.
It seemed absurd to send so very brief a
reply when I had so much more to tell you
- About what? well I hardly know, yet I don't
like to pass without detaining you longer than
to say "Good morning" & must frame some excuse
perhaps I may amuse you with a show of trans-
-parencies.. Well - Court is in session and lasting
in season (as I am told) - The former "drags its
slow length along" - like the English National Debt
They contrive to attend to the interest on crime &
strife. The principle (not principal) is not touched
by Courts of injustice or congresses or "Halls"
(pelled with an e) of Legislation - The awful
day of St- Valentine is come & gone - fancy how
sad I must feel - no one cared enough about me to

favor me with even a "comic";

It was mutual however - for I sent none myself - I used to - "when I was a boy" - did you?

Mr Croffut received one - of which I send a copy. And Mr Chas. H. Sherburne received one at Church - from Rev Williams. none other than Miss Lucy Harmon, "Large Valentines all the fashion"

I am reading Jane Eyre for the first time. It completely fascinates me: for the time I see all things through the medium of it, and cannot dismiss it from my thoughts. Was Charlotte Brontë really a human being of real flesh & blood? They say so yet I cannot conceive how it is in human power to write Jane Eyre. It isn't a fiction, it is a real as though a part of my own life; it tells things which I supposed even as impossible to measure out in words, as it would be to describe a rainbow to one who never had eyes. Its Keene's agony seems most real. I shall never forget it.

I have not yet finished it, and I am going to read it again. I shall tell you more of it by & by.

The Universalist Society will lose Mr Barnes about April 1st. Some of them would like to have Mr Ames take Mr Barnes' place - and many outside of that Society would like it too. I wonder if —

— " May I not hear from you soon
— I go visiting now - as days only through ink & paper
Good Bye. George

Monday Morning

How do you do?

Goodbye again

George

and sketch

Bradford Vt. Feb. 21st 1857

Uncle Calvin: [To Calvin W. Clarke]

I have a few spare moments now - the first that I have had since you were here - and thought would write a few lines to you - I have always had great respect and reverence for "Uncle Calvin" - My mother - Aunts Laura & Eliza used to speak of you so frequently - and always of good qualities - that I have almost been brought up ~~to~~ think you were something more than Uncle. - Your last visit to Bradford - Painful tho it was to you - was a very pleasant one (under the circumstances) to us all - and your kind attentions ^{to} me and my family can never be forgotten, but will be sorely cherished in all time as more than parental Regards. - In that you seemed to me like an own father - Then to think of Aunt Eliza's legacy to me - unworthy as am - what have I ever done that she should thus remember me. - Then to think of her kindness to me when I lay sick three months with Bilious fever. - how frequent

her visits, and how mindful of my wants and necessities, - some days when she otherwise would have felt compelled to stay at home on account of her public health, she would visit my bedside and bathe my head - arms and feet and rub my limbs - and otherwise minister to my wants till I would feel like a new man.

But she has gone to rest in the arms of her Saviour, whom she so much loved - willingly and happily did she depart, - she will long be remembered and thought of by a large circle of her friends -

The prospect is now fair for a good seasons business for me, - and I think I shall have to come to Boston soon - say about the middle of March, - and perhaps buy me a good trimming Machine - so I can save much time and expense - in getting out work, - They ask a great price for ~~them~~ them - or did 2 yrs since, but if they are durable and strong perhaps they are cheap enough, There is one called the "Malory Cutting Machine" - the price of which three yrs since was 190.00 Cash, - perhaps they are cheaper now - I understand they were now 175.00 They ought to be durable

and more, for that price - and do work very rapidly, - If Brown Faggard & Co. will agree to let me build 25,000 of Crows spellers this summer, I will freight them from Boston - and build them - buy them in good new Boxes and deliver them at the Depot in Boston for 20cts per copy or 20.00 per 1000 - Don't you think they would consent to it, - I have made a close estimate on them and can do so - furnishing all the stock except waste leaves - Perhaps a word or two from you would induce them to let me try - one lot of 25,000 or more,

and ^{and your family} I am would it be agreeable to you, to have me stop a day or two with you, If so I will, I from the shores of Charleston - would like to have me call on them, as they frequently ask me to do so - I cannot leave home & business long - perhaps from Saturday night till Tuesday morning will be as long as I could conscientiously be gone - as my business calls me to the shop most of the time, Would like to have you write me

before long. Henry A. Gane has the
trimming machines for sale - perhaps others.

I rather wish you would speak with
B. T. & Chure and see if they cannot be
induced to accept of my proposals.

My family are all well and send
love and kind regards to you all.

Very truly and affectionately

Yours

J. Dayton Clark.

740.60

256.16

70.07

1066.83

1113.16
960.29
2073.45

1127.77

731.00

396.69

61.41

335.20

1010
744
296
374
193
1311
52
14
1334

2615.94

1095.29

1540.40

500.

260.

780.40

2072.92

1147.92

750

175

785.86
54.56
1613.42

Minneapolis Min Feb 28th 1859

Serena:

Thank you - I put that there, as the representative of many things beside a single "Thank You" - You can imagine them all & save time, ink & paper. Your letter was rec'd the day before yesterday - I have read it.

You may infer perhaps that I don't usually read letters. At all events I've read that one. Why I am now writing to you, I cannot tell, unless perhaps the last line in your letter, saying - if I write soon "direct to No. Walflon" "otherwise, otherwise" may have caused it. It is not written with "malice prepense" at any rate; my pen has a queer way of putting a name at the top of a page without any effort or purpose (that I am aware of), on my part - and then of course a letter must be written after it. But after working all day I feel too sluggish & indolent to make any exertion, and so my hand goes over the paper like a machine, but I don't really have anything to do about the writing. It's pleasant - soothing - soporific - i.e. "You'll think I must take a deal of interest in what you have written, to fall asleep in answering it." I do take an interest

or I would not write at all. What has happened since I wrote last? Bad enough - The school has stopped. The teachers were not paid & no evidence that they ever would be, and on Friday last - Mr Stone resigned; The school stopped of course. The Trustees met the Teachers this morning at the School House - what was done I do not know. There is a meeting of citizens at the School house to-night - to see if the school cannot be revived. But I guess it is too late.

It is too bad. - 400 or 500 scholars turned out into the streets - They were all learning rapidly and the school was a perfect model. The scholars almost worship Mr Stone. - great & small went home crying last Friday. The teachers did the same. To day a procession of the scholars - (the little boys) about a hundred in number went down to Mr Stone's house. They were part on horse back & part on foot; had banners & mottoes in profusion. I noticed one, which read -

TEAR DOWN THE
STONE
and you tear down
the whole building

"Pretty good for the little fellows" I couldn't help thinking as the little fellows trudged sternly along; of the Boston school-boys in 1776 - playing soldier & acting out the "rebel", with an earnestness which surpassed their seniors.

We shall never get another such school if Mr Stone is allowed to go.

It is too bad - too bad.

I do not think of much else of interest. The supervisors have I believe allowed all Mr Ames acc'ts - thus reversing some part of their previous action. The Middle & Western State-ens are to have a supper etc at the Nicolle's House this week. The etc means whisky I suppose. One good thing happened in County the other day - One man (if things that sell whisky are men) tried to recover a debt - It was proven that the debt was contracted for liquors. The seller had no licence - none of them have. - The jury decided against the vender of the poison. Both parties ought to have been beaten. but all honor I say to that jury, and when liquor selling gets to be an unsafe business pecuniarily, perhaps there may not as many venture into it. It is now thought that a few bridges will be built across the river just above the falls the coming summer - from Cataracts Street in Minneapolis to Pine Street in St Anthony. (Or ~~from~~ ^{between} the Cataract House to the Jarrett (now Fremont) House)

Well now - I believe that is about all the news. I hear very little of what is going on about Town.

Let me see what questions you have for me to answer, and then, those disposed of, I shall wander off according to the whim of

of my own fancy without regard to time or
paper." Date Feb. 12 to 15 - a regular
Valentine - a twelve-paged heart throb - an
alphabetical army of invasion, six thousand
strong, (25 letters to the line x 20 lines to the page
= 500 - x by 12 pages = 6000) - Insistible - I
surrender. The first page - referring to my
letter, needs no comment - but here, - hold.

You've been where you have no right; Not one
word against Lizzie - dirt or no dirt. You see
I never think of her now, only as she used to be
I've got a picture of a little girl (from some old
magazine I believe), that looks as she used to
- I'll show it to you sometime. Its pretty,
Don't laugh at me now.

You never were foolish; so I cannot retort, & you
must be merciful.

What right have I to slander myself more
than I have to slander you? None at all. & I
don't - unless it be that "the greater the truth
the greater the lie" - Its simply because
I happen to be more intimately acquainted
with my defects, than with yours (for I don't
believe you are perfect & I've got a lecture, in
embryo, for you - look out for it) If I was at
all well acquainted with you, it is very possible that I
might say as unpleasant things to you as I think
of myself. I wish I could see you now
- Are you angry? Bare coin only, turns dark

and sullen when tried with acids. I think you will bear a light test though. To return to the previous subject - but it is A. A. Wheelock who says that the great object of marriage is for husband & wife to find out each other's defects. - to get up the largest amount of hate at least expensed? - Is that the rule or only a popular exception? Well - I cannot say anything here what is hateful, to night & I will close. perhaps I may do better next time. I noticed that in one thing you do not quite understand me yet, perhaps it is better for me that no one should understand that freak of mine, it may drive me out of it. It is this - I have ^{become} ~~got~~ so accustomed to speak in a half-serious, half-ironical way, that I often say one thing & intend it to be taken as meaning something else. when the simple statement of the thing, just as I mean - would have much better.

Sometimes you will need my spectacles to translate some of my language.

Well - Good night. - George

Wednesday Eve Mar 2^d - 8 P.M. A gloomy night - The rain pours down. A sound of water dripping from the eaves, is the only variety. - All else is rain.

I expect to go to Maple Grove tomorrow if it does not storm. They are going to have some roads surveyed. I am very glad to get out of the Office for a day or two. I'm getting hungry for some of the all-out-of-doors, which was made for people to live in, before houses were.

What a grand old King (and what a freedom-lover too), is this same platulent old fellow whom we call Air - the happy representative of a peaceful union between two ancient suffering houses - the very York & Lancaster, - Red Rose & White Rose, - the principles of life versus the principles of death, the Montague & the Capulet of Nature - Oxygen & Nitrogen. Ancient & honourable families both. Adieu Hurrahs for King Air - long may he reign over us.

Mildly my dear Sir, please confine yourself to the subject in hand, which is a reply to your (Miss A's) letter.

Here soberly I begin. You don't speak of those things nearest your heart - etc

Neither do I - yet somehow it comes over me, that I shall be saying just those very things if I keep on writing to you - and without being aware of it either. I write as though I were talking to myself - The fact that you are a party to what I am confidentially telling myself doesn't seem to disturb the harmony of the thing.

I fear you are dangerous - positively now before I go any further, have you been to Salem? If so - upon your honor now - Did you invoke the spirits of those who were long ago hanged & burned there to assist you in making people transparent?

P.S. Sir, you are wasting much paper.

Just say you acknowledge no superior by virtue of station. That your rights are no less than those of the greatest, that you stand on a footing with them, that the place prepared for you by Him who sent you is as honorable as the place of the mightiest. Good - I like that. It is a notice I suppose, that those who tread on your corns (to use a common phrase) will hear from you.

But - you are dependents on no one but Him who placed you here - I cannot understand you - It is quite unintelligible to me. I cannot reach such an independence - nor do I wish to. I am free to acknowledge that I am dependents in a greater or less degree for my happiness - for all that renders life desirable - upon ^{all} those around me. It may be a failing - it may be a virtue - I shall not quarrel with the - (fate if you please call it) which gave it to me. I often wish however that I had more individuality, & positiveness of character, more fixed principles & rules of action. I take my color too much as the chameleon does his; from my surroundings. If I went as a missionary to

I jump around this edge to say good bye - shall I "talk good" of you to the Maple Groves? - yes I guess so.

the Foxe Islands. You might expect next year to hear of me as a regular cannibal. Oh no that never would do. I should need to be laced to the straight plank of rigid morality for an indefinite, unlimited time before I could get a respectable back-bone - sufficient to resist such a temptation. You see my tactics - I'll prove to you that I am a very monster & then that you are no better; next that we are as good as "the world" is - and lastly that the world has a glorious overweight of good to counterbalance its little defects.

It is only self-praise after all you see. Ah-ha, but you are a "rebel". You talk & forget in talking that you are a girl - you recover your conscious ness & are indignant. Now I don't see why you need to be - I've got some queer ideas on this subject which I'm going to inflict upon you, one of these days - It seems to me, that the indignation would be the other way, were it not that somehow the hands of humanity have got the advantage of the heart; the body over the soul in this material, bread-&-butter world. In natural likeness to Deity. It seems to me that we have right to complain, as being created with a very slight family resemblance, compared with you (women).

And here I have only answered one sheet of your letter & have no time to write more. If I go to Maple Grove I will mail this tomorrow. If not I'll write more. I do not like the idea that your people are never coming back here. It puts out a pretty picture with a flash of black lightning as Dr Holmes hath it.

Thursday Eve - I did not go to the grove to-day - It has stormed all day. - Snow five or six inches deep now. - warm, wet, muddy, etc. I commence with a long chapter you have given of a Sabbath morning - folding up the woods, the ~~the~~ hills, and New Hampshire, in comparison with the prairies and Minnesota. You can hardly compare them fairly. Spring is coming by & by, and the cold bare hills, will look green again; & you will think differently. And I am so selfish as to think (mind - I don't say it) - sorry that it will be so. Without any ill-will I shall wish you, instead of "health & happiness" - "homesickness". As regards the "moral effect" of prairies & mountains, I would differ with you. And yet there is a glorious sense of freedom, comes over one while standing on a broad prairie for the first time. My friend Wakefield says, the first prairie he ever saw was when he was some 10 or 11 years old - He "wanted a pair of wings - to fly" Lots much so with every one I think. After all there is nothing on a prairie for one to cling to. Half the families in Illinois might "move" tomorrow and no very large or strong plants of attachment to place - be torn up by the

rocks. Such things do not flourish in prairie soil
- How often do we find instances in history illustrating
this fact. The nomadic races of old were uniformly
-ally dwellers on the plains: The mountaineers stayed
at home for generations after generations save when
perhaps they went out on pillibustering forays among
their richer and (invariably) weaker neighbors
of the Lowlands. People on the broad fertile
prairies acquire wealth; in its train come the
refinements of civilized society & then its luxuries
-extravagance & profligacy follow-. They are swept
away by a strong-limbed, stout-hearted, stern
race, from the hills - who in their turn pass
through the same phases. But when, if you
please, were the mountain races ever conquered
- Where in Europe, but among the Alps, could
such a Government as that of Switzerland be
maintained? All Europe in league against that
handful of mountain men cannot conquer them.
How long has Russia wasted blood recklessly
in the vain attempt to crush a few determined
men among the mountains of Circassia?

Every year of their lives, is full of heroism.
There is no danger they shrink from in the defense
of their homes & their liberties. It is to every
-where. The United States of America may at
some future time, fall before an invading army
and not unlikely, that army would come from

the north, but all the world together could
not drive from their homes the dwellers among
the Alleghenies, or the Green Mountains &
White hills of New England.

And I know of nothing else in nature so
inspiring, so calculated to lead one's thoughts from
earth toward Heaven, as a view of lofty
mountains. What can be more grandly glorious
to see, than a mountain peak covered with snow
standing out in bold relief, the outline clear
& sharp ~~as~~ against the blue of the upper air,
how dazzlingly brilliant by ~~daylight~~ in the sun-
-shine, and as the light fades away, how calm
& self-confident, how glorious, how sublime stands
the monarch of the hills then.

No, no. I cannot give it up. - The dweller
among the mountains is nearer Heaven than
any of the rest of us.

And yet I like living here very, very
much.

Is it "enough" to be homesick? Really I
don't know for I never had an attack of genuine
homesickness. I've heard that there are but two
ills worse than that. Heart-sickness & Fever &
Ague. I heard to-day that Mr McLeod
(Pastor of the Congregational Church, Minneapolis)
has trouble with his society. - He is too liberal
to suit them. Mr Clark says - "Why, he is getting
"so that even Universalists like to hear him"

poor Mr Clark. I never have
read any of Emersons writings. Any? very little.
I would say. Perhaps I may at some time.

Its very much as you say, of men. Almost
all are but half-grown, one-sided beings
- just see how ^{wild} ~~the~~ Dodge the responsibility though

We are given the strong hands & the hard hearts
and the "culties" to wrestle from Nature (or from
each other) the wherewith to supply bodily wants
What further or higher have we to do with - Women
should take care of the Moral, mental, &
Spiritual growth of the world.

See what my own necessities
brings me to. I can only dream & nights of
Angles, lines, surfaces & solids, of lots, blocks, &
streets, of bearings & distances, of the North
West Quarter of the South West Quarter etc
etc. By day, my eyes and hands are busy, building
my mind with these symbols of hard work
and poor pay, and I must needs wander about
among them by night: ^{like} ~~as~~ the blind men among the
tombs. This makes me think of a dream my brother
told me of, last fall. We had encamped, after a
hard days work near a Section Corner stake &
were soon resting ourselves upon the soft pine
plank which formed the bottom to the wagon-box.

He soon was back in New England, teaching
school again. A boy came to him with a Spelling-
book & wished to know where the "third class" would

begin,

The reply he made him was - "Commenced at the
"Section Stated night west from the wagon, & spell
"two & columns" How perfectly natural such a
thing seems in a dream - How absurd after one
wakes.

"Who's deputy?" - Mr Birge and Mr
Davis write at the long Desk. Mr Austin is
getting up the abstract books - Delos Haw-
kins is general utility man, Mr Chouen
takes care of the office, makes abstracts, assists
Mr Austin etc, and I work in the adjoining
room. All to myself - "Monarch of all" etc
- Only six of us "George, Mr Austin & myself
are the only "regular boarders" and my term expires
when I get the maps finished. I completed
to-day the first lot of 33, comprising all
St Anthony and its additions. There are about as
many more, additions to Minnapolis, besides
the country towns. As for deputy, I support
the dignity of that responsible post, wholly
entirely, alone, & unassisted, A regular Ajax.
- Atlas I meant to say,

Then - I say you are really insulting
- You "don't think" I "could do better" but sixteen years
"you now perhaps her ladyship might", nonsense
- Only thirty nine & handsome! The hit

is pretty good, though not as good as I once got
from a room-mate of mine, said I to him one
day, "What in the world Charlie do you keep
your trunk always locked for" — "Well" said
he slowly, and with a queer smile, "If you knew
me as well as I know you, you'd keep yours
locked". Of course I had nothing to say.

Well, well. I must close. We wandered all
along, up & down the lanes & paths, byways & high-
ways of some thirteen or fourteen pages with
you, & made as many & as long stops (? commas
& periods) as possible. but all will not suffice
— "You air thar and I air hear" and as the P.O.
departments do not contract to forward continuous
messages (like telegraph paper — long enough so that
you might read at one end of it while I leisurely
write along down toward the other end) it is inevitable
that there be a break somewhere. — Here let it be.

Please remember me to your people — & to
— Serena. — I write to you, I wish you —
happy — Good bye

Truly Yours
George

To Serena M Ames }
No. 11 Malbone St. N. H. }

North Holfboro. March 7. 1859.

George:

Does a reply need a reply?
I suppose not, but away back some
few months ago I got a letter from
Liora (one I is sufficient, maybe) that
I think I have never really paid
for, I mean of course in number, so
I will take the note, in answer to
a note of mine, canceled, I think
in my letter last written, and which
consisted chiefly of "Emerson" if I
^{re}member rightly, as a link etc. con-
nect this with that, though there may
not be only that one link in sight
while I write.

We are deeply thoughtful, and
extremely busy in our little town
to-night, and what is more we
expect to be more thoughtful and

more busy to-morrow, for what is it - but the second Tuesday of March and "Lun-struction Day"! I never knew before there was a day in all the year so capable of stirring up sleepy folks and making dumb men talk.

Tuesday evening: After reading a letter from Father that ^{has} reached me some twenty hours after his own arrival, and glancing over the "Standard," the very best paper in all the world, your opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, perhaps, I will talk to you in a few ways about nothing in particular.

I am tired. I am very tired. Papa came home last night to take us to Somerville in two or three days, and if you could only

see with your eyes you would see that we have a short time to do several things in, although, we have moved so many times, and expect to move so many times more, it is not so hard ^{for us} as it is for people who have a steady abiding place.

To change the subject abruptly, let me quote a part of Papa's letter that disturbs me not a little. — "Dr. Gerritt tells me, the Chalmers is very exclusive and aristocratic, so much so that if N. P. Banks perfectly represented his political opinions, he would not vote for him for no other reason than his plebeian origin." — Can such a man have written "Lois"? Can such a man have written that praiseworthy tribute to the memory of Burns, containing this verse

We love him praise him just for this
 In energy form and features
 through wealth and want through ^{and bliss} _{to all}
 He sees his fellow creature! ²¹

Now I hate aristocracy with all my
 heart, and all the more for a some-
 thing in my own heart that could
 grope into that most humiliating
 sin. I think, however, I will confide
 Dr. Jewett mistaken, and keep my
 good opinion of the "Aulocrat".
 That is not a very democratic
 sounding name, is it?

I rather fancy an occasional
 fault in one I like, if it be a
 good kind, but there are faults
 that I cannot for a moment pardon
 faults that seem to come from the
 innermost of life, and show a fount-
 ain and unrooted soul, I mean
 a soul degraded and made unrooted.

If the heart be right, if the "ruling love" be holiness and good, as Swedenborg says, no matter for the sometime clouds and ruffled surface.

But if the heart be all wrong and the ruling love be self, what seeming virtues and calm exterior could atone for inward sin and unrest?

I am glad you are reading "Jane Eyre". I read it two years ago and intend to read it again when I am older.

It is to me something to be silent over and wonder at. Tell me some of your thoughts concerning it, as you promised.

Charlotte Brontë is to me a real woman, as she will be to you after you have read her sad, sad "Life". Her struggles, her hopes and fears, her, almost, despair

her gloomy home in the graveyard
at Glanworth are too truly human
and tangible to leave us long in
doubt as to whether she was a
woman with soul and body
or a mythical character.

Tuesday 8.

I must close, my Brother
commands me to sign (my name)
so it may leave when we go
tomorrow. She says tell him
what heaps and heaps of rubbish
you are surrounded by. Trunks
packed, trunks half packed
bags, papers and dirt. I am
sitting on or rather in a trunk
and resting on a drawer
I have just emptied.

With all respect due
Serena.

Direct Sumner, Mass.

Minneapolis, Min. March 16/59

My Dear Friend-

It is evening - yes and nine o'clock too: & you have much to answer for, for this day. I have made four separate mistakes to-day while at work, just on your account. You have been haunting me all day. Do not deny that you have been in Minneapolis to-day - Wednesday March 16th, and you've been at the Court house too. I did not see you, but as Spiritualists say - "I perceived" ^{that} you were there.

And when I received a letter, I could almost knew it was from you. Not a bit. It was about taxes. When next you come visiting, please take some tangible form, & oblige "Yours &c."

I have written the above just as a "footprint" (I held the pen in my fingers though) of my indignation, that I purposed writing to you till I get an answer to my last - provided I get one now. But I think I will ^{meet} you at the corner of this piece of paper & say "Good Evening", every afternoon henceforth till I do get a letter - . I cannot stop longer now, for my friend Morphine is "nudging" me & saying that he shall not go to bed till I do. And so "Good bye and Good Bye"

Permit me to subscribe myself, Your Sleepy - fr-i-
=e-nd - G-e-o-r-g-e - - - - -

Monday Eve March 21st 9 P.M. 3 Keps my promise well.
hunts I? five days gone
since. I think you doubt full bad about it though
- If the initial page is a sample of the small talk
on paper corners. perhaps we can get along without it
Yours of - well I cannot tell the date as I
forgot to bring it down from the Court House - arrived
to-day, mailed on the "Eastern R.R." from which
I conclude that you were already on your way to
Mass. & had not read my last letter, in reply to
your last. (before this). Thank you! It has been
a "raw & gusty day" - extremely unpleasant & yet
I have been quite amiable all the afternoon.

So much good you're doing in the world - don't
despair. I cannot write though, for your
letter is not open before me, according to my
custom in answering letters. Let us see - much
I tell you the news if any! You've never told
me who your correspondents in this place &
hereabouts, are, or if they write the news items.
Please inform me. Am not a good "City items"
man. Couldn't make a "Local" under any circum-
stances. Haven't got inquisitiveness enough, can't
remember gossip & scandal if I do hear it.

Well we have had maple sugar. Mr & Mrs
Chowen. Mrs Morrison &c here last Saturday
afternoon to a sugar party. I have been dreadfully
sweaty ever since. Dr Anderson is going to

break up housekeeping" for the present. Mrs A going to visit
her friends in Belmont Wis. & Dr going geologic-ing?
Mr Chowen purposes hiring the Doctor's house & not
board, this summer. So said by - well, "they say
so" The schools are going on, but I fear that this
term will be the last. The Registers Office is
a little more lively than during the winter - yet
the business seems to be, principally, indexing the
ruin of others. Foreclosures of mortgages. Abstracts
of title, liens & attachments seem to be much
popular. The attachments are however, not all
recorded in that office. The new bridge is progressing
favorably. The timbers for the four hundred feet, north
to the Minneapolis side, are already in the water.
The plankings will be completed in a few weeks.

And - Yes, here you have the scandal - Mr
McLeod has trouble with his congregation & does
not preach now. Supposed to be too liberal for the
Church. Mr Clark says, that he (Mr McLeod)
has got into such ways that "even Universalists
like to hear him - he will draw the strict drunkards
next - Horrible" - Unhappily Mr Clark
Excuse Mr McLeod. - Such doctrines must be
rank heresy if Universalists & other heathen
like to hear. Good Bye for to night - first however
wishing you all sorts of good things, for now &
ever. "My lamp burns dim" doesn't it? wherefore
I'll snuff myself out. Then I'm extinguished.
Yours - &c. - George

Wednesday eve - 8 1/2 P.M. Good Evening - happy to
see you - walk in. pray be seated. I am reading
Macaulay's History of England now & can scarcely
put it down long enough to write a letter, even
to you. There is a fascination in Macaulay's writings
- to me, ^{they are} ~~it is~~ much like some of the old knotty
problems in Geometry, over which I have had such
glorious war in days gone by. He is as concise
clear, logical & conclusive as Euclid or Legendre
- not a word too much, not a word lacking.

As a model in style I have never seen his
equal. There is a force, a vim in his writings
which make them seem all alive. Would the
paper on which ^{is printed} the History of England would
go to decay in a damp cellar? Republishing,
- It would come out fresh, glowing, & live as ever.

You know the idea that we have of the Bible
- It isn't exactly a book - but a living principle
which has taken up its abode on paper & between
Covers. There is a reverence for - and a sacredness
attached to, the very words & phraseology of the
Bible. We can hardly bring ourselves to think
that they are not the exact words used in the
original. To us the worthies mentioned in the Pentateuch,
- teach, spoke good "King's English" & we could testify
in a court of law, to the precise articulate sounds
which they made use of, upon any given occasion.

I do not say, such is the case with you or even
myself. It is the popular feeling. It is sufficient to prevent

people from receiving any new translation favorably
 I opine that perhaps some of the opposition
 to Sawyer's translation may be traced to that cause,
 It shocks & jars the nerves, to hear the words which
 have become dear, by holy associations & memories
 given differently. It destroys effectually the charm,

I was speaking of the Bible as being alive.
 - When every Copy of the Bible burned, to-day -
 every stereotype plate, melted, & every text
 destroyed, we should certainly expect to see
 Bibles again, tomorrow. They would be, word for
 word & letter for letter, of those which had ~~made~~
 gone to fuel the flames.

The weather
 for a few days past has been capricious as a
 school girl (which is saying much) & many-faced
 as a Democratic politician (which is saying
 a great deal). At one time we have the "soft
 breath of Spring" - Now we have to watch lest
 we get blown out of our boots. Today we have
 had variety enough to please all. Rain - Sun
 Cloud & Sunshine, Warm & Cold, Thaw & freeze
 Still & windy, all the way from August to
 January, ending with the latter. How the wind
 howls, "Shriek, groan. Your reign is short
 - May, will come - Soft skies & balmy air
 and leaves & flowers. Howl away, Boreas"

"Now about Jane Eyre" No - positively not, till you have told more. I think ^{you} mis-^{understood} me when I said I "hardly knew if it could be a human being that wrote Jane Eyre." or something to that effect, for you say that to you she is a real character. So she is to me.

I merely gave utterance to the feeling of surprise, which (in common with almost all who read Jane Eyre) came over me, on finding those things which lie deepest in the human heart and which few writers have the ability to touch, much less analyze; then clearly drawn out, translated into words & put upon the paper. Is it possible that human skill alone could have done it.

The fact is - I suppose - that I am in love - with Charlotte Brontë. So are hundreds of others. That woman, whose simple uneventful life, was one of the strangest, and saddest of tragedies, probably little thought that her home among the moors & hills of Yorkshire would yet become a Mecca for all hearts of human flesh, endowed with human feeling, to turn to, during all coming time. But that as it is, I cannot but believe. Why could not some of this sympathy have come sooner. Sad, Sad - She lived and died almost alone, with a whole world of true hearted men and women all around her. There is a fascination in all that relates to her, every incident in her life is eagerly treasured up. I never tire in looking at her picture

"Whether it is like her or not, it certainly seems to show more soul than any other picture I ever saw. I wish there was a correct portrait of her engraved, I should prize a print from it, higher than that of any other mortal that ever lived. How I would like to see her, - to know her. God willing we may yet see her, by & by - Yes it must be so, I could talk about her, all night without tiring (though you might tire in listening) Poor Charlotte - Poor Charlotte. - Yes. I love such as her.

But of Jane Eyre - no - I shall make no more comments, - now, You must however tell me all your ideas concerning it; The characters you must dissect & analyze. I want to read a woman's criticism of a woman's work; her male characters in particular. I have heard it said that no ~~man~~ woman knows how to draw consistent and natural male characters but that Charlotte Brontë made some clever imitations. How is it? Do you think? It is time for me to close for to-night. You do not yet comment fairly on your letter. But assured I shall take advantage of all things to make delay in my reply. I may finish by Apr 1st (all fools) - a day worthy of the writer. Meantime Goodbye - Yours

Sabbath March 27th How the time goes. It is
ten days now, since I commenced this loose rambling
talk. If I do not really write something, I fear
I shall never hear from you again, but I don't feel
in a bit of humor for writing - Let me explain
I suppose it is the inevitable reward of dissipation
and of late I have become very dissipated, that is to
say since yesterday at 6 P.M. On my arrival at
home last eve, at supper time, I found quite a compa-
ny assembled. Maple ~~sugar~~ was the bond of union
though not to so great an extent, as later in the
evening. (Mr Hawkins' people make sugar this year
in Mr Murphy's woods.) Mr & Mrs Chown, Mrs
Tuttle, Mr & Mrs Loomis & Miss Jefferson, and
after a while, Mr Widstrand & Charlie Widstrand (his
brother, were there. I supposed (not having been in so
large an assemblage, since last winter) that I
had acquired considerable gravity & owl-like wisdom
in which I was mistaken, for I must confess with
regret that I never before in my life, acted more
like a fool. My political ruin is probably complete
- my chances for Alderman of the 4th ward are
for the next five years very slight & I fear I have
done an irreparable injury to my prospects for the
Presidency. Letters are "the rock on which" politicians
usually "split," but Maple sugar has proved my
downfall. One consolation I have though, and
the others acted like fools too. We had candy on a
stick, - candy on snow, - candy on a rag - candy on our
fingers - candy on our faces. Think of such a demure looking
being as Miss Jefferson, heading a Dymchins party, and having and

feathering a whiskered biped, with maple sugar and his own mustache." Mr Croffut has been sick for two or three days but is ~~of~~ better now. I have been up at his house nearly all day. And now I feel stupid, you'd doubt it a bit; but I will finish this letter to-night - Here I commence.

I am very thankful that you took sufficient notice of my "note" as you term it, to give me a reply - even though you thought (it appears) that it called for none, for you make an apology for writing.

As I read the "apology" it is - "I write this simply because I choose to do so" which was I conclude your principal motive. Thank you. I always write just when I see fit, & hope you will do the same, and furthermore that the said "fit" will come upon you oftener than heretofore."

Political - New Hampshire has wheeled into line since you wrote. we have town Elections here, one week from tomorrow. And by & by we are going to have a struggle for the State Officers. By the grace of King Henry we have now only one fourth of our representation in Congress. We hope that by the help of another kind of grace, & a good measure of honest earnest efforts, to sweep out the whole brood of trading politicians within four years."

Town Meetings do liven the dull monotony of New England life somewhat, yet a district School

Meeting revived old passions & feuds in a ludicrous, and some time, painful manner. Latent animosities and old grudges, shine out, all aglow, once in each year. The subjects over which a county School District in New England have their annual quarrel, are How much money shall be raised on the "Grand List" & how much for scholar? How much shall we pay a teacher? - Shall the teacher "board round"? How shall the wood be furnished? Over these momentous topics, all get thoroughly wrought up & go home with a better & more rapid circulation of blood, than at any time, since last School Meeting.

You go to Somerville Mass - to stay I suppose - North Woburn is one of the "has been's" to you. The Romans were masters of Britain for some five hundred years, and the Saracens were for a long time owners of all Southern Europe, but they didn't grow to the soil; they only left Autographs here & there in the shape of piles of stone & mortar. And I conclude you did not in five months grow to New Hampshire. Do you not feel to be as much an Alien, as though you had never lived there?

Now however you will be different with you. Somerville is I believe near Boston is it not? Then every thing will be to your taste - the thirsting after knowledge, the desire to be among thinking, acting, people, the desire to listen to great men (the Kings of Thought). ~~All these things which your mental nature craves~~ - All the cravings of the mind can then be satisfied.

And though to-day Minnesota may be your home and Minnesotians your dearest friends, how will it be in three, six or twelve months from to-day! Will you not then think you can be happier in Massachusetts?

Is there any surer that you will not forget us all? The separation is complete - live but a year or two away, and you will think that your living here was like the reign of the Moors in Spain, that here you really gained no foothold. And you are now living in a sort of geometrical progression time of life. - You are eighteen - nearly nineteen, in the coming two years you will live as much as during the past four - three years of coming life will count as much as nine years past, & four as much as sixteen. I carry it no further, for obvious reasons. But do you not feel that every day, the world (your world) is growing broader & broader? That life means more than it did & but a short time since, and that the time is - oh so short, on this Earth, for all you wish to do?

You Recollect what was said by the greatest of Modern Philosophers. In his old age & rich in knowledge he was "but a little child gathering pebbles by the seashore". And you begin to see glimpses of that limitless ocean as yet unexplored by human minds.

It is with a feeling of sadness serene, that I fasten my conviction, to this slip of paper, that you are growing away ^{from} and beyond us, that this is not your home hence forth, that new friendships and associations will

supplant older ones and that we shall not lead you
again: so slight are the things which changed the
currents of our life.

In due time we do - but do not quite forget us.

You speak of faults of two classes
outside & inside him. The first is a foreigner & may be
clipped off. The other is a native - "to the manner born"
- The first is a graft in the branch, bearing bad fruit it is
true but not beyond surgery. The other is a budding tree,
which though you may prune & clip & graft in, all sorts
of good deeds & good actions; will always remain the
same at the bottom. It's not in nature for it to bear good
fruit & all the time it's sprouting out from the root
into all sorts of villainy.

(what you speak of in yours) But Holmes did
not say that. The Holmes that I know has no such thing
in him, he could not say it. It is quite possible there
may be one Dr. Holmes M.D. in Boston, & who may
have occupied the Professors chair in the Medical School
at Cambridge, who has said such a thing, as Dr Jewett
has attributed to him; but he is not the Holmes that
I know or wish to, I would separate him from the
Autocrat now & forever. How many have had occasion
to invoke blessings upon the memory of the Autocrat
already, for one act of his! I mean the consecrating
of the "Long path" in Boston Common. Twenty years
from now - how many Boston boys will bear the name
of Oliver! No, No. The "Autocrat of the breakfast table"
never entered at the plebeian birth of N.P. Banks, whatever one
Holmes may have done -

Post Script

4

And now my friend (for I shall continue to think you my
friend ~~at~~ as long as possible) let me hear from you
in regard to your new home, the people, Boston, etc
Give my good wishes to your folks - Goodbye
George

No 6

59

Somerville March 28. 1879.

George:

Good day.

A week ago I received your letter. If I could catch inspiration from any thing to answer it, I could find the holy spirit and perfect beauty of to-day. Do not some days seem like inspiration from God, the breathing forth of his infinite love and wisdom holiness?

We came to Somerville two weeks ago. We are boarding with Mr. Blaisdel's folks, dear good friends of ours. He raises fruit to sell, Apples, Pears, Peaches with most astonishing

strawberries, currants, raspberries, and every thing else, I guess, Trees and shrubbery ^{are} all about the yards, and before the house two grand old Elms, one on either side the door.

Looking to the South-east we can see the Court ^{Slate} house and spires of Boston; to the west, a little more, is Cambridge, and nearer still Charlestown and Bunker Hill. Horse Cars pass our door every half hour, to and from

Boston, so we can both enjoy the blue and green fields of a half-county place and have all the advantages of lectures etc of the City. We are a little too late for the great talks of the season, but there

is something of sufficient note, almost every night, to interest. Dr. Keating is just finishing his course of lectures on the care and structure of the body. I have heard him once. He has the faculty of interesting without being really much of a speaker. He has great crowds that he influences to an uncommon degree.

Wendell Phillips spoke in the Legislative Hall the other night, on 'Temperance.' Papa and Mama heard him. They say he speaks as eloquently as he writes, and what greater praise could he have? He spoke of the 'Burns-Festival' of Boston as having done an incalculable amount of mischief.

Emerson, Lowell, Dr. Holmes and others of our literary men, the brightest genius and greatest intellect of our Country, men before whom common minds instinctively do homage, he denounced, with all the eloquence of a true, brave heart, and a good cause, as being partakers of the crime and guilt, they, by their influence, help to create. It is hard to hear such words of men I have come to love for their manly utterances of truths, and their noble words for humanity and for the high ideas of God and of possible goodness, and harder still is it to know they are words disowned. I shall pretty soon come to a full belief in almost total depravity. I shall, at least, realize that brightest and truest souls are sadly marred and darkened by sin, or a misunderstanding of vital.

I thought I would give you
a few particulars of our present
abiding place, and I went off
as far from this old house and
its surroundings as I am from
you. I will come now to your
letter. My last to you seems
not to have been most happy
in its effect on you. For one
thing I am very sorry. I would
not say willingly any thing
that ^{would} seem like trifling with
another's feelings, nor lightly speak
of what another may regard
as sacred, and that I have done
so, is because I did not really
understand you. I should have
been more delicate, however, and
I beg your pardon. I am
apt to make universal blunders.

You say you don't believe I am perfect, that you have a lecture coming on some of my imperfections and what you even think you might find me quite wicked if you knew me better. Very likely all you say is true. I have not much doubt of it, but, I do know that if I am good for nothing I might be good for something, that if I am sinful and more than commonly wicked, I can become sinless and good. Whether I ever shall or not so change is indeed a question of time moment, it is what my life will prove. I see in my present littleness and call myself very foolish every day, and every day, but I am encouraged to press onward by the glorious ideal of the

possible that beckons to me from the future. Some one has said that we never love our friends so much for what we see them now to be, as for what we see they may become, and the same one, I think, says we never judge of ourselves by the actual but by the possible. I do not know exactly what I said about independence but I do not think I ever intended to say that my happiness does not depend on friends though I do wish I could stand up straighter in their presence than I can. I would wish and strive after this, to be independent enough to be a woman, always and every where. I would prize friendship as life itself

but on my friend I would not
lean so that, when he should ^{fall}
strength would go, I do not
mean I would not acknowledge
superior strength, but that my
littleness should exercise itself
and grow larger, that I would
not blindly follow any body.

I mean to say just this, that
I would like to be Serena, and
not my friend, be he greater or
less than I. The seventh star
of the Pleiades is just as truly
the seventh star, and no part of
the other six, as if its light
was brighter, so, I would ever
be myself, although eclipsed
by greatness.

Such talk does not amount
to much does it? It will only
show you I am not content
in weakness and sin, and
explain to you that I do not
think I could live the Monks
with only myself and God as well
as in my home with friends and Him.

It is going on into the night as I begin this third sheet of my letter. I am sitting ^{up} because Mama has not yet returned from the City, and because Grandma does not seem so well to night as she has been. I think Grandma is failing as Spring comes on. Dear, patient woman! she suffers much. She is sleeping now, I think. I have tried to soothe her to forgetfulness, by reading words of Jesus, and singing, "There is rest for the weary." Papa speaks to night for Temperance, twenty miles from here. He spoke last night, Sunday in Mercantile Hall. I told ^{him} he was to supply a pulpit here until May; after that it is all a blank, seemingly.

He has had a call to go to Ohio to preach at a Unitarian Church in Marietta but it was quite impossible to move Grand-ma so far.

What sad work you have had in your School. Does Mr. Stone still refuse to agitate the school? Is it not possible they will get the money to pay the ^{new} teachers? I am afraid it will be established on so strong a foundation again, if they lose Prof. Stone.

What of Addie? Where is she?

Papa has called on your friend Wakefield. If we keep house any where near Boston we would like very much to have him come and see us. Papa says he likes him. He is one of your best friends I should think from your frequent mentions of him. From Vermont is he?

Wednesday. — Emerson's lecture in Music Hall to night. I would like to hear him, would not you? If I am not misinformed he lectures to Mr. Parker's congregation every Sunday morning. I think I shall hear him Sunday. I read an account of the exercises in Music Hall as conducted by him. No prayer, no music, no Bible reading, a long letter from Dr. Howe, giving full particulars of Mr. Parker's journey to Havana, and the state of his health, and then the lecture which was a very brilliant one, but, the organ waiting thought it more suitable for a sabbath day than the Sabbath. I saw his face and also Parker on Washington St. Boston the other day. The doctor is

would have him look, like a
man, great and genial. In
 Mr. Parker I was disappointed.
 I do not remember having formed
 any opinion concerning his face,
 but when I saw him, he did not
 look as I thought he ought to.
 Some men you would know them
 to be like what they write to
 look at them, and others, it
 is very difficult to think of as
 giving utterance to the words we
 read as being theirs.

Papa and Willie went
 into town to-day and Papa
 took Willie to see the statues
 and pictures in the Hall of the
 Athenians. Papa asked Willie
 what he thought the statue of
 Daniel Webster was, he looked up
 at it, and immediately answered
 "a stall". It would require a
 big baby to play with it. He has
 no idea of anything he cannot name.

The Athenaeum is not open; it is to be kept months, I believe. There are some fine pictures in the Hall, however. I, having never seen any pictures ^{& such}, could hardly be relied on as judge, I say, ~~using~~ the testimony of others. I can tell what I like, even as two young men, that were in there the other night, could. They were passing around among the pictures enjoying much amusement; & pretty soon they came to one, the largest and most significant in the collection, they put their faces close to it, at one end, where they could probably see what looks like very coarse daubing on of paint in imitation of a bust, when one exclaimed to the other in a tone of admiration

"George, I say this is a very fine picture." Then is one I never could find looking at. It represents Mary and the little Jesus, with Elizabeth and her little son John. All my ideas of perfect and baby beauty were met in Mary's face. I no longer wondered at the ignorant who worship her. I almost felt that I could bow myself before her as the surpassing embodiment of all things good and pure. Jesus is in Mary's arms receiving from John the Cross. His face is very lively and perfect in its childishness. I never saw a baby-face of him before but represented him as looking at one or two all the world in his head and heart as much as at thirty. I never before saw

faces that had expressions at all like real faces, and I did not see many eyes there. If a face was full of grief and care, it was make-believe, all in the wrinkles and curves and not in the heart; if a face was made to smile, it was silly, or conscious or had some queer look that made one know it was put on by an artist.

Perhaps I have talked long enough about what I know nothing about. I think I must finish this with this sheet. It has a good many corners and quick turns, and is fragmentary in my letter. I will give you a few more scraps and then I have done.

You made a mistake if you

supposed I felt indignant because a girl, no indeed. We are just as good as you, if we behave as well.

I am not doing much of anything. Studying Greek, reading some and taking care of my family. Mamma is better and I hope gaining. She is better here than at home, in Minnesota.

I hope you have got your spirits somewhat lightened and brightened by Maple Grove, and the good folk there, for if I mistake not, you were slightly dark and blue when you wrote. I wish you success in forgetting nights what you are doing days.

Mamma sends ^{kind} remembrances, Papa would if he was here,

Serena says she is much obliged for your regard and sends hers to you, and wishes you very well.

Truly

Serena.

Mr. C. W. Clark
Boston.

Braceford Vt. March 29, 1859.
Mr. Calvin W. Clark,

Dear Sir,
we can never know, beforehand,
how many good things, even
in this life, are in store for us;
where they are safely laid up,
or by whose hands they will,
in time of need, be conferred.

Many thanks to you for the
liberal, but unmerited and
entirely unexpected, present
of Ten Dollars, which you have
seen fit to send me by our com-
mon friend Judge Hibbins.

I shall continue that it shall
furnish an enclosing memo-
rial of the kind given, and of
the occasion of its bestowment.

The likeness of Mrs. Merrill,
for our Academy, is very sat-
isfying; and for the same

we are very much obliged
to you.

With the best wishes for the
happiness of yourself and fam-
ily, here & hereafter,

Truly Yours,

Silas McKean.

Bradford March 30th 59

Dear Uncle - [To Calvin W. Clarke]

I have the pleasure of acknowledging the reception of the book, containing so many beautiful hymns, you was so kind to send me by Mr. Stittin's -

Please accept my many thanks for the same -

The book is one I shall ever highly value, for reason of its true merit and worth, also, in token of the "regards" of the giver -

Mother desires me to express to you her thanks for the likeness of dear Aunt Eliza - We all think it a most excellent one.

Mother is much better than when you was with us, and wishes to be kindly remembered to you and family -
Yours very truly -

S. J. Hardy -

Bradford Apr 18 1859
Mr Clark [To Calvin W. Clarke]

Dear Sir—

The photograph which
you sent me has been received and
pleases us all very much. It is
a better likeness of aunt than I
ever expected to get. The children
knew it at once—and I think that
an evidence that it is good. The
favor you have conferred in getting
it for me, I assure you will not
soon be forgotten—will you accept many
thanks for your kindness—

We would be happy to see some

some of your family the coming
summer here - We shall probably
spend the summer at home - and
wait the coming of friends - Miss
Stratton we look for Monday - I shall
try to prevail her to send home her
things and spend the vacation with
us - My regards to your wife

I am truly yrs

Ann M. Prichard,

Serena.

Minneapolis Minn Apr 12th 59

On my return this evening from Maple Grove, where Delas Hawkins & I, have been visiting for some four days. I found a letter from you - a generous sixteen pages. - and though quite late in the evening, I cannot refrain from taking up my pen to thank you for your continued remembrance - I think I read your letter some two hours ago; I have been thinking, since - and finally (after reading it again) have commenced a reply. -

I may as well perhaps, request you to forgive (if you can) repetitions. I have such a meager stock of ideas (and when I say "have", I refer to possession, not ownership, genuine in few things) that it would be a marvel if in the course of half a dozen long letters I should not express similar ideas, a score of times, or repeat some stale fact; each time with the gusto of one who displays to the admiring gaze of the world a new idea, or a new cheese press; till you become thoroughly tired of your friend George. I wonder if you do read my long letters? I shall begin to have a poor opinion of you, by & by, if you do.

Probably as you will find that at different times I give ~~perhaps~~ views directly in opposition to each other, upon the same subject. This perhaps arises from my manner of writing & thinking. When I let out at the top of a page, with you, for a walk, it is without a thought as to where we may stray. How natural at such a time to let any subject grow only one point, of view & without considering its relations to other things. Just as we see hills, valleys, rivers & woods. From the particular path when we walk to-day, the mountains & forests will no doubt, look different, from what they will when we walk on the other side, to-morrow.

On any subject that the mind has not investigated, we may expect these one-sided views & loop-hole glimpses. It is much easier to display ignorance than one would think. Is all the above in the way of an apology? I believe not. You dislike apologies and indeed we are getting so well acquainted that they are useless. Yet for all that, I am more sensitive to your opinion, your praise or blame than I used to be - more afraid that you may misconstrue my meaning.

One can walk across a brook, upon a single plank, in perfect security & without the slightest

danger of falling from it. Let the same stream run in a gored two hundred feet deep; - It would be extra hazardous to attempt a crossing on a bridge, twelve inches wide.

Do you wonder, that in crossing over this paper viaduct to you, I should take a care lest a misstep might drop me forever out of your acquaintance. How exacting, how punctilious are all personal attachments. - It seems a wonder sometimes that society holds together at all - but jealousy & punctilio, are but the reflex of stronger passions - negative pictures of him, who is the image of his Maker.

Sabbath 10 A.M. Apr 17th
Good Morning. - Yes a good morning, one of the loveliest I have ever seen, even in Minnesota - we appreciate it the more perhaps because of the cold stormy weather which we have had for two weeks past. I am tempted to go out in the sunshine with my pen & paper. I hardly dare to try to answer your letter to-day. - I cannot do it justice. Have you never found yourself in a situation when you wished to confine your thoughts to one thing & at the same time be conscious that your head is full of every thing but that. This is just such a day as inspires one - with a kind of

serenity only, — completely disarming the mind.
— A proclamation to "Rest" is fostered on every
tree, on every sunny hill side — is breathed in
the air, floats lazily along on the shimmering
ripples in the river, below here. — The heated air
struggling up toward Heaven gives no lesson
to mortals to do likewise. — Every body (that is
any body) has gone to church. I fancy I can
hear a humming droning noise from the minister
(vastly like the frying of grasshoppers in the dry dusty
road, of a hot day in August,) who by this time
has got through the preliminaries, announced
the text and fairly entered upon the heavy (?)
business of the day. Wait a moment, you
will see his sermon branch out, as many-
headed & terrible as were the Hydras of old.

His are tame dragons however. They show
the disposition of their ancestors, without their
ability. They are not enough to keep the heavens
awake. Presently one deacon after another
capitulates to the summons of nature, and
the minister talks to a house full of blocks —
He might as well preach to the ruins of
Carthage. I don't blame any one for going to
sleep to day. — Did I say it is a beautiful
morning? So it is, but not a Spring-like one
at all — There are no Aspirations, no ambitious longings
in the air we breathe to day. It comes to us, when we are
tired of two weeks of cold & storm, days & nights & days
— "Rest" the elements shall be quiet for one day."

To Return (with a big "R") to your letter - I like to read your letters. I know they are good, for I feel better after reading them - by the same token I form an opinion of you - how much of it is innate I do not propose to guess but I fancy that your mental & moral diet for four or five years past, may account for a large part of what is noblest & best in my friend Serena. - You are perfectly justified in pronouncing the above an insult - (if you choose) Few persons are willing to admit that they ^{possess} have in any way, manufactured characters, done without their knowledge or consent: but yet it is so to a great extent. Do you think it necessarily humbles your own individuality, or crushes your "independence" to admit that you are perhaps ~~as~~ changed as much in reality as in name from what you would have been, had it not been for the apparent accident by which you became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Ames? I do not. And what has been done in the past for you ~~etc~~ you will return tenfold to others, in the future. You will probably be not the only one who will have reason to be thankful that your "lines have fallen in pleasant places". Indeed I have myself, even now reason to be thus thankful.

And another thing in this connection, starts to my fingers, but which I suppress, as probably you would not believe me, - until a longer acquaintance shall have strengthened your faith in my word. (or, perhaps destroyed it).

I said I liked to read your letters: so I do, and yet in this latest one, I see outlined the fate which I prophesied in my last. From the dreary, still hills of the north, you have gone to a great and learned city - a city which boasts of being the metropolis of thought for the C's Atlantic world. A new life opens before you - Athens has (almost) taken you by storm. Now this is well - it is the best-thing in the world for you. but what will become of your country cousins? Their letters cannot interest you henceforth. Their news items will be dull & stale to you; & their thoughts will be duller than their news. You will out-grow the rest of us & forget us.

Did you think you had wounded my feelings by what you said respecting Lizzie? No, thank you, not a bit. I don't recollect what I said about it in my last, but to show you who Lizzie is, I send you a tracing - You see from that, that she remains to me, a very little girl. I do not recollect her as any thing else. I am sorry I ever said

any thing to you about her. ~~for~~ I ought to have known that we should always misunderstand each other, just on account of it, and that you would be afraid to speak to me as freely as you might otherwise have done.

Now although I don't like to have you make fun of my boy-love, it doesn't follow that I have any deep wounds which you touch in so doing - I would not like to have you ridicule any one who is or has ever been my friend. - I don't think I am any worse for it, on the contrary I believe I am better for my "boy-romance". If ever I have seen anything lovable in any girl or woman, no subsequent treatment, no change of circumstances, has made me forget it; or that, so far as that trait of character might go, she is still just as lovable, just as near the mould of true womanhood as ever. Nor do I forget that the same attributes may be possessed by others in even a higher & nobler degree.

Even this same ill-starred, school-boy love for Lizzie, light & trifling as it was, has no doubt given me a better, a higher opinion of the female character than I should have held to, but for it. I might never have found out how much goodness (over and above all masculine goodness) is possible in the female character, and yet I can now see that Lizzie is far, very far, from

being a model ~~new~~ woman - or even perhaps I
may say an average woman. Dirt & contentment
may harmonise, but dirt and real positive
keen happiness, could not (with me at least).

Then - I've said enough now, haven't I?

The lecture - no, not now - for it was not to show
you your wickedness, but rather to whisper to you
that you are scarcely worldly minded enough
to live in the world, and to get along with it
easily & ~~well~~ without having it cut harshly
upon you & embitter your life. You will say
this is taking a step in the wrong direction
- and as I cannot explain without giving
the lecture, we will say no more about it
just now.

May God bless you though, for the senti-
-ments you have expressed in your reply to my
proposal to lecture you. A resolution to grow
"better" " You will not object to helping me do
the same, will you? What I do alone, seems
very unsatisfactory, and often I forget what the
aim & object is. I used to have a string tied
around my finger when I went on errands
so as not to forget. I think such a ring
with "grow better" for a motto, would not be amiss
with me now.

Good day - Remember
George

Monday Eve Apr 19th " Good eve " How fast-
I get along with this " I have been reading
your letter again, There is a shade through it
all; you were feeling just a little bit sicker
at the time, I you wrote "

You inquire of Ada. She is still here
- The school will go on to the close of this term
(one week after this I believe) and then it will
break up entirely I suppose " Ada has applied
for a school in St. A. (for 3 months) In July
she expects to go to Missouri to teach.

What a queer creature she is, I got
somewhat acquainted with her, more than
a year ago. Since then I have seen her
frequently (especially during the past winter)
but without learning anything more of her than
I knew a year ago. She is a puzzle, which
it seems useless to try to solve.

The Universalist Society have not yet
engaged a pastor, Mr Heming is now I
believe East for goods, and expects to make
some arrangement (before he returns) with
some minister. If it were so that Mr Ames
(see note) could return, I think the Society would
like to have him preach to them.

Note Why in the world is it that I have

to say "Mr Ames" in writing to you? I tried there
to use another word but I could not write
'it'. I have tried it before with the same result.
You call him your "Papa" - that too is a
word which I believe I could not speak. I
can only write it as a quotation. I have no
reason for disliking it but yet it always seemed
to me, to be what Mr Jenks (in Shirley) called it
- "namby pamby". I suppose it is because I
was "brought-up" on the word "Father" - a word
which to me is (I don't know any thing about
the derivation of it though) the genuine sturdy
earnest Saxon. - Pardon me, please - but
what shall I call Chas Ames, when I am
talking to you - please name the word.

Wakefield - yet one of my "best friends"
- dearest at least. a generous, noble, whole-
souled fellow, one of those magnetic people
who make others like them, whether they will
or no. He is from Wisconsin, where I became
acquainted with him nearly five years ago
- Except by our letters, I have really little
acquaintance with him. As I saw him only
perhaps a dozen times in Wisconsin & afterward
when he stayed with me, a week in Vermont.
Though quite different, a warm & intimate friend-
ship sprang up between us, which has continued

without interruption until this time. You will
like him I think.

Parker, Emerson - Phillips &c &c
Oh Dear - I should like to hear them - tell
me your impressions of each, as you hear
them. You have seen Parkers "Shadow" - a
day or two ago I happened to see yours in
a daguerrian gallery & was tempted to
filch it from the unsuspecting artist. It
remains there yet, but I shall take occasion
to inspect his pictures frequently, henceforth.
What a wonderful art is photography.

How strange, how singular, how ingenious and simple.
The finest steel engraving looks rough under
a magnifier - while the photograph from
life, seems all the more perfect, when magni-
fied. It is said that a photograph may
be so reduced as to be invisible to the
naked eye, and yet remain perfect in
every part. Every line and feature may be
reproduced in their proper proportions by a
microscope. The electric photograph is
another marvel. You have read no doubt
of cases, of persons ~~has~~ killed by lightning
on whose persons were found the imprint of a
tree or other object. The genuine electrotypes.
It is said that there often remains
on the retina of the eye of persons who have met

with violent deaths, a permanent & perfect
image of the object last seen, before death.
And I have somewhere read a fanciful
story of a murderer, who was convicted
on the testimony of the victims eye - a
correct portrait of the murderer, in the act
of striking the fatal blow having been
found in the eye of the murdered man.
I don't recollect if it was purported to
be a true story or no. It was suggestive
at least. mmmmm

The pictures = Oh how I wish I was
an artist. Nothing else I ever so much
wished to study as painting & sculpture
the former particularly. I do not know that
I have any talent for it or ever had. I never
had an opportunity to take lessons or even
to make inquiries into the first principles
of the art. But I have a glorious picture
gallery in my own brain. Every mountain,
cascade, lake, or river view, that I have seen
and felt to be beautiful or sublime, has
impressed itself indelibly on my memory.
Among those pictures, I forget myself
sometimes. I have never seen a really
fine collection of paintings. I think I
should be near insane at Rome or in the
gallery of the Louvre. The best picture I have

Seen of late is an "oil print" from Church's picture of Niagara. It is really beautiful.

You mention the fact that almost all the pictures of the infant Jesus, show him more like a man of fully matured mind than a child. Did you never notice too, that the pictures of him later in life, give him physiologically, a deficient head & character. Notice the "Last Supper". Every one of the Disciples has "strongly marked character". They are shown as intelligent, keen, thoughtful & earnest men, just such as one would pick to lead a reformation. Jesus is represented - without vigor, & almost without intellect; - with a low, retreating forehead - almost imbecile. The expression of softness is indeed attained, but it is done by making the whole character so weak & tame that any expression but softness (in the broadest meaning of the term) would be quite impossible.

I should wish to see him pictured ~~as~~ with a massive intellect, & then make the goodness of the whole, commensurate with the greatness, for the goodness of the truly great, is a real, positive, acting goodness - while the goodness of the small & weak may mean nothing but the incapacity of doing evil or (if you please) of thinking it.

Then you really do think that you (girls & women or women & girls, just which you please - I name the girls first, as in the regular order of Nature's Eve being the only exception, to the rule of "girl before woman") - that you are just as good as we are if you only "behave as well" - Repugnance - rank hereby - what will become of Society? What will Mrs Gundy say now! Equality indeed #.

But really I think just so too - and as a logical sequence - that ~~is~~ just in the ^{ratio} proportion which you behave better than we do, you are so much better, ~~than~~

There is one work which seems specially marked out for woman! - a work too of the first importance and of the highest honor. The office of teacher. I do not mean by "teacher" what is understood as "School ma'am", but teacher in the broadest sense. It seems to me that there can be no nobler profession than that of teacher. Nearly all men are counting out their days of their lives as "hewers of wood & drawers of water" - even the inventor, the machinist, the engineer & the Architect are expending all their energies of mind & body upon wood, iron, stone, air, water & fire. It is necessary that these things be done, & it requires brain & plan &

will; and muscle to execute, but after all, it is only wood & ~~stone~~ when we have done all, and the wood & stone cannot think for itself.

In the "learned (?) profession", law merely teaches us how to take care of our property - and Physic, how to take care of our bodies.

The minister is indeed a teacher. The Clergy no doubt do much good; yet a minister could scarcely hope to do much good in his congregation if all the mothers steadily opposed him, and inculcated evil principles instead of good in their families; and, if they did their whole duty, ministers would scarcely be necessary - say

There seems to be almost a ground for believing as some women profess to, that men are "necessary evils", rude, uncivilized animals, that never can be made to amount to much, but whose long arms & strong hands, and keen brains withal, are very useful & even necessary in a bread & butter point of view - They are good fellows to work and if they did not raise corn & potatoes we should have to do it ourselves or starve

The vexed "boundary question" concerning "Woman's Sphere" is not settled, but I think that Sphere fairly includes the office of teacher - the noblest profession on earth.

I think I have mentioned that Delus H. & I went to
Maple Grove a few days ago. We had a delightful
time, how the sugar suffered. — how we waxed it
in snow. What sparkling stories we told over it.
The folks were all quite well and all very
happy. I think I never knew a place where
all lived in more perfect harmony & brotherly good-
-will than do our friends at the grove. My Jessie
is growing handsomer & smarter every day.

She is beginning to talk, but makes queer
work of it. I thought I would ~~like~~ have liked
to see you there with us, and wondered if you
ever liked fun, real wild merriment.

I acknowledged that I do, I've unlimited
capacity for enjoying fun; a regular
"train" brushing out the dust & cobwebs
from the corners of mind & body. It is
often ~~for~~ better than a sermon, and is always sure
cure for the blues & mental dyspepsia.

Well, are you not glad that I am so near
the last corner of this sheet? I am sorry though
to let you go even now, however I shall claim
you as my prisoner for another mortal sixteen
pages, by & by. — You are a martyr to your
friends, "Save us from de" —

Give my best wishes & regards to your
father & mother, — and to Serena

Good Bye & may you prosper in all things
good.

Yours
George

No. 7

75

Somerville April 4. 1859.

George:

Did you ever read "Black
House"? If you have you will
remember Mr. Jamstice and his
east wind. Well, you know
east winds are very common
about Boston. There is one today.
It is dark and cloudy and a
little stormy. Yesterday was
the warmest day of Spring, but
it is very like life that today
should be the coldest.

This has nothing to do
with a letter I got the other
day, and that I am now, for
that second time, going to answer.
It is a good deal to have ones
clapnetily, fromer. Prof.

Whipple used to tell us at Hillochake that it would take about three years of a College course for us to find out that we really knew nothing, and then we could, with propriety, begin to learn. I think none short of a Genius would learn so important a lesson in so little time as three years, but I think if I could read over the letter I wrote you Sunday, and not come to a realizing sense of my emptiness, heavily would hardly bring the knowledge of it. It is not at all sure I shall do a bit better now. I will tell you what I have been doing this forenoon. Before I look at your letter, and then you may make due allowance. I have I read my little Mrs. Willows, then

washing. I suppose you could better judge of trials encountered in your own line of business, for instance blunders and sad mistakes made on Town flats &c, than you could of the trials of a washerwoman. I don't know but mine are the least, for there is a vast deal of satisfaction in having a disagreeable duty well done, and it gives pleasure too, to think of your house being rid of dirty clothes, even if they are on the line in a storm and thunders stand ready to take them when darkness comes; but I confess I can't see any joy that is to come out of washings and blotting and repetition, Can you? Now, I am yours "directly" to the point—your letter.

The first page is not much for you and it fast asleep; nothing very exciting about it. The second page you say you have received my letter ~~on~~ on our way to Massachusetts. You ask who writes to me from Minnesota, and if you must tell the nuns.

Yes. B. Wright, writes to me from Minnesota, that is all. Tell me what you please that interests you, but don't trouble yourself too much to pick up "items." Maple sugar. That is nice, a little of it.

What is our State coming to? There won't be any thing nor any body left unmortgaged fifty years.

I pity Mr. McLeod. A Minister's life is not always something. My experience has shown me so much. Mr. Clark's experience.

Macaulay's History. — I read
it last winter. I mean year
ago. For awhile he was every
thing desirable in a writer. He
is now what he was then, I have
no doubt, but my enthusiasm
has necessarily cooled somewhat.
I have not however forgotten some
of the great men he tells us of.
Have you got most through?

Not even Jane Eyre produced
so deep and lasting an impression
on me as some of his descriptions.

For "King Monmouth"! For
his despicable folly and in-
conceivable weakness and base
end, I could not help feeling for
the "common people" a strange
sympathy, and for him a pitiful
affection, as for a much abused dog.

Thus is it that Macaulay's "William of Orange" is so very different from the King William of other historians! Only once is he severely censured by him, and that time an excuse, if not made, is seen. — What do you think of what he says of our much adored William Penn? He makes him out to be the meanest man in all England. The abominable cruelty of Jeffries is not so mean because it does not wear so respectable a covering; of him, we expect nothing for 'tis his nature to do just the very things he did do, but for William Penn, a man sacred in the hearts of the people, for him to be found guilty of a heartless and sneaking policy that men famed for wickedness

shrank from, is something we scarcely will believe. A man like Lord Macaulay must well have weighed the consequences of such a step as he has taken. Men will not patiently bear the demolition of an idol. Confidence misplaced is very galling, and the one who discovers to us that we have been mistaken is almost sure to share the bitterness he has engendered. We have seen an account of a book published in favor of Penn and against Macaulay. I should be very sorry to learn either have been guilty of the charges brought against them. It would greatly detract from the glory of any Lord if it should be proved that he is a slanderer, and that

he has wilfully misrepresented the character of one of our noble men.

Second page of second sheet.
 No. I did not misunderstand you, if I seemed so to do. I supposed you thought of Charlotte Brontë as a woman, though I am not so strong in the belief as when I wrote about it last. She seems immortal and glorified, beyond what woman-kind could ever be, in your mind and heart. She is made holy by the darkness and sadness passed through here. I do not wonder at your adoration and feel hardly less for him myself. It was she who breathed into "Caroline" all the gentleness and beauty of her own sweet life and wrought out in "Shirley" that

will and womanliness which speaks
so strongly to all our hearts.

I wish you would tell
me more of Jane Eyre. I must
not tell my ideas concerning it.
I can not. Let me see - I will
try. It is a most interesting and
"farming" book. Very exciting -
very wicked and very wonderful.
Jane Eyre is good and I admire
her, ^{but} don't always fancy the doing
of what she does. She is much
too strong for Lord Rochester
and is calculated to lead, and
does most surely govern. You
want to know if she is like real
women? She is not like a little
girl I know of, and as my judg-
ments of women are apt to be col-
ored by what I see that little girl

to be, I can only speak for her truly.
 So Charlotte and Jane, one and the same with you, as with many. If ^{they are} she is, I must look out or my next letter will have to be an apology for intruding. I don't think I will say any thing about her.

Lord Rochester. When I read his book I thought him perfect in manliness and very noble in his wickedness. I wonder at my self now; for taking him alone, with the excitement of the story all gone, I see nothing particularly admirable about him. He had a certain strength that woman's weakness is prone to lean on, and is passionate in his love, and once he acted heroically; when he, at the risk of his own life, tried to save the life of the wretched

creature, whose existence was his greatest curse. I should think he might be a very true man.

Of the better class of men, I mean. He was not great, and was most pitifully weak sometimes. He was not equal to every emergency, and often trembled more than did Jane.

He was not morally strong. He was in fact, nothing but a man with mighty powers of heart with some strikingly noble traits of character which commend him strongly to Jane, at least, and ^{I do not speak for} many ^{of} ^{the} ^{people} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}, while we censure them in many

draw us toward him — in sympathy I suppose; to try to make him better I may be. He was, of all Charlotte Brontë's creations, the one her genius most worked itself into, and while under her power I could but blindly

bend before him, and in Jane live.
 But it was Charlotte Brontë
 and not Lord Rochester.

There Mr. Wright,
 you cannot surely refuse now
 to give your opinions of Jane &c.
 I have given you a very serious
 and logical "analysis" of the book.

Have I shocked you with a
 lack of heart and zeal? Then
 don't say you will not do a
 reasonable thing until after I have
 done a most unreasonable one thing.

It was after your day
 spent with Mr. Croft, I think
 that you had a Candy, perhaps.

There is likely to be a reaction
 after severe mental application.
 I hope your prospects were not
 so very much injured as you fear.

Saturday,

Good even. — A very business way of writing I seem to have got into, in writing three sheets of my letter. It is sort of gross and paraphrased.

"How pleasant is Saturday night
 "When I have tried all the week to begin.
 I have not succeeded very well, if
 indeed I have tried, have you?

I have got all out of patience & am
 time with our miserable stove, that
 won't let the fire burn. I have
 not learned so much as I ought,
 although I have made some ad-
 vance in the hatefullest study
 in the world, I shall not tell
 what it is. I am reading Rollin.
 His style is very good and so
 are Canning's.

weak I have read aloud "Oliver
Twist." Dickens always takes
full possession of my heart while
I am reading his stories. For
feelings and passions I do not think
he is equaled by any of our
writers. It is a great wonder and
more pity that he is giving him-
self to the stage. And, too, to think
of his family fuss. I don't think
a man who lives continually in
fancy, in an ideal world of ^{his} ~~theirs~~
own creating, has any right
to get a wife. You imagine
a man whose idea of womanly
grace and perfection is embodied
in Agnes, and who says she
is always with him, an angel
of light, pointing upward, living
with and loving a common, un-
appreciating, practical, sensible

woman, even if she be goodness
personified. There is romance in
real life, to be sure, but real life
is not all romance. There are
some moods into which I sometimes
get, - very foolish they are - when
intercourse with any body causes
painful jarring and discord,
every thing actual is contemptible,
if it appears not in the dress in which
I have clothed it; so, it seems
to me, Poets and other men of genius
gifted, as it were, with spiritual
insight, ~~is to~~ ^{is to} ~~is to~~ see, not as we see,
but, as we sometimes feel, and
who are prophets of things to be,
rather than sharers of what now
is, must be unfitted for close
contact with reality. It ought
not so to be, but is it not? There
is a strange persuasion somewhere

in human nature.

I feel sorry to think it is decreed by the fates for me to forget Minnesata, and think much less of those who live there than I do now. I don't like to have it so, but probably you will all vanish from my remembrance in a little time, and with little Boston there will be but one place for me on our planet.

Monday.

I meant to have said Good-by on this page, but I believe I must tell you two or three things more.

I went to hear Starr King last evening. He is a boy in looks. He is rather small but a fair, white face, not very expressive by gas. light; light

brown hair, combed back in a boyish
 way. He is giving a course of electro-
 all lectures. Last night his subject
 was Human nature. The lecture
 was all I could expect; it was
 equal to Starbuck's, which I
 have read, but in his manner I was
 disappointed. His voice is not good
 and he is not an impressive speaker.
 He wears a robe and that with a
 very calm manner and slow speech
 give him an appearance of formality
 quite unusual and somewhat incon-
 sistent in a man like him. His
 Church is a restoration, and it has
 been said he was not too personal
 in his sermons, but fond of talking
 of the sins of Sodom & Gomorrah of Boston.
 Maria thinks it is saying an unjust
 thing of him, however. She and Papa
 heard him a little while ago, and

They say from his talk and serene
calmness, they should have thought
all his congregations must have been
guilty of most unusual sin and
dishonesty during the past week.

I heard Emerson the
other night. He does not do him-
self justice. I enjoy reading his
lectures more than I should of treat-
ing him murder them all with his hand
reading, but I cared not so much
to hear him as to see him.

Papa preaches here one
more Sunday. He is engaged for
several Sabbaths after next I think.

He have not come here to live only
to stay a little while. He go "bobbing
around".

We are all pretty well. Pet
has a bad cold.

After I get your next letter
I am going to write you a better one.
I hope you are well and happy.

Good bye. Serena.

and
30th

Paris April 24, 1859

Dear Uncle [To Calvin W. Clarke]

I rec^d. a letter from Emily
a few days since, saying she had written
to you & sent a rect. something more
than a month ago & had not heard
from you and wished me to ascertain
if you had rec^d. her letter &c.

I am very sorry to be under the necessity
to inform you, that my dear wife is
again afflicted with the same trouble
in her neck. She has a swelling under
each ear and we have fears she
will again have a serious time.
Will you have the goodness to state the
facts to Dr. Townsend & ask him to
forward whatever he may think best
with his advice and I will call and
see him & pay the bill. When I come
to Boston, Tell nothing two weeks she
never has been so well, & now

weighs more than she ever
has since I have known her.
She's no cough and a pretty good
appetite -

Mrs Le joins me in love to you all

Very affectionately &c

E. W. Clark

Bradford April 27th 59.

Dear Uncle. [To Calvin W. Clarke]

In compliance with
a request from Mother, I write
you a few lines, acknowledging the
reception of your postcard.

She is much pleased with the Testa-
ment - Says it's just what she would
like, and wishes you to accept
her many thanks.

I am sure that Mrs Baldwin
feels very grateful for your kindness
in sending her the picture -

Please say to Aunt Ann, that
I am very happy to do her favor.

Yours truly,

Lorrain Jones -

Somerville Apr. 22, 1859.

My dear friend:

Your letter that came to night did more good, I am sure, than the winter had in his heart to do. I came in a time when words from our friends are very dear to us, if they be kind and soothing. To-night Father is sick, perhaps I should say very sick, but I do not like to own, even to myself, all that little word would imply. He has not been well for two or three weeks; he has taken several severe colds, one after another, and they have all seemed to settle upon his lungs until now Dr. Sanders says he is forming

five days advanced in Ling's fever. He is suffering a great deal now and what he raises from his lungs is mixed with blood. The hope for the best, and desire that there be no reason for much anxiety.

This climate is not good for him at all, and all his thought is for Minnesota. But for one thing, which is every thing, we should go immediately west.

I thank you with all my heart for the sympathy that would be ours, if you knew we needed it. Now, I must go to bed to rest for tomorrow. "Sweet dreams and pleasant sleep" as my birdy says. — Good night — Dearest.

Apr. 30. — I sat down some time since with you in my

thoughts but instead of my pen I took up Dr. Channing's Principles where I read several of his letters. He is one of the very ^{men} few to whom I reverence. It is not admiration for his genius and ^{his} remarkable eloquence, but reverence for his Christ-like goodness and purity of heart, that puts him in the high places among the gods. It was a peculiarity in his doctrine, that love for and the worshipping of goodness and virtue, wherever seen, is synonymous with loving and worshipping God our Father. As all things lovely are but the shadowing forth of Him, who is infinitely lovely, why is my soul doing itself a wrong in feeling the same love for virtue wherever seen in Jesus and in Channing

as when seen, through them, in God! Perhaps because in doing homage to that which finite things have attained to, we know before what we might become reach, and only in worshipping the infinite and incomprehensible and unattainable do our souls go forward in a progress near to be completed.

I can't tell why I had gone into such a bewildering maze of whys and wherefores the first thing this evening, probably for the reason I say that I got to thinking in reading and thought on in writing.

Papa, father, I mean, is better to-night, as you may have imagined. He breathes much easier than last evening and is not suffering so much pain. We have reason to hope that "all's well", and that he will soon be out of pain.

May-day. — I always want to wish my friends some special good, a happy or a merry something, when May is coming in. May with its song birds, budding trees and green fields. May with its wealth of sunny days and blossoming flowers. This Sunday is a day fit to usher in the Queen Month of the year. A day warm, and calm and bright. Your Sabbath of two weeks ago just gives us.

"Five years old to-day" Father says I am. Yes, five May-days ago I tried to see Miss Jordan ride away in the stage, and then I said good-by to her home and men, ^{to bid} to bid.

I can see and hear great men,
 but all true growth is from
 within; all thought and truth
 will not benefit ~~me~~ any, only as
 I make it work in developing the
 powers God has given me. Power
 common with all his children.

It is very pleasant to see and
 hear those my soul owns as
 benefactors; those whom I love
 and honor for fidelity to truth
 and principle; those for whom my
 heart feels sympathy and to
 whom I feel related, and it is
 pleasant, too, to hear those I
 simply admire, but all the
 thought of Boston, you get
 in Minnesota as really as I
 do in Somerville. There may
 be a little selfishness in my try-
 ings to prove I am not so far
 removed from you in point of

privileges. Where much is given
much will be required.

Monday I I — I am making
this book more of a diary than
anything else. Three sheets in
three days.

When I began to write
I did not think I should say
so many things before telling you
I have seen your friend Wakefield.
It has been so long since you had
seen him I know you will be
interested in hearing of him through
one who has seen him since lately.

A week ago yesterday he spent
the afternoon and took supper
with us. He did not seem a
stranger to us at all, and we
were very glad to see him, both

for your sake and his own. To see
 one who knows and can talk
 of a friend, a good way off, one
 too, who is a good friend of that
 friend, is, to say the least, a very
 great pleasure. We find him
 genial, good natured and sensible.
 I like him. He has some
 queer, though ^{what a parade!} most natural notions
 concerning us girls, which he gave
 more particularly to Mother than
 to me. You say he is quite unlike
 you. I should think him so in
 many things, but he is so like you
 in others that he continually re-
 minded us of you. He said he
 would come and see us again,
 so I presume we shall get some
 better acquainted.

A week ago I heard
 Wendell Phillips lecture in Music

Hall. I never saw him before.
 He was eloquent and sarcastic.
 His appearance is very simple
 and impressive while speaking.
 He began by making the rather
 sweeping assertion, that he was
 standing in the only Christian
 pulpit in Boston! perhaps with
 one exception. The "Church of
 the Disciples" was the one excepted,
 I suppose. Mama thought him very
 unjust in thus unchristianizing
 all the Churches. I have no
 doubt he himself would say
 there are very many who declare
 in all trust and humbleness
 of soul, from Boston pulpits
 every week, what they see to
 be the teaching of the Son of
 God. I think he meant this,
 that that was the only Church

a rather Society founded on
 truth alone, ^{and} untrammelled by creed.
 The only place where "faith in
 ideas" is inculcated by the Ministry,
 and the only ^{place} where men and
 women are equal; where color
 money and head are next
 neither commendation nor condemna-
 tion. — He made some bitterly
 sarcastic allusions to the religious
 of a man who could boast of having
 "played upon the waters of the
 polluted sea of a corrupt Laager,
 for a quarter of a century, and
 never raised a ripple." It
 maybe you have not read the
 speech of Choate, delivered at
 the twenty-fifth Anniversary
 of Dr. Adams installation as
 Pastor of "Old South" Church,
 Boston. He says (Mr. C.) that
 when he has gone there Sunday
 he has heard nothing of the

4th

Care, fratilities and negroes of the world he has left behind, and which he would desire, for that one day, to forget. (I have not given his words, but the idea as clearly as I remember it.) The song, head by word in hymn, franges or sermon has he ever, during those twenty five years, been carried from the Church into the wicked world, but he has been allowed rest for his soul.

High praise, coming from such a source!

Tuesday, 2d.

A good and pleasant evening. It has been a beautiful summer. There - you have in the mistake just made an index to my head and heart to night. Women and

not days I am thinking about, but
 not exactly beautiful women.
 I have been over to Cambridge
 today, where men are great and
 women fools. What do you think
 of my proposing myself for
 a lecturer, and taking woman
 for my subject? Some who talk
 about her, and I know there are
 many who do, have touched on
 what I consider her highest right
 or deepest wrong. Her highest-
 right is to be a woman, which
 she might be for all the men, if
 she had common sense. It is said
 by some that she lives but to
 please man, and that he is
 better suited with a silly, simper-
 ing, white-faced, little waisted
 creature, whose brains are all in
 her clothes than with a noble

strong-minded, sensible woman.
 It is true to some extent. We do
 care altogether too much for your
 approbations and attentions, but
 woman does not dress to please
 men half so much as to gratify
 her vanity in outshining another
 woman. The irreparable wrong
 she commits in spending all her
 time and giving all her attention
 to what should be the least in
 her thought; the abominable and
 cruel sin of light-lacing, a sin
 that brings with it such ruinous
 consequences, cannot with justice
 be laid to your charge, for it
 is all done for the eyes of her
 own sex. I know there are
 noble exceptions among us, that
 stand out in all almost dazzling
 light, ^{ness} aimed so much folly.

and pirosity, but Oh! the shame
and humiliation of having to
own all true womanhood a rare
exception. "God pity us all."

I have made but very little
mention of your letter, excuse me.

Thank you for Lizzie's face.
It is a sweet, girlish face.

Have I told you anything about
visiting the Astorians? My
ride, I cultivated last was
disappointed. There are a few
fanc and figures I am most
deeply interested in. Dante
and Beatrice I should never
tire looking at. She ^(Beatrice) is a perfect
representation to me of peaceful trust
and self-abandonment. Dante is
in her presence calm, but the
deep passion of his nature, I could
feel was only quelled by the awe
of her haloes. The dark and
fearfully troubled soul looks

out through his eyes and cast
a shadow of life, over his face.
It is dark, hopeless, despairing,
and passionate in its stillness.

How much of my idea of Dante
I put into his picture I cannot
tell: but, if I knew nothing of
him, it seems to me his would
be a remarkable face. The land-
scapes are no doubt very fine
many of them, but they look to
me like horrible imitations
of nature. Such luns of deep
yellow, such faintly colored
clouds, such brilliantly green
trees, such indigo black hills
such green, dismal looking water.
I never dreamed of! Ugh!
Dickens never made more absurd
characters of men than those

those paintings seem to me to be
of nature. They really make
one shudder to think of them.

Now, you laugh, of course they
are good paintings, and you
would see much to admire, I
am only showing my utter
inappreciation of any thing of the
kind. The Statuary I will
say nothing about, for I must
make my last daily record to-night,
but I like it infinitely better than
those paintings, not better than
my idea of paintings.

Father is better, and I hope
getting along nicely toward health.
He and Mamma send love to you.
I know I am making a rather
abrupt close, but I have said
nothing enough, and revealed enough
of myself for this time; about pictures
and so forth. Give my warmest
regards to Minnie and all, and with
pleasant thoughts of you, consider me
Sincerely,
Serena.

Minneapolis. May the First, 1859

Serenad:- How do you do? Am glad to see you again; more so than usual perhaps, for I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a very long & proportionally good letter from you. a-no, not exactly a letter, but a paper reflection of yourself. And then it is Sabbath - and May-day too, and this last brings up troops of images - shadows of the past - Oh the May-parties, the pic-nics - and the rambles in the woods - the May-flowers and the nest of the little, hope & promise - (wilted), tokens of Spring, - all the poetry, passion, & romance of the seasons are concentrated in May day, with its bursting buds & flowers & its "balmy air." (That last expression is well worn & hackneyed but 'twas good once & I use it out of sympathy for what it has been.)

Our winter left us too late to allow any Spring. Spring was omitted on "account of the weather" - its "inclement^{-cy}" dating down to the 22nd of April, Now we have the heat & oppressive closeness of Midsummer - So to us at least; the change has been so rapid & great. And this Sabbath morning is as still & quiet as I ever knew in July. All out

of doors" seems to be asleep in the warm sunshine.

Now the bells ring - and the grumbling volumes of sound, push through the smoky air and lazily touch dull ears with a scarcely perceptible dull humming, to attend a dull feast (?) of theological "hard-bread" and husks. Is it a wonder that the hungry soul of humanity sometimes ~~severally~~ from such boarding school fare, demands something more nourishing? Does not a great deal of our religion (church religion) live through sufferance, and because of our respect for the good works which it has done in its day?

And then are many things in all the codes & creeds & churches, which, were it not for the real religious & religious feeling put in the soul of every human being, which would destroy all respects for all Christian denominations.

Christianity lives in spite of its teachers.

For here - see. Every house sends out ~~it~~ well-dressed - civilized, thoughtful-looking earnest, men and women, all going where they may hear something, which if not religious, may put them in a mood of mind & posture of soul to enable them to think religion. All do not ^{have equal} need of such stimulants. ~~it~~

Sabbath Morn. And we all do so where we worship - Not true in toto, of the one who is writing this paper. It will apply in only

a very modified sense, leaving out much of Heaven & the greater part of Earth.

I can only truly worship in the woods - among my forests & forest friends & fellow worshippers - the trees. There is a soul in the dwelling bud - the green, living & breathing leaf, lives a life of perpetual worship & whispers a daily ~~to~~ thanksgiving.

There is a sacrosanct in the woods. Instinctively the step is checked & the voice hushed as we enter them, lest we disturb the devotions of the trees. Instinctively the heart joins in the silent worship. The rust which a weeks contact with the world & with artificial life has gathered around the soul, slowly dissolves & wears away and we leave the woods holier, better & purer, for our visit.

We are doubly fortunate if we may carry back enough of the spirit of the woods to better those around us, ~~us~~ ^{us} If we do not ~~we~~ (?)

We (masculine) have a pretty way of shifting the responsibility, and of saying - It is your (feminine) duty to keep us good. If we turn out to be scamps - who's to blame? Not ourselves certainly, we wash our hands of that: - but our mothers, our wives, our sisters & daughters, who would save us.

I was talking of worship - Not exactly applicable, for how not in the

woods - and yet 'tis quite as pleasant where I
am. For coolness & still quiet, I have taken refuge
in the (Cousin's) house. Unexpectedly I find the
little writing desk at the south west corner of the
room. ~~opened~~ ^{opened} me hardly knowing if it might
not be a sacrilege. I have taken possession of
of the premises. But no spirits of the past
have yet risen to warn me away, ^{or} and if they
have done so, I have misinterpreted their warnings.

There are few relics left - a sand box - a
withered rose leaf, one or two old steel pens, and
two or three brass pins. On a shelf above are two
or three books - "Whittier's poems" among them.

Other than these there are no distinctive
foot-prints or ear marks. It is some eight
months since I saw you for the last time at this
same desk. It must be quite a year since
I saw your mother. I would like to see her
again, very much - more than I should care to see
you (flattery?) partly because she has been gone
longer, & partly that I do catch glimpses of
you every few days. If she makes inquiries
you may tell her that "Eden" (Jackson) has not
returned to New England yet.

Why here I've written four pages without
a mention of your letter. I'll take it up &
see if I can make a categorical reply to it
without wandering from the subject a dozen times.

Post Modern Examination

Item, Page 1 - nothing I wish to reply to.

Item, Page 2 - "Three years of a college course to learn that one knows nothing" in Hum. I have one or two observations to make ^{upon} that, First - the above proves how hard it is for a fool to find out what any of his friends could tell him. But that one must study three years to find out that he or she did not know anything seems absurd. The Prof evidently, had been trying to measure the infinite, with a standard measure of knowledge - no wonder he failed. He might construct a table thus 25 ideas make one alphabet, 1000 Alphabets make Languages, & so on, but he can never measure out the infinite ~~measure~~ ocean, of things to be learned, with any of the tin pint-cups of modern science.

And yet every one of those cups, just as truly holds a pint, as it would, if the ocean were but a barrel-full.

2nd Out of even ten who pass four years in college, seven & perhaps nine, come out really as ignorant as they went in, and vastly more unfitted to live in this world or to go to a better one. They come out like a dictionary minus the classification. They are full of

learning, & have very little education, Their heads are like a time piece put together like by a bungler, all the springs & screws & wheels are there but in no working condition.

Like Mr Dexters book in which he put no commas, periods &c in The last four pages, he filled with commas & periods. He ought instead of publishing his book on paper, to have published it in the types, say 25^u of each letter done up in a neat parcel & sent to the subscriber. It would have been only 650^u weight.

There are a vast number of ideas latent in the little bits of type metal, And in a 650^u package, not only Mr Dexters book might have been found, but a great many other volumes as good or better.

These book worms in our colleges do not even get a knowledge of what they profess to study. The course is so extended & the time so short, that they get a smattering only of anything, & probably three fourths of the whole is what will be wholly useless to them, & the remaining one fourth (for the sake of acquiring which, they study all the rest) is of such a superficial character as to be of no practical benefit & if they wish to render it available, they may as well begin at the bottom & do it all over again, thoroughly & understandingly. Many

a one who might have been a good mechanic or tradesman, has been ruined by being sent to college, No one however talented is going to acquire a universal knowledge in four years & the man who intends that his son shall become a skillful artisan, & useful member of society is doing a most illiberal thing, in giving him a so called "liberal education". In to one the chances, are that he will take to law or divinity, & go through the world, a fearful example of misdirected talent.

I am glad that schools where "specialties" are taught are becoming more numerous, where one who wishes a thorough knowledge of a particular branch of learning may obtain it. They will force our colleges to become better & the force of "liberal education" will be more of a reality.

Page 3 - Item. Is there any pleasure or joy to be tortured ~~of~~ out of blots & mistakes & erasures & repetitions? You think not, I never supposed there was. But there is a first rate chance to exercise patience.

For instance - A map nearly complete - one which I think is pretty fair, & in which I have somewhat of an artist's pride (for there are artists in all professions, even to digging potatoes)

we are unlucky sweep of the hand upsets a
cup of ink on the picture, instantly darkening
=ing the countenances of Map & Daughters-
=man. Hum-m-m- Coolly pour the ink
back into the cup. - take another sheet of paper
and make another map. It is hard work for
a person of nervous temperament, to do so, but it
can be done. I have however never been
able to do it without some "inward rebellion"

Page 4. Item. You think Every thing and every
body in Minnesota will be mortgaged soon
Perfectly, agree with you, As regards every
thing; that was mortgaged long ago, and judging
by the Marriage Register & town gossip: every
body, will soon be in the same condition,

All the young men in town are anxious to be mortgaged, - a good time for "making investments". Please make a "mem" of this and mention it to the Massachusetts girls.

P.S. Item. Macaulay again - Havnt got most
through - in 3^d volume now - don't get much
time to read now.

I have noticed how different the workings of the English system of Government, are from those of ours. When the struggle has been among great men a life & death struggle & it is so to this time in a great measure. We read in our news from England even now, such items as this "Downfall of the Ministry" "Palmerston defeated" "A new Ministry" "Parliament prorogued" &c &c

Here if a man is not elected, he stays quietly at home. If elected, he goes, serves his term of office & as quietly returns. Revolution or extreme measures are unnecessary, from the fact that the people have the means of redress in their own hands, & at worst have only to fear two or three years of mild misrule.

But in the times of Charles II. & of James; one politician after another crowded to the highest honors, and after a few months of eminence was forced from his position & perhaps lost his life. Our history has no parallel except in a small way, among the Governors of Kansas.

While reading - the master mind of Macaulay forces us to believe William of Orange a perfect man almost; Macaulay has probably obtained a better knowledge of him, than any other English historian; yet to think it over coolly, I cannot quite believe William was such a saint as my Lord makes him. Yet how different do Macaulay's praises of William, seem to the reader from the fulsome laudation with which Hadley has so besmeared & covered Napoleon 1st.

Macaulay's works show the impress of a great & powerful mind, Hadley's are —? If you can tell, you will do better than I. The smallest name I can think of for him is to say he is ten-thousand times above Abbott

And the little of Napoleon, which has survived,
is enough to show us; that he was a great &
powerful man, or his memory could never have
withstood two such attacks of flatness as Hadley
& Abbott.

Of Macaulay's "Penr" I hardly
know what to think, but I believe there is
enough of truth in it to prove Penr a mean
man, & not enough truth to ~~leave~~ ~~as~~ acquit
Macaulay of the charge of having pursued Penr
relentlessly, & with all the prejudices of a partisan.
There is an air of malicious triumph in all
he says of Penr. He evidently enjoyed the
labor of parading Penr, as a trading politician,
before the world. Yet it hardly seems possible
that Macaulay - the first of living historians,
essayists, & critics, would have dared to stake
his reputation as an authority, and to defy
the public opinion of the world, merely for
the sake of traducing a man who has been
dead a hundred & fifty years; & he wouldn't
have dared to gratify a personal dislike, unless
he had the most reliable authorities to back
him.

Page 8 - I turn Charlotte Brontë
& Jane Eyre again, - Excuse me - I cannot
say anything more about them - I dare not
attempt it - I have read your "analysis"
- a dozen times perhaps - and I hardly know
which most to be surprised - not surprised

as we see such women love such men in
everyday life. Jane Eyre is drawn toward Mr Roch-
=ester, & through her is the reader attracted,
in part by his very faults & foibles - simply
because they are so very human. It is the
greatest triumph of the word painter, to
create a character which we cannot call
lovely or worthy, and then to so draw the
surroundings & to vitalize & humanize that
character that we are drawn by a power
stronger than reason or judgement, to bow
to and to make our all in all, that same imper-
=fect unlovely character. Nine readers out of
ten will acknowledge that when Jane fled from
Mr Rochester, they could not.

The grandest pictures in the world are only
the closest imitations of nature. And Jane Eyre
in telling her story has but told what every heart
first or last, feels more vividly than any words
can tell. Jane Eyre is not a perfect imitation of
a life romance, but it is the best we have.

There's a great many Mr Rochesters in
the world. Noble, generous, one sided fellows
with immense capabilities for good, whose
bitter natures are either latent or under a cloud
and who under suitable tuition become much
bitter than the world ever supposed them
capable of becoming. What all the Theologians
in the world could not make them do, they learn
in a short time from that teacher, whom the Professor
this month, calls the "new Messiah"

Page 13 - Item You are at work on the hatifulest studies in the world & what is it? Almost all girls agree upon Geometry. It is one of those studies which intuition does nothing for. It is thoroughly logical - & you know woman's logic is made a subject of ridicule the world over. Boys generally like Geometry & I know I've often felt prouder than any King; a hard proposition fairly conquered & made eternally a part of my property, was indeed a triumph. Many's the time I have jumped up, thrown hat and book and indulged in a regular "hurrah".

If twas only ^{like} the study of human nature what astonishing progress girls would make. I have noticed that the best mathematicians usually have little judgment in regard to men - and especially women. There's mutual misunderstanding of character, & Sir Cube Root and Conic Sections can in the whole range of mathematical knowledge find no formula by which to represent human nature. He may calculate the Curve of a comet or the path of a meteor, but cannot find out the way of a woman's will.

So I take it for granted that you are studying Geometry. till I hear otherwise, and by the way you have never told me

about your studies - what they are, & how you study them & how you like each etc etc and I should like to hear something about them. Well, well, here's lots of things more that you have talked about & which I wish to review, but I know you are weary of my dull prying. I'll postpone till I have an opportunity ^{to see you} & then won't I torture you with long harangues & lectures.

I got a letter yesterday from Wakefield from which I learn that he has been you.

He devotes 3 or 4 pages to the subject of his visit at your house. Knowing it would interest me. It is now more than three years since I have seen him & he has changed considerably. If his photograph is correct. How do you like him?

I might ask a more difficult question -

Why do you like him? I've found out why I like him, but almost every one likes him before they know why.

He is a whole souled, true-hearted fellow any how. I have not told much about ourselves (out west) for I know you have more interesting things to think of (down East). Our School Closed Friday last with public examinations (Examinations during all last week. The school itself

is a perfect success, a (human) miracle,

There is now a prospect that we may be favoured with a view of some of the political celebrities of America during the summer & fall. Minnesota holds the key to the

"Commans" - the House of Representatives. Great exertions will be made on both sides. If Minnesota elects two Republican Congressmen, the House of Representatives will

probably elect a Republican Speaker on first ballot. We expect to see Douglas and a half dozen other Democrats in the field & Lovejoy, Grumball, Jew, Wade & perhaps Banks, Fessenden, Wilson & Seward before October. All our State officers are to

be elected, & a U.S. Senator & 2 Representatives. A registry law & a just apportionment, are among the results of Republican triumphs. There's lots of us who are

going to work this year, to riden if possible the State from whisky Democracy rule.

I am quite well & all our friends are also (I believe) - Hope you are too - well & happy. And now having detained you just as long as possible - I must shake hands - say good bye - be a good girl, & write me, when you like - I reserve same privilege. Give my love to your folks. ^{Goodbye} Yours.

Please excuse this "long drawn out" epistle
I have written simply because I did not like
to stop talking with you. but if you complain
of its great length you certainly cannot of its
depth. Geo.

Summitville, May, 14, 1859.

George:

Good evening. Another week is saying farewell to you and to me. I hope its last look is as smiling, and as bright for you as here, and finds you as well and happy as I am.

We are faithful correspondents aren't we? Two weeks ago, when to-morrow comes, I wrote to you and at the same time for well at my little Desk writing to me.

The place where that Desk stands and thereabouts, is, of all places in Minnesota now, the most like home, and the place my thoughts first visit when they go outwest. Things about the Office are not

much changed, I suppose. George, the Register, is still there; Mrs. Davis is there, at ^{his} usual post, maybe, perched on his stool, his short, graying little curls, and careful, honest face appearing and disappearing a regular by, at breakfast, dinner and supper. Mr. Birge is there & Mr. Austin is there, and I can fancy Delos there, and can readily give you a place in the next room, for I believe I have seen you there several times.

I don't care much for the East, for Massachusetts and Boston. To be sure they are over-run with men, great and small, and have lectures and thought enough to kill us, if we heeded all there are; but we have east winds, that blow chills and death right through us; we have bigotry, persecution

meanings, arrogance, stiffness, pride, vanity, self-righteousness, sin and folly on even a grander scale than you do out west. I must confess, however, that when I think of Massachusetts, her past and her present, the glory of her whole life, I feel proud of belonging to a nation that can boast of such a Commonwealth, and feel somewhat reprieved for having said, I can not much about her.

But it seems to me her heart is much outgrowing her head. It seems to me that excessive intellectuality and pride of genius is breeding contempt for those not learned in all the wisdom of Bostonians. I do not find that those whose living words have thrilled my heart and stirred my soul to deeper love for human kind, live among

nearer the Divine Master in noble
works and loving, brotherly action,
than many men with much lower
ideas of duty.

I am, my dear,

I don't know as there is much I
can say about your letter, by
devoting the greater part of it to
remarks on my last you make it
necessarry for me to write mostly
independently of it. A few things
I think call for comments and
explanations. When I have set
you right on some things, it will
appear others that you was wonder-
ing at, and save you from future wonder-
ings. I have never intended to
make my letters tell "wrong stories".
When I write to you I say, without
much thought, what I may
be thinking of at the time. Now,
that you should come to the
conclusion that I am studying

Geometry is to me no less a wonder than my own conclusion of Rochester and James Eyre are to you. I supposed you had formed a better judgment of my book attainments. Why, I hardly know the multiplication table so far as mathematics are concerned, and I am as far advanced in other studies as to ^{make it all} perfectly harmonize with my knowledge of figures.

You may ask what I have been doing for most nineteen years of uncommon advantages. Not much of anything. For the first ten years I went to school all the time all the time after I was four, and they called me rather a bright little girl, but I know of a surety that I learned nothing.

unless it was my letters and how to
make them. After that I went to
an Academy and studied Natural
Philosophy, and then went to College
and finished my education.

Having found out, however, that
I do not quite fulfil the expectations
of my family and friends I resolved
some time ago to begin anew.
I am now trying to find out
a little of the history of my own
country; what year it was
discovered, and who was General
of the Revolution &c. I am also
reading of ancient times to know
how many years before Christ
Napoleon lived, and what kind
of a Christian Alexander was.

A good part of every day I spend
in vainly trying to get into my
head what is the third of six, and why.

Perhaps I had better change
the subject.

How do I like your friend
Nat. Field? And why I like him.
He was over to see us again last
Sunday. I like him very much.
I like him decidedly. I like
him, firstly — — — — —
nextly, because he is so perfectly
honest and so unusually frank.
I know when I am talking to him
that whatever I may say will
be taken for what it is worth.
He will not, because I am a
person bearing the gift of woman,
say yes, and smile, and agree,
and compliment, and flatter.
If I say a thing, not very sensible
as he thinks, he does not seem in
the least degree to believe me.
He stands on his own merits.

He lays no claims to knowledge
 he does not possess. The first time
 I saw him I would have believed
 what he might have said. You
 must remember I did not meet
 him as a stranger quite. I took
 it for granted that a man who
 was your friend, and a very dear
 one too, would have something to com-
 mend him to me.

I beg my family's pardon
 for not saying anything about them
 all this time. Haven't you noticed
 how I say things lately, the
 last first last and last first?
 They are pretty well. Papa
 who was sick when I wrote
 last, has been twice to meeting
 to-day. Mama got tired of
 taking care of Father when
 he was sick, but by riding

and walking and carefulness we hope she will get as well as usual soon. Grand-ma is suffering on as patiently as ever. Pet is busy all day long, playing himself tired and cross. He is the dearest boy I know of.

I believe I have never told you any thing of our boarders and those with whom I am every day. I thought I would but I guess I won't.

Evening — Papa and Mama are sitting on the lounge talking of the funny side of our life in Minnesota. Trials that were trials in passing through have so lost their sting as to be only shamefully laughable. Ah! the innumerable incidents that arise

before us of pleasant memories and foolish actions and ludicrous scenes. This has been a lovely Sunday, and this is a lovely night. To a gentleman I have learned not to say any thing about moon-light and stars and glorious nights unless I want to be taken as a sentimental snip. I should expect your friend Wakefield to say, with a pleasant smile, yes I suppose it is very fine for lovers and for sentiment. I have not forgotten, and shall not soon, a young man asking me, when I made some remark on the beauty of the night, if I loved to read some love-sick, groaning poet. I have forgotten his name, right!

There is to me a grandeur and sublime beauty in the night that

the morning does not possess. There is a busy activity and waking-up spirit about the morning that is not so in unison with my dreaming, sleepy nature.

I went to the Athenaeum again the other day. I expect there will be a greater wonderment expressed in your next letter, that I did not at least keep silence concerning what I could so little appreciate. Yes, I went again, and I confess to leaving with greater disgust than before. Ah! the outrageous clouds. Of all nature's works, except flowers, do I find next exquisite beauty, the most to admire, to love, to lose myself in while looking at ⁱⁿ clouds. The sky is a perpetual glory, ever growing brighter and more loving

in its untiring changes and infinite
unsearchable depths. I could almost
become a cirrus or cumulus cloud
and sail through the blue heavens
with thunder and lightning for
companions and stars keeping
calm watch over head.

I have read Whittier's poems
some to-day. Once in a while I
have a day of absolute adoration
of some one person in particular.

One man will be the embodiment
of all graces. To-day Whittier
has spoken as never man spoke
through "Memories", "Raphael",
"Benedict" and the "Doves".

It is not his poetry, but the
living human heart of the man
that awakens in my soul an
enthusiasm half equal his own
whenever and whatever he speaks.

He is not far from us. I have
an idea of making a pilgrimage
to Kies his home one of these days.

4

Monday: Another good-bye.
I don't know as I particularly
plan to write just four sheets
every time. I may write five
now for aught I know. What
have you been doing to-day?
My day's work has not amounted
to very much. I went over to
Old Cambridge this morning
to see Mittie, our dress-maker,
Sister of our friend Fowler, who
we are daily expecting to see.
I was detained longer than I
expected to be and when I got
home half of the day had gone.
Since dinner I have studied,
(not Geometry) and read some.
Mama not feeling well and Father
rather supper-sick I have spent
a part of the evening in reading.

a most exalting, melodious and charming, bark by Longfellow, and which I believe you do not like.

I wish you could be here next week. Come, won't you? to the Anniversaries. We shall hear Phillips, Garrison, Higginson, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Abby Kelley, Mrs. Foster and a host of lesser lights. Mr. Everett, Banks, Antecrat and Felton also stand forth before the people. I would surely not slight the offer even if I knew a single name of them. A one sidedness of people!

So Minnesota is to have a struggle this summer for freedom and justice. We are with her wishing good speed to all her

Christian endeavours. Please do not say again that you will write no news items because I shall not be interested in them. I am glad of all your mags say or wish to say about any thing or any body. Of all tired, some things and tedious duties I was ever called upon to do the most tiresome and tedious is writing letters to those persons when I have to carefully consider every sentence, rack my brain and the world for something entertaining, watch every word lest it can be tortured into a meaning I intended not, give utterance to no foolish thing lest it offend or call up ridicule, in fact close up both head and heart, sit up straight, take a pen

write a date and coolly set to work to thoughtfully, sleepily and heartlessly say nothing.

What of Will Correll? I have ^{not} heard heard anything of him in a long time. I wrote him a remarkable letter once and got an answer. I do not think he expected me to write again. If he did I have not, I like him very well indeed.

Are George and Sue keeping house? Mr. Wakefield is quite interested in Addie and an Editor.

Tie! I think of Ady a good many times and when I go back to Minnesota I shall try to be more amiable toward her than I used to be. It is getting late. Every body around me is asleep. I must be soon. Mama has said to me "Send my regards, and say I want to see him as much as he says he wants to see me!"

Good-night and good-bye.
(All a mistake, I sent it to the wrong person.) Serenas

Minneapolis Min. May 15th 1859

My Dear Friend Anna,

I have reason still to be thankful, as well toward you, as in those directions where we usually exercise gratitude - I received yesterday, what you are pleased to call your "Journal" of Apr 28th to May 3rd. Thank you - I am learning to anticipate, by three or four days, your letters; so they are truly welcome, - welcome for the past present & future. I did not know that I cared much or if I did; I was not aware how much I cared for your Father - till I my eye caught the opening paragraph of your letter yesterday. I know I did not speak - but do not know if I breathed, as I glanced from page to page till I found the words "Father is better" - and then I know I breathed again - It brought relief & thanks together. My first thought was & I thought it aloud - "Don't stay there" - come west" I recollect what a climate New England has - the damp, chilly winds, - A vivid remembrance of getting cold - & of the cough that for six months followed it, and how I finally decided that if I wished to live, I must go elsewhere; still remains with me, - not one of the most agreeable reminiscences of a not very agreeable past. Much as I love New England for some things, I have for four years

fast never allowed myself to think of it as the land of Home. All parts of it are not so bad - but all along the Coast - the Connecticut & Champlain Valleys, are prolific of lung diseases. - Take them away & how much of New England have we left desirable on any account, to live in?

Minnesota is perhaps as many faced & changeable as New England, but it does not bear so harshly on one. There is in all its moods a life and vigor, in our atmosphere, that makes the mere act of breathing an exquisite pleasure.

Well I have wandered considerably from your letter though it is before me now. You thank me for one of my letters & say it came opportunely & when "kind words from friends, are most dear". I've not merely to say "You are welcome". "Thank you" from a friend implies "Thank you" in return. Remit me to tender payment with Minnesota rates of interest. In good wishes & kindnesses "Three per cent per month till due and five per cent after maturity" are not too much, - but (as in finance) Minnesota is the only place where they pay such generous rates. Don't you find it so somewhere? Despite all the selfishness & knavery of the Western business world, is not the narrow, boxed-up, Pharisaical, propriety & "respectability" of Eastern people more to be unendurable?

Theirs seems to be the worst type of selfishness while ours (Western) has sometimes real generosity intermingled.

And now before I go on with your letter I will tell you what & how we are etc. All quite well and thankful & hopeful. Mr Chavens has moved; lives in Dr Andersons house - Mrs A. has given East on a visit and, for a few weeks the Dr. is to board with Geo & Lucretia. Their cousin (Miss Hawkins, late from New England) is with them. She (the cousin) is a real smart witty, caustic, Yankee School-ma'am character; intelligent, good-natured, & good; a really superior person, past her teens, & I think past her twenties, yet retaining all the vivacity of sixteen; with the sense of double that number of years.

They are cozy and snug in their new home & apparently happy as larks. I wonder Phrenologists don't discover the island of Adaptiveness somewhere on the great cranial sea & have it mapped, and to Natural history & unnatural history, to Geography & geology published in the Phrenological Journal. for certainly it is one of the most powerful & astonishing faculties which we mortals have.

I like Dr A. very much - he lives in a different world from this that most people live in. Ada goes to Missouri in two or three weeks, I can see that it comes hard for her to leave this place, though it is the consummation of a favorite scheme with her. She goes to a German settlement, principally to perfect herself in that language, There is a kind

of heroism about her, which reminds me of some of Charlotte Brontë's Characters, particularly in Villette which I'm now reading. I'll tell you more of it when I finish it. Have you read it?

We have had quite a variety of weather since I wrote you last. The warm, dry, summer of two weeks ago, lasted till Friday without rain and the prairies were brown as in November - Then we had showers & then haze the grass grew. In 48 hours, there was an entire change in the appearance of the fields. Since then considerable rain has fallen & we have been favored with several abrupt and great changes in temperature. To day it rains again - It doesn't take the color out of the grass though.

Many of the trees are in full leaf - others just pushing out from the bud. It looks very dark & dismal out of doors. The sky is thick & leaden - but the trees seem to have all confidence in the "good time coming" - So will I, and the shadow which is creeping noiselessly over me cannot harm.

I have been writing this at different times for three hours past. I have read some - and part of the time I have been thinking passively (~~It~~ is Thought or labor ever passive?)

I've been reviewing lots of materials - ^{they} need smelting before they can be cast into words.

Fire is the agency that separates the metal from the dross. Yet few of us relish such an ordeal.

I think I hear you saying that I have a wonderful faculty for wasting paper - that my lavish expenditure of time to do but meet with corresponding returns; that I do very little, in all my labor.

Very good. I commend your judgement.

I did not think, when I was writing to you two weeks ago, that you were doing the same. But I see you have a "May Day Journal" in this your letter. You have reason to remember May Day as few have. It's one of your sacred anniversaries. Don't you keep a record of such days - Saint days or Fate days or whatever you choose call them, & celebrate them silently in your hearts, as each returning season brings them once more around? - I have a number of them - and the month of May is to me so full of these anniversaries that I have come to regard it as a kind of "Holy Week", thirty one days long.

Most of these are "Minor Saints," ^{and each in a year.} but I like to think of these little things, each of which has had a bearing upon me & has contributed for good or ill to make me what I am. - If the influence was of ill, my anniversary I may make a day of penance - regret for the past & resolve better to do in future; if of good, my anniversary is - all you can imagine it to be, to me.

A Question—(I have ~~interposed~~ a leaf, so it (the Quere) cannot refer to anything on last page) (Do you remember when & where we happened first to meet — I think it was — when you have answered the question, I will tell you.

You have said something about overcoats; and greatness as ^{not} resulting therefrom — Pretty good, but I must dissent from one or two points in your discourse. You know I have taken the convenient (too lazy person) ground, that outside influences are almost all powerful to mould us. — You assumed the reverse — that individuality is first & almost alone the builder of our lives. I cannot but honor your position — and acknowledge its superiority — yet

"Ein though vanquished" I may "argue still" And try to "shift the responsibility" of making myself what I am, — conscious that the structure may not be honorable to the builder (intending no irreverence to a higher power). You say "growth is wholly from within" & as you illustrate by overcoats, I will do so, by cornfields. I acknowledge that in the mere act of growing it is wholly from within & is a part of the plant itself. We might try, our life long to raise corn without a kernel to start with, and fail — The germ of the whole perfect plant — of the tall shaft, and the wealth, glory & fullness of stalk and sick and broad green leaf, all lie in the little yellow grain that we put in the ground in Early May. — Ah yes, why do we put it in

the ground? The germ was as perfect & as susceptible of growth in the bin, as in the mold — Yet who ever harvested a hundred fold in Autumn of the corn that lay in the bins through Spring & Summer? So we plant — and in fertile soil, — just in proportion to the care we take in cultivation; — to the amount of fertilizers used — to the richness of "the field"; so we expect to harvest, and he who would expect the individuality of the grain to reward him with a hundred bushels to the acre in harvest, whether ^{or not} he gave it the advantages of cultivation, and a rich field from whence to draw the material for growth; might well be considered agriculturally insane.

Ergo — &c &c

Do sum 't up — "Corn will not grow unless the surroundings are such as to induce growth" nor will men. — Illustrations are not always proofs are they? — If they were, what might we not prove.

We'll not dispute about these things though, for after all I guess there's not a very wide difference in what we believe, no difference that is fatal.

I cannot write today — I did not propose to answer your letter — not feeling in a writing mood. yet I could not but take up my pen long enough to thank you for favors

and friendships in the past - & to ask for a
continuance of the same in the future.

I hope this will find you all well and happy
again. - You will accept this will you not, as
an assurance that in any event the sympathy
of which you spoke, will be gladly given, if ever you
wish or need it - Your letter I will answer
in a few days - just - when I feel like writing - I hope
you will do likewise & not wait for my letters.
I shall write as often as I please - unless you object

Tell your Father & Mother that I thank them
very much for all the love & kind wishes & would
request them to give me credit for corresponding
amounts of same commodities in return.

Of Wakefield - I'm glad you like him. I thought
you would - I would say to you that you might
kiss him on my account whenever you see him
but on reflection I see the impropriety of ~~my~~ mention-
ing such a thing, give him my best respects
though. And now I will close this eight-
-pased preliminary. We will shake hands over
it & say Good bye & Good bye

may God bless and prosper you ever.

Your friend - George

Minneapolis, May 19th 1859

My Dear S. — It is evening — I have
ink, paper & time before me — added to which
a disposition to scribble — I don't know that
I have a very good excuse for writing to you
— it being only four days since I sent my last
message — but I believe 'twas only a preface
— enough — let this be Chapter one.

I am finishing my labors at the
Register's office — four months ago I commenced.
Next week I shall probably go up toward
Lake Superior. — perhaps 125 miles from here
— to be gone 2, or 3 weeks, — It is not strange
that I take ^{an} opportunity ~~of~~ for writing
before I go. — for I will not be able either to
write, or to obtain letters while gone — It
seems a long time — two or three weeks without letters.

Bayard Taylor is lecturing here about a
month — We expect to hear him in this place
Monday or Tuesday next. — I wonder if he
is really so smart — or is the interest which
everyone takes in him, such as we might
have for a boaster whose history is a kind of
romance? Almost everyone, at some time
loves some one else, earnestly & truly, just
as much so, as did Bayard Taylor love his

first wife; yet how few would be touched, by the recital; as thousands drew at the strings of Bayards love, which some inconsiderate friend gave to the world through the newspapers.

I will tell you more about him when I have heard him. In reading Vilette yet at the rate of perhaps a chapter a day, I don't wish to read more than that. It is too real to be pleasant, too much sorrow sadness, disappointment in it, to be a relief. It paints too vividly the scenes which lie all around us. It reminds me too forcibly of myself & what I have seen & felt.

Sabbath Eve May 22^d 1859

How do you do? I'm real glad to see you again.

From a letter which Mr. Churton received yesterday, I learn that your Father is better & getting better, and that makes me glad too.

And then 't has been such a gloriously beautiful day to-day! Clear, mild, Springlike - not wet, not dusty - just right, just such a day as makes one feel & appreciate something of the infinite goodness. The perfect loveliness & harmony of that Being who has given us such a beautiful world as this to live in. At each succeeding Spring, the trees seem greener & richer than ever before, such a glory - such a radiance as there is

in the woods now I never saw before. They burn blazing with beauty. - What would you give for one breath of Minnesota Air? It would send a thrill of life & joy to the ends of your toes & fingers. I make you feel more keenly than ever what a blessed thing 't is to live.

I've been out in the air nearly all day and it has really made me for one day at least feel really happy - For the time I forget that the "world" is. The people on 't will cheat me & starve and rob me if they can, - that 't is my duty to consider everybody a knave in business, till proved otherwise - and all those things which wear & grind the spirit, & make us old while young.

To day, among the green fields, I have wandered back to boyhood days, more than before for a long long time - Be happy with Mrs. Serena - Say you are glad, that I have had such a joyous return to the days of "long syne" such a happy visit, not among the graves of the past, but with the living forms of other years.

I heard a few days ago - "that 't was reported" - that - Serena Ames was married!! I was not able to trace the report further than to that indefinite personage Mr. Whats his name. Yet I doubt not his information was quite correct - will you

please be so kind as to give the particulars
in your next letter, for the relief of anxious
friends, I feel slighted; that, with all the friend-
-ly feeling you have toward me, (implied if not fully
expressed) you should have done all this, without
mentioning the approaching & impending calamity
to me. I must accuse you of luke-warm
friendship, or unwillingness to repose confidence
in me; or worse -- some deep, dark, sinister
motive, in thus withholding all mention of
the fact, I hope you will not sail under
false colors any longer, but sign your letters
"Mrs. M." giving due credit to the name
of your honored mother. Your signature
- "Friend" - can only be regarded as a well
laid scheme to mislead me.

"Beware - beware"

"Trust her not - she is fooling thee".

I've read your letter now, since I last wrote
& haven't finished it yet. Were there no things to
interest me in your letters, except what I there
find, as food for thought on general subjects,
I should still prize them highly, for your
letters set me thinking sometimes - which I
cannot say of all the letters I get.

Broken off here & I will not wait till I have
time to write now - it may be several days
till then. - "The continuation of this thrilling
romance can only be found in the next number
of "Night's Correspondence" - &c &c - Please write,
- Love to your folks & believe me as ever, Truly Yours, George

No 10 Minneapolis ¹²⁷

Somerville May 25, 1859.

George:

Good morning.

Two days ago I received what you say is an "eight-paged preliminary". You say I thank you for one of your letters. You have thanked me for all of mine. I have taken it for granted that you know I am glad and thankful for all of yours. I have reason to be somewhat grateful but I don't think you have.

W. H. Burdett

Good morning; A bright warm May day. It is a day when I feel inclined to do anything. I could write a "Deed" or wash dishes or read a poem or listen to the fanatics now holding forth.

in Mercantile Hall, things I am sure I should not forget, even when swayed by the mighty eloquence of Wendell Phillips, what earth and sea and sky so plainly says, "be calm, be calm." "Do not neglect this!"

We are now in the full tide of speeches, resolves, cap bands and cheering. I wish you were here and I there. You take it as an amiable wish I hope. I am not going to pretend to tell you anything hardly. I wish I could if you would like to have me.

Night before last I saw and heard A. M. Holmes, Edward Everett, James Freeman Clarke and many others like them, at a Unitarian Festival in Music Hall. The Autocrat presided and with not peculiar

grace which characterizes all he says and does. He sat at table in the middle of a long row of white haired men; men old in learning and in a higher wisdom than comes from books, as well as old in years, the Autocrat; the petted, spoiled child of Boston; the man who enters into every human ^{heart} as naturally as sunshine into an open window; whose inextinguishable fund of good nature and merry smiling face makes us love him even while he is saying what we very much dislike, and while he lives a life which we think unworthy of so rich a nature. My heart said Amen and my head bowed in the universal homage paid him. It was not the homage that weakness pays to strength

that ignorance yields to knowledge
 or of inferior natures to superior ones
 but that which every human soul
 instinctively renders to a free,
 glad, loving, rational child of God
 whose very presence in the world
 sheds light on even its sternest,
 saddest realities and makes
 living a brighter and more joyous
 thing.

What of the others! James
 Freeman Clarke — ^{for him} all honor and
 Christian love. Edward Everett,
 lame as he is, classical — my contempt.
 Every body who spoke did honor
 to that occasion, which was a brilliant
 one, unless I except the mayor
 of Boston, and his speech. I had
 the beauty of brevity. I came
 home well satisfied. Last night,
 in the same hall, I attended
 the "New England Anti-Slavery
 Convention". Mr. Phillips was the

principal speaker. I never before felt the power of eloquence. I felt my country, Massachusetts, and myself all melting into nothingness beneath his cool contempt and sarcasm about all villainies. Instead of, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts", his prayer was for curses on a people recreant to liberty and humanity.

On the platform with him I saw Garrison, beside whom the heroism of older times grows dim. While looking at the men and women who have been from the beginning of the Anti-slavery movement strong in action and still stronger in faith I thought of what has come to pass? how insignificant are all their struggles

for fame, conquest and victories in comparison with the soul-struggle of these heroic men and women. John has given themselves "living sacrifices" in the cause of right.

It seems to me if I thought them wrong, traitors and fanatics, I could but honor them. The women, whose names are a reproach to woman-kind. May I at least learn silence. If it seems to me an un-
-womanly thing, as I must confess it does, to leave home, to be the scorn of all the world, to renounce what to every woman is natural if it be a weakness, the fear and shame of public attention, let me bid God-speed to those women who feel it duty to labor publicly for the good of the world. Never by word or example would I make

them but a harder one or their task more difficult.

Evening. Good bye Anti-slavery. No slavery, men and women, the world and all that therein is. Welcome George and his letter, which I suppose are neither of us in the world.

On the page first you say a good many things. Will "Thank you" pay for them? Then you are amply repaid for all your letters and your friendship.

Father, - I know him very well and think him worthy of his love and mind. He is almost quite well again and will preach in Quincy next Sunday. I did not know this climate affected you so much and so badly.

I don't know as it affects my bodily health unfavorably, but the scarcity of sunshine lately has come the nearest to coloring my spirits blue of anything I have ever met with. There may be one good, however, resulting from rain clouds, a keener perception of a beautiful day. We hail a lovely morning almost as we would a new creation, this spring.

A new acquaintance, Miss Hawkins - I bow, I am glad to have been presented - I ^{am glad} mean to have had her presented. With what a charm and fascination every stranger comes to us. They come as new beings enveloped in a cloud of mystery. How eagerly we watch until they open their mouths to speak, and then,

has quickly has vanished all
 romance and usually all interest.
 We are always looking for that
 which we never find, in men and
 women. When we think, "I have found
 a man, or a woman", we are apt
 to have a second awakening not
 so pleasant. I wonder the "Professor"
 has not given us a breakfast talk
 about friendship. It is a much
 abused thing, I know. Every
 little fool the world over, whose head
 has been turned by novel reading
 and whose life mission seems to be
 to "fall in love" with another fool,
 has softly told us of friendship;
 its delights and everlasting nature
 and quoted, - what shall I call
 it! something written by a natural
 child of a natural, to prove that he
 or she who has a friend is badly off.

I had come to think that if friendship was in itself a good thing that it was a very silly thing to mention it, until I read an Essay by a man divinely inspired to write on that as on many other topics.

Sunday May 29.

I have been sitting some time holding my pen and reading to Mama from Dr. Halmus Article on "Stereoscope and Stereograph" in June's Atlantic. It is interesting is it not? I have been wondering too, if in the course of human events it would not be discovered that one mind can impress upon another mind (two thousand miles away or across the sea) thoughts & feelings, in the same manner, or something similar to it, that those "fibers" which emanate from all matter are

transfused on glass and paper. How easily and perfectly could then be done what we now labor to do so poorly. But we should get no more truthful idea of one another, if so truthful, than now. We always show to the world and to our friends our best side, perhaps we do it unconsciously, but, nevertheless we do it, and of course we should choose only our wisest and best thoughts and our holiest and truest feelings to photograph on our friends' mind, and the most poverty-stricken of us, have sometimes thoughts and feelings worthy our proudest brothers and sisters.

June 2d day.

How do you do? I suppose you are away off up toward where Hicawatha sailed into the sunset.

Perhaps you are sorry your duties at the Registers Office are finished. I am glad you have gone away from men for a little while. You seem to have grown tired and sick of the worlds way of doing things. You have again been treated, it may be, as certain Commissioners once treated you, for you have strong attractions towards the doctrine of the total dishonesty of all men. I have faith to believe that your friends the trees, the rocks the sky and our Father will teach you a more loving theology before you return to us.

Your letter that came to me yesterday had the misfortune to be an Angel of Comfort in a sick room. Mama and Willie are both sick. Mama has been very sick for most a week, but she is getting better now. She sat up a little while to-day for the first time. Pat is sick enough to feel very fuzzy.

I am the only rascal one in our part of the house. They will all be rascal though before you get my letter.

What music the wind makes among the trees to-day! Every day does my soul drink deeper of the living, breathing beauty of this dear earth. I am "happy with you" and I will say, "I am glad" that on a holy Sunday two weeks ago you had such a joyous return to the days of boyhood. There are a few things I love in the past, I should say persons, but for the most part I hate it.

I did not tell you, I think when I first saw you. You came to our house one evening year ago last winter with Mr. Chracew.

It was a snowy evening. I never
saw you before, did I? I don't
think I said much to you, but I
remember looking at you. I saw
you several times at our house
after that and two or three times
in the office, once at Mr. Brown's
and I have received a few letters
and written a few to you, that is
as far as my acquaintance goes.

Reading Vilette, are you?
I have read it. It is the truest
of the three books your Lady
has written. What do you think
of Lucy? Charlotte Brontë
laid bare woman's heart and revealed
woman's nature, as she alone could
do it, when she painted Lucy
Snow. I feel she has almost
betrayed her sex and profaned
the innermost sanctuary of woman's

soul, by saying to all men, "enter
in and behold, with curious eye,
what you have power to do." What
you would never know she has
told you. She has put into your
hand the ~~the~~ key that opens the
"side door" which leads into the
room of mysteries. What do
I think of Paul Emmanuel? I
think Mr. Channen is a pretty
good Paul. Ah! he is a little
old irritable, crafty, provoking man.
Maybe friend Channen would take
offence. I mean none certainly.
I could say some other things
about them both. I don't mean
that George is particularly like
Paul in these peculiarities of age
temper, and so forth, but to me they
are so much alike that one suggests
the other, and as you know Mr. Channen
so well you will know my idea of Paul

and it is the shortest and truest way
I can give it to you. — Dr. John,
he was a stumbling block in Lucy's
pathway, was not he? You will see
her life is never quite clear of his
shadow, or a shadow caused by him.
The end of the book is its glory for
me.

News — Ah! married! Geo - tells
Mr. Paine told us it was a minister,
and comments thus, "blessed"! How-
ever, he does not want me to cast aside
old friends, so I believe I will answer
your next letter. As to my being a
"lukewarm friend", it is well to
"be aware" of us all, we are not famous
for fidelity. — I suppose it will
make a good deal of difference in your
comfort and well being to night, to read
when you return to Minneapolis that I
send after you kind thoughts and good
wishes and desire that all possible
good may come from your journey.
So may it be. We are all comfortable
as may be expected of sick folks. All as well
but me. Wherever you are, peace, Good bye.
Serena.

Sunday, June 2.

I thought I had finished two days ago but as my letter has not yet gone I will add a Sunday note.

The sun, for almost the first time today, has just broken through the lower region of clouds, revealing the eternal blue and pure white clouds of heaven. I do not think my nature is intense or very passionate and sometimes I think myself cold and almost heartless but I can still understand somewhat of those sensitive souls whose life is an exquisite torture. Sometimes my soul is so overwhelmed with feelings and emotions as to stand dumb, and forget, in the midst of its playthings and symbols,

its own omnipotence. . . Sometimes my soul feels so overburdened with all this beauty and goodness, my heart so aches under all this love and kindness that to lose myself would be happiness. Ah! the solemn mystery and awfulness of this we call life.

Where are you to-day?

Someday I feel as though you had left us as well as Minneapolis. I don't know why unless I left as much of myself there as I brought with me to Massachusetts.

It seems hardly possible to believe that I have been away from Minnesota so long. I don't know whether I ^{shall} live here or not. Papa has just laid a nice foundation for us work and starvation. You probably are aware how smoothly

and religiously conservative the Unitarians are. They manage to say enough on about the reforms of the day to save them from Christian censure but not enough to destroy their peace among the nations. During Anniversary week Father spoke on the Abolition platform and in a Woman's Rights meeting which will effectually shut him out from the sympathy of many who have done very much to help him since he came here, an entire stranger, and it will probably close the doors of all the churches against him. He preached yesterday in Beverly, the home of Robert Rantoul. He has several engagements yet to fulfill and then when you hear from us it may

through a Boston paper as a
new and valuable addition to
Pauperdom. Alack-a-day!

Charley is going to the
Post Office. I must send my
letter by him. This is Monday
morning. I forgot to tell you.
Good-bye,
Serena

May 26-59

I have seen and heard him - - -, ?
Bayard Taylor of course - Doesn't all the
world know that Bayard Taylor lectured
here last night - in all this part of the
world does, at all events. The advent of a
Member of Congress, a Theatre, circus or
"Big Ox", is enough to prop open all the eyes
and mouths of a little backwoods town like ours
- Imagine then the presence of a real "Lion",
Minneapolis has been in a flutter of excitement
for a week - all the newspaper items relative
to Bayard Taylor - his personal characteristics
- his fugitive poems, have been showered down
upon us in unlimited quantities, from the St.
Paul, St Anthony & Minneapolis "Press". And we
have all been to hear the great traveller -
Eight hundred of us at Stanchfield's hall
in St A. Tuesday Eve, & perhaps half as many
at the Methodist Church, in this place last
Evening - The house was filled however.

And what was it - and what was he?
Bayard Taylor is, what I expected to see - a
Man, which is I think, instead of seem
a matter of course; really the most remark-
-able thing about him, or about any one

whose name becomes a "household word" over two continents. Nearly all our great men, are, not like the rest of us, in form & proportion of head and heart; magnified till they become great — but strange abnormal developments, branched out into some queer monstrosity of mind. They are made with one ruling organ of brain and that ruler a tyrant. We hardly recognize them as belonging to the same race of beings with ourselves. There is as we see them an impassable gulf between us and them, and it would be just as impossible for them to stand on the platform of common sense with us, as for us to ~~try~~ fly as they do. They were made with wings but no feet, like a lie according to the Persian proverb. I believe you judged rightly when you said that these great men ought never to marry. Were I a woman I would as soon think of marrying a locomotive engine or a printing telegraph as one of these great men. They belong to a different creation — are of different clay & cannot be measured by the same tests that determine our weight and fineness. — Taylor is a man — all the difference between him & the rest of us, is a difference in degree — not in organic structure. There doesn't seem to be such a distance between him and other people, we meet him

on equal terms.

In person he is larger than I expected to see him; fully six feet high. Well proportioned — strong limbed, vigorous, full of life and health. The profile view of his face, reminds me of A. A. Leconte. There is a strong resemblance. His voice is very pleasant & melodious, clear & strong. Apparently it is no more effort for him to talk so that a thousand persons can hear distinctly his every word, than for you or I to talk to and with half a dozen friends.

He is poetic in his descriptions. Always forcible graphic, & vivid, yet graceful & smooth.

With a great deal of modesty & aversion to display — he is yet self-possessed & at ease before an audience — an (allow me to say) — "intelligent" "criticising, literary audience" — a collection of "savants" such as Minneapolis boasts of. His lectures are just what one would expect from him. not deep certainties, but broad.

He is as genial, good natured & charming in a lecture as in a letter. I do not wonder that he finds all the world so kindly disposed toward him or that all men and women love him without any jealousy on the part of either.

He is a lucky star. The clouds that wrap for the diversion of many people, rain nothing but picture books, fun-knives, & plum-puddings

for him during boyhood - and dollars, honors and friends, ever since. There is nothing in his lectures to give one an idea of the unapproachable, on the contrary they inspire his hearers with confidence in their own abilities. - Perhaps the

"Lives of great men" do "remind us"

"We make our lives sublime"
Sometimes but not often, - not even in this case - for we don't consider Bayard as "great". He lives & just as common folks do, and (not to his credit) drinks Lager Beer and smokes his morphine & chibanc (guess that's not spelled right) and in other respects is very mortal & not of the very best at that, despite his keen sensitivities & ardent, ^{+ generous} impulsive nature. While I listened to him, charmed though I was, by his manner & presence, I verily thought I could lay just as good things myself, & after the manner of a squatter who marks out his proposed claim, before the Government Survey is made; I stuck a corner Stake to my claim of capabilities, outside of & beyond Bayard Taylor's lecture. - I see now, I had marked out about six hundred & forty acres, instead of the modest one hundred and sixty, patented to me by our Great Father. Then I did not think of the delicate and

subtle imagery. The thorough & keen appreciation of human nature in the inside poetry of the man touching all his language with grace & beauty, and his vivid descriptions of people & places, manners & character, like word-painting, illuminated & pointed with a touch of lightning & colored with liquid rainbow; all of which combined, make him one of the most popular lecturers of the times.

As he stands before us it is difficult to follow his lectures strictly; charming as they are, — The breath of the White Nile seems lurking yet in his garments. His eyes are scarcely turned from the view of the Sacred City of — Christian as well as Jew, the waters of the Dead Sea have hardly dried from his hand.

With him we pass across the great peninsula of Southern Asia, borne along in a wicker coffin, between four, black, barbarous half-nude, uncouth natives, or shaken up like a parcel of badly packed earthenware in a square box. We drink tea among the Celestials, & hob ~~or~~ ^{with} pig-tailed Mandarins and fashionable ladies with ^{limited} ~~narrow~~ understandings (China isn't alone in that?). We see the islanders who ingeniously cut ninety nine balls of ivory, each inside of all or nearly all the others

and whose insularities have been broken in upon, by Brother Johnathan.

With him (the traveller) we push to the far north in reindeer sledges, over the frozen snow, & with the long dark polar night above & around. We feel him drifting along, over that weird strange unreal landscape - the dancing flames of the Aurora Borealis seem to play around him now, when he speaks of the North. He brings to us souvenirs of every sea & climate.

May
Friday 27th 59

My Dear friend, - I received your letter of the 19th yesterday. I did not mention it last eve - I do now however. Was I not right in reserving the pleasure of talking about it till now? I can now thank you not only for the present, but for yesterday & to-day - I have been thanking you for that same letter, for the last thirty hours. I am glad to get letters from you - happy for your friendship. - What you say seems real & I trust you - do you deserve it?

At all events the letters are real, what ever the writer may be, and the letters I now I will not ^{admit} allow that you have any prospective or reversionary interest or claims in them and when (if so it be) that our ways diverge so

widely that we lose sight of each other - the letters will still belong to me, I haven't half read them yet. I've only read them singly - in the order you sent them - and they come with such a summer fullness - in fact a rich profusion & so often, that I have barely tasted of one, before its successor is before me - a basket full of fresh fruit. But I have them all stored away. They are among the visible, material treasures; by and by as I look back to these days - then become by-gones - these letters taken together will be to me the picture of a life. - they will tell me how much of another I saw, while our paths passed for a little time near each other.

"My heirs, executors, administrators and assigns" in looking over my log-book of the voyage over the ocean of life, will no doubt find among other entries - "1859 - Spoke the good ship 'Lionar' - Soul, master. Heart, first & Head, second mates - bound from Earth to Heaven - for manifest of 'cargo' - see Schedule Marked No 9 hereto attached

He sails within hailing distance of many 'life-boats' - pass, and the blue waters rise between - they go down the slope of the earth in one direction & we in another. We pass some that carry our Nation's flag at their peak - how welcome to us, the token that we have something

in common - Sometimes are sweet friends
we nearly all cross each others' tracks (if they
come near) and fade out of light - in the opposite
direction from whence they came - and what
appeared as sunshine & brightness on their broad
sails as they bore down toward us. Shows but
shadows & dark disappointment, and hullen clouds
as they drift away. We see both sides of them
on we have done with them.
Not always thus - Some there are, bound
to the same port, by the same route - and who
sail across the ocean together "

Wait a moment - here a name on a
paper before me, which has compelled me to per-
-trate an inside pun - Don't know whether it
is new or not. It is to me. Please give credit
accordingly - (Why was the son of David
called a wise man? - Because he was a
Solomon un ?) Doesn't that explain the Theory of
owl-like wisdom which is so imposing (?) "

Blessings on Written Language - how narrow would
be our world without it. How much of good
- how much of heart & soul would remain latent
& never suspected, in all of us, but for it.
- What a beautiful stepping-stone or half-way
-house it forms between mere outside civility & fashion-
-able friendship, and that nearest & dearest confidence
& trust which is a thing beyond the province of
words to tell - that which is known & felt but cannot
be described. There is a place in our acquaintance
with others - a zone which on the road toward
friendship it is difficult to pass. A Rubicon of ink

Must there, as passed. It separates two worlds—the hither shore is the boundary of the great cold provinces of Cisalpine Gaul—the farther shore leads to the sunny ^{fields} shore of Italy, and good swimmers sometimes reach it, more however get lost in the deluge of ink & not a few wisely turn back—do coil up within themselves like a grub, fortify themselves within walls of "water below 32° Fah." and thus after their manner fulfill the great end of their ^{being} lives, ~~in the water~~

The prefatory remarks will now be "laid on the table" and "continued in our next"

What are we doing? I've not gone as a matter, as you expected from my last letter; could not get time at present; News—very scarce. Perhaps I may get a paper tomorrow to read which will tell all about such things. I've not been to the Grove for a long time, but occasionally see some of the brethren from there. Mr Austin challenged me a few days ago, to go to Vt with him next month. Could not possibly—Alas—, Mr Federal Currency still holds to his absurd ground ~~with me~~ & refuses to associate with me. Patience; time will effect a reconciliation and—am I not as well off as others? Send you my love now & to God Night—
George.

Sabbath May 29. 59. — Good morning — It is as lovely to-day as you can imagine. The leaves are grown to their summer fullness, and the woods have assumed their appearance of perfect ~~physical~~ development, without having lost the freshness of youth, — a condition we admire in all things living. I have something before me which reminds me of Vermont — a bunch of fragrant lilac blossoms — The "front yard" of a respectable, well-conducted Vermont house has always its "laylocks" & "piners" its rose bush & locust tree — The flower garden has "Pinks" and "bachelors buttons" and "Mary golds" & poppies, — and there are "mornin' glories" and "Sturteons" growing over the window — Sometimes ivy or grape or ~~hop~~ vines, climbing over the walls & roof — and within are dear true good simple hearts.

Let me see — what did you write in your last, remember he not got the one last before half answered yet, I wonder when I'll get done with telling you all the things I wish to! — Don't you get tired of my nonsense drawn out page after page in this way? — Say yes, and I'll stop writing it — if I can, — But I was going to review your letter, — I will commence now before I forget, — You "visit the office" do you? Thank you — You will be welcome there

whenever you please to come — But there have been changes there — The business is much less than formerly, except making of Abstracts which is the principal business of the Office at present. Mr Birge is not there, nor Mr Davis, nor Mr Williams (late of the firm of Russell Williams) nor Mr Chown, it is paying the debt in according & Deloz also writes some. Mr Austin will I suppose stay so long as there is work for him in making Abstracts, not a great while I guess.

I think before the summer is over that Mr Chown and Deloz will be the "sole survivors" — I work there yet, am making diagrams for the Abstract books, & have three or four days work yet to do, — Then —

You have given me a distressing picture of your ignorance — I wonder that I can bring myself to write to you now. You can scarcely imagine what a humiliation it is to me, not study Geometry? Shocking! You haven't a bit of tact. You should have said — "Oh La I studied that when I was but twelve years old" and make the lapse of time, sufficient excuse for deficiencies now. Oh dear — what a poor ill-informed, much-to-be-pitied girl you are. But by the way — how did you learn to write & talk & think — Some how there seems to be a discordance in your attainments, till us.

Ah here you have the "why" you like my
friend Cyrus. Very good — (How ignorant you
are — how incapable of analyzing what you see — or
of putting your ideas into words — poor Serena)
Excuse me — Your pitiful description ^{of your accomplishments} makes me
smile — all over.

And the glorious evenings — and — and
— no I think it best not to speak further. I am
afraid — Moonlight is dangerous — 'twas well you
avoided it — so will I, for the present at least
— Some time however in coming ~~back~~ back to that
part of your letter.

And — Ha! Ha!! "Your dreamy sleepy nature" —
That's really a confession I fancy. Serena I don't believe
you have the remotest idea of the real strength &
capacity of your brain and muscle — You don't
like these violent, out of the way, severe exercises
of either. Won't it not for your eyes which ~~now~~
seem to flash a denial to any such suspicion, I
would say you are just the least bit in the world —
— lazy. I don't really know anything about it
for we have met not perhaps more than a dozen
times, but I have an idea that your temperament
is such, that, were it not for ^{the} an enterprising brain
you have to drive you, you would be almost indolent.
Still I cannot but acknowledge that you have
been assiduous in writing — and where it must be
tedious & uninteresting to write — I mean your
letters to me, — & Now if I'm wrong, please let
me right — You'll not be vexed with me for what I have
said will you? Let us shake hands and be friends
still — won't we!

And you're going to be Pope Whittier are you?
I've never read his poems, even. — One or
two things which he has written I have read
that is all — (I'm not ignorant am I?)

I believe I won't read anything now, for
I find that whenever I say anything, some old
Heathen or Modern Christian has said the same
thing so much better, that I feel ashamed.

"When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wiser"
And so I can yet maintain some originality
of a second rate kind if I do not read. (Original
to myself I mean — not to ignorant young ladies
who never studied Geometry.)

Come to Boston next week to the Anniver-
=saries? Certainly You may expect to see
me, or at least hear of me. Doubtless my
time will be so monopolized by Emerson
Humes, Lowell, Everett, Banks &c that I
shall have no time to call on you at Somerville

You may state "by authority" that it will be
perfectly impossible for me to deliver the
Fourth of July Oration in B. this year. "Other
engagements interfering."

I like what you say about writing
letters & guarding every word lest you are lost
in the good graces of your correspondent.
Now I wish you to write just what you
think and as you think it in — It may not

be quite so smart but it will be vastly more
like yourself & that I had rather by a thousand
times have than one of those pruned washed, combed
& dressed-up letters - It is not so with all - but
your thoughts in their everyday & working
dress are presentable! -

Allice Cornell - positively I shan't say
a word about him - havnt seen him - dont know
anything about him - he dont care any
thing about you any way, - he's sparking
two or three girls here now - engaged to em all
- He has the Consumption too - is at, expec-
ted to live but a few days - then he isnt
smart at all - & folks say he steals - and
well he is a great scamp and he perfectly
hates you and I wont say a word about
him - !!!!!

Allice - havnt I said foolish
things enough for one day - Ill try & be
sensible next time but your confession
has shocked me so that I fear I shall never
be able to say a sensible thing again
Oh Geometry - Alas Lescia -

Please write soon wont you now
I be a good girl wont you?
Goodbye - George

P. S. J. R. The commodity you sent was too delicate for
transportation - I think it might be sent safely
in a bushel of Harvest Apples or a ~~box~~ box of grapes.
I have sent it sometimes in a pencil or ring - but it all leaks
out of a letter.