


# George B. Wright and Family Papers

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Version 3
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San José June 3 1859

Dear Sir

I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines hopeing the will find you and family in Good health in Regard to that money you have in your care I Sent to Downieville and had the papers made out acorden to law and I will Send them to you in this letter I told you in my letter that william kenny would not dare go to Downieville for he knows very well that he has no rite to that money for She told me to Send for it Before She got Sick She ust to tel me that She never would get over her sickness and I want you to have that money in yor hands Hannah I did not think She ment it But it all came to pass yust as She said I did not think that he would do as he done By me he did not have a dollar in my house the night he left Downieville and every Body in the town knew how he left me now I am here without a dollar to my name and not able to work the docter Says I must go to the Hot Springs this Summer and he thinks I will get Better I am not sick But I cannot Stand on my leg with a pane in my

knee the docter say that I had Better Stay out
there two months and have a Shoure Bath
on it every day and he says I will get
well again But I dont know I have allmost
give up hops of ever Being well again
you plase send it By wills fargos and Co
derected to W cur matthews San Jose Santa
Clara County
Remember me to mrs Clark and to the young
ladies nomore at present from your
humble Sarvent Hannah Curley

Hannah Curley's letter
June 3d 59.

Offices—26 & 27 Niles Block, Boston,
JUNE 1st, 1859.

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Yours Truly
E. K. Phillips

Sabbath Morning June 5th /59

Lorena –

A "Good Morning" to you – better I hope than it appears to us to us – but of that more anon.

I like to call you by your first name. it is more expressive and significant than all the ready made bundles of descriptives, which we find at the beginning of most letters, and which always remind me of a bunch of artificial grapes done in wax. a heavy cluster of rich looking adjectives, pendant from a single noun.

There is a kind of sincerity in a name – it makes no professions – It does not demand credit for even friendship – but it generally receives it. So the parties most interested, there is generally little doubt as to whether or not any certain name has any meaning.

But names become petrified sometimes and like the heading of a newspaper, are always "set up" ready for use, hard & heavy as lead & a printer can make them. Two or three weeks ago, – for fear your name would become crystallized on the paper. I dropped it, in one letter, – I think there was no danger – I find it this morning as fresh and vital as ever, and growing, just as the grass and trees do, (not green. for they put on their greenness a month

ago — but growing) — And there that makes me think of the way names really grow — girls don't know anything about it, but every boy who owns a pen knife can tell what it is — I wonder if there was ever a boy (a Yankee boy familiar with the English alphabet) who between the years twelve and twenty of his individual era, had not at some time a mania for cutting names in the bark of trees? Sometimes (oftenest) only one name or the initials perhaps. Sometimes a constellation of friends.

I could pick out the identical trees now, that my pen-knife has ever mutilated — they are as vivid before me now as when I marked them, years ago. The names are fainter and broader than then, and the waves of foliage have all faded out to almost imperceptible ripples, yet have widened till they reach either shore of memory.

So does all the past fade, yet grow into and become a part of; and color the whole, of the present — and the future becomes in general the logical conclusion of which the past & the present are the premises.

I wonder will all those little items which blended with each other so to make up a human life, ever be taken out again (as Chemists resolve compounds into their bases) — boxed up — each by itself & its own particular ~~bill~~ load of good or evil, like a bill for collection, marked on the outside of the package? Will the New Jerusalem be a commercial City then? Will the spirits of departed



shippers, commission men, Rail-road directors, Drayment freight agents & Steam boat captains rejoice at the prospect of a brisk business in the thereafter when Earth like an insolvent house shall "fail" and its assets be inventoried & its creditors receive their dividends, and its debtors & defaulters (according to the orthodox) consigned to perpetual dungeons; — its affairs finally & forever "wound up" in the Great Court of Insolvency above!

The past week has been a sad one to many of our people — I think I will send You a paper giving some of the particulars — Once only in nine years does the Father of Waters remember itself. Once in Nine years it wakes to life & a full consciousness of its strength. The river is higher now than at any time since the summer of 1850 (So the residents say) — For several weeks past all the low lands have been overflowed — West St Paul is deep under the water & the river between St Paul & Dubuque 2 miles wide on an average.

Tuesday Night last we had a very severe storm — the heaviest perhaps for several years — It was not very heavy here, but at the towns above here on the River it is described as terrific — houses blown down — cattle killed ~~with~~ by the hail, etc. In a few hours the river commenced rising here & for fifty hours rose at the rate of an inch per hour, with the river at flood tide before. The consequences were, as You may imagine

disastrous. Mills. Bridges. Houses. Booms & Logs went down at once. together. Between 20 and 30 million feet of logs have gone down the river. — a loss (almost total) of $120 000 to $180.000 — Much of this loss falls on the St Anthony Mill Company & upon "D. Morrison & Co" — The Little Falls Dam (across the Mississippi) has gone. — The Bridge at Anoka across the Rum River — ditto. — North Minneapolis Bridge ditto. — The little shingle Mill on Cataract Island at the brink of the falls, and Another on the St Anthony dam, have been destroyed & carried off by logs — Several Boom piers are swept away. Our Bridge (the lower one is almost a total ruin — The Water is above all the piers, and the logs logs have shattered the timbers & the stone work of such piers as remain, so that I doubt if they are ever repaired — One pier & two spans of the bridge fell on Thursday P.M. about Sundown. — Delos & I crossed but a few minutes before it fell, on our way home from the Court House. It had settled some & was swaying back & forth when we crossed but we thought it safe enough for an hour or two at all events. When it went however it gave no notice, but went down with a crash — a hundred feet of it at once, in less time than a person could count ten. About One fourth of Spirit Island has gone — The large square stone hundreds of tons in weight. is no more at the upper end of the Island. It is so changed then. you would scarcely recognise the Island as the same.

The Falls have taken away a good deal too – and great masses of rock are torn out, and piled up again below the falls. The Minneapolis Mills all stand safely yet. There has been an immense amount of work done there since you went away. There is one Mill at the edge of the falls, by the Island nearest the Minneapolis shore. (when the jam of logs was – two years ago) – two more Mills just below the Dam and another (in progress) by the shore, just above the falls. – The sketch will show something of the relative positions of the works. The Dam & canal & Falls with which you are acquainted, will locate the other points. A is a Stone grist mill now being built, and to be supplied with water from the canal which is completed to that point. – B.B are mills adjoining & below the dam. C is the Mill on the falls, at the head of the small Island. D is a bridge from the shore and also a broad platform for lumber. On the outer edge, this platform rests on the breakwater G which extends from the corner of the dam at H. to the Edge of the falls and shuts out (in ordinary stage of water.) all the water from that open space K in the river except what passes through the Mills A & B.B.



the whole length of
Now however the water bows over the dam.
At L on the dam is a small shingle mill - and at
M on the Falls the logs or timber have worn out the rock
so as to make a "Horse shoe Fall" - and as it is
now, it may wear the name worthily. - Standing
at G on the breakwater one may put his hand
in the stream at the instant it plunges over the
fall - The Breakwater which several days ago
was four or five feet above the water is now just
on a level with it - It is about three feet
from the flooring of the Suspension Bridge to the river
and the North Minneapolis bridge was quite under
the water before a part of it was carried off
About Yesterday Noon the water was at the highest
mark & is now slowly falling. The loss in this place
cannot be less than $150.000 to $175.000.
— — — So much for the River,
And that is about all the News —
P.M. I have been up to the North Min-
neapolis bridge since the above was written. It is all
gone except the draw in the center which is in
a bad condition. It is reported that the Steamer
H.M. Rice is coming down the river on her own
responsibility. If that should come down against
the Suspension Bridge, or should the draw to the
upper bridge float away, the Suspension bridge
is gone too, — and the lower one too probably.
I have been on Hennepin Island too — The falls
have certainly worn back fifty or sixty feet within
three days past — the rocks along either shore are
being torn from their beds — undermined and washed
away — great masses of stone are continually
borne along by the current. Standing at the
water's edge I could hear them thundering along
in the bottom of the river, & when one
would for a moment cling to the rough rocky
bed of the stream, it would throw jets of water
ten or fifteen feet up into the air. Thousands
of Tons of rock must have been carried
down & I fancy we will see strange sights
when the flood goes down. I took a sketch
of Spirit Island from the foot of Hennepin Island
(nearly opposite), which I send you — You will
see by the proportions that the water is very high
and not only has the upper end of the Island
gone, but along the whole front, in the view
it has broken away, — It is really sublime
— the views we get of the Falls now, but we all feel
that we could afford to lose the sublimity, if
we could have saved our bridges and logs.
Well — — — It is thus, and cannot
be helped —
Nicollet Island looks fresh and green
— but at five o'clock tonight there were no
worshippers there — will there ever be again?
— It seems to me, that + that Christianity must

be feeble & consumptive, which cannot bear the clear sunlight & the fresh, free, air of Heaven — Of all kinds of builders, the theological carpenter & joiner appears to have the least appreci=ation of the benefits of ventilation.

Mr Bryant never said a truer thing than that "The groves were Gods first Temples" And despite Brick, Stone & Mortar, wood, paint and varnish, veneering & stucco, velvet and tapestry. They will continue to be the best ones

Author Eh? (See State News of Friday last) Oh Dear — poor ignorant girl — never studied geometry" Would you believe it though — Croffut did not know who twas from, till I told him — He thought twas from "Mrs Ames" when he published it — You should have seen the look of astonishment which accompanied his "Can she write like that?" Of course I knew nothing about that but did know that the "Mrs Ames" to whom was attributed the writing had a middle name with an initial J & not M, "Only that and nothing more" —

Ada has gone — for two years — Mrs Loomis goes to Galena with her — Croffut escorted them to St Paul yesterday — Ada is a good deal better than most people think, and she has a good many friends too, Many More than she had a year ago — I believe the school — and particularly Mr Stone, Mr Chase & some of the other teachers have done her good, she seems different from what she used to be, — Still she is queer — It will be a wonder if she ever marries — she's one of that kind that many would like for a friend — few would want for a wife,

Im like a man building an addition to his house over the door steps – and have taken this half sheet to say good bye on. You would have been glad had I abbreviated to as to have said my good byes on the previous sheet – but I trust you'll not be surprised – you should by this time know that there is no method in my madness, & that I write all sorts of un-called for things at all sorts of unseasonable times, — Except to tell you the news I had no excuse for writing — and indeed I havent written much. Burn the letter and the world will be just as wise,

— You will write often, will you not?

Now that my sole acquaintance has left here, & that we have no Museum – No Music Hall – No Fanuel, no nothin' to visit; you must expect to be bored worse than ever with my foolish letters — we all get full of talk sometimes, & somebody must lend ears; perhaps its disagreeable to to listen, but its a test of Christian patience & fortitude,

To Your father and mother & to My friend Wakefield you may give all manner of love & respects & charge it to my account.

Good bye — and believe me ever

Morally, politically and Socially —

— Yours — George B. W.

No 11

Somerville, June 12. 1859.

George, —

How does this Sunday find you? It has been a pleasant one and pleasantly spent with me. Mr. Emerson made the morning a memorable one, and your friend Wakefield has spent the afternoon with us making it very pleasant. He brought with him his letter of introduction from you, having forgotten it every time he has come before. I thank you. As your friend he would always be cordially welcomed and kindly treated, but we like him well enough to be glad to see him for his own sake now.

Among other things the remarks of the "Professor" this month came

up for a few comments. He did not agree at all. He likes it decidedly. I dislike it entirely. It expresses his mind perfectly. Dr. Holmes idea of woman is his idea and my abhorrence. He hates "strong minded women" and I cannot see why we must spoil Gods greatest gift to please Oliver Wendell Holmes, Cyrus Wakefield, and all the rest of mankind, for I believe you are nearly of the one opinion. From the weakness of our Mothers and Grandmothers back to Eve, we have an inheritance of shame and folly which it would seem might satisfy, and make unnecessary all that harangues, and warnings against strong mindedness, which prove a strange obtuseness in mankind that they (the men) can conceal it possible



for us to have minds enough to hurt us or any body else, do the best we can.

Monday 12,

Another Good-day. I am glad to find from your letter of week ago yesterday, just read, that you are about water and well. and possessed of a fair share of cheerfulness. Your account of the fearful work of the storms and and river come home to us almost as vividly as to you in the midst of the dreadful waste and desolation. Minnesota, after enjoying such a goodly degree of prosperity, for so long a time seems now, and for a year or two past, to be suffering from some of the affliction that plagues the people of other States.

You must suffer severely from so great loses. What will the owners of the logs and the lumbermen who were depending on their sale of them for their pay for work do? It is hard, but when we dont know what else to say we repeat, "It is all for the best", not daring a word of it.

Two letters are before me. One written a week ago and the other received a week ago. Bayard Taylor is the first thing that meets my eye when I open the first received. "Seen and heard" him. I am glad, both because I suppose you know enjoyed such a treat and because I enjoy what you have said of him to me. Yes — Bayard Taylor did not prove his own greatness so much as he did yours to you.

L 2.

Mrs. Emerson thinks that the highest tribute of praise he can pay Shakespeare. Is it not the greatest good any man can do us to show us ourselves, our capabilities and our natures possibilities? You may say, if with knowledge came resolution and the strength to live up to our knowledge. Few, if any, in this life, do get sufficient strength to fulfil life's mission. Only one of all that has ever lived could say at the end of life, "I have finished the work my Father sent me to do". But it is a great deal to have our faces set in the right direction, to desire to know and to live ourselves, to strive after that which is highest and best, even if our days be all spent in what looks

to be nothing but stripes. The man I heard lecture yesterday says the greatest virtue is in spontaneity of action. He may be right, but I think the most of us find it rather hard to learn to be spontaneous at least in the right direction. I dont know anything about Bayard Taylor. I never even read through one of his letters; almost as bad as it would be not to have read the Bible, is not it? I have read one or two of his poems, which, I judge, are his poorest productions. I hardly know how it happens that I have never read any of his letters or books, unless it be that I have no fancy for books of travels and care very little for Europe, Asia or Africa, and I might add America. I have heard everybody say

D. 2.

they love him, so I take it for granted he is lovable. What an admirer he has in Mr. Wakefield.

Is Mrs. Austin going to Vermont if her husband goes? Now you are through at the Registers Office you will probably go and try to excuse your unpardonable neglect of Jessie May. It has been a long time since you were up there.

Federal Currency is very stubborn, it must be all his fault that your unpleasant quarrel continues so long. I am afraid the flood will make him still more unreasonable, aren't you? There is one comfort, the friendship of one so false in time of need is not of infinite value.

"Lilacs" and farm houses. Do you love flowers very much? Of course I know you do dearly.

We have a good many pretty flowers here. Willie is perfectly happy among the Pinks and Lady's Delights. While the Dandylions and Buttercups were in blossom he would take his little cart and start for the garden every morning to "pick it full", the prettiest flower of all.

You laugh at me, "A distressing picture of ignorance" it might have been but a true one it was. My head aches now from the weak, foolish tears I shed yesterday, caused by a too new sense of my worthlessness. "Almost nineteen, my dear", I say every day, it ought to be with feelings of satisfaction. But I dont shrink in moaning or about anything which I have the power to help. I know there are many ages yet to come in which



I can learn Arithmetic and spelling. Only once in a great while am I as silly as yesterday, to cry, because I cannot, with all my trying, learn to spell. If I lack talent in every thing else I have a decided "faculty" for murdering words. "Write!" "Talk!" "Think!" I can write letters to you because yours to me are a sort of inspiration, but you write me a letter full of nothing, and see what kind of an answer you will get. I cannot talk. I never had a thought. —— You are right, I suppose, I am "lazy". The word may be none too severe, however much I may feel its severity. Hard, persevering application to study when I dislike it, I am almost a stranger to. I am trying to learn letters and, of course, I shall succeed.

As for work, labor with the hands, I take it as being an accident; a means to an end, and a very disagreeable means, but necessary for the most of us. We should look that we may get houses and food, by which to live, and living is something more to me than shoe and eating. But as I look at the world I see men and women its most cruel bondage to life's preliminaries all forgetful of the substance and the end. I know millions of Earth's children are doomed to ceaseless toil and struggle, even for the mere sustaining of bodily life, but it is the duty of such, as of all, to labor cheerfully and trustfully, and I have faith to think a God of mercy in infinite love for all his people, is dear with us; and he seeks not as we see, but will show of us in his good time. That nothing is

done which is not for the good of every individual soul. Out of all this seeming discord will yet to us come harmony. I do not think it the duty of all to turn means into an end because for the mass it seems for a time necessary, but I do think it my duty to do patiently and lovingly what I find to do.

I do not love to work, but I do not fret and feel unhappy because I have to. There are few things I take real delight in; reading Mr. Emerson and a good poem, and looking at the sky, for instance. So you see you are right; and you are not the only one who thinks so either; my own family have more than once made a like accusation against me. No, I am not

wished with you. I will try to show my appreciation of the friendship that would so kindly point out to me my faults, by endeavoring to be a better and a smarter girl.

Will Cornell. — Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Hates me! Oh! Ah! He said he would be my friend a long time, I believe forever. Oh! fickleness and falsehood.

How my head aches!

I will say good-by to this letter of yours, though I need not for I have not answered it. Don't you feel almost abused sometimes at the little notice your letters receive on paper! You needn't.

I dont think I will write any more to-day. My head-ache shows itself too plainly in what I have already written. — Serena.



June 17.

We were made glad last night by seeing Mr. and Mrs. Barnes from St. Anthony. They are with us to day. It is Mrs. B.'s first visit to these parts. She and Mama have been riding through Old Cambridge and up to Mount Auburn this morning. Your "Picture Gallery" will never be complete until you have seen the Elm, Mount Auburn and Cambridge. I dont know but you have, but why not have said so then. I guess not. I would give it all for a prairie. I will confess, though, that the Washington Elm is a little bigger and "handsomer" than our oaks, especially the grand ones. Did I ever tell you what my opinion of Harvard influences is? My opinion, however the world may regard it, is of vast consequence

to one individual; more even than the opinions of Shakespeare and Holmes. I think if a young man with a fair share of common sense enters the University he stands a very good chance to come forth a little pattern of Edward Everett; any thing but a man. I wish you could see or hear of some of the young men about Boston, who think Haward the world. All copies of after the style of our Winthrop and C. Stewart Webster. Maybe I should not say all, because there are most always some, every where, whom Professors cannot spoil, but, for the most part, I think they can be recogniged as readily as boarding school misses. I am fast losing respect for everybody except potato diggers and wood choppers. I dont know but Books ought to be burned and the next man hungs who writes one, they are having such a ruinous influence on the youth of our country. Just as surely as a great man makes

his appearance, instead of making others think they can be great too if they will only try a little, he seem to be an absorber; drinks takes for his own nutriment everything nutritious, and exerts a most alarming power over the souls of men, making them follow where he leads, and fall down and worship him, even without the poor grace which at was offered Jesus if he would do homage to the Evil One.

I really do not mean to entirely neglect your last letter. In the one before the last you said you would rather I would write in undress style. Dont you think I have this time? Maybe you think I must have labored some to present to you such a ragged thing as my letters.

After thinking a little about it I have concluded to say nothing about your last letter. I doubt not you are wishing I would say something if I have any thing to say, and thinking it a pity to pay six cents for such a miserable thing as this letter is. But I do assure you my friend, I feel as good-natured toward you as I ever did. Do not take this letter as proof of enmity.

Mr. Wakefield sends much regard, I think that was what he said. Mr. and Mrs. Ames send many kind wishes and respects. Brother Willie speaks of George Knight often.

Serena thinks of you sometimes and wishes very much she could write better answers to your good letters. — Good-bye, I shall answer your next as soon as I can and see what good comes of that to my dullness. Good-bye. Serena.

Minneapolis. Minn. June 12th 59

Serena —

Peace be with you — Good morn=
=ing " Your letter mailed the 6th instant I
received yesterday — more welcome by forty eight
hours than it would have been, had I received it
on Thursday when I expected it. I cannot
say that it was any too good — for I have
immense powers of endurance in that direc=
=tion, my capacity for receiving such letters
is unlimited — and though perhaps I do not
appreciate all, I certainly enjoy them very
much. Half a dozen times since I read your
last letter I have been tempted to read or show
some things in it to friends that I have seen, &
as many times have not done so. It is a
sort of mental & social Avarice which has
compelled me to keep the letter safely in my
pocket — It says to me "Grasp, hold & keep.
"it is yours — suffer no one to taste or take from —
"they will take so much from your store & perhaps
"the supply is limited — waste not the fruits
"of harvest — for winter comes by & by "

I dont know that I can safely show the
letter to sunlight — it may be volatile —
— perhaps it will fade or evaporate

hadn't I better bottle, cork, seal & label it. and put it away in a dark corner of a dark cellar, to be brought forth at some time - the cobwebs of twenty years brushed from it and the seal which bears the inscription "From the remarkable Vintage of 1859", duly broken and the spirits of old made to flow once more?

I've commenced talking about your letter - probably I may not hear that theme to-day - I don't feel any originality coming over me - neither shall I be able to write myself, to-day. at best I can only return you a reversed picture of the young lady who came to me yesterday from the Post Office; dressed in five sheets (white but not sheet-like).

If you find the picture unlike the original - if you find it ill-looking, spare, six feet in longitude, bounded by a hat above & boots below you need not be surprised.

At all events I shall only review your letter - I am too passive to go either through or over it; it will float past me - Allow me, as the pages drift - by to pick flowers and flowers from them - the flowers I find any, I generously present to you - the flowers will be transplanted to a sunshiny corner of my own garden.

Page 1, wherein you feel as though you could do almost anything - especially such things as listening to Phillips, Holmes, or Clarke - Well perhaps I could have done that - but I don't think I could stand up, as Phillips has, for twenty years against the world and defy it - nor would I wish to; for much as I honor him for some things; there is a jealousy, bitterness, and malignity, with which he points his keenest arrows, which to me seems unworthy of a great or good man. His attack on the American Church in a recent lecture; in which he made no reservations or exceptions was not only uncalled for & unjust, but in many respects untrue. H.W. Beecher stands on a much more reasonable, manly, & true ground, than Phillips.

Of the Anniversaries and Speeches there with connected, some accounts of which I find in a paper from you, & from various other sources. You say "you wish that you were here & I there" - Change the "and" into "or", and it will express my sentiments concerning anniversary week. But I would have liked to pass Anniversary week in Boston - to see the old bearded soldiers of truth, who once a year come up to Boston with all their armor on, prepared to do battle for Justice & right.

– I cannot see them. let me hear of them
or (if you please) see of them in your letters.
Tell me more about them. – I catch some thing
of the foam & sparkle of the table talk.
where Holmes presides – where Lowell
reads poems. where the funniest men in
New England do their funniest to bring
down the house. – I see the gleam
of the lightning edged blade with which
Phillips severs nerve & marrow. in his Malay-
-ish. "right & lefts", "friend & foe" course.
keen bright & swift as is his weapon. it is
cold as ice & merciless as a Devil."

Through your letter I have had a
near view of the Autocrat. I have appro-
-priated your sentiments concerning him, or incorporated
them with my own. to that I feel almost
a blood relation toward him. he has revealed
so much of a common humanity that he
could not well deny the relationship with
the most poverty-stricken of us. he has said
things which we condemn – things radically
false, and we cling to him with greater tenac-
-ity, because he has said them, & because
we condemn them. Alas poor human nature!

"Tell us all about the war
"And what they kill each other for"

in Boston – I will listen most attentively
for I want to hear all the why's & wherefores

And so I measure leisurely the pages, one ---
--- six, finding several things of that kind
which I agreed to collect for myself, &
nothing of the other kind:- not a peg, whereon
to hang an objection, unless 'tis where
you dismiss the "world and all therein" and
turn to me & my letter as being 'not of this
world;' I must say you are equivocal — as
you do not fix my residence, leaving me in
doubt if I may call it "the Heavens above"
or "in the places under the earth" — My post
= office address will I hope, as heretofore, be
Minneapolis Minn. When however I
am in Massachusetts — when I get such to atone
a welcome as in your letter, it is enough
for the injury you do me, in depriving me
of my "local habitation",

Miss Hawkins — I had forgotten that
I had said anything to you about her, & do
not recollect what I did say, — She is
really a charming old maid and wears her
honors & years as gracefully as any one I ever
saw, and seems to enjoy her ~~[illegible]~~ spinsterism as a
confirmed old maid, quite as much as
fifteen years ago she might perhaps have
enjoyed the prospect of matrimony — Of course
in the years & dates, I can only guess — I have
no right to go further than that. but I know

that she makes no pretentions to "sweet six=
=teen" Almost all women stop growing—
intellectually—after marriage. Old maids have
a certain advantage in that respect. Miss
Hawkins in one that seems to have made
every day count— With such a one, the name
of "Old maid" signifies not much. when we
know that they are twice as good as they were
ten years ago. And then in "faculty" and
housewifely skill & management, she is a
regular Ophelia— and I for one wonder
she never married. She knows probably
Im sure its none of my business——

But I haven't much acquaintance with
her as yet.— none scarcely beyond what I
saw of her during the few days she was at
"our house". How I speak of strangers, acq
acquaintances & friends. how they appear to us
how they change and all that— It is
something I have wondered & laughed over a
hundred times— How fel'd more keenly
now than you will in five years from now

I have noticed it often— A stranger, par=
=ticularly if he is announced as "somebody" in
distinction from a "nobody" or if we have seen
his name appears * * in the newspapers, seems
to us as seen through the dim light of first
view, as something awful & appalling. something
wonderful or great, and we stand in the shadow
of this magnificent proportions & feel very
small & insignificant.— we are afraid of them
& are disposed to rebel at the fate which made
us mean instead of noble. In nine cases we
will overrate the new comers. A slight acquaintance
acquaintance suffices to reduce them to the
stature of Mortals. and when we have leisure
& opportunity to measure them by our own
individual standard, when we have tried
the tape line of Honor & Justice, the half=
bushel of Charity good-works & loving life
on them. they will hardly come up to the standard
— in the balance. weighed against Truth &
Morality They are light. Perhaps even we may
find them lacking in the ground rules of book
knowledge, common sense & ordinary intelli=
=gence, — Even though they have all these,
the halo of glory which we fancied, surrounded
them fades away & leaves them, men and women
indeed but no more. This is probably a
little different with you from what it is with
me. — The difference between our ages is
enough, that I have probably faced a far
greater number of these, (at first unapproachably
great) persons through from first acquaintance to
intimate knowledge. than you have. — I have
seen so many of my colossals dwindle down day

by Day, till (in some cases) I have found myself looking down instead of up toward them, that I distrust anticipations & distant views & sometimes think of trusting myself, sooner than a stranger, — The disappointment in finding our idols to be men clime and wood — is counted as nothing, for in all this we find a few, that grow, as we get better acquainted with them, that brighten with the using — They become to us rich volumes of humanity — of human life & love, and finally we leave them on the thrones, from which one after another of the race of strangers has come down, — and they reign while life lasts. The rainbow of light, the halo of glory which surrounds them is not the fog of mystification.

There can be but one opinion I think about the article on the "Stereoscope and Stereograph" — I never read a semi-scientific article, more interesting than that It is like a peep behind the curtain into the mysteries of another world" If I recollect rightly I wrote something in one of my letters not long since, which you will probably think was a weak dilution of a passage taken from that Article — It might have been an attenuated film direct from the Professor — but it was written before I saw the June Atlantic, Though I dont claim originality — I deny having cut "Atlantic" + water (Atlantic Ocean perhaps I might call it) for your edification — intentionally at least, for after all one never eats soup,

Monday Eve – 13th

— Pages nine ten eleven — Have I nothing to say of them? They are not blank to me, —

Here you raise the suggestion that some-body may have used me as kindly and affection-ately as Sundry Commissioners once did. I'm thankful that such isn't the case, though I have been bothered some in business matters which I have been attending to, for some friends. — We are in the midst of a wild excitement about Minnesota Money. Politics and political parties are becoming complicated with the question of Self-Preservation in finance. Every body admits that our Rail Roads and our Rail-Road Banks are swindles & that we are the losers. — Could a Loan Bill vote be taken now it would be repudiated, in the same style that it was endorsed a year ago. — Well it can not be prevented now, it may in time be cured perhaps.

Good bye, tonight to Minnesota money — it has no right to come between us.

I'm glad if I have ever written a letter which has done any one else any good – I wonder if it is so? Can it be possible? You say 'yes' – Thank you. If you can find a better word. You're at liberty to use it. But a good old-fashioned "Thank you" may mean considerable

Ah here you have Vilette — Somehow it seems to me that I have hardly a right to criticise or speak of Vilette — even to you — I can only regard it as in the light of a kind of betrayal of confidence which Charlotte Bronte reposes in the reader, that to speak of that book, It is between herself & the reader. And the reader has scarcely a right to disclose the heart secrets of the writer. Lucy is to me, what a certain living friend of mine is, As you never saw or heard of her, you can form no idea —

We do not always see each other through loop-holes as some writer says — the walls of formality which we build up around our hearts, are sometimes battered down by sorrow or adversity, or swept away by a tide of feeling. Whoever then stands nearest, may look in and see a Human Life as it is — I have seen one or two — Lucy Snowe is a picture of Me. — Your definition of Paul, at first I thought it quite absurd, as I had never noticed any similarity between G. & M. Paul — But when I thought more of it, when I reviewed the history of both — the size, form, features, complexion, manner, age, temper, etc — when I remembered the little incidents in their lives, corresponding so one with another, — I had a good deal cash over I only wonder I never saw it before.

— Geo Has Vastly Changed though within a year. — five years more of bachelor life would have made him a Paul in earnest. — Woman's love has changed many a crusty old bachelor into — — a married man. We will suppose that it has bettered them all. — Good Evening My friend Somnus tells me to stop writing & go to bed. In the name of all that's Sleepy I bid you for to night a "parsonical" good bye.

Tuesday Evening

How do you do to-night? Well & Happy I hope

I've not much to say, but am just going to stop at the door step for a few minutes, to say a few words, For a particular reason I feel as though I were with you Bostonians this Evening. The fare to N.Y. & Boston is so cheap now ($19 to N.Y. & $21 to B. and your choice of some 20 different routes, first class & omnibus tickets all the way) that I could not resist the temptation, & so I bought three tickets to Boston. One via Pra du Chien Madison Chicago Ft Wayne Pittsburgh, Phila. N.Y. to B. & 2 via Lacrosse Chicago, Detroit Niagara. N.Y. & B. — They raise the fare in a day or two, to about $36. — Of course I shant use the tickets. But I may have friends going East and I will love $12 or $15 for them

Now Serena, if you will come out here

and make as a visit. I will agree to be so glad (when you leave I mean) that I will give you one of these tickets to go home with. And if your friends in B. will display the same amiable readiness to dispense with your presence for a time, you will be able to travel at a small cost. Come now do please your Boston friends and leave them for a time, But isnt that Cheap? Only $21 to Boston, Last winter I paid $18 to Chicago from L. P. —

It is quite warm here — flies & My dear old friends the mosquitoes are quite plenty, — I dont like hot weather, I feel stupid lazy, languid, tired, thriftless, muddy, wilted etc, etc, It is almost a trouble to write, quite so in most cases. — I am going to write to you though — but you will not need to be informed that I write very stupidly — You had better not read any more of my scrawls, till September; Give me credit for good will and good intentions & toss my letters into the stove, I shall expect to hear from you though. — I am detaining you too long — I hear your Mother calling you — give her my kindest regards — I assure her You wont take cold, from standing at the door, of a June evening for half an hour, — Good Bye & good bye

Truly Yours

George

Wednesday morning

P.S. I think I will send what I have written though I have'nt got along to what I wished to write about — I believe I write more than you do and yet the debt against me constantly accumulates. I'll have to issue a bond & pay it off — Good bye for a time

Sabbath Eve.

Minneapolis Minn. June 19th 59

Marie

How funny that looks;- who is it? How do you know but you have got a letter which was written for my lady-love, & put into the wrong envelop. You look again at the outside and you become convinced that such is the case, for you find there "in letters larger than "plainest" might read" the name of Serena M. Ames. Then you have it - precisely - M-a-r-ie! And there's no mistake in the direction. "You told me your middle name Was Maria didn't you? Now between those two names there is to me an irreconcilable difference. They are the antipodes - black and white - widely separated as truth & falsehood. Maria Ames I believe from the same as Mary & Marie, but there seems to be nothing in common between them. My idea of Maria is that of a small, dark, nervous, restless long-waisted woman, with a spiteful eye & high, sharp voice; with whom to live, is to become a Universalist, firm in the belief of full & adequate punishment on earth for all and any amount of sin & crime.

And so I forgot that you had any middle name, I refused to attach any meaning to the letter

M. when I put it on the outside of an envelop

I saw yesterday in the Session Laws 1886 a certain act of Legislature wherein my lady was defined to be (for a time) Serena Marie Ames — Ah — ~~decidedly~~ quite a different face that puts on matters, Marie is decidedly a different personage from Maria, And for all I had found the Maria I could not but consider you as more amiable than usual under the name of Marie.

Mary id a name that will always be fresh & green. It seems to carry the idea of all that is best & loveliest in womanly character. The name itself is a passport to our good will,

~~Mary~~ Marie is many half veiled; ~~Ma~~ a religious Mary — A Mary who has become one of the Sisters of Charity and by & by is a Saint in that Church of sorrows & glorious idolatries. Marie is a Spiritual Mary. Not exactly tangible — yet touching. Now I dont know but this is all prejudice. But somehow there seems to be a character in names as much as in persons. Some names are intrinsically lovely & some hateful, and some become interesting to us as we pick them out and become acquainted with them (not necessarily in connection with any person) ~~by~~ in the same manner that we become acquainted and pick our friends from among those around us.

I do not deny that a name acquires an interest on account of some person who bears it, but in thinking over my acquaintance, I believe I can remember as many good and lovely Marias as Marys — How unfortunate they were to be so named. Perhaps another person might prefer the name Maria. But I believe, of two persons the one Mary & the other Maria, other things being equal, I would always like the Mary ~~better~~ best, than the Maria. Now isnt that foolish?

My own Middle name — I guess I never told you what it is — Burdict, so I have been told, it was, but I never had any one call me by it. It is an entire stranger to me, — It came from my mothers family & was I believe a family name among them; perhaps it might have come from North Scotland once — or from Patagonia for aught I know.

I must say that I find in your letter one thing which almost surprised me and to which I heartily say amen and amen. You say thus

"If it seems to me an unwomanly 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" — — — — —
— — — "let me at least bid God Speed to those women who
"feel it duty to labor publicly for the good of the world."

I had felt — afraid of, or rather for you — afraid that in your heart there might be a lurking

determination (latent perhaps as yet) to become a lecturer, and to try to do for the world, what I believe Women may best accomplish in another way. This feeling no doubt is in part the product of custom & prejudice & a part I believe is grounded in the nature of things — in the fundamental laws of our being." — —

I dont know that I ought to have written more than three pages. Marie is quite a new acquaintance & I should have paid more attention to politeness than friendship — I trust she will not be offended, & if she declines writing to me. I shall expect Serena will not,

The Minister's Journal is severely exercised on acct of "Rev C. G. Ames' abolition & Womans-rights tendencies". I doubt if the Journal survives the attack. You speak as though the Churches would close their doors against your father. Never fear — I know that every true fearless word for freedom will meet its reward within the lifetime of those around us. I hope he will not soften one word or round one phrase to suit the tender Christianity & tough Conscience of a single man or woman in All Massachusetts.

Good bye — peace & prosperity, may it go with you — & dont forget — George

To Marie?

No 12

Somerville Massachusetts
Friday June 24. 1859.

George, —

Mama says "dont send any longer", and instead of Cyrus of Persia, George of Minnesota shall employ my thoughts the remaining hours of this dark afternoon. Oh! is our rain never to cease; Are our clouds never to disappear; Sunshine and blue sky never to come?
You say in your letter it is hot and wet weather where you are and that in consequence you have all sorts of bad feelings. — I pity you. — But why do we fret about the clouds? We know the upper blue is everlasting and unfathomable, while these lower regions of vapor are short lived & shallow

Here is my Pet with a Dandelion, his face as sparkling and as bright as the golden blossom in his hand. All days are alike to him.

Your letter – a very good letter, only you do talk hard things about my friend Mr. Phillips. Did you ever see him? Not very Italianish looking – as smooth and well kept as a baby. He is very calm, dignified and self possessed in all his utterances, and I think has a warm loving human heart from whence proceeds all this hatred of oppression and bitterness against the oppressor. All Wendell Phillips says and does I do not like but I think his motive of motives is right and that God will bless him.

Massachusetts needs to be told that with all her boasted freedom she



is untrue to God and man and that condemnation will evermore be upon her unless by her actions she shows that she has repented. Boston and herself-satisfied Boston need to be told, in all plainness of speech, that with all her boasted learning and loud proclaimed Christianity that she is not a child of Jesus, if doing unto his is doing unto him, and charity be all in all. Our Nation must yet learn that she is cursed above all people, – that the history of time has not its record blotted by crime and sin as impious and unmitigated as her own, and Wendell Phillips is doing much to teach the lesson. "Merciless as a Devil", he is, but only against the Devil and his works. I cannot do other than love the man

whom I have heard speak such noble, Christ-like words for poor crushed human hearts, as I have heard him utter. I forget all of bitterness and sarcasm when I see him stand before me pleading for right and justice and love and saying he "marveled much at the patience of the poor". — I think you are mistaken. — I feel for the whole band of Abolitionists an admiration and almost veneration which I have for no other people in our country. Even for Stephen Foster I have much sympathy, more than I can tell.

We got the "Journal" yesterday wherein they speak of Father as having stood on the Platform with Phillips and Mrs. Foster and other "men-women and women-men." I only think they would not have said what they did if they

had understood that to stand by the side of Phillips is standing where even Boston's proudest sons would not blush to stand. Williams forgot that, however odious are his opinions, as a scholar and an Orator he is high in the ranks of the highest. "Woman-man", indeed!

But doesn't Croffut do finely in his article on Tract Society? I think if he only had a friend to whom he would listen and that friend would point out to him Editorial faults which are very glaring he might make his paper a good one. Don't you? He is sensible, smart, and really witty sometimes. Who is "Back Bone"? Rather malicious I think. He call it Mr. Bates. — Bos. Journal.

Ans for the Tract Society, isn't it
manner than Slaveholders themselves? There is but one man in
the world I really despise and
that he is South-Side Adams.
He actually almost shakes my
faith in the final well being
of all mankind. — Excuse a most
abrupt change of subjects and
let me ask you if you have read
in the July "Atlantic", "Seen
and Unseen"! Very hopeful, and
good. This verse I like,

"Life loveth life and good; I mistrust
What most the spirit vexeth, it must;
Deep wishes in the heart that be,
Are blossoms of necessity."

And this too —

"Would earth's dark ocean suck thee down,
Earth ocean, shun, O Life, shalt drown,
Shalt flood it with thy finer wave,
And, sepulchred, entomb thy grave!"



The thought and clearness of style
are worthy Mrs. Parker, but I don't
know about his verses, I never saw
any of them, there is a good deal
of poetry, however, in his prose
writings. — I am glad to learn
something more of Percival.
The "Professor" quite redeems himself
this month. I think you are more
relation to him than the most of
us. Has'nt he a remarkable power
of describing those finer shades of
feelings and secret experiences of
our souls which all have but are
silent over! — Do you read the
"Ministers Wooing"?

This letter of yours gives me
more to think about than it does to
write about. Here you speak of
Miss. Hankins and of her bright,
cheerful maidenhood. You think

it is not likely to improve women intellectually to marry. I sometimes wonder sensible girls will marry at all so fatal is it usually to all their hopes of attaining to any thing like full growth of mind. It is fortunate that the most of us care little for the cultivation of our heads and are willing hearts should reign triumphantly. I do grow sick at heart seeing so many blighted lives in among women. Every woman must have an object in living; and with most of us I think it is nothing nobler than mans love for which we live; But all must learn the lesson, sooner or latter, that, however ennobling and sacred love may be, it is poor support for the soul, and even belittling, when it becomes the aim and motive of life, to attain it. Sometimes it seems

to me that woman's good Angel may write "Failure" in the record of her life and leave the rest a blank when she is pronounced "Wife", so sure is it to prove little like for her than ruin of mind and body. And sometimes it seems guilt otherwise.

Saturday Eve.

Another week is going — almost gone. — The Sun has gone down out of our sight but is still clear to you, I hope. I am glad for Dr. Holmes and the rest of us that it has stopped "raining, raining raining". The clouds have all gone East, and I shall rejoice if that day awhile. — Gone, gone gone, never mind. I am going to stop writing till to-morrow. Pleasant night and Sunday to you.

Holy Day, June 26.

The earth seems flooded with gentleness but not with life. Birds are singing among the leaves of the Apple trees sweet songs of gushing melody. But their music seems creating lullaby; and the low breathing of the wind among the boughs is as the breath of slumber. Piles of dark clouds with silver crowns rest against the blue heavens in all the majesty of repose, while the gentle zephyrs float lazily along in the golden sunshine. — All within the house are as still and seemingly as sleepy as the out of doors. — Papa and Mama have gone away to preach. The boarders, some have gone to meeting, some to bed and two or three sit with folded hands and dreaming faces about the back door. Mrs. Bailey has even left off talking. Mr. Bailey is our would-be "Autocrat" of breakfast dinner and supper tables. He talks on every thing and any body. He said at dinner to-day, "with all possible assumption and presumption that Abby Kelly Foster, and all that sort of creature, ought to be confined in Mad Houses. Another boarder proposed Phillips and Pillsbury should keep them company, but he thought there was more "method in their madness"; as being men they had the right to speak and go at large. Another boarder thought she had seen people as sensible as the average of humanity who entertained quite different opinions respecting certain matters under consideration. Mrs. Burroughs, the Son in prospect of our Landlords, being husband elect of

modest little Sarah, smiled and looked at a young woman sitting at the other end of the table. and seemed to say, "you must remain in the dark concerning my beliefs." Our Landlord nestled a little in his chair and amiably looked as if we were all right.

I went and heard Rev. Mr. Lowe preach a pretty good sermon this morning. He is a devotional orthodox Unitarian. A man not well enough to stand anything like agitation. Therefore silent on all exciting subjects. — I wanted to go over to Music Hall and hear T. W. Higginson, who spoke to-day on Spiritualism. But my eyes would hardly bear a ride in the Coach.

Father has refused to preach a year in Quincy, owing to want of unanimity among the people in giving him the call. Dr. Fell

has written to him about going to Illinois to preach. Dr. Fell has a brother there, who has also written to Father, and intends moving there himself I think. We should probably go there, if it were not out of the question, you know. I have no fears respecting our future, but, if I was a man, I would labor most any way before I would preach among the Unitarians, or any other Sect. I dont believe Father will preach for them long, for two reasons, the first one, he wont, and the second one, they wont.

I have just read again your letter but I do not think I shall say much more about it. I am much obliged for your offer of the Ticket from Minnesota to Boston

but however glad my friends here might be to get rid of me a few days I believe they would have to go begging to get the money necessary to start with. Then too - I really dont know what they could do without me - how they could live and have my help and noise away. And I would be so much time wasted too - what would my "Addition" and "Spelling Book" do, while I was visiting? Speaking of Spelling Book makes me think of my last letter to you. I wonder if you laughed over it. Tell "Darling" when she gets puzzled and wants to find a Floral Dictionary, that you have one issued June 1859. Oh! Serena, Serena.

What are you reading? Have you got through with Macaulay and



"Pilate"? "Blackwood" for this month has an article on Lord Macy and Marlboroughs, wherein they make most grievous complaints against the historian, and accuse him of quite most indefensable and infamous. They say he has, without a shadow of reason, and even with evidence of their innocence before him, misrepresented and slandered Marlborough and his wife. You may have seen it. I would not wonder if it is true, that Macauley has too much character to be a good historian. His sympathies are too ardent, his nature too intense and his prejudices too violent to allow him to impartially judge where he is interested. I think when one reads his history they must find his men and women to be too real and passionate to have been soberly

brought forth for judgement. I cannot feel that things have been coolly held up, every side exposed to view, and calmly and candidly analyzed and just adjustments of praise and blame awarded, but things have been breathed upon by his genius, colored by his imagination, made lovely and hateful according as his feelings toward them are. Be it history or be it fiction, his work must remain as a great addition to English Literature.

I must not write more to you. The sun is saying Good-by to this day and to us and I must say good-by to you.

"Peace is on the world abroad
'Tis the holy peace of God."

May peace, our Father's peace, be with you and in your heart forever.

Truly Serena

Minneapolis. Sabbath A.M.

June 26/59

Serena -

A real "Good Morning" to you - I hope it is, at least. It is to to me. After a Thunder Shower, which came to divide the weeks, we have opened our eyes to find a real Minnesota Morning. There is a keen and positive pleasure in breathing the air, there is life and health and strength in every breeze -

I wonder why people will persist in calling Sunday the first day of the week - - If it is so, then the "Seventh day" people are the only consistent ~~ones~~ Christians living.

Sunday is, and will always remain to the mass of us a day of rest. - When Saturday night comes, we close the ledgers, the safe doors fall together with a crash, we put up the shutters and push the bolts & close the door between us and all the little cares perplexities & vexations which will come by the ways of business, and creeping into our hearts, canker and corrode them in spite of our philosophy. We shut them all out when Saturday night comes, close the doors against them, lock the door - put the key in our pocket and go home. And so we come

to regard Sunday as a camping-ground, a resting
place on our way, an oasis — the station at the
end of the days journey. A few, travel through
green fields and clase by the clear waters and
carry a Sabbath with them, all the way through
their lives. The most of us cross a dull
dreary desert of Hunger & Thirst — If we find
vineyards and fountains as often as the Sundays
come, we are fortunate. We know some who
have tried to cross, where there were no springs
and who have gone down like ships in mid-
-ocean. And we see now a great church, trying
to cross to the promised land as some of the
Pikes Peak Adventurers have done, with a basket
-full, of theological crusts, baked by their great
-grandfathers — A church that avoids the route
of running streams and fruits and shade and
flowers, as poisonous, and fanatical.

What wonder, that its members drop away
and sink and die — What wonder, when its phy-
-sicians proscribe the use of the fruits and cold
clear waters, that God has given us, and prescribe
tracts and homilies, and creeds and platforms, together
with all other indigestible thing, as diet; — what wonder
is it I say that the Church breaks out in a moral
Scurvy such as has of late appeard in the joints
and articulations (as well as publications) of the
American Tract Society. Somehow each
succeeding season brings to me a greater love
and reverence for natural religion, and a greater
contempt for the "pocket edition" — fenced-in,
imitation of the same, which we see in the
most of our churches. This "setting religion"
between four square walls, within which a
closely-fitting creed, like the piston in the
cylinder of a steam engine plays up & down
(but generally down) squeezing religion into
people & then crushing the same poor souls
— religion & all: — is I believe a relic of barbarism
— a modification of the "Iron Shroud" which
for the "glory of God" used to hug poor sinners
& heretics to death.

Give me for a Church to worship in,
— that which has Earth for a flooring and the
blue star-lighted dome, above, for a roof, — the
Only Church large enough to hold All Mankind
at once —

Where was I? Oh. I was going to tell
about a Saturday night, when we shut the world
from us and pocket the key — Boston is not
better supplied with rail-roads than I am
— I have an "Air-line track" straight to every
one I love and when Saturday night comes I
step on the "evening" thought "train" and set myself
down with some friend till Monday — not having any
particular home of my own to betake myself to.

Now I have for three or four years past ~~I have~~ had a road to Boston, of which My friend Wakefield and Myself are sole owners. The dividends on this route have been enormous, several thousand per-centum already. You might think perhaps that I would (to increase the profits on this route) have built a branch to Somerville, which of course could have been done at a light cost — I prefer a straight road however. and sometimes of a Saturday Eve I wish to go to Somerville without taking the route Via Boston. It is strange how these two parallel roads can be more profitable than a single route. — It is something like that circle of gold that divides sorrows & doubles joys.

So long as travelling is so cheap and expeditious, I expect to do considerable of it.

Had'nt you better have a plate, knife & fork laid for me, every Saturday Evening at Tea. I shall be there & I pledge my word of honor that the board bills shall be settled regularly.

Phaw — nonsense — You George Beldright — arent you ashamed of Yourself. I had a better opinion of you! here you have scribbled over four pages of impossible similes & unheard — of Metaphors — Do have done with it, confine yourself to common sense & satisfied with a waste of One sheet of paper, commence on the next to write the letter you [illegible] down to. for which Your audience are waiting — patiently let us hope

Indeed I will Sir Monitor. and now take yourself away. I'm not writing to you. I'm writing to somebody in Massachusetts, who is I belive a relative of yours, by name "Miss Unconsciously Monitor" with a middle name beginning with "M".

To return once more, to Massachusetts and to your letter, of June 12th–18th I received it the day before yesterday (Friday) and couldnt help sitting right down to answer it, fortunately however I perpetrated only two pages & those I tore up & burned today, after reading them. I presume I would do the same with all the letters I have written you. could I see them again.

I know you felt hurt at some thing I had said in one of my letters, and though I trust you didnot regard me as less a friend than before. you must have thought that I cared very little for your feelings — Serena. I do care. very much, and I wouldnot wound your feelings willingly or needlessly for the world. There is at least a kind of melancholy pleasure in thinking that perhaps you cared enough for me & my opinions to feel wounded & grieved at things, which if you had heard them from a stranger you might have cared little for. Yet I am a stranger to you. perhaps had I been better acquainted. I might have seen that

my criticisms were uncalled for & unjust.
Cannot you forgive me for being a fool, & even when
must you are suffering from it, Attribute it
when it belongs, to (as Russell Lowell has said) "absence
of Mind" and believe me "Yours Truly" as ever.

The "Letter from Massachusetts" No 2 has appeared
— It is really good & convicts you of (what shall
I call it?) when you tell me that you cannot
write & "never had a thought," Really I am frightened
when I think of how you have grown in one year
and yet you will try to argue with me that my
advantages here as equal to yours there.

Why, this idea of subjective truth and knowledge
is a thing which seems to me almost supernat=
=ural, & it is only from some of these things which I
read in your letters & sometimes in newspapers &
sometimes in books, and which set me to thinking
that I ever learn anything.

I saw Coffut yesterday — he was almost incredulous
again, "Do you believe" said he "that Miss Ames can
write as well as that — why she's only a little girl?"
"Yes. About nineteen" I replied. "Mr Cheney says
she's only sixteen" "Ah yes, she used to be, no doubt"
was my response. "Well its good" said he "but I shall
criticise one position she has assumed" "Yes"?

And when I came away he wished me to
"thank you" for him for past favors & request you to continue them
in future." I don't know how in the world I was

be even with you unless I can write letters for
the Boston Journal, — Somehow I never cared
for letter writing in that direction. What do
the papers care for me? In turn I care nothing for
them, & even if I could win it, I'd not give the
snap of my finger for all the Newspaper fame
which Boston could give. If by newspaper
articles I could indulge in travel — If I could
get pay for my expenses, by writing letters, I would
shoulder my knapsack & start on foot to see the
world. — In my last letter was it, I said
something about "Womens Rights" which will per=
haps tend to make you think that I share the popu=
=lar opinion. There are things which I would
wish to see done. Womens Labor is not paid one third
as well as mens. Wrong & should be righted. Many
kinds of labor. Many trades and professions for which
women are better qualified than men, are closed &
& jealously guarded against them. Wrong again
They are taxed to support a government, which
they have no voice in the administration of. Wrong.
Our Colleges & Schools are closed against them. Wrong.
The means of improvement are not extended to them
and their progress is hampered in every direction.
This is wrong. Their natural rights are the same
as those of men. Justice demands that we should
acknowledge their rights. & in practice grant them.
Can a Nation be very enlightened, when

one half of it is effectually shut out from all means of intellectual advancement!

And yet I do not think that the "Good Time Coming" would be at all hastened by having one half of the learned professions and of the offices of State filled by women. for though perhaps they could do as well there as men. their time is worth more elsewhere.

I care not how "Strong Minded" Women are for every advance I know helps us too, but if a woman had the strength and eloquence that Webster had. I still think it would be better & nobler in her & better for the world if she would teach half a dozen of her boys to be Websters, instead of being one herself. and would it not be more agreeable & natural for her to do so? Women can never attain to that eminence in scientific pursuits, that men can. — as a primary reason, they haven't the time and with that lack. is the lack of inclination to to do. and all the cultivation & crowding in the world couldnt overcome it. It is a part of their nature & I believe it is right that it should be so. Thousands of Men may labor all their lives & fail amply rewarded by having discovered and explained, one single truth or principle in the higher branches of science. Their wives, could not have shared the same time, & if they could & could have attained to the same scientific knowledge — the world would still have been the loser —

But now let us see what you have written for it is a great deal easier for me to answer a letter than it is to write one.

Why do you write such a queer hand? So different from that of most girls? Almost all womans-writing is as obscure and meaningless as you have represented their lives to be. In nine out of ten specimens of feminine hand-writing I can discover no character at all, or if any, it is very vague. Yours is as clearly cut and characteristic as that of John Hancock on the Declaration of Independence — In that respect it might be called Masculine — but a certain something in the style, a fineness & delicacy of touch ~~which~~ betrays all "Mr & Mrs Austin" I saw them a few days ago — do not know if they will go East this Summer. My Jessie is, they say, ever & ever so handsome & talks everything. I believe she is really the most loveable little witch that I ever saw. All the neighbors seem to worship her. Alas poor juvenile Maple Grovians of the Masculine gender. What dreadful heart aches are you not all doomed to.

Alas poor Jessie too — how the world has yet to change & grow cold & heartless to her

Do I love flowers?" They are a part of my religion — The perfection of form & hue — the poetry of Nature. — And yet I love them less than I do the great rough trees which seem to me to be the embodiment of wholesale goodness. Things to reverence as well as love & all my attachments follow, and are much influenced by reverence, respect or esteem.

Perhaps it is that I only love flowers.

And here I come to where you have been accusing yourself of dulness (with two "l"s) my mistake)

And you say You can write to me because my letters are — so & so. Ah, ha. wheres your argument now "Strength comes from within" & "Goat coats never make a man great" or woman either for that matter."

I say that you can write — proofs on plenty — you can talk. for I'm sure I've heard you utter all the articulate sounds in the language, and that you can think. I will submit to yourself. — May I ask ~~what~~ if you're not thinking at this very moment & if so, what of?

Come now, abuse me & not yourself — tell me what a worthless scamp I am — what a false foolish aimless life I'm leading, Tell me to go to work with a will & as though I would accomplish something, tell me you will hate and despise me for ever if I do not go out and take the world by the beard, & put a knife at its throat, after the manner of a highwayman, with a "deliver or die"

Tell me to do all sorts of impossible things, & prepare to see me fail at the simplest and most easy ones, but don't tell me you are good for nothing." — Don't you think it is last time to me, while I'm writing these letters? And that your letters are of no account to me? — Exactly & yet you should not buy them back from me "for a farm". No Ma'am by your hair I'll keep 'em. There you have an estimate of Value. — One Hundred acres of Land, Buildings, Stock & improvements — £ s d = £1000. & for which Eleven letters cannot be bought. —

Are you tired of this Nonsense? — It is just merely to counterbalance what you have written.

Of Life — what will it be to me — I have already I hope, learned to labor patiently (something I'd I have at all events learned) And from those around me, those of equal ability and advantages, I cannot but learn that nine out of ten, must if they would live, do so by steady unremitting labor. Though all the

years that they are here. — That I expect. It is not what I would wish. Though I do not shrink from it. I would like to study and travel. I dare not think of either

What do you think when you see men of fifty years, bent and worn out in a life long struggle with poverty. They were boys once, many of them had ambition, fair talents, keen sensibilities and ~~an~~ ardent impulsive natures.

And they from the mass — If you live till June 26th 1889 I would like to have you look around & see how the boys and girls of to-day are. If You do not find me for one, quite at the foot of the hill & picking my way diligently toward the top of it, you may conclude that I have "laid down the shovel and the hoe" forever.

Yet I will work as earnestly as though I expected to reach the top of the hill.

Will Connell — did you think I meant what I said about him? I never mentioned your name to him, — and what he thinks, I'm sure I dont know —

Boston. Cambridge & Mount Auburn — They are not in my "picture gallery" except by imagination as the back ground of a rather pleasing picture.

but will be there by & by — next year perhaps,

Your graduates of Harvard are I think what we call "nice young men for a small party" — excellent for tableaux & pretty to stand up as supernumeraries at wedding ceremo=nies, model wax figures, and real "hahnsome".

— And — and — I suppose I may as well stop writing for I have been trying for some time & havnt succeeded in saying any=thing. You see Im fulfilling my promise — Im going to be stupid till October & perhaps longer. Oh Dear I hate the hot weather. To day tis very warm, — The musketoes (mosquitoes or something of the kind.) are quite plenty again They come as regularly with the summer, as do a kind of butterflies at Saratoga or Newport. Besides I have an invalid eye which requires much nursing:- getting better though now.

Past June 21st — Im twenty four years old — what have I done, to be so crowded?

Ah well I must stop, I would not dare to write these long foolish letters, only that you have thus far respected the spirit in which they are written & have given me credit therefor, even though the letters are long & tedious

the respectable packages of regard, respects and good-wishes came safely — for which I distribute my thanks — and —, well they know what else I would say

How does Master Willie know anything about me? I remember the proven little gentleman. he declined having anything to do with me when last I saw him.

As to Yourself — nothing — only dont forget the promise in your last letter to write often. and May God bless you ever

God Bye

George.

Glencoe Min. Sabbath July 3d 59

My Dear S.

– Yes. Glencoe; positively Glencoe. Sit down to talk a few minutes with you and tell you why and how I'm here, etc etc. My Minneapolis acquaintances evinced considerable anxiety for my welfare when I appeared on Friday Morning equipped for a tramp – big boots. Straw hat – inexpensive bar – venerable coat & corduroys – general appearance much dilapidated. Looking in short much worse than usual – perhaps you may not be able to imagine the thing w possibility. Yet so it was – It was very warm, yet I am confident that I did not melt.

In the course of the afternoon I experienced a very agreeable interpolation not down in the bill. "I experienced" – that is to say – strawberries.

Since the days when I used to go to the district school "across lots" I havent had such a rare time among the berries. Great luscious, blushing ones, five or six of them on a stem ready & waiting to be picked. They were certainly the best I ever tasted, and I ate strawberries till strawberries became a "drug in the market" – till strawberries lost their flavor – till strawberries were no temptation. "I came – I saw – I was conquered" – the strawberry field was victorious. I fancy I hear you saying as

Mrs Partington used to say to her promising son — "You shouldn't be glutenous, Isaac" — Now I'm not and yet I like fruits of all kinds just as well as I ever did and I hope I always shall, and as heretofore that the most extravagant indulgence of taste in this direction shall be productive of no ill results

That Evening I stopped at Excelsior with the very obliging Mr Green (Landlord etc)

Accidentally overheard (because they would talk too loud) a confab between the accomplished daughters, one of whom averred that she had had to play for "everybody that came along" — I suppose the matter was amicably adjusted for one of the young ladies soon came in and with a becoming flourish seated herself at the pians and played "a grand" Opera or something. I lowered my newspaper and listened attentively to the end, — and then composedly resumed my reading. No words passed, and the accomplished young lady retired in disgust at my lack of appreciation. I however like a good citizen paid my bill* when I left, next morning.

Quite unexpectedly the mosquitoes have all left for the time. I saw scarcely one, in passing through the woods, I'm not sorry. But "we shall meet again" no doubt when I return. Yesterday I had the pleasure of beholding the worthy successor of Gov Medary. — his Moccasin Excellency, H. H. Sibley, the was peering into a mug of Lager Bier" There is a Dutchman on the road between Carver and this place, called the "Eight Mile Dutchman" (His house is eight miles from Carver) He keeps Lager Beer — he sells Lager Beer — he drinks Lager Beer" At his place I met the Celebrities who were returning from the ceremonies of laying the Corner Stone for an Agricultural College at this place.

They were very muddy and war worn for the roads are awful. They drove up to the Shanty and the Governor "as one having authority" demanded "Lager!"

He was ably seconded by Gov. Ramsey. Judge Sherburne Col Prince and several others. I noticed that Gov Ramsey loosened his waistcoat. The hotel keeper here, informs me that they carried their private demijohn of the "very best fourth proof brandy"

"Of such stuff, are heroes made"

I have had ample opportunity for seeing the woods, at my leisure, in their robes of state — Yesterday and to-day have been cool and cloudless and notwithstanding the badness of the roads. I enjoyed the walk very much. There are certain moods of mind in which, one forgets bad roads and rough weather. You women, who never take such walks, never see and feel the glory of these "grand old woods" Could you take a walk once for thirty or forty miles through these woods — alone, "all alone", it would be an era — an opening and unfolding of a new and strange life to you, even though the fatigue were nothing

Well - how do you do this evening? I wonder what you are doing at this present minute - I can suppose at least, that you are writing, and (as has sometimes been the case) - to me. - I think I must have at Min=neapolis another letter from you - I shall not be there for a week - but then, it will keep "Miss Hawkins and Mrs C. kindly offered to open and answer my correspondence during my absence"

It is strange how easily one thing may become to us the representative of Many. When I came away, I happened to have one of your letters in my memorandum book. I've almost forgotten the other ten letters, now at home, but so long as I have this one, I shall have company on my travels.

I am tired - walking is new to me now. I've not practiced much since last Nov. And I've got a molar that will persist in bringing itself into notice in a very painful manner. Will you forgive me for being so very stupid to-night? I'm not writing a letter, only sending goodwishes. I shall be home again by the time you read this

Goodbye - Give my love to all your folks and write as often as you can. - I'll do the same always - Goodnight & Goodbye

Truly Yours George

No 13

Somerville, July 8. 1859.

George, —

I again "take my pen in hand" to inform you of several things. I hope you are enjoying the blessing of a cool, cloudy evening such as we have after this hot day. I think we may have a shower to-night, I hope so. I have hardly heard it thunder in Massachusetts and I should really like to see a real Minnesota thunder, lightning and wind storm.

Your letter written two weeks ago day after to-morrow I received Tuesday. A letter to Marie came a week before. How as you know but you would find me, if you were not a "stranger" just what you have

pictured Maria as being?

Before I say much about any thing else I will tell you a little of the Fourth. I was a martyr to my bonnet all day and Mr. Wakefield was a martyr to me. I think however I had the worst of it. But truly your friend did prove himself to be one whom Dr. Holmes would call a most heroic hero. He will give you all particulars of his selfdenials and sacrifices, because I happened to be a friend of his friend, therefore I will say nothing about them.

I went in the morning to the "Grand Military Concert" which was in reality grand, the best performance of the day I think. "Hail Columbia" and "Old Hundred" were both fit to be heard in heaven. I never heard music before.



In the afternoon I went in the Museum with Mr. Wakefield but we saw nothing that we could not have very well missed seeing. The Fire works in the evening I suppose were good but I am satisfied not to see the like again. Mr. Wakefield did his best to make the day pleasant and agreeable and I entertained him with yes-yes-yes. I didn't know there were so many people in America as I saw on the Common and in the streets, there were as many as "two hundred and thirty" there to see.

Oh - the more than glorious display of clouds seen from my window! Since I have been writing a shower has passed over us leaving the blue and white

abound so richer and purer than any I ever saw. The sky must have been touched anew by the hand of God.

I did not think of your birth-day until a week after you had entered on your twenty-fifth/fourth year. To wish for new blessings on this year of life — would it not be to wish for what already abounds? Is not every day and every hour overflowing with All-Fatherly love?

"Oh — wealth of life beyond all bounds.
Eternity each moment given.
What plummet may the present sound?
Who promises a future heaven?
Or glad, or grieved
Oppressed, relieved
In blackest night or brightest day

"Still pours the flood
Of golden good
And more than heartful fills me ayl"

But it is not an idle wish nor vain prayer to desire that our eyes may not be blind to the wealth and joy of life — that our souls may not receive unthankfully and thoughtlessly the dear Gods love and blessings. So may it be. —

Saturday

Are you mist hire George? I am all all dressed up for you. Dont mind your tardy Sun and be an hour too late, but close your duties and shut your doors an earlier to-night because you know Sundays is coming. What a blessed day is Sunday! Some one

has spoken of it as a day interpased between the waves of worldly cares.

Maybe you will choose to take the parallel route which goes to Boston, and perhaps you will go in an entirely different direction to Vermont and see your Mother.

It wont take you but a few minutes to flip over here and let me know your intentions so I can see about the breakfast, supper being ready it wont make any difference about that. There is a seat by Mother always vacant when you are coming opposite Pet and I. If you come we will go to-morrow and hear Phillips who speaks in Music Hall.

Father has just been reading in our Unitarian papers a letter from "Shawmut", the same with James Freeman Clarke. He tells of his



visit to our State and is very enthusiastic in his praises of the western country. He describes the scenery of the Upper Mississippi Mississippi as being similar to that on the Rhine, and speaks of the air as seeming as exhilarating as champagne and the stars as shining like points of fire, so distinctly and so brilliantly as they shine. I wish I was there to see them to-night. Oh! I forgot - excuse me. I should not be writing either. So, not Good-by, but How do you do!

Sunday morn.

The bells are ringing for the good folks to gather together and unite in praises to the Maker of this Holy Day. I go not with the multitude this morning but silently and alone

would I be thankful. Yet not alone for does not the great heart of Christendom beat in unison with mine? do we not together look heaven-ward, and together adore the Great God, our Father! But silently would I ever come before Him who is forever silent. I desire to hear no prayer, no song of praise when my soul seeks communion with heaven, but only the flowing of my soul unto the Everlasting Soul. It seems to me a wonderful and very strange that we follow so little the teachings of Jesus in the one thing of worship. How unlike his prayers are those of Christian ministers today. How unlike his sermons are the sermons today preached. Can it bless human hearts to be so talked to and so prayed about?

Excuse a blot—I have no time to copy.

It is never doing violence to our feelings to turn our thoughts away from the direct source of all we are and all we have to that which has been given and for which we are most thankful; is it? A good friend is something for which to be grateful surely. I think all my friends good. Yes—I almost always find they are not quite what I fancied them to be, but then I think they are doomed to greater disappointed in me and that I ought to try and be content and rather blame my false imagination than my friend.

Here is your last letter open before me. Marie's letter is not open but I think there is no need of having it spread out before me.

It needs no answer, does it? You love the name Inany. So do I. You like it better than Serena. So do I. I never think of Inany as my name and dont you. Serena is much more fitting for me. She is rather cold, commm place and sometimes worldly and proud; altogether she is very human. Inany is all that is lovely and beautiful as good. Inany is to me what that more than mortal face represents her as being. That I saw in the Athenaeum. She is an Angel, never polluted by contact with earth. She can dwell in palaces of pride and in bowels of shame and filth and remain untarnished. She is the mother of Jesus. I am not afraid of your conforming Serena with your Inany, but it is out of place and fits badly to the name on me.



Afternoon

I left you for awhile to read to my eyeless mother after she came home from meeting, where she heard Dr. Huntington preach. I had read to her, and alike for my own edification, Mr. Parker's letter to his Society, wherein he gives his "Experience as a Minister". He tells of his many struggles and persecutions, and of hopes, and of joy inexpressible. Much as I have loved him I love him more than ever. He is hopeless of returning health and even of continued life. To us it must look as if he could be ill spared but he surely will live if it is best for him and for us that he should. What a good time his pious persecutors will have rejoicing in his overthrow and death!

It is not that I feel any aversion to your letters that I leave them so quickly and so long. They are too good. I dont know what I can say that will in the least compensate for your time and paper to say nothing of stamps. Me waste time in writing to you! I ie.

A very pretty thing for you to say to a lady but, like the most of compliments, utterly untrue. Not that I ever think you say any thing to me or any body that you donot believe but you may "speak without thinking" sometimes. But I am coming to your letters now. It makes me ashamed. Ashamed of myself that I have written a letter to you which seems to require an encouraging reply.

It looks to be not a most delicate way of calling for kind words and friendly flattery to underrate, or seem to do so, ones own abilities. That letter of mine was rather impulsive, but quite cool enough to be worthy of me and I beg my pardon for having written it.

It is not a bit pretty to find faults out loud in myself to you is it? One should have confidence enough in a friends penetration to believe they will see all of us that it is necessary for them to know.

I am sorry you think I was hurt by anything which you had said, even if it be true. I was not sorry that you knew and told me of a fault but sorry that the fault existed for

any body to know of. I am sure you will not be less faithful in the time to come to my faults & weaknesses.

Ah! to be sure. I do not suppose thoughts spring up from no seed, but you do not believe what every man tells you in newspapers and books but you sit in judgement on the wisest man's thought and receive or reject as it speaks to your soul. You have to make every thing true to yourself before you recide it, do you not? I do not believe a word in influences making us. They help when they are good and pull back when they are bad but if we would we could be without good and in spite of bad ones. I do not think I could be in North Street what I am on Milk Road for want of



time and books and virtuous friends but the degradation, vice and filth need not make me degraded, vicious and filthy.

I wonder what Mrs. Croffut is going to criticise. What I said of Garrison or Murphy maybe.

You dont care for "newspaper fame". I hope not. Not for any other, I presume. I like to write letters for a Minnesota paper though, just for fun, and I dont care if no body reads them but you, and you may find all manner of fault with them. I would rather like to have you, I guess.

I did not expect so much from you on "woman's Rights". In exactly agree.

It is not a matter of course that little Jessie will see

the world turn heartless. I have lived to an advanced age and found it otherwise.

I most sincerely beg your pardon for all I have written and promise not to write much more this time. The remainder of your letter shall live unnoticed. I do not often have moods out I must be in a dark mood to-day for I cannot write, and the ink is every bit as bad for it will not stay in the pen but falls down on the paper. Oh! dear.

Perhaps I had better not write you any more letters ever. I have gone about through to any "Letter Writer"; have told all I know or ever expect to know. Shan't I say Farewell. If you never hear from me again know I wish you happiness. Here I end. Adieu.

Serena.

No 14

Somerville, July 14. 1859.

George, —

A letter, seven days from Glen-cae, reached me in the wash tub an hour or two ago. You say it was no letter only good wishes and as I have a little time in which I desire to do nothing tiresome, neither much at all, permit me to return payment, if not in kind in quantity.

I hope you had a pleasant walk & ack and are now safe and well in Minneapolis.

Father and Mother once had the happiness to stop at Mr. Greens, Excelsior. How could you be so unmindful of a young

lady's self-sacrificing endeavors to entertain and amuse you? Poor girl! Such is the reward benevalence often meets. She had expended time and money in learning to play, if not for you alone, for you jointly with the rest of mankind. It seems to me I can see you both. She on the Piano stool, blushingly waiting for you to ask for more sweet music and you demurely taking up you reading where you had been stopped.

If you were here you would find not only strawberries but raspberries and currants both better to look at than to eat I think though most every body likes them especially New Englanders when they have been away from



the bushes a long time.

This is a nice day. Do you get tired of my comments or remarks about the days? Every day seems new and perfect to me and I for get that my talk concerning them must be dull and of a prosey nature. But if you grow tired of my words, my feeling surely is not tame and it may be you can sometimes penetrate this covering of poor expressions and know what I would, not what I do say.

You think such as I never see the woods and nature as you in your long walks. I do too. I think nature is never seen and felt, by those who look at her to see and simply for the sake of seeing, as by those

who find her, not as something sought after, but put as a dear companion on our the road to which has an object at its end. But I think you say truly that if I would take a walk of forty or fifty miles it would be the opening of a new life to me. A life beyond and not like this I am thinking, Isn't it pitiful? Weak and wise if you please, while your sex are strong out ——.

You should have that crap knocked out of the way; if I am not mistaken, I have heard you make like complaint before. Such things are not to be endured, look out or it will make you cross. I wonder if you dont sometimes get vexed. — If you want one of these days get vexed with me and want me to send you Post-folio of letters to you. Very likely. "Joy be with you"

Lenena.

Minneapolis July 14. 1859

Serena.

Good Evening. How do you do? Im glad to get back here; glad to meet the ready greeting, the hearty grasp of friendly hands once more - glad to see you: - glad to sit down again and write to you. I dont believe you are half as glad to read my letters as I am to have the privelege of writing them - Im sure you havnt any reason to be glad & I have. Sometimes it is as much pleasure for me to write letters, as tis to read them -

Not that I have anything in particular to write, - of importance; but I have a great many things to say & I want to have some one listen to it. And you dont know how much I thank you for reading all my stupid, tiresome letters. Im sure you must have learned from them, what patience and forbearance signify.

It is Almost three weeks since I have written you a letter unless the hasty scrawl penned at Glencoe, July 3d, is called a letter. It seems a long time. You will be as charitable as ever I hope. If I do gossip for an hour or two, without any definite object. What do folks visit for?

— Yesterday I returned. I saw during my absence the Lakes of Minnetonka, Excelsior, Chaska, Carver, Young America, Glencoe, Hutchinson, Grenleaf Forest City, Fair Haven, Clearwater, Fremont, Maticullo Rino, Elaska & Anoka, — Forest City looked very neat, clean, wholesome & inviting. Their people there have planted some 500 trees, such as Maple Elm, Oak, Bass &c &c, along the streets, And they are growing finely too, — The prairies look finer this year than I have ever before seen them. Thousands of flowers were in full bloom, and the display of colors and perfumery would have done you good to see. The great Gardener's works would compare not unfavorably with the finest Hot House plants, which by the way, people generally consider to be the creation in toto of the man who builds the house & plants the beds, — I am tired after my journey, and the weather is so very warm that we wilt & collapse daily, What think you of 99° & 98° regularly day after day & the nights not much cooler? Sent something wrong, Minnetota will soon be as much too hot "for cawn" as hitherto it has been too "cold". A Cruise on the open Polar sea would be a real relief now.

I must not fret & complain, You say, Do I? I dont intend to, And really I have never felt in a mood for complaint, when I have been writing to you — Yet I may have a natural tendency for complaining, Nervous people usually have, and I know I'm nervous & restless, but I thought I had acquired considerable philosophy in the matter of coolness under difficulties, You must by this time be aware that I cant write when it is so warm, My writing must be of the "Cold freeze" kind, and so with the most of my old correspondents I arrange for a truce from May till October, Few of us like to be quite alone and friendless even during the summer months and so I keep writing you, depending on your charity to respond, I heard one man yesterday saying "Who calls this a cold unfeeling world?" The sun was pouring down at the time — parasols & fans, would not answer the purpose they were made for, Handkerchiefs were Mops, — The pitch oozed from the pine walls, The grasshoppers stewed and crackled in the sun, like meat in a frying pan — the thermometers at fever heat, — —

I got a letter from you on my return from Forest City — and am expecting another, I keep a close watch lest I write more than you, or rather lest you neglect to answer all of mine — It seems to be all "clear gain" these letters of yours — I must tell you of a dream — I

dont know whether it was a sleeping or waking dream
- and it matters not. I have it as an idea now
- where it came from is of no moment. Its very
foolish too & I hope you'll not read it - I fancied
I saw one of your letters worked over into a Cottage
- a regular New England Cottage - (of course a letter
is enough to build a house of) - with great broad
spreading Maples and pendant boughs of Elm; - a
smooth close-shaven grass plat, - a porch half
hidden with creeping vines - a loquacious mountain
brook chattering over the pebbles and then winding
away in long curves through the broad green
meadows where the shadows of clouds toss up and
down on the waves that give promise of crowded
hays by and by, - There are smooth red white
and green globes, peeping out from the dark green
leaves in the orchard - and away to the North and
East rise the "Everlasting Hills" and the line
which separates their jagged summits from the
clear cool blue sky above, glistens like a
thread of light, - and the cottage - I forgot to
look inside - It might not have been occupied
- yet certainly was in a remarkable state of preserva=
=tion if not, Unoccupied houses rarely have found
white curtains, partially drawn at the deep windows
- neither do Spaniels rest their heads on their paws - stretch
themselves at full length and sleep with one eye
in front of houses that have no tenants,

— And then I saw your last letter, — Carpenter had been at work on that too, — but they did not make a cottage of it. You've seen Cole's picture of the "Voyage of life" haven't you It is in the first one. I forget what it is called; but there is a temple, partially standing out from the clouds — Take away the clouds of the Building and bring out the lines, make them pure, clear and cold, and you have what I saw.

It was very grand, very beautiful, — but much as I admired it, I did not like it half as well as I did the cottage.

I wonder what you have written in this your last letter. Don't think it's the letter that's to blame, it is only that I'm too dull to remember.

Am I unjust to Wendell Phillips? Perhaps — though not more so than he is to other people it is probable that I only see some of his worst & most severe things. I have certainly seen extracts from his speeches that seem to me to be unworthy of any one who is friendly to the cause that Mr Phillips professes such devotion to. Tell Mr Phillips that it is easier to pull down than to build up. If I could see him, and hear him to, as to get a view of the whole of him at once. Perhaps I might have a different opinion of him. I hope

to. and will try to think differently of him — You are better acquainted with what he really is. than I am. and, even your judgement must be worth something I suppose. There now. Dont say I'm not complimentary sometimes

I dont know whether or no I may expect you to treasure up such gratuitous favors as the above, to be repaid with interest. by and by. in the shape of a box on the ear. as some ladies are so fond of doing. For my personal safety I hope. (what I have sometimes thought) that you have no room to store such things as ill-will, malice or revenge in Little packs who will persist in carrying around with them a large load of Faith. Love. Hope and Charity. cannot be expected to have room for the opposite Virtues (?) — What a blessing to be diminutive in soul, — Logic. this is isnt it? ———

Farewell for a day or two. I will wait until I think I can write more sensibly — Be charitable. consider that I'm an invalid. a martyr to 98° Fah.

If we meet no more on paper — or on Earth I hope we may in the Hereafter — So good Bye — Ever Yours

George

"In the Hereafter" — We will be just as good friends there as here wont we?

Sabbath A.M. July 17th 1859

Good Morning— It is good really. A fine cooling breeze contradicts the experience of the past three days and allows us to hope that we shall not all be baked this season — Yesterday was the warmest day (by my personal Hermometer) that I ever experienced and by the Mercury it was 98° to 102° in the shade. Last night was but little cooler and the night before was also intensely warm.

— The County Convention to nominate Delegates to the Republican State Convention, was held at Woodmans Hall last Evening (Yesterday I mean)

I never saw such a warm-looking crowd before. The politicians looked as though they had been dipped in hot lard. St Anthony Delegation was as harmonious as usual & no more so. They delayed the Convention an hour or two in a bitter quarrel over Gen. A. Camp who was a Candidate for Delegate to St Paul & finally elected by 1 Majority.

A Resolution was passed instructing the Delegates to the Convention at St P. to present the name of Col Aldrich as a Candidate for Congress, and the Choice of Hennepin County." Strong Resolutions were unanimously passed denouncing the R. R. swindle &c &c. The Canvass opens lively, & with fair pros-

=pels for Republicanism.

As I said - to-day is cooler & we can breathe more freely though the heat is yet oppressive. I hope it may not continue much longer - Tall and ~~thin~~ people begin to look like black shadows, and fat ones (such as R.R. Nicholas for instance) are all ablaze - radiant with red light - "Oh, it's very hot" - Radical Abolitionism - the extremest type - You are not far from that are you? - Now I must acknowledge (with shame almost that I am not, and probably never can be - I see the righteousness of these things. I see the movement of the times. I see that the ground where the Extremists are now encamped is the same that the mass of the people will arrive at by and by. I see not only, that if we would advance that we must have pioneers in the field far ahead of the mass, but that the pioneer is doing more for the good of the race, and more for himself, (besides earning a name and fame that will live till marble & granite have crumbled to dust,) than all the great Captains who rule and sway the people and the popular mind of to-day. I can honor, respect and love the most radical of radicals. They are the only true heroes & Martyrs that we now have - I would encourage and aid them always, but I never could act in the front rank. I'm enough of a fatalist to believe that I was made to stand between the pioneers of reform and progress, and the popular movement, - to keep up communication - to build roads & smooth the way for the world at large to follow in the tracks of the Radicals, and to urge on the "Grand Army" as fast as possible - There is something in the movements of some of the Extremists which reminds one of the hunters and Prospectors, who rather sneer at the first settlers, as much as to say "Such progress Westward as you are making, is no progress at all" Some however are not so impatient - & are content if or express no dissatisfaction rather, when they see that their "world does move" Even though slowly,

I maintain that the class of thought and action which we find half way between the Out and out Radical Abolitionist, and the Conservative, is just as necessary for the progress of the world as is the Extreme School, though not as honorable or perhaps as near right - Are any of us, or any of our political principles right? Even if we grant all and acknowledge all which seems to-day to be right to us, shall we not find something new to do

tomorrow?

I send you a "News" with the doings on the 4th (probably you have seen the same before though) — Your attention is particularly called to the Sabbath school celebration & the action of the Orthodox Christians (?) Why will men persist in being fools — Knavery alone is bad enough, but to be Knave and fool altogether, is quite unpardonable. — The boat and thumb-screw is not half as popular as a means of grace, as it was a few years ago.

Tract Society — Back-bone is Mr Clark — the greatest hypocrite I do believe that there is among us. — Such men ought to go to a Water Cure — be taken to pieces, thoroughly washed & put together again,

Coffin — a fine noble fellow, thank & love. I like him very much. — His greatest fault as an editor is that he hasn't a bit of discretion, & says many things without thinking what the effect will be — things that he is sorry for afterward. But some of those things in which he lacks as an editor are the very things which we wish to see him lack-ing in, as a friend, I think he judges people by first impressions a little too much for his own good, and has only two classes of

people — the bad & the good — as for the little nice shades of character, and the corresponding valuation and appreciation affixed thereto, he knows little about. People, he judges of in the lump, but his earnestness, honesty and consistency, his love of principle and his hatred of wrong and oppression is really admirable. He will learn to discriminate more closely by & by."

Tract Society — mean and despicable — Yes! And here is a page or two of "Atlantic" — I have not read "Seen & Unseen" but will as soon as I get leisure. I've been gone from here you know.

— The Professor — I thought just as he did — "This is getting to be interesting" — What is he going to do with Little Boston — and the Marylander — and Iris — and last but not least by any means — "the young fellow they call John" who by the way is growing up to be the original character of the story — No Wonder Holmes is the "pet of Boston", no wonder they love him. Do you suppose I read read the "Minister's Wooing" — Absurd — A fanatical story — written by a woman too, Pshaw who'd read it.

Havnt you heard people with elevated proboscis express their belief that Uncle Tom's Cabin was written by Henry Ward Beecher; so unwilling

were they to admit that any woman had such power to sway the fulings & convince the mind - by her talents, her strength of brain alone. What are these facts going to do about it now?

Mr Charles Dickens and Mr. Wm. M. Thackeray are respectable story writers and are accounted lions of the first rate. But in the same field they are beaten by an animal or thing on this side the Atlantic; a thing which (according to our laws) has not sufficient intelligence judgement or discretion to exercise the rights of suffrage properly & therefore is not admitted to such privilege. What a strictly conservative and Constitutional people we "Citizens of these United States" are. With what consistent and persistent devotion and self-sacrifice, do we cling to the dead and mouldering carcasses of the past.

To Marry or Not - to Marry - thats the question. Now I dont know that there is any necessity for the mind of a woman to stop growing when as soon as she is married - yet it generally is so. - It seems to me that it must be equally unpleasant to both parties - A sensible man who would not be willing to marry a woman unless she was somewhere near his equal, in intelligence & mental growth, must feel rather queer, out of place and mismatched, when he finds, some twenty years later, that he has entirely out grown his companion and that she is no more a fit mate for him than a doll would be. and a woman in such a position must feel the change and disparity much more sensibly & keenly. Must these things always be thus? Then are many men - thousands of them who would say "For Heavens sake - Yes." Men who are driven and tortured with the cares & perplexities of business; who exercise their minds to the fullest capacity and test their strength daily against others, and who wish to go home at night and rest. All that they ask of Woman is to love them. It is all the rest, help or happiness which they have in this life - and the wish is not very unnatural certainly. I do not know that such a life can be well avoided by the mass of men, - I look forward to a life of just such slavery, as a thing quite endurable, - but people who live thus do not more than half live, It develops the mind rapidly but in a one sided manner, and it certainly does injustice to woman. - - - Will I want live so - live or starve I want be a slave to that which should be a means of living & not the End & aim of life.

The Hotels are full of Eastern and Southern Visitors
- Elegantly dressed darkies promenade our streets
bearing in their arms the younger representatives
of the "Massa's" family & giving us a very mild
and Democratic view of the soft side of Slavery
I verily believe that among many of these House
Servants, attachment for the Master and his family
is the only bond felt by the Slave.

Well - there lots of things which you have
said in your letter, but really I don't feel
as though I cared to answer them, until I
am in a mood to do them Justice. - Answer
them or not, they are mine now.

Don't I skip around finely - Kind of sassiffry,
soda-water kind of way I have in talking.

We are expecting a great gathering of the
"Sons of Malta" here Next week - 2000 or more
of them, with upward of 500 pieces of Music
or rather I should say a Band (Dodworths of
New York) consisting of upwards of 100 pieces. I shall
try to hear them. I've heard twelve of them
at once & they made good music.

Sabbath P.M. — I received yesterday your letter of the 10th — One week ago to-day. I dont know whether it is Temple or Cottage, or a little of both. It is very good at all events — You say you have about finished your "Letter Writer" and must bid me farewell — really I thought this letter (your last one) was freshest and most original of all — But dont I write the same things over and over again? and dont I contradict in one what I have said in a previous one? I know I must for I never take copies or memoranda of letters and I have written you some sixteen within a year, some of them long ones too, and I dont recollect a word that I have written in any of them. Perhaps some things in them may seem new, as there are some stories it is said which have been told daily all the way down, for the last six thousand years and are just as new to-day as at first. We like things at first for what they are, after we like them it matters little to us what they are, we like them still.

I need from my friend Cyrus, the particulars of the martyrdom of which You spoke. From his letter I infer that he considered it "death in a glorious cause" Who wouldnt be a Martyr?

To come back to your letter. It was good

— You can scarcely imagine how amiable I have been since I received it. — The world seems broader and better to-day. I have more faith in human nature — more charity toward all mankind. As the wind rises and the temperature becomes a little more tolerable I begin to think it is a very fine day, and in spite of the heat I think this a very good world to live in and am glad that I am living in it — and that you are too. I wonder if the letter now before me — spread out, fifteen pages fairly written, is not a distorted picture of the writer. She'd not half as good as the letter, yet the likeness is striking and she may be really like it. — We shall see — shan't we? Where do you pick up these little scraps of verse? They are all news to me — but I never read any. I am as ignorant as is a certain young lady I wot of, in the matter of Geometry. — And then here is a page or two which I do not know how to reply to. I've got a lot of these queries which you have scattered along in your letters, which I do not try to answer. I can only think of and about them. They bring up this great Mystery of Life and ask Why and for What do we live — Tell me what you think of all these things. In this particular I presume you have lived longer than I have though to my discredit I have been here five years longer than yourself. Yet I have thought some more since I have been acquainted with your people than ever before, of these things.

Belief is like bridge-building in a measure — there are deep down in the soul, starting with its very foundations, certain natural piers which rise above the stream of life, and offer a firm and safe foundation whereon to build a superstructure of belief. Most theological systems rest on some of these piers, but there is a great variety of systems, in use to connect these fixed supports —

Some French Engineers have tried to make a bridge by filling in with dirt between the piers, they have not succeeded in making a good bridge as yet. A great many — nearly all the Catholic (Roman) and Church of England people merely resolve that the bridge is built — all the belief attended to, years ago, and all they have to do is to walk over in safety & security. Whether there is anything "rotten" in such a system I do not pretend to say. A wooden bridge built under Government patronage (the finest way in the world by the way) several hundred years ago is certainly in a remarkable state of preservation if it is safe

for souls to cuss on now - The Church in America has its bridges all ready made, and they keep a kind of reception book at the toll house where each person who crosses puts down his name as "One who built this Bridge" — He signs his name to a lie. All he knows of the bridge is printed on a little card which they gave him at the toll House. If a man asks him - "Did You build this bridge" - "yes sir" - "How many spans are there" &c &c He pulls out the card and reads the list of what he has done. There "the Baptist Trust, the Presbyterian Arch and the Methodist Suspension systems.

A great many good people have gone over safely on bridges said to be unsafe by the Orthodox Engineers. - such as the Universal Arch for instance. And there have been a great many private bridges built. some very good & some very bad - etc etc.

Tell me what kind of a bridge you have built. Ans - the Chapter on Names - It seems that you too recognise a meaning and character in names. I did not know but it was one of my individual vagaries. but if so I'm glad that I have some one to share it with. — In regard to the name ~~more~~ of Mary I cannot quite agree with you - It is quite a human name to me. With you it's half Divine. Your idea of Serena is very much like my own. She is proud certainly - aristocratic, almost regal - a person of becoming dignity & coolness of manner. A clear head and masculine heart

– a heart very warm and true – but entirely
under control of the head. She would be
the daughter of some stern old Roman – and
fearless as an Amazon. Does it fit you?
not quite – yet sometimes I have thought you
were trying to cultivate yourself into a corres-
-pondence with your name, in some respects
– My idea of Mary would fit you better.
– Dont be alarmed – its a mere difference of
opinion – please bear in mind that Your
Mary and mine are quite unlike.

Im not going to answer any more
of your letter to-day – I have wearied you
already – and besides I am saving the letter to
pay you in small instalments, so as to provoke
something more from you, – I never expect
to answer it wholly, ——

Im going up to Maple Grove in a few
days, – Ill talk good to them for you.

Remember me to your folks and to my friend
Cyrus. – Tell them I "love 'em" all. ——
– Please write whenever convenient – and I will do
the same – Ive no fault to find thus far"

Goodbye – till we meet again —

Yours – George

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No 15, West Milton Vt - fowd

Somerville July, 23, 1859.

George "

I would like to see you. Saturday night - yes - well, something more than an invisible presence, your speaking self - so as to save me the great trouble of writing this letter and the still greater trouble of reading yours.

A very good evening to you, my friend. This week is dying in a very brilliant manner, its end does honor to its glorious life.

A long, long letter came to me to-day, from you five days. If you will pardon my taste and over look in a friend

an utter lack of literary appreciation I will say I was gladder of it than of so ever before to hear from you. Prosaic, dull and stupid as it is. For pity's sake, do stop talking so about my letters, for they are as truly mine as any can be yours which you have in your possession.

Oh! what a dear, patient forbearing little thing I am to be willing to endure so much, and for what reason I cannot possibly tell — what is it? For the fun of writing in return? I wonder if I could not find somebody that would save me so much unnecessary labor and waste of time by making it worth my while to say good bye to you that I might write answers to good letters!



But, soberly speaking, I do not know whether I ought to be glad or sorry to get your letters. Can I to exercise rejoice in that which humiliates me and makes me lose myself in shame? If it were not that I bound up again very soon and that the reaction in coming up is quite equal to the going down I do not think I could.

Not while reading this book and while feeling the presence of the writer, the man before whom I am lost in wonder and almost idolatrous admiration one who reads my soul and speaks its inmost innermost thoughts and feelings and spreads open before me my most vague longings and aspirings, and paints my

dreams, and tells me I shall realize my highest hopes, if I will, but even before him, who fills my soul with sincere gratitude and a sense of my entire unworthiness do I feel so humbled as I do while reading your letter.

How can you manage to do it? It begins knowledge and yet ignorance of me.

The sun has gone away leaving a blushing sky behind him. It is a calm, quiet evening. Sunday is coming. I dont like to say good-night but I must. To-morrow we shall meet. I will have my Sunday meeting with you. We will together worship our Father, as I hope we do every day. Good-bye.

Sunday, July 24

I greet you. Is this morning with you what it is to us here? I love it as I do a dear friend. I see in your last letter, as also in another near the first, you speak of the cold blue sky. Is it so to you? How can it be! It is always warm to me – the best symbol of Gods love of anything in nature. So boundless, deep and everlasting!

I really hope your hot weather is past. What a distressing account you have given of your pitiable condition. But it cant last long, can it? We have been too cold here all summer, excepting two or three days.

I didn't say you must not pret. I said let and meant L.

Men and women are going to meeting. It is a good thing! I do not know but it is well that enterprising men and masterworkmen have built these bridges which you talk of. If all these men and women should lay their hands at rearing structures across the river that separates souls from God, some of them would necessarily be bungling, awkward and even crooked. There — what have I done but given utterance to down right heresy and atheism.!

I have in all my sober moments faith in man as man. I believe every one that comes into the world is a new creature of God, as truly as was a Adam, and needs



no bridges of another's make. And there is no river between ourselves and our Father unless we will to have one, or rather, fail to will that there shall be none. I think God reveals himself to us all without book or mediator, but seeing, we do not understand, and, while he is still speaking, we turn away to find in revelations to men that were what he would so freely give now, and while His infinite hand is stretched out to lift us over the dark places of life, and to guide us home, we offer our footsteps to the willing guidence of some good man that has loved and whose example should teach us that we may also live, if we will not follow, but have trust

in God. All must have beliefs however, and few will be satisfied without bridges, and tall bridges too. What have I built? What is my theology? There certainly is, I fear, a stream between my soul and my Father in Heaven yet I don't believe I have any bridge. I have hopes, strong, and sometimes very clear, that I may walk over on dry land, led by the light of love. It may be a vain hope and most dangerous delay, and I may find myself even stepping the brink and going down in the dark waters, but is not the hand of him who caught hold of Peter to save him, on the sea of Gennesaret as merciful and as ready to save now as then!

I believe God is good.
I believe man may be good.

That is my creed, beyond which I can only faintly perceive many things. Of human nature I expect great things — the realization of all our ideas of perfection — God dwelling in every soul. In sin do I ever commit that causes so deep repentance as to believe evil of one, or to have a shadow of a doubt of all mens love of truth, of honesty and of things good. I find in myself so many excuses for evil doers that sometimes I am constrained to think I must be evil or I could not do it.

Afternoon.

We had a funny time at dinner to-day. We have a new boarder who is a little "n — you know"

as little Snip. Phil would say. Something was being said, about Sermons and Ministers, when he stepped into the conversation in a most ludicrous way nearly upsetting the gravity of some of us. The sight of him is not calculated to produce sober faces. He has a smiling, almost childishly innocent face and eyes quite unsteady. Generally before he comes in the house he goes to the pump, washes himself, and comes in all dripping. He never combs his hair but it stands out in every direction as if he had just seen a ghost.

Poor man - what can have made this world confusion in his brain?

This is the very same old pen I wrote my first letter with to you, last Fall in Barnstead.



I brought it off with me by mistake and have hardly used it since. You will have noticed that sometimes it makes a mark and again it will not. I remember that first letter very well, better than you do, I hope.

This first sheet of your letter, I think I might write over, about and around it all day. I can't tell how many times I have taken it up and laid it down.

Three weeks seemed a long time to me but I knew it was only a short time. It is with your letters something as with Dr. Holmes Professor. I expect that every month and should be disappointed if it failed to come.

I can hardly believe you have so much in the short while

you were gone. Do Forest City thought of as peculiarly your home? or are there painful associations connected with it from last Summers experience? — There is that weather and many other things that I shall look at - not now - The last page you requested one not to read, as it was foolish, so of course I could but obey. O

Were you really sick when you finished this second sheet? Why - I hope we shall be better, if no dearer friends "in the thereafter" than here. I believe that is a question, however, which is allowed to wonder about from heart to heart unsettled. As we grow tired of and leave each other in this life as many do in the life to be."

Mrs. Wakefield says he is heartless which I dont think is true, and

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but I verily believe that he never will love his wife, if he ever has one, as well or any better than he does you. I know this is nothing to any point, I was only thinking of him as a most unusual friend. He says you have an idea of living together. You have a little too much in common, things to quite different, to form a happy family of two. No. I dont know but he is practical enough to be cook, I should think you would do finely - if he never had to wait, but he is the most impatient man I ever saw. Impatient of delay I mean.

Papa, I mean Father preaches in Bloomington, Illinois to-day, he is gone there to stay

a month or six weeks, & hope you may see him before we do. Hiram to dont tell any body of such an unfilial desire.

Ah! Ah! how could you mention Radical Abolitionism such an awful hat day. I am heartily glad you are not an political Reformer of the fiery kind. What for! I dont know I am sure, unless we get tired of having every body like us. I get sick of myself sometimes and like any body that proves me all wrong. Sometimes I am sick of learning, of wisdom, dont care any thing about genius, dont want sensible friends, but love to be silly and love silly people. And sometimes I think every body in the world but



myself most shamefully tame. Even Stephen Foster is weak because he speaks and words destroy strength. I would have every man assert his manhood and be king of himself, and every black man gain freedom at what ever cost, My reasonable self would have every man be a man apart from all other men. Believe, think and act whatever is true to himself. I hate copies, and a parody of a great man is the meanest thing in the world. I like better a man who is all wrong and even wicked if he only have force, originality and a way of his own in doing things, rather than I do a good, pious little frightened creature who goes dodging about, forever afraid of hitting somebody. There are some things

which are incompatible with Common
sense and show a little, if not a
depraved, soul, and a northern
pro-slavery man I count the
least among the little and an
anti-temperance man the vilest
among the wicked but farther
than that I judge not, but if
a man be sincere, it is enough.

I like your letter for what
you say of Cropsey.

"Who read" the "Ministers Wooing"
indeed. We got another
Atlantic yesterday. I wonder
if Mrs. Stowe takes dead
delight in deaths, and in
breaking somebody's heart! The
most unexpected blow I ever
received, was James death.
In a story, of course. But
doesn't she talk eloquently of

somethings? What think you of the Professor's secret?

Monday 25

If I send this letter to you this morning will you get it next Saturday noon? I have been finishing a letter to Papa to send this morning and did not think of sending yours until a few minutes ago. I have not said any thing and should not if I should mark five sheets more. My will is very good. I intend to be very busy this week. I dont know what I shall do, only I have a disposition to accomplish a great deal before I see my nineteenth year. I would like to learn to be a little of a woman before that time but I fear

that is impossible as I am not through Arithmetic yet. I dont know but I am likely to be a child until I am twenty-five.

Our morning "Journal" has just been brought. Thank God for Peace! Hurrah for Napoleon III! Hurrah for Victor Emanuel!

I would have had Venice from Francis Joseph's thoughts.

It becomes my duty to close. Oh! how fearful is this War. Another is reading kindnesses of French Soldiers. I love them all, French and Austrian.

Well - aren't you! I am. When shall I have a letter from you. This week perhaps. I dont expect one for two weeks.

Respectfully,

Lenna Marie.

Not in Minneapolis Minn

"Saturday Night" July 23d 1859

Good Evening Serena— I am here you see - excuse me for being so late — I trust you did not spoil some supper on my account. —

I took "tea" (minus the tea) in Minnetonka to night. It is very unpleasant there. It rains and is chilly - Isn't it quite excusable in me to wish to escape. Its very pleasant here at all events — It might be very costly to travel over the road from there to here, as often as I do, if I were not for my "pass". A very pretty, pleasant route is this from Minneapolis to Somerville; through green fields all the way. — Thank you, I will be seated - It is Saturday eve recollect, and I dont propose to return till Monday morning — Take a seat yourself too — there, Very coly and pleasant you appear now — I ought (to make the picture complete) to feel very chatty & Communicative, but I dont, — I am passively glad to see you — or if active, I do not show it in words, — How and What are we in Minnetonka? — Since last week we have recovered somewhat from the effects of the intense heat, Sunday Evening brought us a heavy thunder shower & since then it has been steadily growing cooler. There has been a decided change in the atmosphere too. That thunder

shower divided the season. The air has a mild flavor of Autumn in it — The premonitory symptoms of the ripe year are beginning to be felt — I can scarce keep from thinking of the glistening frosts, first venturing to show itself in low secluded valleys and out of the way nooks and corners - emboldened by its success, it nibbles at the melons & tomatoes & by & by the stalwart corn suffers — How the hickory nuts will be picked up as soon as dropped, by the first little red Squirrels — The woods will put on crimson and gold — The broad calm harvest moon will shine — And then the soft hazy Indian Summers — September and October: — New England will swarm with "paring bees" — You never saw one — and your education isn't complete

"When I remember all"

— the "paring bees" — all the bright eyes — all the rosy cheeks — all the cherry lips — of all the famous girls - who used to congregate at — all the paring bees: — I instinctually wipe my eyes and sorrowfully gaze at the places where buttons ought to be, and at the tadpoles which exemplify the truth of the saying that a "hole will wear longer than a patch" (on bachelors garments at least.)

Yes Autumn is coming — Excuse me: I didn't intend to make that the application to the last paragraph above: — I was about returning to the subject at the top of this page.

— Autumn is coming —

Sunday — Monday — Tuesday —, January, February, March: — Spring Summer, Autumn: — Years, Decades — Centuries, How they sweep by. The "thought train" by which I came here to-night, is hardly swifter than the rushing "Time Express" — It behooves us to see all then is worthy to be seen along the way for we shall never travel this road again.

I shall never forget the horror that fastened on me, at hearing my brother say to some one who had made the remark (in the evening) "Another day is gone" — "Yes, we are one day nearer the grave-yard." — I was a little fellow then, six or seven years old. I had noticed the procession of day & night, of the seasons and years, yet had never thought of them in that fatalist way. Every day seemed to me, so much clear gain. I had expected to die sometime, but a day or month did not seem to make any difference to me.

"Another day nearer the graveyard" — Inevitable, Inexorable. The sun went down — like a keen blade severing the past from the future. — "Going — going — gone" — the hammer falls like a knell — To-day struck off — forever: — and we are "Another day nearer the graveyard"

It haunted me, weeks and months, — and so long as memory is spared to me, the dread and horror with which I saw day after day go by forever

will be a vivid and painful remembrance. Life is very sweet to me now, more so than at times heretofore, but the flight of Time does not fill me with dread, — I may do yet very much, if I use well my time.

I have not been to Maple Grove yet perhaps I will next week — should be very happy to carry a kiss or so to Jessie for You. They are dear good folks there, are they not? Did I ever tell you, that I saw Mary Evans once before she was married and ~~had~~ made up my mind to fall desperately in love with her at the first favorable opportunity — John Eddy came before the opportunity did — so I transfer the intended affection to little Jessie — I must get her miniature by & by. Sixteen Years — only forty. That will do!

It is odd, that after having made so many visits to Somerville, I am so little acquainted with its local geography — I only know that its a pleasant suburban village on a road leading out from Boston — lying a little north of west and two or three miles from the City. I have never even noticed the house you live in, How queer — There's but two characters in the Old Mythology ~~& but had~~ that hasent their eyes open to take notes of the way, — one ~~was~~ is blind & the other is afflicted with sore eyes & has them bandaged to protect them from "More Sight" which, from the days of Rome down to the Last Minnesota Legislature has always been injurious to the administration of Justice,

Sabbath July 24.

Good morning, — I wonder if my "letter writer" isn't almost used up, as well as yours. I'm sure I haven't anything to say that can interest you — so stupid I am. If there's anything it must be a review of your letters, two of which I haven't answered, but have been saving them for an emergency like this. One of them dated July 10th, the other July 14th. Really Serena, you do think of me as often as once in four days sometimes, — you have thought of me fourteen times within a year, for which I am abundantly thankful. Thanks & good wishes must be of very little weight, or you would be quite overpowered with them. If they are oppressive tell me so & I won't do so any more. (out loud I mean).

I have partly answered yours of July 10th yet I dont know but I shall have to do it all over again, for it seems as fresh and new as ever I think it has grown since a week ago — How? — Grown into me, as grass roots grow into potatoes sometimes. I never knew a potato to be killed by it. — perhaps I may survive — tho' the effect on cabbages may be different from what it is on potatoes. — "Better take some medicine & go to bed" did you say — I think so too,

— You think Serena quite fit for you to wear as a name & dont wish ~~you~~ me to call you Mary — I dont intend to — louder than a whisper. I'm quite willing that your name should be Serena, — known and described as proud, haughty, & worldly — between you and I however, your name is Mary, or Marie, rather, according to my dictionary. I wonder if any one else knows it, except your father and mother. It's almost as hard work to find out some persons real names, through character, as they say it is in Arkansas to find out a person's outside name. It is said to be customary upon being introduced to a man in Arkansas, to take him aside and inquire confidentially of him, what his name was before he moved to ~~Arkansas~~ there.

So I take it, your real name is Marie, but you have assumed a convenient alias — Serena — — for your safety I will not expose the cheat to the world.

Thank you for the offer of a "seat by Mother at table" "opposite Pet and I", Expect me always on Saturday night, I shall be there whether you see me or no. — And with you too, when you "go to hear Whipple" or Emerson — or — or —.

Theodore Parker — It seems too bad if we must lose him — he has done much though to free the world from the billious, dyspeptic, slavery of spirit to form, but the work isnt finished

What a gaunt grasping remorselers fiend is church intolerance. If Parker was merely a political enemy, he would be honored by his opponents and persecutors, for honesty and fairness & when dead, would rest quietly from their torments; — but the church persecutor is never satisfied. They will now rejoice over his sufferings and gloat over his departure (through the agony of death) for the bottomless pit, there to receive swift & dreadful retribution

Happy will those Reverends be, if in Heaven they are allowed a front seat in the Orthodox theatre, so that they may see the Play of the "Damned" performed — and see their Brothers and Sisters, their Mothers and wives among the players.

It that not inexpressibly horrid? And yet have not you heard sentiments equally fiendish uttered by men in white neckcloths? I have.

What a howl of exultation will arise when they have chased Parker into the pit,

— — — Here you have something which I must quote. It is better than you thought it was when you wrote it, It will do to keep — though perhaps you can think things enough better than that, so that you dont need to keep it

"We should have confidence enough in a friends penetration to believe he will see all of us that it is necessary "for him to know" — It is only from the under current, a scrap of the interior life of

of my correspondent - not Jessie but Marie.

Now that is one of the things that a man wouldnt think of in a thousand years. It makes me almost afraid of you again - and not exactly afraid either; - but it sets me to thinking of all the fine threads of thought and feeling that run through a womans life. Men have nerves. - a few - great ones - they dont lie so near the surface & are not so sensitive as are those of woman - but if you have a relish for things tragic, you have only to watch the effect of the severing of one of those nerves.*

"It is not a matter of course that little Jessie will be the world heartless" is it!

Perhaps You have seen but one side of it, as yet. Though your history seems otherwise - You are so constituted that you forget the dark pic=tures. God grant that you may never find the world heartless - I dont believe You will. - You ask if you shall not say Farewell Yes - for an hour - You with me Hafspinus - and say Adieu. I have often wondered that that word Adieu; - "to God" is not used more. It seems to me to mean more than all the other leave takings. - You dont know how much that letter is worth to me - It is good - very good and I thank you more and more as I read it again and again. You will write more like it will you not?

And here too is a sheet written July 14th (more than I expected) in reply to mine of July 7th —
Yours is from the wash tub — which was most tiresome — Writing to me — reading my letter — or washing?
You've declared that you dont like to work — now what excuse have you for writing to me.
"Martyrdom in the Nineteenth century" — I suppose it must be — a martyr to a friend,
Sometimes "imagine what" you "would, — not what" you "do say"? — Yes — we all think poetry, & feel the fire and enthusiasm of the poet, but we dont speak it — and much of it I believe is beyond words. But this impulse and enthusiasm is told from one soul to another in a language not to be misunderstood.
"Weak and wise if you please, while "your sex are strong but —" foolish I suppose — Well if you please, we will admit it,
"I wonder if you dont sometimes get vexed" — Yes — foolishly too, but not as often as I used to — I find that it isnt wise to do it,
"If you wont one of these days get vexed "with me and want me to send my portfolio of "letters back to you" It is possible — the last part perhaps — but I shall never quarrel with you — I could not — I do not wish to live

like such a thing could be possible. What made you think of such a thing?

And the letters. I suppose you will have a right to retain them, till I return yours and at present I cannot imagine any probable event whereby you will be able to get them. Then will be little left of them by & by. In absorbing them, they form a part of "I and mine".

I have written much nonsense haven't I, & little sense? It is time that it is stopped, by and by I hope to write you something better. — Give My Love to Your folks all — Remember me to Winkfield, & to Marie. I trust that even haughty high blooded Serena will not quite forget me. Please Write soon. And May you be ever happy —

Ever Yours

George

Thursday Eve July 28th 1859

Serena

There is no reason why I should write — I have no excuse — neither will I apologize, but I will write. Cannot I plead time sometimes —?

Its very still & quiet to-night & I have not much else to do:— The "Atlantic" for August is here though, and unread. You dont suppose that what I write, will be of more value to me, than would the perusal of a Chapter in the Atlantic? I dont if You do. Tomorrow I shall be very busy as I am going away the next day, to be absent for several days and perhaps I may not be able to visit You on Saturday P.M. next:— with Ink & paper at least. but I shall be there — look with your eyes closed & You will see me. I have just returned from Maple Grove. Dont you wish You could have been there with me? What beautiful home-lives Mr & Mrs Austin, and Mr & Mrs Eddy live. How happy they seem to be. Why is it, that every body dont live so! I would have got Jessie's picture to-day but for an accident. Mrs Austin was going to come down (to Town) to day & Miss Jessie was coming with her. Yesterday Mrs A. received a Sprain that would prevent any walking exercise, so she did Not come. Jessie is really handsome. I thought

I could detect some such a look in her eyes
** as Willie has. It might be all a fancy.
The people at the Cove are all in good health
& spoke of your "handsome" &c &c. Croffut told me
to-day that you had written another letter, which
he would publish to-day. I do not see the
paper. Is it a fact — that you dont care "if nobody
but you" (G.B.D.) "reads them" (letters)? Join with me
to criticise? Wouldn't I look well, reviewing
to you in mis-spelled words and meaningless
sentences, the defects in your writing. Excuse me.
And then besides you do care whether or no
some one reads your newspaper letters. Couldn't
I name twenty five persons in this town, any
one of which you would care about and whose
good opinion you would give infinitely more
for, than for mine? Unjust is it? No I guess
not. — Your last letter, as I said, I've not seen
yet. But Croffut says its good — There you have
his opinion. Mrs Chowen says you dont write
as good letters for the paper as you do to your friends
Thats her opinion (She looks through her heart
& not from her eyes & doesnt consider the differ-
-ence in the circumstances) Some say the letters
are "smart" etc. I wouldnt venture an opinion
lest I fall into the same mistake that Mrs Chowen has.
Oh here's the bottom of the half sheet, & I must write no more

Somerville Aug. 5 1859

George,

Mama has gone into the City but she did not take your letter, as I meant she should, so I will add a little just to tell you that this is one of my good days, very bright. Through the clouds outspread the sky."

It was very pleasant to get what you wrote to me a week ago last night." It was as well I think as for me to read a Chapter in the Atlantic unless by Dr. Holmes or Mrs. Stowe or some other writer of equal brilliancy and power."

Going away you said "

You have come home now, haven't you?

With your letter we received two from Father. He almost made up his mind to go to Minneapolis and then resolved not to go. I am sorry. It would seem like going myself, and then too he wants to go so much. He has preached in B. two Sundays and is to preach two more before coming home. He dont say whether or no thing like him. I presume of course they do. Every body does but Cook and Co. Baker and "Pioneer" and they aren't anybody.

Then you have been to Maple Grove. Are you going to give Josie your face?



It would make a nice play thing for the little Lady.

As a good friend I warn you against flattering yourself with vain hopes of the future. Ah - it must be said, sad to build such a castle and only to have it fall to the ground.

Eyes a little like Chicks. He is a beauty, but he is fast growing out of his baby hood into a boy. Papa carried him to the City one day and when he came back he looked like any thing but any Pet who went away. They had cut his hair close to his head and he has not been quite the same since though when he puts his face close up to mine and asks me if his beauty is not coming back

I have to say yes, every bit of it."

I have been reading some to-day in Miss. Cobb's Essay on Morals." I like it very much indeed." — I have not done every thing this week nor this year which I had intended to do, but I know other weeks and other years will come."

I dont write such good letters for the papers as for you! Nothing singular in that. I dont intend to. I dont mean to write any more. I have got tired of it."

You dont see how I could do you, if I write every day to you? Oh I shall stop doing that one of these days, but only you dont you were lonesome. I am so kind-hearted you know.

Lorena.

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No 16 W. Milton Ot fowd

Somerville. Aug. 3. 1859.

George, —

I am tired but I am going to rest writing to you.. I intended to write Sunday, as is my wont lately, (but to no one but you) but as we had company I could not, for it would not have been polite to talk privately on paper I suppose.. Mr. Wakefield spent the day with us, much to our enjoyment and, I hope, not to his discomfort.

Your letter came very quick. I received it Saturday.. It is very soon to get news be=-tween the Sundays from one so far away.. Is it far? I have a theory which Mother does

not accept and maybe you will not." It is this – that only to the natural man, to what of us is earthly and human does time and space count as any thing. You may say that that is every thing." that if there is any of us that is not human it is so enshrouded in our humanity as to appear only once in a while and then only for a brief season, to be ignored by us." Perhaps it is so. At any rate I do not pretend to have any more divine in me than I give to others and if you say "it is all a fancy" I will try and think so — I guess."

Your letter found us well and happy, and we are so still." Papa, I told you, had gone



to Bloomington, Illinois. We have heard from him several times since his arrival there." He likes the place and people, I believe. The movement to create a more liberal Church there causes, of course, some flutterings and real sincere alarm among the so-called illiberal party. I really pity true believers in orthodoxy." They are honest in thinking that salvation is alone with them – they cannot see it otherwise, and christian love in their hearts toward us only makes our condition and opinions the more fearful and dangerous in their eyes." I wish they could believe differently. Would not they smile, and with justice too, to hear a little girl

so devoutly desire that they, the learned Doctors and Divines might have a little of her wisdom? Oh! mighty I."

I had a letter from Mr. Croffut a week ago. He gives me full particulars of the fuss between the good folks of our two Towns relating to the Fourth of July Celebration of the Sabbath Schools."

How indignent he (Mr. C) is. I wonder he was so courteous in his paper as he was, though at the time I thought him not too polite toward the strict sects. "Mr. Croffut told me the point of difference between him and myself." He dont think the fault womans that she is so weak and fearful." He must think himself of most heroic blood

to bear without a murmer our many sins and follies. I rather suspect he never took them home.

Dont you think I ought to leave your letter so long?" I have been thinking of it all the time" You were with us" I knew it" You are every Saturday night and every Sunday" I am glad you dont drink tea" Cold water will stay cold & never fear if you and sometimes a little tardy dipper will keep"

I am glad it is not so hot in Minnesota as it has been. A letter from Mr. Howse to-day says Minnesota is being blessed abundantly with promises of a good harvest" May they be fulfilled.

"I am not sorry to see that autumn is coming". Death and the end of time I never think of without a shudder but I am never sorry to see one day go and another come. I suppose it is the trifling value I set on time which makes me so careless of its flight" — To me also, life is very dear" I know not what to desire more than I have"

Is it because Maple Grove so sweet that the thought of it is so delightful? Bless little Jessie" I should pity the man who could not fall in love with Mary" I think you were very stupid to wait for an "opportunity" Why not have have made the then present time do?

Excuse the looks of this letter, my ink is perverse



It is fortunate that it was as it was" If you had gained an Angel another man would have lost one" But is she quite human like the rest of us? — I have intended to write to Mrs. Austin and once begun a letter to her but I am afraid I shall never hear from them if I wait to finish it or begin another. Is Chester Evens a particular and intimmate friend of yours? I heard so once.

Your "Letter Writer" used up! Oh! It is inexhaustable. I am not a bit afraid" But I am really puzzled sometimes to know where you get so much to say to every body. Now it is natural for me to write to you with yours before me

to suggest and call forth, at least four sheets, full, of nothing in particular in reply, but I cannot usually, with much trying, write more than one sheet of Commercial Note to any other Correspondent. — Yes, I was reminded of you by your letters and so thought of you "once in four days". Dont be thankful, for that was only once, and does not call for gratitude I think, in a way, compelled to think.

I cannot bear to think that we must give Mrs. Parker up, but I fear we may never hear him, if we do Phipple and Emerson. The last time I heard from him was in a letter to his Society's Annual Picnic and I

sent that to you." I think Dr. Holmes poem in this months Atlantic means "Mr. Parker do not be spoiled because you think you have stood the worlds abuse so long and nobly". Have you read Parker's Letter to his Society yet?

Yes - I would write more letters like that one you like so much if I could, but I think it is more in my friend than in my letter and that I never shall please you so well again."

"Which was most tiresome - writing to me - reading my letter - or washing"?

All "tiresome" enough. I write to you, I suppose, because my present life is so full of joy

and the road I am travelling so smooth, I am afraid that, without some trial, some exercise of patience, some forbearence and show of fortitude I should slide along none knows whither.

I do not believe you have a more Christian reason for writing to me than I have for writing to you. Dont trouble, I do it for my good and not for yours. It is because I need to be a "martyr to my friend" that I am one.

I have only touched lightly on a few things in your letter. I intended to do nothing more. Excuse me but some of it will not bear of a cool review. No, no I do not mean that, what do I mean? It is as much as I can afford to do to read it, isn't



that what I mean? You said you would never be vexed with me, you know.

For a wonder it is pretty warm to-night. Every body I see has a red face and looks all over "It is so hot." It is pleasant to have something beside a winter day. It has been cold all summer. I cant see what need people have of going to the White Mountains.

Mr. Wakefield thinks of going to the East Indias, as he has probably told you before now.

Five years, or six, is a long time to be away from home and friends. He wants you to go with him, he says.

Good-night - Good-bye.

S

Thursday 4

Good-morning. I feel ever so much better than I did yesterday. Play you dont know where you got the three sheets I have written. I dont like to expect a letter and be disappointed. and this will be late enough to count it? ——— ———

Good afternoon — Mercury has risen since morning. It is decidedly hot. — Did you really think I thought you fretted about the weather or any thing? It was all a mistake. But I dont like pretty folks, do you? They are dreadfully disagreeable I fret sometimes and I am very hateful sometimes thoughtful

Why did'nt you come and see us last Summer? You were in Minneapolis two or three weeks (was'nt it longer) and never came near us only once, and then not to see us but Prof. Daniels. I thought you did not like us.

Do you know when I last saw you you were Mrs. Wright? I was so little acquainted with him. I was thinking of Mrs. Wright when I wrote 'him'; I guess. Do you ever think of our acquaintance as being simply a paper one. I suppose if I were to see you you would be to me as to the world, a man with his soul all out of sight.

And what a stiff little Miss I should be to you, and you would" wonder if I ever saw her or if I know any thing about her"! How the outside and the common place would surround and enthrall us." My Correspondent George, I wonder how much different I should find him from our Caller Mr. Wright before whom I was always a child." Not any I dare say"

There is a shower coming up." How fast the rain cloud is coming up and enveloping the thunder cloud. The wind has a rushing, quick ~~st~~ sound as it comes through the trees which nod and quiver and send fourth such a wailing



song." Emerson says a tree is an inorganic man and seems ever to be seductingly implore to be let loose from its imprisonment in the ground." You love the trees so well, cannot you understand what they would say to you? Every thing in Nature is only concrete forms of something in us - to Mr. Emerson." They call him the Godless one - the worshiper of the first person I." I am almost afraid he has one other worshiper at least." Have you read James Russells Lowell's "Fable of Critics"? Mr. Wakefield read it to me Sunday while Mother was in meeting." We did not go to meeting only for a few minutes in the afternoon. We went into your

Church, "God's first Temple" for a little while. How grand and majestic were the woods! and we listened reverently and in silence to the sublime teachings of the Living Pines. Your friend said he could better endure the dust and conflict of the city, during the coming week, for the sacred calm of those few moments.

I must stop. When shall I hear from you - next week Wednesday or Thursday. To-morrow is the last day of another year of my life. Good-bye Nineteenth Year. How much it has given me! Do you be thankful with me.

May Peace be yours.

Serena.

Winslow Aug 17. '59

Dear Uncle, [To Calvin W. Clarke]

The carryall did not reach us ~~un~~ till last night. The water is so low that the boats do not run on the river, therefore it was stored in Hallowell until sent for. It came in very good order, wedding cake and all.

We thank you and aunt for thinking of our comfort and happiness so often, though I fear the carriage will not prove so useful to us as you hoped it would. Charles thinks it too heavy for one horse to draw often on our hard, hilly roads. Perhaps we can have it fixed for two horses and have a great ride once in a while.

Charles says he will take your horse to board next winter if you wish it.

thinks it will be worth two dollars per week while she must be kept up. If any of the time she can run out to pasture it will not be worth so much. He says he shall have no occasion to use her, if he harnesses her at all it will only be when he thinks it for her health.

Many thanks to aunt for her kind letter. It was just as good as new when we got it. Charlotte claims the new calf and takes the principal care of it. The bees have some of them seen the reality of fire and brimstone and we are living upon their honey. With much love to all

Yours. truly

Emily C. Stratton

At Home (for it is Home) West Milton Oh—
3 o'c P.M. Sabbath Aug 21. 59

Serena? or Marie? — Yes!

Peace and Joy be with you — may God bless and prosper you — Amen — Yes "Again I take my pen in hand" — Again — what a tide of thought and feeling comes with that word. The calm pleasure of the past like a sleeping lake where unconsciously two souls are mirrored; — The present, a wild rushing river of tumultuous joy and gladness — and the great earnest hope of the future clear bright, glowing and sure as the old mountain peaks that were first to welcome me back, with old familiar faces. It seems awkward for me to take up my pen "again". How weak, how poor it seems. So much to tell. It is like draining the Atlantic (not the paper one) through a gimlet hole. This finding vent for feeling through the little sparkling point of the pen. And this is the commencement of a new series — a letter that sets out with one thing (as a starting point) of greater moment & than perhaps almost any thing else that may ever happen to us, — more and greater to us, at least than all the letters we

have ever as yet written— How will it look on paper! Have you realized or will you till you see it staring you in the face, in characters as decided and indelible as the work of the fates, the depth and scope of the "three mystic words"— or what vitality and meaning they give to all our hopes and aspirations in life?

How with those words, much that was blank and meaningless in us, bursts out into vivid intelligence, as the sunlight paints the Chemists "Magic Tree" in the richest colors of the summer landscape

There is something awful in this awakening to such a new life. That which we call death does not more surely or with a keener blade separate two worlds, than does the expression of these same little "three words"

My pen— you know not what is just back of you, or with what meaning laden, are the words dropped from your lightning-tipped lips.

Most words go from the brain straight to the fingers. The idea is born of marble, a clear cold statue on paper; but the "three words" follow not merely the nerve threads to the finger ends. They sweep through the heart and brighten and glow there, and they swell in a thrilling tide, along the (now too narrow) veins, — tremblingly yet earnestly, with a great noble purpose, they are woven into forms on paper that are to us as our very lives. I feel it all — I hope & appreciate it rightly, and the heart confession "I love you" is a record now and ever on — this page —

Where shall I begin to talk? You must help me in it. It would take far greater skill than mine, do to train and marshall the individuals, "horse foot & dragoons" of Noah Webster's "Grand Armee" that they might bear off my thoughts and feelings in triumph to you

I beg leave to remind you of something you have yourself said "look through this poor covering of words and feel what I would say"

I try to put on a staid or at least a "respectable" face, and cannot do it. There are too many bright lights of joy in my heart, that 'tis useless for me to try to keep them from shining out through the upper windows — and I don't try to prevent it much. I am happy, very happy — and I never knew exactly what the meaning of that word was:— till now. Perhaps even now I have not learned it. As I said, a day or two ago, to you — we have both capabilities for loving, beyond everything we have yet known, and yet to me it seems impossible for me to love more than I do now. How lavishly extravagant is this same human love. Is it possible for love Divine to be more so?

Here are your two letters - July 26 - Aug 15. "Last of an illustrious race" - As ever "I thank you" for them most sincerely. How they fill out and give amplitude to the packet. It would be strikingly deficient without them. I will not look at them in the full sunlight of the present - Trees are all in full leaf now; but when those letters were written the buds had hardly started. - I will try to go back to Minneapolis & "play" that when I left town "for a few days" I went west instead of East, as you supposed I had. How pleasant it is to go back to a land of Doubt (for a few minutes) at a time when such a thing can only exist in imagination. The real doubt and distrust is not pleasant is it?

How sweet then seem these two letters. I have been to South City for instance and have just returned to Minneapolis - Do you remember a question that Lucy Snowe asked herself when she received Dr. John's first letter. "Will it be kind?" - and she says "It was kind" and in saying it she has unconsciously told all that words can tell, of her dependence on that letter. These letters are kind. As I look on both sides of them, they are very kind and good and true. You are "glad to hear from" me and "would like to see" me you say. I hope you may always say so. - It depends much on me though, and I have no fears but you will always be ready to say all that and more - If I do but try to do well,

Monday Aug 22d — How do you do to-day? — You don't know how hard it is for me to write. It seems that I must have friends here, else I would not be interrupted so often — I hope to finish — no not finish, but to write enough to load one envelop: — what will you think of me if I cannot write now? I ought not to feel dumb — nor do I. But how can I — of all these things, tell which to say first —

There is one thing that comes to my lips (to my fingers rather) and pleads to be told at the beginning of every sentence — It is not long — "three words" will express it.

It has been two or three hours since I commenced writing the above — I have been telling my mother of a "little girl" in Massachusetts. (Explanation — I use the words "little girl", because, one who ought to know better than I, has called her so). I have been modest, nor told half the merits which I know she possesses, to say nothing of all those things which I guess at. Yes I have been modest — did you ever hear of a lover who was otherwise, when speaking of — — —

My mother cried — and yet she was not

sorry I think - though she said it hardly seemed right - that anybody should do thus with "her baby" (perhaps you will remember I am some nine years younger than my youngest brother)

I did feel more like Mother's baby than for many years before - I have told you that we are (have been) strangers here at home - It is very much so now, but I have seen a little of the depth of tenderness in a Mother's heart, of that feeling which a too sensitive nature may conceal even from the dearest ones.

My dear, dear Mother - She tells me "Be good to her - be kind to her" And says that many of those things, that mean so much to a woman - those little kindnesses and attentions, always seemed light & frivolous to Father;

I feel sad Marie - Do you not see the image of a heart in life-long solitary confinement - an imprisonment more dreadful than that by bar & bolt, - all waiting for a kind appreciating word. But my Father is not a bad nor unkind man. He does much better than he would dare to say,

I am frightened almost - because you love me - frightened to think that perhaps I may make your life an unhappy one, - What spider-web filaments of feeling there are in woman's nature - A single rude word may do inseparable injury

God help me, I have not learned to control my tongue altogether. What if I should say some=thing that would make you turn pale and bring the tears to your eyes - I have reason to be fearful & thoughtful.

Yet you are calm and strong - you will not shrink and give way, even should I do wrong you - You will love me still, and teach me better & I will - love and learn.

I have promised never to get vexed with you. & will try & to do keep that promise.

Your pictures - Im a real miser so far as they are concerned - how like they are, and how diffferent. Serena is in the final. The other is Marie. I study & wonder over the one. I love the other - One is as Your Father said a Queen; the other a Nun. Were ever names more fitly chosen. You really did not know that you were a Marie as well as a Serena. I did not know that the two characters were so clearly defined. Is not Marie growing fairer than Serena?

Think you did Serena go into the grove with me eight days ago? I almost hope she did not, for I would equally dislike an action for breach of promise, or bigamy. Is it possible. What was it Horace Mann said (?)

It is almost a year since I first wrote to you -- Only a year, & what a change - Is it not dreadful to think of - only a few months ago, so only a little while since I dared to think of you. Can you forgive me? and is it possible that you can love me - Why didnt you love somebody that is somebody - like Mr Crofut?

The ways of a womans heart are queer though Senna - I cannot be sensible if I try & I dont try very hard. You dont know much about me but you will speedily find out now & find too the truth of what I have been ever telling you -- I stop writing all about & around the events of the past three weeks - Has the world indeed grown so much in so short a time, does the sun shine so much more brightly - Im not hopeful, very, you know, and have always learned to think that the nearest & dearest hopes & wishes are the very ones that will never be realized - Is my philosophy going to fail me all at once? I hope so.

I've succeeded in writing so much and poor enough too, it is, but I remember you said once to me - "When one is visiting, one's time is not one's own" and that "when I wish to write my best it proves to be my worst" forgive me Yes I know you will - Sweet Sleep, calm and peaceful - and - God with you. Good bye (with a kiss) till tomorrow. George

Tuesday Morning Aug 23/59

Marie – A good Morning to you – Im glad to see you this morning – I think of you "once in four days" I believe, and yet it will be a week from the time I left B. bfore you can hear from me. And I am real ashamed of what I have written, when I have so much to say, such things to say & write so very poorly, but my opportunities have not been the best. I shall depend on your letters – write to me often and much. I have a good will to do the same, and whatever I fail short now I promise to make up when I return to Minnesota. This place is very much "out of the way" – We used to have a mail every day, now it is only twice a week – We are three miles from the Post Office – The direction is West Milton Vt. Letters can not come or go quite as often as I could wish – perhaps we do not need to write so often. I believe I am with you in Somerville about half the time and – the other half – are you not here? It is very difficult to be sensible just now. And there are some things which you are expecting to hear me talk about, ×that I dare not undertake

as yet. but all these things are not lost — and by and by you will hear all about my home and friends. My boyhoods play-places, and how it all seems to me now. You wished me to write you one letter from the Orchard — I fear I shall not be able to write you ~~to~~ a letter worthy of such an apple-ation as you mentioned. I have been to the Orchard Once — 'tis the saddest thing I have seen here. — They have gone away faster than my friends (what am I saying — they — the trees, are my friends as much as any I have here) — A hundred and fifty of them four years ago — they number now scarce half the number. A large one that I compared with the One in your garden has gone. All those that I visited with & under whose shade I used to dream away the September Sabbath Afternoons, are no more save in my memory — The ~~rest~~ others are dead at the top. The leaves small & pale — the sun shines fiercely & blindingly down & the earth is dry & parched below. The grass short & crisped.

I picked up an apple — It was large and nice, but ~~it~~ it didn't taste good. There were too many vacant spaces in the rows of trees

I do not like to go there — it makes me feel like an old man. I am prone enough to look at the dark side, and now that my heart is light. I would keep it so as long as may be — You are hopeful are you not? I think I may yet become so —

I see more change in the trees here than in aught else. There at the left of the house are some 20 or 30 trees that years ago I helped to plant. They were little things then, scarce larger than your finger (Excuse me — I forget — the trees would have been very small. It must have been my own fingers I was thinking of, but I have got in a way of confounding the ownership of that hand (your hand) ever since I held it in mine.)

I remember the day very well — a cold dark day in October. It seemed as though those trees could never be good for anything — There they are. Can it be possible? All of them — every one — men and women grown — broad & branching — a dense ~~go~~ cool shade beneath and a wealth of fruit above, now just beginning to patter down in drops of gold & crimson. I wonder have we grown as much as the trees — Here in the "front yard" close by the gate are two bunches of "laylocks"

They are large & broad now, but I remember when they were mere twigs & when they were placed there — right across the road is the very barway where nineteen years ago last June

I passed through on my way to school. & just then below where I stopped & listened to the first martial music that I ever heard — Nineteen Years ago last June. Dear Girl — It all comes back as vividly as though this were 1840 A.D. instead of 1859

You dont remember it do you?

My own most fanciful Day Dreams of that time never painted a Serena or Marie — Edna with the netted cap was all in all then — unless indeed she had come in opposition to bunch of cherries or basket of strawberries, when the latter would probably have won.

"Would it have be different now my dear Sir?" I hear some one saying. "If wealth or "honors were on the One side, & Serena M Ames "on the Other, would not you leave her for them". — I think not. You wouldnt either, if you were in my place. Do you notice anything in my writing of late, that resembles yours? It seems to me that I can recognise such a resemblance but I may be mistaken. In looking over some of this I have written, it reminded me of you — Is it all a fancy of mine or is it real? Yours has not changed — but it would be like my chameleon nature, that mine should.

Well — if I change, it is better that I change so as to be like you than otherwise. I say it again positively that I havnt a particle of individuality & never can have, just a mere patchwork made up from those I love — colored by contact with those around me. — Im ashamed of it but it cannot be helped. You have active, positive virtues, I may have some passive

No 1 West Milton O — " " Whole No 17

Somerville Aug. 26, 1859

George " —

To say forgive me, there is no need, is there? Do you not know I would have written if I could before? Yes — you do. I think if it were to be a much longer time that I heard nothing from you my heart would know no doubt. I have been very busy getting ready to be ready to go to Bloomington if we want to go, because we shall have but a very little time to prepare after it is decided. But why need I excuse? I need none from you " But I was so very very sorry not to write and if my letters are any thing to you that yours are to me you

may have been disappointed and I would not have you.

Your letter from home I received two days ago. Only after getting your letter did I feel was what it is to have said good-bye. I was sad when you went away but there was not much room in my heart for grief of any kind. It was enough that I had seen you; what if for a little time my eyes saw not your face? I was satisfied. Would you ask me if I am less so now? Yes and no. I rest as contentedly, in what is more than life to me, as then, but not then did the miles lengthen out between us so painfully; not then did I feel all my theories give way, my independence gone



and life lost. But, if you please, I am not going to say I want to see you so much, that the time long or short that you are away. It would be foolish and I dont, of course I dont want to see you.

You are "at home", "and it is home". I am so glad "Cet home", after so long a time, with your "dear, dear Mother". I love her. Why did she feel badly and cry when you told her of your little girl? I would not take her place in your heart nor have I, I will love her with you, that is all. You are like your Mother, are you not? I think I can see how little it might take to make you life Ah! so dark and wretched

and turn your heart, bleeding
and torn, in upon itself to moan
and it may be die, - only you
are a man and there would be
somewhat of bitterness, and there would be
Spring up
fiercer agony in your soul
than a woman would know.

You say you are sad. Can
not you break down the
barrier of strangeness that has
always been between you,
approach her heart with your
own and make her happier?
It is a sad and almost blight
ing thing, be we never so
conscious of the deepest love
to have our feelings crushed
and our hearts frozen by
a cold and too calm exterior.

I must not write longer
now — I am always with
you - am I not? Am I?

Your Marie.

Sabbath Aug. 28 [1859]

Good morning. A morning worthy of the day it is and it is a blessed day – is it not. I always was glad when Sunday came. Only two weeks ago to-day I meet you – for the first time? This day (the Sabbath) has done much to contribute to our acquaintance. For some months how regularly we have meet on paper and told each other somewhat of our inner self and also of the outer.

George – It is not very easy for me to write to you now. Do you wonder and think it strange? You remember what Dr. Holmes says is all that most women have to tell.

When you learned that from me did you not learn all of me there is to know? But I sometimes think you do not altogether know what I meant when I revealed to you a secret which is no more a secret. My heart is a castle with most obstinate doors that I myself can scarcely throw open when once closed. Walls of impenetrable reserve are self-built between my soul and other souls. Into the fields and garden and even into the front yard unto the very threshold many may come, but even they whose faces words and love decorate, light and keep warm all they of my heart rooms, even they stumble at the door-way & or turn away chilled by my inhospitality when I



would die if I might be hospitable. You have a right to enter in, explore and know all the recesses of my heart; at your bidding the door should swing back, the blinds be taken from the windows and the pictures unveiled, for are you not master of the mansion. You say "we part no more". That we have already begun a life where two hearts are blended into one; a life that will know no separate ends. That we henceforth and forevermore are to travel together toward God and goodness, or we know not what. So be it. Thanking our Father, my soul says Amen. It is a much more serious thing than we can yet feel it to be and it should be

with sober joy and a sincere prayer for infinite guidance that we begin our walk through life, hand in hand.

Without one fear, without one doubt, with perfect trust and entire love have I given myself to you. There is nothing for which I desire only to be more worthy of you. Yet - I would not live for you. I would live so that if you were separated from me I should not feel that all for which I lived had gone, my life objectless and blank. Does this seem cool to you? It does to me. My head says this and I feel that it is well but with one throb my heart forgets it all. Is it right that it should

Your letter you call
poor. It is more to me than
all the others though they
are priceless. Ah! How
can it make me very happy
to know that you give me
so much love? You call
me Marie and like it better
than Serena. I do if you do.
It is a name so sacred to you
no one else ever thought of calling
me by that name, and very
few know what M. is for.
I am Serena to every body
but only your Marie.

Afternoon.

A very calm, quiet day
but it seems a little too chilly
for August.

Are you happy with
your Mother? I hardly

realize you have any other
resistance in it but I presume
you have. Are you writing
me a letter to-day? I guess
so if you have no visitors to
see you. I thought surely
you should see Mr. Wakefield
to-day. He has not been
to see us since two weeks ago.
It seem a long time. Clark
right he placed himself in
the front ranks among my
best friends and he will
always stay there. Only
you and my friends at
home do I love more than
him. —— How bright the
Sunshine is - 'twas out for a
moment. It is under a cloud
now, just as bright though
it it is hidden from me.
You said there should no



cloud come between us - we
would be frank and sincere.
It will be so. When you
feel sad or grieved or hurt
or fearful I know you will tell
me so and I will try to be
as truthful and honest.

I am glad you like my
picture. I did not know
whether to give it to you or not.
Mother asked me some think-
ing by giving it to you.
I am glad I do not look
so homely to you as I used to.
or as I did at first. I
never can keep my face straight
when I think of how I looked
that first evening to you.
I like your picture better
than at first. I can supply
all expression that is lacking
and make it perfect.

Since you were here my life has glided on, to all appearance, as usual. There has been nothing to ruffle the smooth surface which presents itself to human eyes. I have read some, (not much) but have sewed most all the time, have eaten, drunk and slept as before you came but Oh! how different I am. to myself, or how different living is to me. I dont know as I should tell you all these things. Are you not a man such as you used to be? Tell me truly, would you not like me better if I were to leave all these things to be guessed and should smile more demurely, and, it may be, with more propriety? If you say yes it would no longer

be hard for me to do it, but, on the contrary, impossible to do otherwise." One little sentence will tell my story. I have only to tell it once, and close my lips forever, if you say so." But you wont say so, will you? You may with reason think me foolish, and perhaps I am." What shall I write about, tell me. I will write a composition every four days about any subject you please to mention."

"Just one particle of individuality". Alas — Yes, you have said so a good many times but I always pass it over with a smile and say "I dont believe it, and I dont care. I never care any body like you

It is only an unpleasant fancy of yours." I have found out, (I think) that it matters not what others think, that you always think as it pleases you,

After Supper.

This Sunday is almost gone to be no more." two weeks ago you were on Boston Common, about this time. Two weeks from this time in the future where will you be? It's a short time you were intending to stay at home. Three years is a long time to be away, three or even six weeks will be handy alone for so long an absence.

Do you ever think that absence is called a severe test of the reality of friendship and love? and that it may be? Many have fasted, met after many months or years and found that time had made a gulf, wide and deep, between their souls." I am not any afraid. I only thought of it."

I must only finish this page and write another." What a dear letter I got from you." I wish I could write such to you." I shall hear again to-morrow from you." So many times since I began writing have I come near doing on what I promised never to do on the third of my letter page." What do you think about my being "calm and strong"? I will try to be. I will try very hard to be very good.

I will try to be independent.. I will try to be what you would like to have me be, only I will not try to be anything because you want me to.

It is too dark to say any thing more. In the morning I will say, not "Good-by" but — I dont know what to. Good night — — Serena

Monday.

Good-morning." — It is very bright to-day. I feel well and happy. I hope you are. Are you quite well? It seems to me I might be a good girl this week. Do you know how much you help me to be good? I feel now, when naughty impulses arise, that, not only myself would be affected by yielding but another more than myself.. — — I will write again in a day or two — Adieu

Serena

Richmond

Williston Vt- August 27. 59

Serena

Good Evening - Im glad to see you again. How long it seems since I wrote you last — and since I saw you - can it be possible that it is little more than a week? So much crowded in to small space, A week ago I came home. Ha two weeks ago Cyrus & I were at your house. We (you & I) were neither of us quite so happy then, as a few hours later (say Sunday Eve'g There was then a very high & formidable wall between us - Three weeks ago - your birth-day - a Saturday Evening too - I see you now looking just as you did, when I (didnt see you - Cyrus would say; but I did see you & would have known who it was. if you had not spoken at all) — just as you looked when you said "George. is it you? Four weeks ago I was in Minneapolis withing only for racing boats & lightning trains. How much has been done in four weeks. All the wonders of our Metropolitan Cities, the very cities themselves have grown up from our faith & imagination into living positive realities. Sandstone, granite brick & mortar truths. I have seen more of

my native state within that time. Home in the nineteen years, when I was my only home — I have seen & learned more of the meaning of the word "Home", learned more of My Father & Mother — my brothers & Sisters, than all I knew before (little enough that is too,) — And I have caught a glimpse and tasted a breath of that strange holy Mystery, which we call love — of the sacred casket of treasures which some human being has, stored away within that veiled temple — the Heart — for almost every one of us — and I thank God for all this, and wonder why should I be so blessed. Can it be all real or do I still dream — Oh the walks. For all that counts for Eternity I believe I have lived more since I left Minnesota than all I ever lived before. Help me Serena to be what I now have some faint hope and a good deal of purpose to become, — better, truer, worthier."

You need not promise, you will do it — I know you will. I see it in those Eyes (Marie's eyes) — they are looking at me now. It seems as though I look out through those eyes as a prisoner might look out through the windows that are his only hope of escape, upon the green fields and calm lakes of a happier land rich in the promises for the future & glad and smiling in the sunshine of Heaven. Eyes are rarely opaque & these seem wondrously clear & transparent. You have watched the waters of a still lake have you not? When you stand aside you may see the lights of Heaven in them sometime — and when you look down directly upon them, when you look them "in the eye" you see — yourself.

I have almost fancied that I have seen a similar reflection in the "sun's eyes."

I have not heard from you since a week ago Thursday — 9 days — except what the pictures have told me — I hope there is a letter for me at West Milton P.O. I have not written to you as you expected I would — only once before now & then very poorly — I'm sure you cannot feel any worse about it than I do.

I've heard of people who were "in such a whirl" that they could do nothing. But for just such a reason I have not written more & better, but the faster I "whirl" — the more times I turn around in a minute, the more times I look in the direction of Somerville. What have I been doing since I wrote? Wednesday & Thursday I was visiting about home, Thursday evening I took the Cars for this place to see Mr & Mrs Silas Whitcomb — Mrs W used to be Carrie Murray (my cousin) — they were in Minneapolis 2 Years ago & Mr W. was there last year. They talk of

going back with me to Wm. in September
Carrie is a dear good girl - best of my
cousins - You have heard me speak of her
have you not? I arrived here at about 8½
P.M. only to find them gone to Stowe Vt to a
Universalist Convention & learned that
they were going to the top of Mansfield Mt
next day (yesterday) where a sermon was to be
preached &c. &c. So yesterday morning I started
for the Mountain, some 15 or 16 miles distant from
here. Teams carried us within some 2 miles of
the top of the Mountain Then we climbed about
four thousand feet & at 1½ P.M. stood upon the
highest of the many domes, spires and towers
that rise from this part of the Great
Temple. I never saw anything so grand. so
soul-filling in Nature before. The whole length of
Lake Champlain was before us to the west, just
a little bit of silver ribbon - In a very clear
day Montreal may be seen far off to the North
West, & a conical mountain in Canada, seven
=ty five miles away was distinctly seen
yesterday. To the north & south we looked
down upon Mountain peaks & ranges. East &
west were the valleys of the rivers, checked
into little squares of timber meadow & grain
field, each advertising itself by its very
diminutiveness as of the "pigmy works of
"mortal man" in the scene. why try to describe
it. Imagine everything great, inspiring and
sublime" You cannot but feel as I did
indeed you were with me & through those eyes

(Marie?) you looked out upon the scene
Slyly though, for there were so many people
there, that I could not let you look much,
without some one seeing you, The Universalist
Convention was in session on the very summit
Rev Mr Balch preached. Rev Messrs Ballou
Tillotson & others were there & made remarks
But how poor how unworthy of the place
it all seemed. Somehow it was not in such
a spirit as I hoped it might be and it
spoiled my worship, almost.
There were I think not less than 1500 people
on the mountain at that time, something like
1499 too many for me to enjoy the views thoroughly & fully. I doubt not some others wished
of me as well as I did of them - "If there
"just as convenient for you, I would like
"to see you leave". But you would hardly
think of going to the bottom of the Ocean or
to the top of a mountain to visit friends.
Strangely enough I there found not only
My cousins, but also Carrie's Father & Mother
(My Uncle & Aunt Murray — And all of
Mr Hawkins' people, cousins &c, Mr & Mrs
D.S. Rickford Miss & Mr Farrington & others from

East Highgate Vt. They are friends of Carrie's & seem like old acquaintances to me. I went down the mountain last Evening, on the East side of it instead of by the route I went up & stopped with my old & new cousins at Howe's. This A.M. we bade the Highgate-ers "Good Bye", they taking the cars for home & we by teams for this place. I am here, not tired, though getting time & opportunity to write this, only because all the others are quite worn out, tired & sleepy.

You must get acquainted with my cousin Persis - She isn't smart - yes she is - but not so talented as some, but she is so pleasant & genial, and has such a great sepering heart that it is real good to visit with her.

Well I must close - I will write more to-morrow though. So good bye till then. Think of me sometimes would you? And write too (?)

Affectionately Your -- George

Sabbath Evening Aug 28th - It is late - I was going to write to you - all this day, and Sunrise and Sunset both on fast, before I say my "How do you do?" But for all that, I have been with you all day, & need not write for I have been visiting with my cousins. What we have talked about - I will tell you when I see you again (if you will ask me).

This is another anniversary, on Sabbathday ago dear, you'll not forget that. How many there are yet to come. Will they each bring as bright & cheerful memories as does this one? I hope so. Another anniversary it is too. The golden year is full since I first took up a pen & "thought on paper" to you. How different is 1858 & 1859 with us. I well remember the Sabbath afternoon a year ago (Aug. 29) when I wrote to you from Forest City Minnesota. Had I been told at that time the events of the coming year as they are now recorded - I would not & could not have believed them.

I did not begin to love you till a little while ago - a very few months. Though I liked you very much for a long time previous and perhaps you did not begin to love me till still later. I never noticed anything in all your letters & manner till quite lately that gave me any reason to hope that under any circumstances could you be to me more than a kind frank friend

Serena. Don't you see how poor I am this evening? Why cannot I write something! Why cannot I know something - know how to tell what is in me! I have been reading some of your letters, the earlier ones, and -- I will not say what I was going to, but they were very

very good - Taken together they make up a full well-rounded, symmetrical, & consistent though radical character. I never met with just such a one before. You will be more ashamed of me than ever I suppose, for being ashamed of myself when I read those letters.

Why will you be so foolish as to love me? If you knew how to put a proper value on yourself before you could!

But you don't like to have me talk so. I will try to avoid it as much as possible - though I have so long practiced saying whatever first comes to my lips that it will be difficult for me.

I must close, for this goes in the mail tomorrow morning & to Boston the same day. It is too bad that I must send you a letter with nothing in it, is it not!

You don't regret it more than I - patience Dear Heart, we will do better sometime & remember - I love you just as well. And your Father and Mother and Willie (don't tell 'em so but I love them too) Oh dear, I wish I could see a letter from you. Don't complain Sir you have some written of them before you now and Lenna, and Marie (both of them)

Good bye - God bless you

Write to me at West Milton. - George

I am ashamed of myself & of this letter - Spite of you.

P.S. And "I love you" too, and will write & do better. by & by

No 2 W. Milton Vt. Whole No 18 17

Somerville Aug. 30. 1859.

Dear George "—

How dear to me you cannot tell. How my heart goes out toward you to tell you all its grief and all its joy, can you not feel? I am sad this morning. In a letter which we have just received, we have news of Katy's Robbins near approach to death, if indeed she be now living. It is not a thing to grieve over and to be unhappy about that a poor, tired out, broken-hearted, homeless child is going home to God. But Oh! her weary weary years of suffering. Her struggles and hopelessness, and at last

the dark night of despair! But the bright morning of Eternity may even now shine for her, and she will find out what many never do here, the love and goodness of our Father.

She was with us a long time and we did all we could to make her forget her sorrow; and we tried by love to heal her bruised heart, and trust to teach her of Gods love and pity. I am happy in the thought that we did make less dark her poor life; that some good may have come to her from her stay with us. And she loved the poor wretch who caused all this to the last! Not one reproachful word did she ever utter against him. When he not only crushed her heart as a worthless thing beneath his feet and laughed at her love, but rose to make the world believe she was a bad worthless woman without name and character she felt no bitterness for him; but loved and died. May God have mercy on his poor soul! I know he will, wretched wicked and vicious as he is for is not his love more than Katy's! — But we will think as much of Katy's life here but rejoice in the bright one just opening before her.



I would say Good-Bye to all sadness when I come to you and bring only sunshine and joy.

Your letter mailed yesterday I got this morning at nine.

You speak and in one day I hear you. Is not that almost like being with you. I do not wonder nor feel badly that you write no more. It must be very difficult for you to write at all. I am very, very glad to get so much from you. Dont call them poor letters for they are not poor. Is it not much for you to tell me you are happy, hopeful, glad, rejoicing in the fuller knowledge of Parents, brothers and sisters, and in a warmer love for home? Is not every word of your letters priceless to me? Then dont speak so of them.

Then was Sunday last the Anniversary of our first meeting on paper.

I remember perfectly all you said to me that day. I can see the picture of your home in Forest City which you unconsciously gave me. Even the Squirrels are living just as dancing and happy as ever, that I am glad when you went and when you came. I have even now a feeling of tiredness coming over me, the same as when you told me of the many miles and miles between the friendly hearts in Minneapolis and yourself, which to-morrow you were to begin to measure. The meeting, so vividly pictured, between you and your friends; the grasp of warm hands and the spoken welcome of so many people, is now going on in me.

I did not count myself one of those you would be so glad to see, nor was I then. You came. You came into the Office where I was writing, but did not speak to me only from behind the long Desk." You said in that letter that you never had got acquainted with any one, but, you added, "I should really like to to see him, it would seem". It was not a very cheerful letter. It revealed a rather discontented and not happy spirit. That letter and many others I prized not so much because they came from you as I did because they were perfect letters (the Autocrat could write no better ones) and it was a pleasant thing to get them.



Not that I was insensible to the kindness which induced you to send me such letters for I wondered then as much as I do now. Our acquaintance, its beginning and its progression, is such a wonder to me! I can see George Chosen as he stood at his Desk behind my chair, with your letter in his hand, and read one sentence, which you happened to write as a thought & so happened to flash through your mind. "And Serena Ames — (I believe she has no Miss. before her name) I have no right to ask it — but I would like to write to her and hear from her". It seemed a little thing for you to say that and for me to say "Tell him I would be glad to hear from him".

I am poorer, weaker than you think me to be, but you will help me to grow stronger and I am hopeful. — I have not been to the Grove since we were there but I "will not forget it". The leaf from the tree which, I hope, will be green at the top next year if it is not now, is just where you put it, in a book, Lowell's Poems..

If you write nothing pray what do I write? Two sheets less than nothing?

I have been sewing a good part of the day. In a little while I am going over to Old Cambridge to see Miss. F. about a ~~p~~ dress. Mother has gone into the City and will meet me in Cambridge. Father is sick to-day almost. He preach twice Sabbath and he got very much exhausted.

Yesterday evening I went over to Chelsea with Sarah and Mrs. Brumfield and while I was away Mrs. Wakefield came over, so I saw him not. He and Mama had a good time, as usual, talking. He says he shall see us in Bloomington, either this Fall or next Spring. He has written to his Mother about going to the East Indias, and does not know but he shall go in November. I mean start for the Indias. You did not bid him such a long Good-Bye as that would be, did you? "Joy go with him." If he will only come back Cyrus Wakefield, it will be enough.

What a long line of black Carriages are racing by. I used to think some important personage had died, to have such a formidable procession following to the grave, but when I saw two or three such in a day I thought the important persons of Irishdom were going fast, and I inquired the custom and habits of Boston Irishfolk."

If it be true, as I think it must be, that every soul will sometime, here or hereafter, say "I will do right", turn away from sin and toward God, will it not be glorious to watch the progress of the despised, down-trodden people of earth who seem almost to have had



all light turned into darkness and in the scale of manhood can scarcely lift their heads above the dust? Watch their going on from a faint purpose unto a mighty resolve; on from resolution to fulfilment from the seed to the full plant of virtue? It may be, however, that we may find our own soul growth something to employ our thought much more that the growth of our brothers and sisters between whom and us there may not be the difference we are prone to suppose." Shall not we, though, and all souls, grow by thought of others poorer and more helpless than we; and by aiding those lower

down than ourselves to come up to that which we have attained? I think self-forgetfulness and that disinterestedness in that practise of virtue which can only come from self-forgetfulness, is more essential to true character than much attention to all that is supposed to make good men and women, dont you? — I will write a little in the morning, and send this along, with what cannot be written, but which, from you, I would prize more than many letters —

And now George — Good night

Serena Me

Wednesday.

George — Good-morning. It is pleasant and I am pleasant I hope you will have a good time to day wherever you are.

Blessings and a Good-day, Serena.

Richmond Vt. Aug 30. 1859. 3 o'clock P.M.

My Dear Serena

I am real lonesome - almost home-sick to-day - It is cold, the clouds and the birds have all been flying southward for two days, seeking more genial skies I guess. There was a frost this morning (so I have heard. for though I've been here three days, under the shadows of the Green Mountains and in one of the most romantic places in Vt. I have scarcely looked out of doors.) I have been looking over some matters of business - moneys paid & received - notes, receipts, deeds & mortgages. It always makes me have the blues to look over my accounts, & with some reason (that is, if anything of the kind is any excuse for despondency) I manage to think as little of it as possible. How foolish and unworthy of a human being seems all this worrying about lands & moneys - Well I don't worry about such things much - it is only debts that trouble me. There are I suppose few people that, caring little for money on its own account, are more afraid of starvation & "coming to want" and or have a greater horror of dependence. And few also with less tact

or talent to acquire wealth (dollars and cents) than I have, Lycus is infinitely more generous, free-hearted and open-handed than I. yet he will get "rich" as sure as the years come & go.

I do not repine at the prospect of a life time of "work" for I have been taught – and indeed my own experience has told me the same – that it is all am good for." — Ah Dear Im getting among the shadows I see, there is no need of it. for though not "rich" Im not so poor as some I know of. I have a head, and hands & they are not useless to me – I know some things & may learn some others If I am blessed with a moderate degree of health I shall not (We shall not?) Ah starve.

There are (do I think) some faint gleams of light through the chinks of that dark wall which we call the future, enough to warrant a hope for a sunny "Good Time Coming" by & by.

All cannot make the present, sunshiny. It is better to make it a "Good time Coming" than a good time past & no hope for its return: yet even that is better than to have nothing, either now, or in memory or anticipation, the contemplation of which is pleasurable.

If it were not for you I fear I should have the blues to-day – It is difficult to tell why you are responsible for my happiness, without using very many hackneyed words & phrases, words that have been profaned so often & so long that they seem hardly to have any sacredness left.

How often do we see the words "true" and "real" used to strengthen & confirm the expression of the holiest sentiments of our nature, thus unconsciously admitting that such a thing as friendship is a cheat, unless sworn to with the word "true". How much does the word "true" go for? It sounds much like the man who jumped up & declared that he "didn't steal it" – are instinctively suspect such assertions.

Did it ever occur to you that such a thing as friendship negative (and have any essence of friendship about it) would be an absurdity?

I am inclined to think that there is such a thing as love, but true love looks like a counterfeit. Yet we all use the term – and with others I hope to be excused for such a virtual acknowledgement of falsehood.

So return to the last page – I say "if it were not for you" You may scold me for that if you wish, I expect you will be ashamed of me for it, You will say that it is no excuse for me that better and wiser men have felt just such weakness & dependence. but do you suppose I will ever learn thorough self-reliance? I fear not & yet (at the bottom) perhaps I have more than you think I have."

For all it is so cold here, it is a beautiful day
How you would be delighted with the scenery
Here is a little green valley - perhaps a quarter of
a mile in width through which flows the Winooski
River on its way toward Lake Champlain
To the right and left are high half-wooded hills
rocky & barren in places, with little spots of
arable land on their slopes, carefully fenced & cultivated. In a little nook in the woods, half
way up some long hill you will see a brown
farm house, looking as if afraid of falling."
Richmond is a pretty "white with green blinds"
village, in the valley, half hid in maple shade
through which white spires point the way like index
fingers on guide boards, - To the Land of the Blessed
Either the churches are not far distant from each
other in fundamental belief, or Heaven must
be a long way off, for the spires all point
in parallel directions. (I wonder what the spiritual significance of the moslem crescent may
be, and if it indicates that the followers of Mahomet
go to Heaven "In a horn" as the Vulgar saying hath
it?)
Up this valley toward the East and
standing apparently at the head of it, is Camel's
Hump, the second in height of the Green Mountains
- A conical peak some 4500 feet high
and rising above the surrounding mountains
in something the form I have sketched here.
I do not feel descriptive to-day - neither
very thoughtful, nor sad or lively, simply inert
perhaps I have said all the smart and sensible
things that were in me to say - or isn't it
possible for me to be more stupid than I have
already been? Please give me this assurance for

I feel very much like visiting & gossipping a little longer & perhaps it may not be unwel-come to you (if the others I have written have not been). This morning I read-(before breakfast) your "Life" in You are very modest, I dont think Serena could have written that, though Marie could. She has learned to love those that hate her and be kind to those that injure her. You have given me but the faintest thread of your "Life" running through all those dark sad years. I have heard some things beside, that help to fill out what you would not tell me of. To that little girl, who suffered, and came out from the test, not an angel, but somewhat of a saint; let me say— "You did very well." Do you suppose I could help loving that little girl? I dont.

She is a "dear good girl" and— how happy I am. Carrie has read some of her earliest letters, and she says she loves her, but she dont know that I do. You will forgive me wont you? Though they (the letters) ought be so precious that I wouldnt show them to any one— and indeed I would not, if they were all I had. Sometimes if one is full to the lips of happiness, there must be, for safety, some escape.

those early letters were written so that we might get acquainted - "only that and nothing more" and sometime you must get acquainted with Carrie, so I have helped the acquaintance.

You know Im superstitious in one direction - We were talking about it once; - fate in Days figures & numbers. I dont believe in it. except in a sort of poetic way & only as it is of good omen. Youve heard a great deal I suppose about the properties of the number "nine". The Arithmetics are full of it, but youve not heard all of them. By virtue of several things wherein the figure 9 has been implicated I have come to regard it as being something of personal interest to me. There is an affinity between all the nines and I. We combine very readily. When I stop at a Hotel, I expect that they will put me in "Number Nine". If I buy a numbered Ticket to any concert or anything of the like, the chances are that it is a "9."

The Nines are my friends & do well by me. For years I have kept a memorandum book) - the little disjointed items and memoranda therein are a history (to me) of my life. These books have multiplied - In April last I opened a new one and wrote in it "No 9" "April A.D. 1859." Ah! there's something good for me, I know." And ever since, all the nines have seemed to kiss me a pleasant nod & smile, as much as to say "Wish you happy New Year" The nines have been very numerous and all sorts of funny combinations of them have waylaid me, reminding me of the past and bidding me hope for the future.

Of course there is nothing in it. but I feel quite willing to return good wishes to my figurative friends & to assure them that the "Happy Year" is found. Am I sure of it? You would not have put your hand in mine and said "Yes" when I told you "God Willing, We will step here together" had you not fully so determined, and weighed all the reasons for and against, though verily I cannot tell why you should have done so. Its one of those most unaccountable freaks of that queer organ, the ways of which have puzzled the wisest of men to account for, I suppose. "An organ mute "strange and queere - that sometimes touched by "most unskillfull handes, does breathe delicious "musick"

Yes I suppose so.

Please forgive me Serena. I have a right to be foolish just now haven't I - All folks are so sometimes I think. I must say Good bye I suppose - I dont like to - and - it isnt good bye to you, only to the paper. Ill not say but "three words" more to you to-night, and those not on paper nor

yet spoken in your Ear. I will whisper them to that unaccountable heart of yours, down where the crimson jets, and made brighter and touched with a new life by the pure air of Heaven, are told to go forth again, scattering blessings on their way! to the farthest little finger — that same little finger. It isn't big enough to be opague & as I hold it up I see the red tide coming and going along the tiny veins; brighter and swifter than before. Ah Serena — Marie. There is a vitalizing power in the "three words", "I love you"

Alack and alas — how different you talk. I wish I could say words as noble as these —

"However ennobling and sacred, love may be, it "is poor support for the soul, and even belittling "when it becomes the aim and motive of Life "to obtain it."

You do not put too much value upon it than others do, but more upon those things which are higher.

"Too little to amount to much" Eh, I confess that your body isn't big enough to contain and hide the soul, as with the most of us. But that the reason why I came in contact with the soul of "Here I love" long before I was near enough to touch her hand?

"My dear Sir — You must stop this — You are an idolater, no better than a Hindoo"

Good bye then — The "three words" are long ones I mean to stretch them out to a life time"

May God Bless you ever, best and dearest, and may you be happy always. There — so now, Will meet again

George

I was always a little (not afraid - but something that manifested itself in a similar way) of you. I had taken your hand (when we met, as friends) and then only ∴ It did not seem right that I should) & I would have wondered at such sacrilegious daring, had I seen any one else do so. In the grove - if we had talked till now, I don't believe I would have dared to touch your hand, had you not voluntarily put it in mine, as you then did ∴ Did you wonder at my apparent apathy and coldness, or doubt the sincerity of what I was saying? Ah Marie, you are not the only one to whom such a revelation means much. As I said then - it was not easy for me to say so much ∴ It seems to me that for that same reserve and insularity I must have spoken to you in a strangely cold and savage manner, much as a highwayman would say "Your money or your life" ∴

How often does the formula "I love you - will you marry me?" mean when translated "Your money and your life" - a thousand times worse than the footpad ever thinks of doing.

But people make a distinction between legal robbery and the other kind ∴

— Here is something. — I said. "we part no more" and you reply — "Thanking God, our Father. my soul says Amen".

My Dear Marie — God will bless you for such words. You know not how good they are. All that your Emerson or Whittier have ever written is not worth half as much.

And these two — Oh what a flood of pure joy comes with such words — what faith — what confidence.

"Without one fear, without one doubt, with perfect trust, and entire love have I given myself to you". What could I ask more — it is all — everything. May I be worthy of it. Alas I fear not. My offering may be poor — it is the best I have, and all that your words above, can be made to mean.

"Fully, freely, now and ever, with all that I am or have, I am yours."

Oh how much you have told me in this one page of your letter. — (It was not weak nor unmanly, and I am not ashamed of it — I have cried for very joy over all your letter) I cannot thank you in words You know what I would say if it could be said.

"Marie" — Your name? Yes it is sacred to me, above all else on earth — I am quite willing that you should be known as Serena because to no one else would Marie mean all that you are to me, or all that it means to me — But between You and I, when alone, you are always Marie, whether I write it Serena or no.

Yes it is one of your friends — I am glad — It is true — and may be trusted always.

Tell me how it was he "placed himself in the front rank among "your "best friends" and why it was done at once.

You now know probably why you love him and perhaps why I love him & have loved him so long.

Your picture — yes I love them — so much — as I study it I learn more of you — I could never bear to think of giving one back to your Mother only that I hope to get me a thousand times better. My picture — miserable thing — I'm never going to get another taken till I get very fat. as of course I shall, immediately on my return to the West. Think of an aldermanic picture, a prodigious round face &c &c.

You tell me how your life has changed — have a new life — and a new world has opened before you — and all those things that I love so much to hear from your lips. and then ask me if I am de-

love you better, if you would be silent on the subject nearest our hearts. and leave me to take for granted all you would say, your heart speaking freely:- leave me to guess at your love. Marie, as you love me, do not do it, - tell me all your heart prompts, it can never be, but very dear, & never offensive to me."

Beside I wish the privilege to say and do the same that you ask for yourself.

I hope we shall always be, perfectly frank with each other. I have always suffered from this fear of overstepping the bounds of propriety among my own folks till my heart is called in darker and closer than you say yours is. You are the only one that I can give free access to! - and you - I would not if I could & I could not if I would, ever repulse or seem to, a kind word or caress from you, We will be near, and never distant

I have not said much that I want to, but you know I have not much time now & besides you should not expect much from me.

You will write to me very often - and I will try to do the same, and try to see you as soon as I can, and if possible to be near you this coming year, I shall be near you always

God bye Dear, -

I was going to write a little bit to your Mother, but somebody calls me to come down stairs. - So tell her and your Father and Willie, that I love them, much,

Peace be with you - Ever Your Own George

Saturday Evening September 3d 1859

Dear Marie

"Good Evening" I am happy - very happy. yet though at home, somewhat lonesome. Yesterday, the cars and an hour of vigorous exercise brought me home, a little sooner perhaps (because I expected to meet you here) than if it had been otherwise. Yet for my good I suppose it was. you were not among my letters. I knew that with our miserable mail facilities, it was hardly time to expect a letter. - but two weeks had gone by since I saw you, and (such a tyrant is that thing which has been growing up in our hearts) I felt - Oh so lonesome. I knew you had written, and felt all trust and confidence that the letter would bring me assurance of all I hoped for. yet for all that, I felt last evening more than ever before, the meaning to me, of your love, and how much I cared for it.

I will not tell you what my thoughts were, not now at least. You can imagine them perhaps & perhaps may have similar fancies your-

=delf. We will talk about some of these things some time when we are together & have leisure.

And to-day - so happy - so happy.

I had "important business" at the post-office this A.M. of course. They were there - two of them, twenty eight pages in all, and I have read them over and over again. Every line, every word. How dear, how precious to me. I thank God that He has so blessed me, above my deserts:- that I am permitted to be so happy. To you, the truest and warmest love that I can give, seems poor in return for Yours. How near in the image of God was the human soul created. I never knew it before, perhaps because I was never near enough to another, to see the features of the spirit plainly. It seems to me now that so long as I can aught for Our Father in Heaven, I cannot but love you too. I am glad, and thankful for all this. You are Marie to me now, dearest Marie. I believe I may say truly, that from my inmost soul I love you, and though not perhaps with all the strength and intensity that by & by will bring with it, yet very much indeed. At the same time I can hardly resist the belief, vain as it may seem that you love me more and better still. With a nobler and purer love than my gross uncouth nature may ever be capable of attaining to, the love which only a woman knows how to give. Is there a crime greater than the betrayal of such love? May God ever guide me, that I do nothing to wound your heart or cause you ever to regret what you have now done. Much of Your happiness depends on me. A responsibility dear though it is to me, of the most serious and weighty character:- responsible for the happiness of (not only a sister by common humanity) but Her who is dearest of all here below, who is, all in all, on earth, whose happiness is more to me than mine own. Dear heart, I will try to be good to you, and to be good, for truth's sake also. Help me. I need have no higher ideal aim than what your partial heart has (I fear) pictured me. I will try to walk in that direction, not for your sake so much, as because you have pictured me as being (on the direct road to all that is good) so much better than I ever can be, that in striving to become like your ideal I shall not swerve from the true path or idle by the way.

And these letters. They are yourself - my own

dear Marie. She has come to me. this blessed Still Autumn Evening. put her hand in mine and fully told me the deepest, sacredest secret of her woman heart - in faith and confidence. fully and without reserve she has drawn the vail from around her minute soul and said "Come hither - you are welcome. We are one and henceforth there is no treasure but I share with you" Oh the wealth of such a love as you so freely give me - the worth of the one that gives it. I cannot bear to be modest in speaking of you as I would of almost every friend of mine, but I know it will not make you vain. if I do use language that a stranger might consider intemperate × Every love seems a very ludicrous affair to nearly all ✱ but those most nearly interested. It is not quite in keeping with the every day prose of actual life, but it ought to be. Love is either a fragment of the wreck of the Golden Age or it is the bright precursor of the "Good Time Coming" - But it is good - I love to love, do not you? And I love to love You."

A few days long to keep it fresh and green. Your Father and Mother I think love each other, wholly & perfectly as is possible to do on Earth. You are enough like them but I am not I fear, so that we may love on through life as they do. The letters, yes I have not commenced to answer them yet. & also, of myself, what the future looks to be & what we may do etc etc. I will talk of those things tomorrow. till which time - not good bye, but - God Keep You" -- Hand in Hand we walk together. but not to talk till the morrow. Here sealing the compact & the lips with a kiss. Yours

Sabbath Morning Sept

Good Morning Serena. This is a cool cloudy Autumn day. It's been quite cold ever since I came here. - but it is blessed perfect day for all that. Three weeks ago this day - the grove - the Summer sun looking down through the leafy screen! - they have made this a doubly holy day - We shall never forget it. I promised to talk about the letters to-day - but before I forget I'd let me give you some account of what I "may can or must" do within a few days. You know my Cousins were going West with me (so I supposed) They were the ones I was with at Richmond. Mr & Mrs Whitcomb, - A cousin of Sue's was going with us. but Mr & Mrs W. finally decided, not to go, and I have written to Sue's cousin (Miss Farington of East Highgate) to that Effect — I wish she was safely in Minneapolis. but she will probably not wish to go in such company and - I rather she wouldn't just now. Just selfish enough to think of going Via Boston. But as Mr Micawber was wont to observe "Something may turn up" in another direction which will entirely change my arrangements for visiting. It is not

impossible or perhaps wholly improbable. That (if you go to Bloomington) I may be a neighbor for a time. Did You know Mr W. R. Kingsley of Minneapolis. He lived opposite the Bushnell House, & is an Engineer by profession. He is now at Pekin Ill. (on the Ill. river and not far from Bloomington) at work on a Rail Road there & promised to assist me in getting a place there. This was some months ago & I have heard nothing encouraging till now. Yesterday I received a Telegram from him saying I had better come there. I will hear further from him in a few days I think. It may amount to nothing. I dislike to leave here so soon and had purposed going to Boston on my way west. If I do not now, it will be because I shall hope by going at once to Ill. to be where I may see you oftener. I feel more interest than ever in your removal to Bloomington. Would it not be one of the strangest phases of our acquaintance if we should be where I could really walk in and say "Good Evening" when Saturday Night came through all the coming Winter? Pekin & Bloomington are not more than 20 miles apart. I think.

It is not impossible — indeed nothing seems impossible or improbable since three weeks ago. What happened then is a greater wonder to me than anything else could be.

Let us not anticipate, we will not be sadly disappointed then.

Dont You see how stupidly I write. Such a cold as I have — I will attribute it all to that. The air is damp & chilly and I suppose this cold will cling to me, till I leave New England. I can scarcely see, hear, taste or smell — Doesnt it seem absurd for any one to love with a "cold in the head" — The idea is ludicrous.

Im going to shorten my visits here and omit some altogether. It comes very hard to do it — yet it may bring me back the sooner.

Oh Marie — this is too bad — some one "come to see" me — and I must leave you for a little while & not say a word of the letters. Perhaps I may mail this before I write more — You will get it sooner. — But with or without letters, we are always together. And be it Bloomington and Pekin or Somerville and Minneapolis You are near and dear to me. — Now then for a moment I am going to see who "comes to see" me.

Truly Your own — George

/59

Sabbath Evening. Sep 4

Dear Marie -

"As I was about to say" — we shall write more as we would talk; hereafter - A respectable letter is a rarity in our correspondence. I have never thought of commencing or finishing one in a proper and well-bred manner. Now it will be even worse. I shall forget to ask your permission to say pleasant things to you - I shall ~~neglect~~ defy propriety and tell you I love you - just as carelessly as, if with you, I would pick up your hand and half crush it in mine, without saying "by your leave". "Half crush" it indeed? No, No. I did not mean that. It makes me think of black bears and quartz machines. I wouldn't hurt that hand for the world. But I'm wasting the time, ink, and paper that I appropriated for a review of your two letters now here before me.

I can never answer them, unless a life time of earnest life and love may show you what such letters are to me. - I will try to review them as coolly and quietly as possible - page by page in the order which they were written

There is something else which I wish to say first, in reply to something in a previous letter of yours where you say that you're not going to write any more for the "News" — You said something to the same effect at home, I remember, to which your Father replied by advice contrary. Did you say those things in part because I had said in a previous letter, something which might imply my disapproval of your writing for the paper; — or was it your own idea entirely? I do remember that on reading one of your letters in the "News" I felt a little sharp pain go through me, which was not at all lessened when I saw a goodly letter (addressed to you) in a wire case marked "Post Office" in Croffut's sanctum. And I straightway fell into a brown study, the result of which, as nearly as I remember recorded itself thus

"I know what has been the result of my acquaintance with her, on paper; — friend Croffut is not a whit more cool or less dull than I; — he is a good fellow — full of heart and soul & well knows how to tell it and ——" (a long breath came in here). I will not deny that I thought with complacency of the Rail Road Ticket, purchased at low rates, and also but not with entire complacency of the "Correspondence" above referred to. How selfish, was it not? Is there any thing more wakeful or suspicious than a love not spoken, which hopes something, but fears everything?

Bad then and now are different as cloud and sunshine. I quite agree with your Father about the letters; Croffut will be very glad to publish them, and it will be for your advantage and good to write them when you have time to to do — It is not tiresome for you to write is it? The letters published are such as no one need be ashamed of. I am proud of them, and of you for them, not because of their smartness but because they are earnest truthful, independent and — like You."

If what I have said has had any influence in causing you to stop writing, I beg leave to reconsider & retract.

The letters (yours now before me). — now I will begin. Glancing down the first page, I can only say, It is good, womanly, frank and trusting — just what I would wish & what I might expect from you. The second page — what can I say of it — It seems to me that half the meaning, — half what I read there, is not told in the words. There is an atmosphere about it which breathing, wakes me to a consciousness of the depth and tenderness of woman's heart. You can hardly imagine (no I will not say that for I think may be you can imagine) how much to me to

-this consciousness that you care for me very much
-that I am dear to you - that in Spirit we are
so near one.

A breath like this, dissolves all
the fine spun theories of the Shakers, and
brushes away quick as thought, all the cob-web
philosophy of old bachelors.

How I pity the poor fellows that dont know
what loving & being loved means. Im sure
I never could get along without it - Let me
see - how old am I? Just three weeks, and
Does this seem like levity - trifling
with all that is sacredest to us?
Im so happy that such silly things will boil
over sometimes & I do not try to restrain
such feelings & thoughts much, for I am
quite serious enough generally.

Youre not going to say, you "want to see"
me, again, be the time Im gone "long or short"
— Oh yes you will - Please do - Im not ashamed
to say that I want to see you very, and that
I am lonesome without you.

My Mother - She shall see what you
have said of her. She will know why I love
you so, and she will love you too.

You have not taken her place in my
heart, nor can you - or any one else.
The more I love you, the more I shall love
her. Indeed because I love her, I shall love
you all the more. You are willing I suppose that
it should be so. If she were any one but a

Mother, I fancy it would be quite different.
You would hardly care to accept half the
love of any man, even though that half
should be more than the whole of other men's
love.

"My life "dark and wretched"? Never more
It might have been so perhaps - but I have
much faith in the future - all faith in you and
your destiny to make the world bright and pleasant
for me.

And here is more about my Mother, we
will talk of it when we meet next. That it is not
so very much reserve between us now as once
though much has to go for granted - we dare not
say it all.

Is it difficult for you to write to me
now? I don't believe it - These are certainly the
best letters you have ever written, in not only
the sense that they are best to me because
dearest. And as for Doctor Holmes it is all
nonsense that women are like China crackers on
the 5th of July, after they have said "I love you"
- Those words are merely The "Open Sesame" that
bids the one favored one, enter the sacred chamber
of her heart. Is the opening of the door all?

As well might he say that a spring, which today bursts forth into sunlight for the first time, will tomorrow be tasteless & insipid

Ask him who lives by that mountain spring — who has seen the blue skies of Heaven in it — to whom it is a faithful mirror; — who is sustained and refreshed by its pure cool waters, if all that was marvellous ~~of~~ about that spring vanished when it saw the light.

Dr Holmes' "three words" mean much more to me than he would have as to believe they ~~it does~~ with him.

You wonder if when I learned that (?) I did not learn all of you there is to know

Oh of course I did — dont you see that I think so. Love is all there is of you? Well such is the case with many of your sex. I would hardly wish to love one that had not a soul independent of loving me. You have character enough so that, as a Jane, you could leave Mr Rochester whenever your duty seemed to require it. You will always be strong enough to do right & to help me do it also.

As you love me Marie — do not spare one fault. Do not think by what I have here written that, ~~that~~ I wouldnt wish you to say what you have said in these letters — that I would only wish you to be a monitor.

Hinesburgh. Vt — Sep 7. /59

What poor progress I make in answering your letters. I thought I would send this away last Monday — but I didnt. How do you do to-day?

I must ask you to forbear and have patience for a little time — until I return to the west, and you will grant my request I know. You will be more ready to excuse the poverty of my letters, written in the intervals of visiting, than I am. I have but a few minutes to write now while my sister with whom Ine visiting ~~now~~ is busied with the dinner; and may send this before writing again. Yesterday with my brother Norman I came here. by the way of Burlington — Burlington is a very pretty place, of 8000 inhabitants. Several wealthy men from New York who have retired from business have removed to B. because of its beautiful location, and have built costly houses there. I do not think it is any handsomer than Minneapolis, though it has a beautiful Lake view & long rows of elm and maple trees along the side walks — But oh how low and poor the buildings in the business part of the village now look, to me. I remembered them as large and elegant structures — triumphs of the professors of brick and mortar. We (brother & I) got something less than a bushel-basket-full, of miniatures

– of the two-shilling kind. taken for distribution among our mourning friends. Tell your mother that I propose donating one of them to her, – or at least, loaning it to her – till – – I return one that she claims the ownership of.

I will visit in this town, and Willis'on, when I have relatives, till Saturday night, I may go west next week. – but hope not. If I find that I may stop here for a few days longer without detriment to my business. I will do so – and go to Somerville too, God willing.

R.W.

I am looking at your letters again –

You think perhaps I do not altogether know what you meant when you said something. I know that it was not as easy for you to make that revelation as it would be for some people I know – and when it was told it meant much more.

That reserve I have noticed and think I understand. But you are not very reserved with those people with whom you have tastes and sympathies in common. You are not demonstrative. The attachments which such people as you form are deeper and more enduring than the most of those things which pass under the name of love and friendship.

Perhaps some time I may learn what your heart is – but I do not know that I have any right to demand that the doors & windows shall be opened – The key to the little "side door" you have given me have you not? It is all I ask.

That key is one not thoughtlessly to be given to any one – least of all to a man of near your own age – But I will try to use it only well

No 3 W. Milton Vt — Whole No 19

Somerville Sunday Sept. 5. 1859.

George "—

Did you ever wonder if I liked your name or not? Men thought, never think of such things, but women do. — Good afternoon George " Yesterday was Sunday and I thought to have written you a letter on that day but I could not. Mrs. Wakefield was here all day. She is my excuse if one is needed. I do not know how often you expect to hear from me. You might get tired of me and my letters if we came before you too often, or, if not tired — not so interested in our coming " Do you ask me if I mean I should tire of you and your letters? No I should not, but we are

not like you men in such things. I do not see how it is that there is so great difference between a woman and a man but we know it is so.

I do not feel very well to-day and you will forgive me if I talk without saying much. I cannot get much time to write to you just now, we are so busy getting ready to go away. If we go, as I presume we shall, we shall start two weeks from to-day. Father has been real sick for a week and is not much better now. He seemed threatened with fever, at first, but that has passed away, and he now is almost crazy with his head and nervousness. I do not think he could live in New England and our only desire now, is to leave here as soon as possible. Grand-ma has not been as well since you were here, and we have decided



unusually in a cloud. But the sun will soon appear I guess.

Do you know, when I am in any trouble I think of you first of all and I always find comfort and rest. It isn't right is it? Where is my strength that was going to stand alone and not lean? Have I given it all to you, and do you find yourself stronger than you used to be, strong enough for two? — Ah! my heart aches sadly sometimes when I think of what I am and then of what you think I am. I will try. —

I got your second letter from Richmond Friday. You were not quite so cheerful and happy as some days find you. I do not like to have you sad. Counting money, looking over notes and receipts must affect a man. So

See it done almost makes one nervous. — Not sick! Ah! Quite an important discovery for me to make. Never minde — you have made me sick and perhaps that will do for baste. Dont trouble yourself because you have no faculty of acquiring Dollars and Cents, the poorest kind of wealth to.

Do not, please, say you have made up your mind to work because you are fit for nothing else. You know it is not true and so do I. It may have entered into you head to think too seriously of some words of mine, "I do not love to work" &c — I believe I said I thought to work, ing, was very disagreeable duty, and mine of the same kind. Well — what of it? Nothing.

Only it seems to me I am content, and shall always be contented, even if I have to work, dreadful

as that may be." Oh! how could you disciplate all my hopes of being a fine lady in a fine house with fine servants? Alas - that thus it should be."

So, you never told me any thing of "Cousin Carrie". Of course I shall love her. Are you at home now? I am so glad you find home more like home, Father and Mother more like Father and Mother, and brothers and sisters more what your heart would have them. So glad. You see it is all in you. I wonder if it is not always so, if those we cannot approach, those who seem cold and uncongenial, walking apart by themselves, and none of ours, are not so because seen through eyes that look

throughs a cloud that we ourselves has thrown before them!

Tuesday Sept. 6.

A bright and early Good-morning. This day begins ever so finely. I am glad Fall has concluded to stay away a little longer. We thought it was cold to us for awhile, it was so cold and chilly-less, but it is warmer now.

Last night Mr. Wakefield and I went to the Museum and saw played "School for Slander". Warren, Smith and Mrs. Barry were the principal actors and they did very well. We met and sat with Mr. Wakefields dear friend — I dont know his name — and lady. Cyrus never saw the intended wife of his friend before. You know this is his friend he



loves next to you. I presume you saw him. Isn't he amiable looking? Does he choose his friend from among those who differ most from him and because they are so different?

The "School for Scandal" was not acted any better on the stage in satin and tinsel by lords and ladies, than I have seen it acted off from the stage in calico and broadcloth by respectable men and women. Mrs. Page remarked that it was "very natural". Lady Teazel, (Mrs. Barry) has a great many counterparts in real life. She got acquainted with people of fashion, refinement and character who made remarks to be sure, about everybody.

but it was simply for amusement, it did no harm for her to join with them. She was perfectly good natured in all her slander. She never talked about people from ill will. Oh! no. She was so pleasant and good humored!

Did you ever notice how very much worse talking about people and meddling seems in a man than a woman! It is doubly disgraceful to us that slander has got to be so much a matter of course with women that it is looked upon as quite natural, in the constitution of her nature, something that is to be expected and not so much a sin after all." I get so ashamed of my kind sometimes I don't know what to do.

I must not write more now - as I told you - I am so busy I have no time to do any thing - I never mind, I shall have by-and-by. When we are in Bloomington. A letter may be to-day from you. Good-morning. Bless you Serena.

Saturday Night. Sep 10th 1859

My Dear Marie

Good Evening. is it so to you? I hope so. The "thought-train" is a poor substitute for the steam-car, and even that would be powerless to help me now. I want to see you. I have never before so wished to be with you, as to-night. Your letter, mailed the 6th came this evening. It is no wonder is it that I feel somewhat sad to-night. In your last you mentioned that Your Father was ill. but I did not mind it much — till now.

I would not have thought so much, or so seriously of it at least, had it been Willie or Jane (dont think hard of me) or even your Mother. Simply because it seems to me the danger would be less. Your Father must not be sick very much, if he would ever be well. This may find you all well and happy. I hope you are so now. but I can only realize that now is when your letter was or is written. And so I would wish To be in Somerville. It seems to me that you might all be happier if I were there. May this find you all well again,

Are you going, to soon indeed) as one week from Monday next? I almost feel sorry to have you leave Somerville. It seems most like home to me, of any place on earth - I would like to see the grove once more before you go away

The name Somerville has been like pleasant music to me for these many weeks past. Some of the little fibrous heart-roots, that do cling to you, have struck into your surround=ings. I love the quiet old white house, with the shade and the smooth clean walk in front, and the bush of "Smoke", at the left hand, as I used to see it when I walked up the path to the door. And the great Apple tree in the corner and the smaller ones that savor of the purloined fruit. - the currant bushes & raspberries, and the path with the grassy seat that could tell (if it could speak) why Mr and Mrs North found no one at home, once on a time. And the barn and the swing, the scene of Willie's triumphs - I love them all - so do you. We will not take the path that, from a broad gate at the road=side leads down beneath a row of heavy shade trees and thence — we will not say anything about that you know, for there is a "long path" closely connected with it, but we will go again to Cambridge as we did five weeks ago. since tomorrow, when we were strangers almost, We will walk again thro' the "City of the Dead" - Look now in the Chapel = the quiet Story, looking like a logical consequence:- there the inspired, imbecile, Winthrop, and there the eloquent impulsive living James Otis.

You looked eloquence while you looked at him. How vividly it all stands out before me now. It would do the artist good to see live souls leave the living bodies, to speak with the spirit of his marble Otis. It is worth something to see our inner selves, as we may see them when so inspired (11)

The long walks among the graves - the tower - Do you not see where we stood, on the south side of it, where we talked - and looked and talked again? Had we parted then so never meet again I could never forget.

Had I not loved you I might perhaps then have surmised that you loved me.

It was nothing however - and I don't know what put the idea in my head - I'll tell you all about it some day when we can think of nothing else to say. Do you recollect where & when we crossed the "Long path" on the Common - when we went to Elliot Street to see Cyrus? All those things seem very dear to me now. Will not Boston become a Mecca to us by and by?

When I get one of your letters. I read it over and over again three or four times without stopping - afterward not so often.

Do I ever wonder if you like my name? Well, I never thought of it before - I never imagined that my name could interest you. Though yours means so much to me. What do you think of it? Somewhat perhaps as I thought of you when I first saw you? A part of my name might perhaps interest you - It is quite (right) that it should do so.

And if the name seems absurd to you please tell me. I can bear it.

"How often" do I "expect to hear from" you? Thy (your letters) could not come too often to suit me. Thy are always most welcome and dear. I know you will write as often as is convenient. It is not necessary that you leave duties not done, to write to me. I shall not forget you. Please write as you find time & when you think best - but remember, I am always glad to hear from you.

Here is the last corner of this sheet - when will I hear from you again? I hope you are well again, and the sun shinging brightly. Tell my good wishes to Your Father and Mother & to Willie. So-morrow we will talk again. Mantime. Adieu - Sweet sleep to you

Ever Your George

Sabbath Evening Sep 11th. Good Evening, Serena.
I hope you are as glad to meet me as I am to meet you. I hoped to be able to tell you to night, when I could leave Vt & when you might expect me in Somerville (if indeed I go at all) – but I got no letter to-day from Chicago, as I expected. There is little probability that I shall stop in Sll the coming winter, though such a thing is not impossible. I want to see you before you leave Somerville, if I can make arrangements so as to bring it within the possibles; I hope to leave here by Wednesday & reach Boston by Thursday Evening – It will depend on what news I get from Sll.
Count no minutes though, for I may not be able to go at all. There are many years, from now onward, but even the minutes seem tedious, if they keep me away from you. I wonder and doubt even, when I think of the many years, that loving hearts are separated by Death. Do they meet again, loving, as when they parted? Are they not cooled and changed? I would sooner not live at all, than wake to such a life as

that. May not what we are to be, in the future, unconsciously to us, have something to do with us here, in making hours of absence tedious, and hours of presence precious? the

It is no wonder that we count minutes that separate us & here, if the Hereafter is to separate our souls too. How short indeed is the time that we may love each other.

I dont believe it. but I fear it though.

You tell me what your thoughts are, and one of those you think of, when you are sad and in trouble, and ask if you have given all your strength to me, and if I find myself stronger — "enough for two".

In will and purpose - yes. It will be easier for me to do - I hope it will be easier for me to do right. In that, you are my dependent. But the earnest determination to do, to work, to achieve, I have "enough for two" The capacity to carry out according to the will is perhaps another thing.

Of those things to which I suppose you more particularly referred. It is right enough that you should depend upon me somewhat. I certainly shall depend on you when in trouble. A kind and encouraging word from you would be more strength to me than a volume of philosophy or a lecture from a minister. Perhaps it is not possible for two to stand up together as straight as either one may alone. but I verily believe they will stand up a great deal stronger. Dont you know that in our acquaintance I have changed more than you have? I am glad that it is so. Of course we will be somewhat alike. & it is well that the change should be in me. I would not with you to be any worse than you are. Mine none too good now you know. What am I then — please dont make the comparison

And here you insinuate that you are not what I think you are. Is it possible that I have been studied you for so long a time all to no purpose? I had a better opinion of my judgement of human nature - I thought I was shrewd and extra cautious in forming an opinion of people

I thought that long acquaintance almost always confirmed my earlier impression of people. I thought. I would not be deceived in every you. How blind and stupid I must have been. even before I loved you. Not a bit of it Serena. A long time ago I found you quite different in some things from any other girl I was ever acquainted with

And I learned to most thoroughly respect and esteem you, and as a true, reliable and generous friend I loved you, long before I thought of anything nearer. As a friend I did not find many faults in you - and those few - I cannot remember now what they were - some of them were I know imaginary ones as I have since learned, - for instance (though I cannot call it a fault) I used to think that you ought never to marry a poor man, and that you would never be willing to either, - that you had (perhaps unconsciously) an ambition to be a "fine lady" and not less would you be content with.

To day I saw "Lizzie" for the first time in some six years I think. I heard a wrong report of her I think. She is very large & fleshy, not much like the little girl I used to know. But quite stately & handsome. Her husband calls her "Elizabeth" so she doesn't seem like the same one. She has a little girl some 4 or 5 years old that looks much like her, (as she used to) only more mischievous.

I have seen many since, quite as handsome She avoids extremes - of neatness as well as the reverse. All the absent boys are coming home this fall. Boys indeed they are to me, but Merchants Lawyers, Doctors, Reverends and Honorables. One is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin Another is a Railway Chief Engineer & so on & so on, but they are all boys - little older than I.

— monday —

— And another — who can it be — none other than Edna. I saw her pass in a carriage today on the way to the house of her uncle where she used to live when she went to school here. I wonder how she looks now?

It is, to-they say, sixteen years since she went away. and it was a year or two after I saw her last, that her people moved to the West. I must have been at least six years old, then, when she used to go to school here. She comes back to stay here all winter — unmarried too. Cannot you imagine how dreadfully uncomfortable it must be to me, that I love you so much as to leave no room for the girl in the netted cap.

I'm going to the Post Office this Evening — perhaps I shall get a letter from Chicago It is not the Office where your letters come I hope to get one to-morrow eve there.

We may meet in three days — Oh I hope so. — — If so I shall talk before I write. So keep watch when Thursday night comes. for a graceless scamp that you will persist in loving. Goodbye. Bless you dear

Truly Yours. George

Forwd to Pekin Ill Oct 6 59 37

Somerville. Sabbath. Sept. 19. 1859.

George, —

Another Sabbath greeting I send you; another bright Good-morning — though the clouds do cover the blue sky." — You did'nt come last night, did you? I was foolish enough to look a little bit, and though I said to Serena over so many times, "You dont expect him", yet I felt, somehow, a little sadly when you did not come." To be sure I had no reason, only, I got no letter and you said you might come this way, and before long." — I will think of you as at home with your Father and Mother, having a pleasant day and happy thoughts."

Thursday I got a letter from you written Saturday evening and

Sunday morning, until you were called away to see company. It made me very glad to get such a letter from you. It made me hope many things which I fear I may be disappointed in, but the great certainty which it contained ought and does — almost — satisfy. Should I say quite satisfies me? I may in a little while, but the desire is so strong. (I said I would not say I want to see you, so that is not the desire) that you may come to Illinois, that I can scarcely feel that it can be otherwise. Your next letter may tell me of more sure plans for these months soonest to come. We are not going quite so soon as we expected to. The Unitarian Association met last monday and considered Father's request but came to no decision. James Freeman Clarke told Father that he thought they would conclude to give two hundred and recomend him to the Churches for the remaining three hundred Dollars, if so Father will have to visit some of the Churches which will detain him. The Association will meet again to morrow and decide the matter. Father thinks now we may go about the middle of October. You will go before we do, if at all, I suppose. You will be at home ready to receive us. Oh! no, of course it wont be so, but then, you know, it is the glory of the new theology that nothing is too good to hope for and expect. It may seem rather out of the usual way to apply what was said respecting spiritual blessings to the pleasure of two "little people." But my theology suits to me

that Our Father always rejoices in whatever gives happiness to his Children, if that happiness be consistent with their growth in virtue; and that he looketh after all the interests of his little ones; that nothing goes by chance, but our every step is guided by his all loving hand. It also saith to me, if George is where he can come in "every Saturday night and stay still Monday" it will be because God sees that it is well, and that too, if it is not so, it will be God blessing us still." — A very cheerful belief which ought to make a cheerful little girl. I wonder if human nature has not too deeply planted within it, to be rooted out, the seed of unrest? I have often wondered if perfect contentment was made meant for other than the who is infinite." We are always sighing after the unattained which when we have it we find is nothing, and long for something more. I can remember only a few minutes in my whole life when I was content.

Not that I have habitually a discontented, unhappy spirit. I do not think I know what real, bitter sorrow of any kind is. There have been some moments when I thought I knew what misery meant, but I almost smile at the idea now. on looking back, it seems so trifling. what I called unhappiness. It is not therefore unhappiness which I have felt, nor unrest so much as a want of perfect rest; a vague desire for something; a looking forward, as if I expected a gift from the future that would forever quiet my soul. I had thought that no friend could satisfy long, my want of a friend. I always found them, not what I would have them, but altogether tiresome and tedious and my heart grew sick of them. I had

thought, too, that no love that I could have, for one human like myself, but would fade out or grow cold at sight of spots and blemishes, or because of hopes unrealized and wants unfulfilled. — I can see your eyes looking so sadly into mine and saying — "Marie — are you sure it will not be so with our love? how can you be — for I have spots and blemishes", and you must have. I am afraid, hopes unrealized and wants which may never be fulfilled. I am sure, but I cannot tell you wherefore. Our friendship was not long, but I was true to you, and I should have been, if you had come last, and for the reason they gave me. — Dont let yourself be annoyed by what I say of what looks very like fickleness, but, if you please, I dont allow I am fickle.

Afternoon.

How my writing looks to-day. Like yours, indeed! That must have been all a fancy. Yours is smooth and finished and beautiful; mine has sharp corners and many irregularities and taken together is in no wise pretty.

Yes — this is Sunday. The best and holiest of all the days. How quick, how very quick the days and weeks go by! Six weeks ago to-day was it? No, only four. and I went into the Grove. Pretty soon and it will not be weeks but months, and then it will lengthen into years. Why are we not more sorry to have time go so swiftly? Is it because we are heedless? I think not altogether so.

Papa and Mama are in the City to-day. Father preaches for

his Pastor - James Freeman Clarke.
Have you read the last Atlantic?
The "Church of the Galileans", spoken
of by the Professor, is Mr. Clarke's.
A very good and true description
Mama says - I have never been there.
The Professor grows theological
and Mrs. Stowe religious. What
do you think of the "Ministers Wooing"
this month? I may be wrong but
I can't help feeling a little sick
of her too much moralizing and
religious talk. It is very finely
done, to be sure. I don't think
any body else could be endured
if they were to try to say what
Mrs. Stowe does, with so good
success. I presume, for I know
I am not like most people in my
dislike of giving attention to what
seems sacredest, or reading that
peculiar kind of religious sentimentalism
which Mrs. Stowe indulges in so
much. I acknowledge it is very
beautiful what she says, strikingly

So, equalled, perhaps, by nothing except some of her brothers splendid and brilliant gems, yet it shocks me to read it, and I cannot help it. I do not believe, either, a scarce one word of what she has said this month. It is odd like some poems we read about bare-foot beauties and the grace and romance of working in fields and kitchens. To people looking on, it may be a most romantic and graceful thing to cut hay on a hot summers day, but the blinding heat and hard toil such can little realize; let them ask the sweating workmen if it be so fine a thing. So Miss Stone, visiting New-England Newport and Dr. Hopkins, in imagination, thing may all be clothed in the beauty of romance and Love; and the hard, forbidding, blighting

theology of the times may have lost the most of its terrible elem=ness and been transformed into a grand, soul-quickening system, lived out in the heroic life of Dr. M. and the angelic life of sweet Mary Sedden. I never heard, and in her story of the deep and mighty influence for good over the minds of simple men and women, which Dr. Hopkins doctrine of God, sin and eternal death for the most of mankind, revealing as they are, are said to have had. There is nothing like natural in it from beginning to end. It is simply in Mrs. Stowe's imagination. There may be, in the world, found once in a while, a mother like Mrs. M. whose mind is so troubled by the sad views of God and his dealings which she has been accustomed to hear, that when she hears her son, loved more than all the world, is dead her first thought is of his

well or ill being in that new state of existence just entered upon. But I doubt it; love would have him well off; it would hear of no doubt; her love would be omnipotent to save him if there were no loving God; she would not think of aught save her great and irreparable loss. So seemeth it to me.

The clouds, which I thought were breaking away, darken again, and the wind sounds gloomily among the trees. It is very still in the house and out of doors.

I suppose I should go and read to my Grand-ma and her mother who are in the other room. I am afraid they feel lonesome, for I hear no sound from them. My eyes feel a little badly, I ought not to use them much more to-day.

I shall know all about whether

I am going to see you soon, or this winter or not at all, pretty soon, don't I? I have tried not to expect anything too much, the way to Minnesota seems longer than before that last letter came, and I have not thought, until just now, that it were possible for you to return to Minneapolis and neither go to Illinois nor come here. But it is possible and maybe probable.

The Coach will be coming, with Papa and Mama, in a few minutes, and, things to I have not dressed up for you to-day, I must for them. Yes. I have written in a calico gown all day, not all day but what time I have written. It is pretty, though.

I will say Good-night — nothing more — only you may look into your heart and what you see there for me know I feel for you also. I run no risk in saying so, do I?

Good-night, George. — Lenora.

"Write to me here, direct in care of
John Chinaman of the Celestial City"

Pekin. Illinois Sep 23 59

Dear Marie

Good Evening —

— Only a thousand miles away
How do you do? I havnt
much time to write to night,
but if I do not say much
you will be glad to hear from
me will you not?

In a little more than
thirty hours after I left Boston
I was in Battle Creek Mich
among friends. My Uncle Noble
had gone to Portland with his
daughter. (to see the Great Eastern)

My Sister Louise was at
B. Creek. She is I think in better
health than last ~~wast~~ winter when
I saw her. Yesterday I arrived
here. & to-day I have been out

viewing the Town & the works & obtaining information thereof.

Pekin is on the East bank of the Illinois 10 miles below Peoria & "40 miles West from Bloomington". by the stage road, whereon the stages do go thrice a week each way.

It is a town of 4000 to 5000 inhabitants, who mostly live on pork & whiskey; & deal in foul & profane language, personal broils & neighborhood slews, fever & ague. Most Married couples live apart — all others do not.

It is not troubled with an excess of good morals.

The River is broad & sluggish — the boats (Steamers) keep the mud stirred up & there is a suspicious verdancy floating around that tells of ague.

One Man tells me that at Pekin "they have the shakes harder than any where else on the river" — Some of it at Peoria & a little at Bloomington.

My itinerary, which may perhaps help you some, is about thus — Leave Boston at 8.30 A.M. Via Worcester Springfield & Albany. Arrive at Albany at about 4½ P.M. Time for Supper & to get comfortably arranged for the night. I tried the Sleeping Cars. & was oblivious until 4.30 A.M. when we change cars on the N.Y. side of the Suspension Bridge & passengers have time, if they wish to cross on foot. I crossed in the cars — Stop a few minutes on the Canada Side — Breakfast at 9 A.M. Dinner at London; the quality & quantity of which "entertainment for man and beast", is condemned by

travellers. Arrive at Windsor (opposite Detroit) at noon & Get dinner while crossing river — Arrive at Lake Station in the Evening. In the Morning, i.e. 6.45 A.M. a train leaves for Joliet This train connects with the train that leaves Detroit for Chicago in the Evening; or rather the latter connects with the former, That is the only train making connections at Lake.

You reach Ill. well and happy and your whole being warms and glows with a new life, as you see once more the broad green fields, which some one calls "the Almighty's play-ground" spread out on either hand — Remember this when you pass over the first prairie between Lake & Joliet. You have said that you would give all the varied scenery of the East for a prairie. I think I felt some

back we will know more of the prospects of the road.

It runs from Peoria to Jacksonville. Down the Ill. river & is at no great distance (Bloomington, of course) from it here. The prospects for the Lager Beer Chamber are not very flattering & yet I may do it.

This isn't a letter, it is to tell you that I came here safe & sound, - to tell you where to write and to have the blessed privilege of telling you that you are just as near to me as you were a week ago. I hope to write you a real letter the day after tomorrow, but please burn this won't you. It is written late at night & close following a lot of business letters, enough to spoil anything. - All is. Im well & happy & I hope you are. And we will talk next Sabbath - say to your folks that I love them.

Bless you
Yours

thing of it yesterday.

Oh this is a goodly glorious land is it not? These almost limitless stretches of prairie have more inspiration for me, than the most formidable of Mountains could have & yesterday I believe I could have written you a letter, if the cars would have allowed it.

I must not attempt it now though.

I do not know whether or no I shall stop here for any length of time. The chances are not very promising - not as good as I could wish, but I think they would like to have me stay - The Chief Engr has gone to New York & when he comes

Haven't you learned all there was of me worth knowing by this?

Pekin. Ill. Sabbath Sep 25 – 1859 Page 1

Marie.

Good Morning – peace and joy be with you, may this Sabbath be to you all you wish and hope. Six weeks have passed since we met and gave each other the sacredest secret of our souls. Since you told me "all a woman has to tell" yet I have learned more of you since then than you told me that day. But neither woman nor man can tell as much in as few words again. as in saying sincerely "I love you" nor can man or woman forget that wave of tumultuous joy, that "breath from the land of the Blessed" that comes over the whole being with the first assurance of a return of love.

Six weeks since we met to part no more all cannot turn back the days & be what we were before August 14th nor would we if we could – I would rather live the future than the past. perhaps it will be brighter for both of us. than some part of the past.

I have not been to church to-day only out of doors. though I am almost sorry that I did not. A church here seems to mean more & be deserving of more credit than the same thing in Massachusetts

It is so far in advance of the popular

sentiment here that it is entitled to credit & deserving of peraise & help.

The Church bells this morning seemed sweeter & to speak more hopefully to me than bells have for a long time before

Nor would you wonder, from where I am now writing I can see and hear enough drunk=enness, blasphemy, passion and vice to make one sick & hopeless, ~~of~~ to shake ones belief in the humanity and goodness of any and all. The Church bells seem to be all there is to help and save.

As I told you the day before yesterday — married people live separate. & vice versa. — I have wondered, when hearing some new story of separation or the like - if indeed all people were not naturally wicked and if there is yet any such thing as ~~th~~ truth, honor, justice, faith or virtue?

You see it is only in my best moods that I can be a Universalist

I wonder if I can ever be good enough to try to help another, without raising a sneer among those who know me.

Oh but I see so much of the teaching a total failure, even by earnest good men, that I need say nor think further, I must learn to be able to talk to an audience of one (which you know I have failed in) before I try more than one

We three - our domestic trinity - three who are but one - to wit: Marie, Serena and I, have been out walking. It was a warm summary Sabbath Morning: quite clear and cloudless. We have walked about, through this Oriental city, fragrant with - possibly tea but probably corn whisky - where the shade is small and sparse, and from thence out on the sandy prairie where there is no shade at all.

We would have gone across the river, or away toward the east where the woods are dark and dense only that those woods are on the bottom lands, where the searcher after shade and solitude, meets the gaunt sallow giant Malaria, "straddled across the way" like Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation."

P- &c. is a village of (said to be) 4000 inhabitants though I do not think it has so many and is the County Seat of Tazewell County. It has one main, Business street running at right-angles with the river and pretty thickly built up for perhaps a quarter of a mile. On either side of this street, on the cross streets and other streets parallel with the first are the residences of the most respectable citizens, i.e. the wealthy ones, the terms being synonymous.

There are a few residences, finer than any we have in Minneapolis. ("We have" in the above line, because we have an ownership or interest in all the fine buildings and grounds that we ever saw, without the disagreeable accompaniment of tax-paying thereon.)

There are a good many shade trees growing here, not large ones, nor very fine or thrifty. There are locust trees, and mulberry trees, and others that I do not know, besides apple, plum and cherry trees, And Grape Vines, Melon Vines and potato vines. The latter have roots, as also do the beets, onions and carrots. All these things we saw, or rather I saw, for at that time Marie and Irene were safely boxed up in my coat-pocket. There is a Court Square where the Court House, County Record Office, and Jail, in separate buildings, are situated. The Records are in a fine proof building, the furniture of which is of Iron, desks, book-cases, tables and Chairs, the latter extending bitterly ironical invitations to the weary. We did not go there to-day however. I saw it yesterday.

The land rises slowly as we go back from the river, till finally we reach a bare sandy ridge half a mile distant where we may overlook P— (Celestial City) without being peculiarly struck with the beauty or magnitude of the place. After all it is rather pretty, and I found myself wondering if it did not look as pleasant to its citizens, as does Minneapolis to me. We all looked when we got there (on the hill). There is a broad expanse of corn field, broken only by the places where the wheat (a crop of secondary importance) had grown & been taken away. West of us is the Illinois River, slowly pushing its tortuous length South-westwardly toward the Mississippi to poison the "paternal relative of the aqueous element" with the natural taint of this half-chaotic, pre-Adamite, ill-digested Illinois valley; augmented by the moral and material sewage which is born of the hundred distilleries and thousand grog shops that flourish in rank luxuriance along its shores. No wonder the Mississippi becomes sick and disgusted, and vomits forth into the Gulf, enough filth every year to fertilize the whole world.

The Illinois has no water power on it, though it is damned (I had almost said so profanely) and its progress choked & clogged by the density of the fever & ague through which it has to push itself in order to reach the Mississippi.

Away toward the south we see nothing but a vast sweep of prairie covered with corn fields, from which much whiskey will result, to say nothing of what is "wasted for bread"

Toward the East we may see a range of low bluffs marking the outer line of the Illinois Valley and covered with a sparse and small growth of trees. further toward the north the timber is heavier, and above it at a distance of ten miles the clear white buildings of the "Central City" Peoria are plainly seen.

I showed all these things to Lenna and Marie, but I fear they took little notice for they kept watching me all the time To the right or left, up or down, whichever way I looked or turned, their eyes followed me. Just like a heart I know of, that seems mounted on a pivot and at all times and in all places turns toward whatever place a certain other heart may be

Then we walked off among the fields and finally found a cottonwood tree, where thick green leaves above and a respectable turf below gave invitations not to be slighted.

It was still and clear: A Sabbath Morning - the "footstool of His throne" beneath, and the strange mystery of the calm blue sky and space illimitable, above and all around; and the stranger Mystery of Life within.

I suppose you never thought of your letters as being a book of sermons. Yet they are I had some of them, written in June and July, with me. You are better for having written them

I hope I am better for having read them. My faith in God and Men, is renewed and strengthened. I feel more of the goodness and love of Our Father in Heaven, and kindlier toward all His children here, happier, more hopeful, better, for every time I read a letter of yours. You know not how much you have done for me. Long before I loved you (as now) I had learned to say "My God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me such a friend" and though while with you, living in the wild joy that followed the troubled hopelessness with which I went to Somerville, and in the calm soul-full happiness which the later days brought. I partially lost sight of this which to my soul was of even greater value than the possession of your love; I have never quite forgotten that it is this change in myself, for which I have most to love and thank my God. Through this, I think I feel something of the priceless worth of your love, and the earnestness and reality of that which without return could do so much for me, and feel amply repaid, by the poor homage of this my heart, Marie, my Darling, dearest of the dear ones here, you have not only made

me happy by your love; but you have I think saved me, and taught me to think of a holier and truer life, and to try to follow it.

So to-day, your letters brought me nearer to Our Father, and my heart beats nearer in unison with the pulses of Divine love that throb in all this which we call Nature, as spread out around us, and in human souls, enabling them to do good and right, for its own sake.

It is but a little way to be sure, and perhaps I am not changed at all, but it is not a little thing if for an hour even I may be better, for reading your letters, and in silence, from soul to soul, speaking with you. and if it lasts but for a little time; so much the more do I feel how dependent I am upon you and how necessary you have become to my happiness and well being, so much the more do I love you. How much good your pictures have done me. To my Marie I tell the mysteries of my inmost soul. She looks into my heart. She is my shield, my guard.

They are now before me on my table. They look at me and tell me volumes of that soul which is your own, and of that heart which you have told me is mine.

Blessings on her, Serena, Marie, or whatever her name may be. — Dear Heart she is, and will ever be to me. Heaven bless and guard her.

To say I love you is poor and feeble language and yet it is all that words can express.

I have loved you in an inverse order from what people usually love. From profound respect, and highest esteem, through a veneration for what you are, and liveliest friendship, for what you had done freely and unselfishly for me, and for the friendship trust and confidence you so freely offered me; I have come to love you, for all these, and for that strange undefinable "because I couldn't help it" which is more than all the rest.

But "Because I could have helped it," I should never have loved you had it not been for all those things which went before it." And so I say that the simple word love, does not tell but a small part of the tie that holds my soul to yours.

So too — of Your Father and mother. Much of what we are & perhaps all this happiness which we possess with each other's love, is due to them. Since what you told me, I love and honor them more than ever.

I did not know that life had been thus with them, and I do not wonder now that you have loved them so, or that between you and them, there should always have been what I never say elsewhere, perfect love confidence and candor. (Be not jealous — I love them very very much

I said that "we three" went out walk=
=ing this morning. Not only that
"There were four of us
"Thank Heaven there were no more of us"
And who was No 4? A dog.
Yes verily a gaunt, short-haired, long-legged
pointed-nosed, sheepish-looking pup, with dubious
eyes and a waggish-looking tail: who literally
dogged my steps, and pursued me like a
double. At one time he managed to make
me a sort of chairman for a dog convention
and in a quarrel with two dogs of double his
own size, dodged behind me, & left me to settle
the difficulty with his irate friends. I tried
to drive him back with entreaty, and fair
words. I expostulated with shoe-leather and
remonstrated with a brick-bat, all to no pur=
=pose: Still more affectionate he grew.
Once I charged upon him with a paving stone
and he took refuge in a pile of hoof-pairings
where I thought I had him safe & stuck the
loose piles all around him & in the place
where he went in. So that I concluded he would
bid me an affectionate farewell for a time.
Delusive Hope - I had not gone more than
50 or 60 feet from the place; when on turning
around to contemplate the satisfactory termination
of my labors; there at my feet crouched the same
inevitable pup. I then explained the riot act
to him in a volley of brick-bats, which caused
him to disperse into the various corn fields along

along the wayside. After that. he haunted the fields and gardens, near me, and I saw gaunt black dogs, a dozen of them perhaps, looking at me from every available spot, out of the range of a brick-bat. First at a turn of the road, anon through a hole in the fence. & by & by from behind a cabbage in an adjacent garden. If you have ever noticed how persistently a dog will follow where he isn't wanted. this description will be useless. & if not. you can form no idea from any description. Fortunately my new-found friend retired from the field & sought acquaintance elsewhere.

I do not yet know how long I shall stop here. perhaps all June come west (if you come by Oct 10th) and perhaps longer. I have learned nothing of the prospects as yet. & shall not until the Chief Engr returns from New York.

It is a week since I saw you - just about this time of day. You asked me - or you said rather in an inquiring way. "You said there would come no cloud between us" — There was none Dear — only the cloud of parting. but I could not talk. what could

I say? I cried think of nothing only that I was going to leave you - that it was painful to go & I only wished it over. Forgive me won't you? I am very queer about such things yet. You felt badly didyou not, that I went away so? I would not have hurt your feelings for the world. But you did not doubt that I loved you above all else & would have talked freely if there had been a shadow which separated us?

Evening

Supper is a stern dictator, I left you without notice at the summons.

We are very musical here. There's a piano in the house, not far from my room, and it is "put through its paces" as they say of a horse from morning till night. The classic melody of "Root Hog or Die" seems to be a favorite

Just now a Methodist Hymn
"The-year-of-Ju-bi-lee-has-come" &c
is being done with unction.

I must stop writing. When will I hear from you? This week I hope If I work here I shall not be able to write you as often as I shall wish to hear from you. The mail goes from here to Bloomington in One Day - A letter mailed here in the forenoon reaches there in the afternoon. Can the U.S. mail travel faster than any other? I guess not.

And so Good night. And may God bless you
Truly Yours - George

No #5 Pekin Ill. Oct 5/69 ~~37~~ 49
Whole No 21 ~~20~~

Somerville, Sept. 20. 1859.

My dear George,

It came to-day. I have not looked for news from you before, nor hardly did I expect to hear so soon.

Yes - it came. I did not open it for some time, but was happy with the possession before I knew the contents. I cannot help it, but there must have been a shade of weariness or of sadness, or tiredness, or of something on your spirit, for your letter brought it all the way from Pekin to Somerville and days after you may have lost every trace of it the shadow has been transferred to me. Is it a foolish fancy of mine? I do not feel it all a fancy

I have given up all hope of seeing you when we arrive in B. and when I say hope I realize it is a "compound word" as the minister said, but I say two not four" made up of expectation and desire". I will not add, as did he. "love and joy". Perhaps I will not say all hope but I do not much expect and desire less to see you. This winter if it be necessary for you to remain in Pekin in order that I may. I have scarcely less dread of death than of the Fever and Ague. I suppose you will have decided before my letter reaches you whether you return to Minnesota or stay where you are but if I could have been a Fairy I should have whispered in your ear "Go — Go — Go —" before you had determined what to do. And then — how unpleasant it would be; such an outlandish place — Saturday — Sunday — till Monday morning" would hardly pay for six days living in such a Sodom". But you will do, probably, what you judge best. Therefore I wait the time patiently when I shall have learned the what you are to do".

Now I will tell you somewhat of myself and ourselves".

Two weeks ago come day after tomorrow you went away". After you had gone I was as foolish as ever I had been in nineteen years — I am ashamed and sorry. But that Sunday had been a dull day, — I could but feel it sadly — and it did seem so very strange that when we were

to separate for so long a time that we had nothing to say to each other could not talk. That was two weeks ago - of course that has all been forgotten - buried, under all the hours that have been since then." We have been steadily making progress toward Bloomington. Father received one hundred Dollars from Oliver Ames & Co. the Sunday you went away. He has the promise of nearly enough to make up the five hundred." We now expect to leave Boston and Vicinity a week from next Wednesday." My heart and head, but particularly my head, are even now preparing to sunder many ties - utter many affecting Good-bye's - God-bless me's and Farewells.

Boston and Boston-folk will not miss me, but I begin to miss Boston and Boston men already."

It has been with entire willingness, until a little while as it draws so surely near. That I have thought of leaving Massachusetts for Illinois. I have seen all the difference it will make — the pleasure and the profit have been duly weighed. But, for all that, my little foolish self has rejoiced. What for it would puzzle Serena to tell — would it not? I would not, if I could have it otherwise now. There is only one friendship that time and absence may prove unfriendly to, and that may have lived out its time and be ready to die if so it be decreed — I will not grieve, at any rate, until there is sure cause for grief. Well, Good-by to Cyprus then, will be the most, for Music Hall and Emerson

I can find in memory and in print. The Athenæum, with it's pictures and statues I have in mind and heart forevermore. Lectures and evening entertainment my eyes, and it may be my whole bodily as well as mental self, will do as well without as with. Yet — there are sweet and blessed associations connected with Boston, Somerville and Cambridge; many holy hours have I passed in this six months this has been my home; — and there are many places here which are and will be evermore "Hallowed Ground" — but while that which hallowed remains I will not sigh, as well might I cry for the shadow while I have the substance, &c — I can say cheerfully Good-Bye and Love-there will Boston and all which can be see from Boston

State House dome. Much joy happiness and good ye have given me, and I am grateful; but still I go where joy, happiness and good may find me and mine there as here.

Mr. Wakefield was over here Monday evening. He was well. He brought your books over. I will care for them till I see you; my name, on a blank page, to makes me alone responsible, I suppose.

You could not write Sunday, could you! This, your letter, was mailed Sunday so I presume you had not written more.

I will remember what you said about writing and will think it in no wise strange if I do not hear often and long from you. Hear just yourself to great trouble to write for fear I shall fear.

It is growing dark and I expect every minute to hear the supper bell. I will direct to Pekin until I am told otherwise. I hope you will not stay there long enough to get sick. Do not!

I did not know, neither did you know, how much of myself I had given away until two weeks ago. Not unmingled joy has the knowledge brought. I am, however, I am glad to say, much more sensible than a little while after you had gone, and with you, for a time, all my light. Oh! my beloved theories were all upset and I was as good as any other Angelina. But, you are a thousand miles away now — and I am with you —

Dont get the ague; dont get sick — be good — be happy and — God be with you — Ever your Marie.