



George B. Wright and Family Papers

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art as murder, and I had to keep
sight after him, telling him, that
never could do, such folds in a
carpet, such turnings under, and
nailing down - it would have to come
up. Well - He put some paper
on the wall - 'tis up side down this
morning. He worked hard and with
good will. He is poor. - After
supper last night, when the house
was all settled again, and we
ready to turn out our attention to
prayer, he repeated something from
Harris. - Very pretty.

I must go to Sunday School.
I ought to love to go better than I do.
When will I learn to be good? When
I see and learn from you?

Come pretty soon. Tuesday eve
a little if you will be with you.
I must go - Good-bye -
Serena.

Sunday April 1, 1860.

My dear George - Do you know
how happy we shall be! I never felt
it until a moment ago - that our
lives are one life henceforth. I have
said so many times and felt it in so
way, but not as now. When all is
well, how happy we shall be - when all
is not well, when you are sick, suffering
in mind or body, my greatest happiness
that I could have under such circumstances
will be in being near you to give you comfort
and relief if I can, if I cannot, to
endure and suffer with you. There
many things have been revealed to me
through you. You have been to me
Prophet - Poet, Philosopher, George.
You have made me to understand some
mystical pages in history. I see through
my love for you, how for love

one may be hero or martyr. I see how
little life really is, simply this inhabiting
a body. I love you — when I first
could say that, I found more life than
three score years could have given me
had I never learned to love you.
I love you — and the gates of heaven
were opened, — the universe grew luminous
men's hearts became visible, I began to
know myself. How little I know be-
fore. I see every thing so differently.
I read books as I never read them
before. God seems nearer. One
love can never interfere with another.
How can they talk to us so foolishly
about idolatry! God loves me better
the more I love you. In loving you I
love God, do I not? all that is
good is part of the great all,
and what in you I love I shall be
blessed in loving. — Will you
be here next after next? That is not

far off. We have some friends here
you will like to know. Dr. Willard
and wife you will enjoy. There is
a young man, known to us through
Dr. Willard's family, that you will
like. He is a fact of no mean character
so they say, though I have never seen
only one thing from him which was
not fact at all, but some fine
verses. He is at school here, at
a Normal School, and is very smart
they say. He has been at our house
the last two days cleaning house, or
helping me clean house, — Sarah,
Dutch-boman, Mr. Norton and I,
between us we have turned things up side
down and then straightened them out
again. I like Norton. He don't
look the Part. I lonely, and words
and so forth. He puts down
carpets like a poet I assure you.
I was sick yesterday, only so I could

Take the past 7 months - somewhere about 450
pages of "love & affection" - I am really getting
interested to see what I have written during
the same time. Just spoke of Ada. But it
funny that you should write of her, at the same
moment I received her letter & not only that,
but that the general tone of your remarks should
be precisely what I was thinking while reading
her letter, and also, that I should receive your letter
while I was writing to her, the same train of
thought coloring what I wrote.

I am sorry for Ada. She is a good noble girl
and - will all show you her letter & that
will explain why.

"Do you ever hear from George B. Wright?"
Craffut has the most innocent & unsuspecting
nature I ever saw. It is such a relief from
the rest of the world. I love him -

It is too bad that you and he were not paired
together. And a somebody & always will be.

And then - Oh there's a thousand reasons
why it should be so. Think of it, he's not as
old by almost a half year, as I, and he can do
every thing. What would I not give if I could
talk as he can. Maria & you were very foolish
for me so wise, last August.

Just think I have showed you only the
bright side of my life here - No, I have shocked
& pained you & made you miserable, ever so
many times - No one but myself so well knows
what this winter just past has been to me.
Altogether it has been pleasant - somewhat, but
when I wrote to Craffut I had been divorced from
you & your letter & from the rest of the world, a long time.

Elk Grove, Iowa, Apr 1. 1866
Marie. I feel very April - foolish to day
& perhaps my letter will show it more
plainly than usual. I almost think this
is the last time I shall sit at this table in
this house, in this town, in this State, to write
to you. Not that I shall be able to get away
from here so soon as that, but shall be so
busy that I cannot write. Let me see, I am
going tomorrow to Mason City, 30 miles S.W.
S.E. from here. (30 miles near America) &
shall post this letter there. It may reach
you in time so that you could answer it this
week - if not you need not send any more here
for probably I shall be away before Friday of
week after next, & unless I you write this
week I could not get it next week Friday.

Oh the time is surely going to pass, that
separates us. It seems very short now. I have
made some more progress in the settlement
& begin to feel that the worst of it is done
with. Though I don't know. At any rate some-
thing is done. My hard work wears on me, I'm
growing poor very fast. Yesterday I stepped on
the scales & turned the beam at 168^{lb} - I fear
I shall dwindle down to 175^{lb} by the time I
leave here. And Oh how black. If I'm not

a representative Black Republican then who is? I assure you I look awful, and at worse than I look.

I got half a dozen letters last mail - One from home - A long one from Cyrus, One from Delos, and - one from you. One of our V3 boys had been to Boston & Cyrus tells me of more V3 news than all I learned while I was last summer. He remembers every one he saw in V3 - During the week he was there with me. Now 4 years ago, and tells me all about them.

The same fellow whom he saw in Boston is one of our neighbors & once last summer came to see me when I was in my room, writing with "considerable amount of goods & chattels scattered all around - among the rest, one of your pictures. Well now for the story which ^{Cyrus} tells.

"I told me another thing which made me smile clear across my face - he said 'Geo had a picture of a female in a little velvet case, when he was up there that he (the Dr.) expected Wakefield had a notion of marrying some day. Oh Geo

"you old scamp - I charge you 50¢ repairs on old clothes, on that very ape. I called for the Bivalves at the first shop we passed after he told me that. He said your V3 friends complain that you don't write to 'em as of old & asked what I thought was the reason. I told him I presumed your time was so occupied with my mania

"with the girl in the locket that you couldn't come down to earth long enough to write."

Now isn't that G? & isn't he funny? My Dear I cannot possibly be sober, because whenever I think of you, it is of meeting you so soon & that makes me beside myself with joy. You have learned before now that I have that unhappy & unfortunate temperament which is made up of alternations of ups & downs well I feel appish to day. It's April 1st any how, Hurrah for a fool.

Now I'll be decent, respectable & staid - and look over your letter. It is good and long, as all of yours are. How natural it seems that you should write & those things which were a wonder six months ago, are now - it would be a wonder if they were not in our letters. So much have we changed since then. I am going to stop now & page the letters you have written me this winter past & see how many. So wait till I have it finished.

Well My Dear I have completed the enumeration, & find as follows viz

Old Series, letters previous to Aug 14, 1859	236 pages
New " " since " " "	352 "
To which we may add 3	388 "
for the 8 or 10 lost letters say	112 "
One error means folio of only	700 pages

Was there ever such a voracious dove as ours?

could hardly fail to produce that result by pouring
ing about even in the most awkward manner.

It may be a fair subject for merriment at
our expense, but at the same time it produces
the effect desired. we can afford to smile too.

Of course I shall be more able to talk freely
with your Mother than with him, although she
has not written & he has. It is very true as you
say, because first, that Men are not the
natural confidantes of men, and because (well
I don't know why, but because I can talk with
her - that's why) Not a bit, because we have
been trying to build a friendship; he & I. I don't
admit that. You say that you "found it hard
to keep from showing your heart to a man" Exactly,
My Dear, & I failed to keep from showing my heart
to a woman. It was very strange indeed.

I had a complete inventory of your Father's
farming before he wrote me, I don't know how but
my idea is just what ^{you} state the fact to be. It's just
like my farming at Forest City in 1858. How all
the elements seem to conspire against such a
farmer, and all the neighbors hogs & hens & cattle
& the agricultural fates. Did I ever tell you how
I planted my Corn field four times over? & how the
water stood all over it after the corn was up, so that
it couldn't be "ploughed out" and how the Cattle got
in to it twice & devoured it? & how the frost killed it
all in the fall? & how the potatoes that did not rot
were all frozen? & how the Cattle got into my garden

Sabbath P.M.

My Dear Maria - I wonder what I can say that
is new? Nothing I'm sure. I believe I have never
so unmistakably felt that my letter writer is indeed
written out, I'm tired of writing, & yet I cannot
stop so long as we are separated - Oh Dear, I wish
we didn't have to write. It would be real nice
wouldn't it?

I guess I'll have to go to farming. My Father
in his last letter - he wastes no words, and his
short hand way of saying a thing is sufficiently
expressive to any one who knows him. - Says
as he closes the letter "Do you want to come to vt?"
"I know what that means just as well as
though he had said "We are alone and old -
"the farm is too large & too much for us to
"take care of, and you are wasting your time
"to poor purpose in your haphazard chase all
"over the world in pursuit of fame & honor. - you
"are losing more than you are making. Will you
"not come back & take the farm & stay with us
"We can make it easier, more profitable & every way
"better for you to be here with us." It means
all that & more. & now what must I do?

There is one reason, which I think is enough
bath for them & me, why I should not so,
& that is simply that I could not live in
New England. You know why. It is a bad climate

Otherwise I should feel under obligation to go there.
You tell me a good deal of
your sisters in Minnesota and of your other
— what shall I call them? Not relatives, though in some
respects so. Its queer, not much like other folks

I have always regarded you as being the only
one of your family; that there were none others
— although I knew better, & to be told of a family
that is made up of sisters and cousins, who are
yet not such, as the words mean to me — seems
very queer. Now ^{among} my people it is just the
reverse. Being the poorest one of them, I of
course look up to and respect & love them. Once
indeed from a fancied idea that they put a true
valuation on my limited merits & treated me
accordingly. I went away with ill bitter feelings
in my heart, for I was just as sensitive as though
I had been Lincolnton, and it took long sad years
to wear the idea out of my heart. And as you
are aware, last summer was the first time that
I ever met them feeling on equal terms & in
brotherly mood. — not all of them were so.
It was always all between Rella & I.

You say I must love you. I insist upon ^{it}
I will love you.

You talk "Cottage" & then ask me if I knew
Lizzie Kimball of St. Anthony? I was once — two
years ago this winter, introduced to a "Miss Kimball"
whose first name I never heard. It was at New

Leominster — I never ^{long} heard of her after word, though
I used to hear Ada speak of her often, & I believe
she used to visit there. I remember her as a
fatty & ultra fashionable young lady, with a
deal of natural affectation. (If the term is allowable,
— just exactly such a one as I should like
— And that's all I know of Lizzie Kimball, if
she was the ~~one~~ one.

And in that home, as for talking — you
shall talk a great deal more than you do now
— with me — and you shall like the exercise,
but I don't think you will ever be implicated in
the cackling of a female tea-party. I think we
will find some days this spring when we can talk
as free as bobolinks in June.

I have been laughing ever since I got
your letter at the view you take of the magnificent
friendship your father & I are constructing. I own
that it seemed rather absurd in some things to
me, even before your letter came. But then
don't you know its always so — when two men
undertake to deal in matters of the heart, they
inevitably make fools of themselves. — not as two
people circumstanced like you & I, who though
they may act like fools sometimes, exercise a
vast deal of natural wisdom & sense in doing so.

And it was not the constructing of a friend-
ship, (on my part at least) so much as it
was breaking the ice, that was needed, and now

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40 or 50 of them and "mussed" all my "spare beds" of cabbage, peas, butts, lettuce, &c. &c. ? and how in fact the result of the summer's labor was figured up by my friend Bacon. to who was to attend to it for me after I came here to survey Swamp Lands. in these words

"We've done enough there — it ought to amount to shucks but it hasn't" ?

My dear, if Mr. B. Atter would divide equally with me, I might perhaps afford to work a farm. If not, not!

Marie — I ^{trust} ~~trust~~ ^{afraid} ~~afraid~~ you must not begin to think of parting until that time comes "Sufficient unto the day". I shall not, Now that for months I ^{have} been my first wish — to see you, I shall not repent of it, I shall feel badly enough when the few days that we have been looking forward to for so long, shall be among the things that were. I feel confident that I cannot live, or live much ^{when} away from you. How indeed could I do anything, make any progress, or achieve any success, while all the time I am sighing & mourning for you & counting the days till I can again see you, & writing interminable letters every week. If it can be, Dearest, we shall live together. And now for a little time Good Bye perhaps I may meet you again tonight. If not perhaps next week, if not then, in a few days. — better than all letters, I love you. Good bye
George

Sabbath Evening

I can write only a few words, for it is late & I must be ready to start early tomorrow morning.

I have been pretty busy today, I have written six or seven letters. I went to town & back before breakfast (a 4 mile walk), have chopped wood - visited 5 or 6 hours with several people, &c - My leisure time is going to be with you in Bloomington - I knew last summer that I should love you more & more with further acquaintance but without any idea that you would ever become to me what you now are - necessary to me in every moment of my life. There ~~is~~^{are} not I believe ten minutes at a time, in a whole day that I do not think of you. Just a few days more, Dear, and again I claim that little hand, that came & nestled itself in mine. Six months & more will be dropped out of the record & we will be - as when last in Somerville, just as though waking from a dream we find ourselves there together, as then, your head resting on my shoulder my arm around you & your hands in mine.

I love you Marie. Oh so much - ever & over so much, with my whole soul. And only a few days - Only three weeks between us. Good night Dear, Let me kiss you again - There () there's a good girl - I felt your lips touch the paper with mine. Are you here, sitting on my knee after the manner of a dutiful grand-child, or are you in Bloomington? Oh you are in Bloomington, I will be soon. Good night George

and I fancy he wants to be original
in theories - and he is - for I am sure
no man ever went before him, or will
ever come after him - holding such
outlandish opinions all in one conglom-
erate mess.

It doesn't annoy you at all does
it, to have me say, what would be real-
ly silly if said to others, - to tell you
how and what I think of you - what
you take in my thoughts, how you
look to me, and so on? I have no
one I can say them to of course, for they
are too entirely private to bring forth,
but when I write to you, I do not want
to feel I am doing more than thinking
to myself - you may know all I do.

I get afraid to say what I want to
to you sometimes for fear my letter will
seem like a letter to you, and I know then
how extremely foolish some of my talk
would be. Is it ever so? So I never
say I love you - when you think it idle
and would rather I had not said it.

Bloomington, Illinois.
Wednesday, Apr. 4. 1868

Mrs. Wright.

My dear Sir:- I have concluded
I cannot write any more letters to
you at present. We have held this
pretty correspondence quite long enough
For me. I am sick of it, and would
desire if in future you may have any
thing to communicate to me you would
do so personally. Then I can answer
as becomes my dignity, by speech.

Dearest,-

Last night was very good
to me. It brought me four sheets
from you. Such a blessed letter
but I have not thought so little of
Tuesday - since it became the day which
unites us by letter, as this week.
It seemed so small a thing to get a letter.

when you were coming so soon. Oh! so soon. The first of May? Not before? I thought you would. Do you stay ten days in Dubuque? Well - this is April, 'will soon come. Will not Elsie come through Bloomington and stop to see us? We would gladly entertain her to the best of our ability. Our compliments, and an invitation for her and Charley to stop and see us. Poor, dear woman! Is she going to your Father's. She will rest when she can put her head in your mother's lap, and cry. Rolla's mother. If you should die I would rather go to your mother than to any body else in all the world. She could best understand my heart's desolation, - and I could sometimes lose my grief in sorrows for her, that her boy was gone away. Doesn't she love you better than her other boys, because

you are the youngest! I do. I am always sorry for your mother when I think of her crying when you told her of "a little girl in Massachusetts". It was hard, - it seemed because you loved me that you were farther off from her, - that you would think of her less often, though not less fondly. Don't you think I would be very good to her? I think I would be. I don't know anything about your Father. I love him, because he is your Father. Dear George - I wish I could see you to-night. Any time is long to wait. Thursday. Cal. Dr. Willard is queer. He believes in everything and nothing. Believes in, I do if he means what he says and I can understand him. He believes in the eternity of evil and an Almighty Devil. He has read Emerson a good deal

But that was not love. It is hard
to say, for I put so many checks on my
self - and said so many nos - and
told Serena so many lies that I got
confused. I know I loved you when
you told me I was lazy in a letter
or it would not have been so much to
me - I know I loved you when you
said something about the Good Ship
Serena coming in sight and passing
away from view in the distance, or
I could have thought more patiently
of sailing my boat alone - I know
I loved you one sixth of August
when I wanted to put my arms about
your neck and tell you so - I know
I loved you on a bright Sunday
in the summer time when I took hold
of your hand for life or death -
I know I love you this calm night
of Spring - when, God willing - I would
die for you - I know I shall love you
all the days of my life. Come quickly
Dearest - for I love you - Marie.

Does my heart ever fail to find response
in your heart? I suppose it must be
so, as long as we are so far apart, but
when we are together we - I could better
temper my words to your feelings or
moods. But when, as to-night
I feel all hours dull, and days very
long, and my soul is tired of waiting for
weeks that go so slowly to pass away,
how can I help saying I do love
you and would give all I have to be
with you. Indeed I do, George Wright,
and my soul is infinite and immortal
or it could not hold so much for you.
I am sometimes afraid you will despise
me because I love you so much, but I
don't care much, you never can take
away what you have given. I glory
in my passions and am somewhat
triumphant over you. I love you

and you cannot help it. You could
take away from me your love, - and kill me
too, perhaps, but I should live on for-
ever what you have made me, - for I
willingly acknowledge your power to
influence and create a new, but I will
not, until I am obliged to, the power of
any other 'circumstances'.

When did I first love you? Don't you
believe if only we could remove a very
thin veil the future's great events
would be seen by us, as far as they are
vitally connected with us. I believe
sometimes we get glimpses as it is and
almost become Prophets. One night
while yet you were a stranger to me,
and before I thought of you as ever
a friend, I think God - for He does
all things, - for a moment raised
the curtain dividing the present from
the future, and let me feel, rather
than see you as you were to be.

It was at a meeting on the Island,
you had just come from Forest City,
and after meeting, your friends were
gathering around you, - I rather
happened where you were, for I do not
think I should have sought you, you
looked at me - gave me your hand
without speaking to me, but gave your
other hand to Ada and went on
talking with her, - I had a nameless
feeling of half pity for the rest and
pride and joy for myself that none
of all those people were long on what I
was. Do not misunderstand me, I had
no defined thought or feeling, and of
course, knew there were many you liked
better than you did me, and I never
thought of loving you, but that joining
of hands spoke more to my soul than I
knew how to interpret, - I had a
feeling of the time to be, - a glimpse of the
daylight while 'twas yet dark.

Elk Grove Iowa

10 o'clock P.M., Sunday Night. Apr 8. 1880
Dearest — Just a word before I go to sleep — for I
cannot let the week go without saying something.

Our present expectations are to leave here next
Wednesday A.M. and are progressing finely but as the
days narrow down, a host of things loom up, that must
be done. — If we don't fail as to do, Thursday Night
will find us in Iowa Falls, 55 miles S. from here. Elsie
has friends there — Monday we start for the East, &
perhaps reach Chicago by Wednesday Evening, to which
place I will go with them. I have one or two days
business in Chicago & may probably reach Bloomington
by Saturday. (Two weeks from yesterday). That is as
soon probably as I can be there, perhaps two or three
days later. Really I cannot see how I am going
to do the half of the things (between now & ~~Wednesday~~)
that must be done. but shall try.

I had a three days horseback ride last week &
encountered the terrific Miss Church & also a western
hurricane & whirlwind on my way. (You shall have
full particulars of my Miraculous escape in both
cases. Yesterday at school-meeting the Directors of this
Township paid me \$25 for the map which I made
recently & raised my salary for teaching, from \$20 to
\$30 for me, & passed a vote of thanks. I bore that merrily
but when it came to a stump speech by one of the
Board in my behalf — I was obliged to give in —
which I did — offering some time my dilapidated
broad-brim to the speaker.

I recd your short letter last Friday - I could
write a long one in reply but for lack of
time - Shall I be with you in two weeks? Is it
possible? You will get this one week from day
after tomorrow, perhaps I then may be in the
Derbyshire. I shall write when I get where there
are daily mails, very often, Do not expect me
on any day in particular, If you do I fear you
will have occasion to cry from disappointment.
- But I will come as soon as I can

I do not stop to think of you a moment
for it seems that I cannot stay here even two
days longer if I do, I want the cars to go like
lightning, All is lost time between here and "Here
I live" - Oh Marie - I do, love you, live you
- love you. Good Night Dearest.

Keep a brave heart, we shall meet by thy
Here's a kiss for you Dear. from

Your impatient longing
Lover. George

Iowa Falls. Ia. Saturday Apr 14 1866

Maria

Good Day My dear. This is as lovely a day as was that one Eight months ago.

We arrived here - 70 miles from Forest City on Thursday Evening - we had a very pleasant time unless the wind blew hard, both days - a dry harsh wind - we have had no rain since I can remember. The roads are dry & hard. In Order that Elsie may get to St. next week we will leave here tomorrow hire a team to go from here to Independence when we reach the cars - seventy five miles from here, we will leave there with good luck on Tuesday Morning & seek to reach Chicago Wednesday by 1 A.M. If very fortunate I may get away from Chicago by Thursday Morning, probably however you need not expect me before Friday Evening. As yet I do not know how & when the Cards make connections, & the above is all, guess work, but I anticipate ever so much before another Saturday night.

You won't know me ^{any} blacker than ever before, bruised & scarred & battered, a real Ogre I assure you - but - I love you. Say good things to all your people, You are

all well now I guess.

I cannot write, how can I? Am going to
see you - Jim & Lu are but poor miser-
able cheats & counterfeits. & you don't
care whether I write or no. only to be
assured that I am coming by & by.

Ellis has some friends here with
whom we are visiting. or I would have
been with you - now - almost.

I will drop a line from Chicago as
soon as I reach there.

Get a few days - keep a good
heart. Good bye. God with you

Yours, all & ever yours
George

[May 1860?]
Friday Morning

Your letter mailed at La Crosse
I have just received. It is enough.
Four sheets of letter paper could have
done no good. You are my
husband, I want you and not
your letters. You might talk
and talk forever and leave me
as you found me, the same restless
dissatisfied heart. But Dearest,

letters are very good.

You have been in Minneapolis
two - one whole day. Well, 'tis some-
thing that I know you are not still
travelling farther away. I am very
good - indeed I am. I do not cry,
I do not fret, I feel very like
a person obliged to be resigned
not from any Christian sense of duty
but because I cannot help myself.
Miles have not the power to separate us
as always before - I feel you though
away nearer - so much nearer than
in any other absence. I thank God I am your wife

that this will give you a definite
object to work for. I have no gentleman
friend whose marriage would affect
me any differently from that of a lady
friend. But there is and must be a
change in the relations, even if as
dear. When a friend marries she has
so many new thoughts, feelings, and
aims that I may sympathize with
and appreciate, yet not wholly under-
stand. I used to feel this keenly but
see now it must be. See how your
whole life is changed, of course
there is a change in your relations
to your friends, although I hope not
in your love, Serena I can and do love
sincerely. I do not know her, she has
been so very reticent towards me. It
was my fault, ^{though} I wonder how all this
came about. You or Serena must tell
me the whole story. There is nothing
I delight in more than the love ro-
mances of my friends.

You see it does not follow because I am
such an old maid that I want my
friends to remain unmarried.
I wished my letters to be destroyed
because I have written more from the
"innermost" to you than even to friends
nearer and dearer. You are in a ~~very~~ ^{good} ~~kind~~
manner to blame. I regretted at the time
my writing them. Your letters have been
so sympathetic, so truly brotherly that
I have written freely. But you must write
less subjectively, put on your old face
use your elbows and be snappy. It is
not healthy for me to have any but cheer-
ful letters. Not if you have any care or
sorrow I would not wish to know and
share, but my thoughts must be taken
away from myself. So tell me all
about your plans, pleasures and sorrow.
I trust and hope yours will be one of
the few happy families, that you will
be really one in thought purpose and
deeds. All your friends must give you some

advise I suppose. Mine is never accept
 a secret you cannot share with
 your wife. But don't forget us poor
 outsiders, home less waifs. I shall not
 write again till I can write to both
 of you together. Give me all the gossip
 and news at home. How it looks at
 the "brown house." Oh I want to go home
 so badly. I am half sick to sight so
 excuse this ill written sheet. I have so
 many unanswered letters. I fear I
 shall never get around. Give my
 love to the dear wife. Ever Your Sister

Ada

P.S. This is not private property. It is as much
 for your wife as yourself.

It strikes me your letter has an expression as if
 you had done something that was going sever
 you from your friends. I shall not lay you under
 the green and "even if you did not give me an
 invite I prize you most too much for that. But
 still I cannot give serene credit for taste to fall
 in love with such an angular fellow as you. How I

love to hear from you
 and I want to know how you are
 Carondelet May {1860?}

Dear Friend

When your card was hand
 ed me a few days ago I was perfectly
 astounded, although from your last
 I supposed that such a thing might
 happen sometime in the future. I
 peeped into every corner for a line
 then was half mad, but that did not
 last long, and I rejoiced with my
 whole ^{heart} and was quite happy all
 the week imagining your happiness, and
 so wished I could shake hands with
 you both. A man is doubly a man
 after he is married and woman too
 "is more through love and greater than
 her years." And who I think I know some
 what of the depths of your nature have
 been really happy to think how all
 the deep tenderness of your nature
 must now be overflowing, and to feel

What you could have made your husband's life here to see one it seemed to me as if I should
 do take good to see you laugh and to laugh myself from the heart once again

You must see this and I know of course for you are a favorite favorite
 of mine and I want to see you every day and I want to see you every day and I want to see you every day

Steamer Northern Belle

Monday Evening May 21.

Marie, Wife, Dearest. 1860

I want to see you -
Twelve hours have put more
than two hundred long miles
between us. You have been
sick to-day too. - and have
cried all day. Such has been
the picture to me at least, I
hope it wasn't so. It was very
pleasant on the cars to-day
There had been rain all along
the route so there was no dust.
We reached Dunleith at 7:20
this evening. I went directly to
the steamer. Day after to-morrow
we will be in St. Paul.

Mr & Mrs W D Washburn & J. P.
Owens, I see on the boat. - the
latter in close communion
with a sherry cobbler -

Keep a brave heart
dear. It will be but a little
while - and then we part no
more. Say good things & ever
so much love to all our folks.
& as God Bys Dearest. Your Husband
George

For he I cant write.
Oh no, letters will be good
for nothing's hereafter.

Dont feel badly now
- Be glad that I am away
and trying as fast as
possible to get everything
out of the way so that we
wont be separated any
more, But I am a
little homesick even
now - Arent you?

Good Bye Again,
It's good to be able to say
+ know that you are

My wife - to whom
I say good bye -
George.

and so am I. Let the miles
drift in between us — tides ebb
as well as flow. To be beyond
the reach of arms and kisses is
not so bad when impossibility is
the gulf that divides.

It was lonely last night,
when dark came on — when I knelt
alone and could not clasp the
dear hand so far away, but could
only pray our Father "bless and
keep him", and when I lay down
with no "Good night". And Dearest,
'twill be lonely to night, and many
nights, but I am not so foolish,
and weak as I seemed to be, I can
be brave and neither cry nor sigh.

How much more it was to have
you away from me now than ever
before I did not know. I rejoiced
because I am sure, for I know
in this how much nearer and

dearer my husband is, than my
lover was. If then I loved you
with all my soul, I have now
a new soul and a larger heart.
George, I love you, 'tis all I am
and that is not little.

Yesterday I was quite busy
all day. Last night talked
with Mother until eleven o'clock.
She told me how much you were
to her, how you had come into her
heart as one of the dearest ones.
She told me other things I will tell you
when you come; things 'twill comfort
you to know, that is not the word,
make you happier to know.

To-day we go to Mrs. Thompson's
to dinner. Billings talks and talks
as ever. What a boy! and yet pleasing.
I will take this along, you won't expect
much, I suppose they are waiting, and
I am not dressed even.

Dearest, By-bye — Marie,

Note on envelope:

"My first letter from
my wife"

Bloomington, Tuesday morning,
May 22, 1860.

George "

The roof, the smoke and
trees I look to in vain to give more
than a name. After writing George
I feel no farther. The same, and

yet not the same, I wrote to East.
God bless my husband! My life
and prayers can ask no more.

Yesterday morning at half
past nine you were thirty minutes
~~less~~ beyond Bloomington.

This morning, as I write, you are
riding the waters of the Mississippi.

It is like going home, is it not, to
see the River, looking the same, yes-
terday, to-day and forever? Minneap-
olis, too, seems pleasant, I know.

Oh! yes, 'tis very nice; you are glad
it is all over, the ugly parting!

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God bless my husband! My life
and prayers can ask no more.

Yesterday morning at half
past nine you were thirty minutes
~~leaving~~ beyond Bloomington.

This morning, as I write, you are
riding the waters of the Mississippi.

It is like going home, is it not, to
see the River, looking the same, yes-
terday, to-day and forever? Minneap-
olis, too, seems pleasant, I know.

Oh! yes, 'tis very nice; you are glad
it is all over, the ugly parting,

I do not feel just as I did about
your coming back again. Do not
think I ever felt you were not able
to think and act for yourself, but I
felt that in that thing I could not
have you do so, for I knew if it was
not for me you would never think of
leaving your present business for
what seem so incompatible with your
tastes and talents. I should

feel just as rebellious now if you
should forsake entirely and forever
serving for the planting of trees
and selling of flowers — I can't
help feeling flower-selling disagree-
able work, "peddling in sacred things."

I think this, I will trust God
that no fatal mistake can be made,
all things must "work together for
good" if it is a wrong path
walking in it a few miles will not
lead widely astray — and —

months seem longer than weeks —
though, God forbid my desires
or happiness should lead you away
from the right road.

A man brought a paper here to-day
which I send, desiring me to send it.
I hope it is nothing unpleasant.

Is every body well? Is
every body as glad to see you, after
these many months of absence, as one
little woman would be, after these
four days? Don't forget to give
every body my love, that I love
and who loves me.

I went to the
sociable last night with Mr. Billings.
It was really the finest party of
the kind I ever attended. The minister
was delighted. It is a joy to do
anything for a man so bound to be
entertained and made happy.
We cannot do anything but 'tis so
nice. It is such a happy, childlike

nature. Mother scarcely likes
his seeming want of depth and
lack of warm, devotional feelings,
but I think he has that which
atones, and which is seldom seen.
A man so honest and simple hearted,
so guileless in soul, with such
unusual love for children, has
no need of the stern virtue that
comes through much conflict, - no
need of the piety and deep grati-
tude that is only born of much
sin forgiven, and a broken heart healed.

Is this a little letter? Is it
is, but 'tis getting late. Dear heart,
dear beyond all telling.

Please let me see to be your
wife, for you are my husband,
loved in the fullness of my deepest love.

Our good-for-nothing words when
given in exchange for but a look.

Go to sleep George, dreaming
I am with you. God bless you.
Marie.

Bloomington May 24, 1880

George,

It is hard work, coming to
you a few minutes, in this way, before
I go to sleep. But it is better
so than not to come at all. It is
fast nine o'clock, and a wild bright
too. A black sky, wherein the lightning
flashes in sheets of broad white light.
Thunder growls in the distance and
the wind shakes our poplar trees,
making sad, sighing music. It is
warm, hot almost.

I wonder when
I shall hear from you? You are
certainly in Minnesota to night.

Oh! my love.

I have written to Papa
this evening. He will be home in a
few days now. So will you.

It costs too much to be separated.
But then Serena won't mind if she
can help it. I hope you are happy
to night — I hope you are not
heart-sick like your poor Marie.

I hope I am not a goose and will
stop writing pretty soon. Let
me tell you first I love you,
let me put my face close to yours
let me have your hand. Sensible
woman! — but she is only fourteen.

You pray for me to night — pray
for strength and a brave heart.
Oh! you are good.

I must go. How can I.
Please come. No — no, please
don't. — Forgive me, do.
Go to sleep. God with you.

You cannot tell how glad I am
to know I am all yours.
That I am Your Wife.

Marie.

Bloomington May 28, 1860

George — My Husband — Four weeks
to night your wife. Oh! I am so
lonely. So homesick. How can I
bear to be away from you so long?

This is the first Saturday night
I have come up into our chamber
alone, and I must have you here
now. My lingers for a kiss.
Love.

Four weeks. What have
they been to you? Not all happy, I
know. Four weeks a married man
and woman. What have they been
to me? Not unmingled happiness
dearest, but I would not give
them for all my life before.

It seems to me I love you too much
ever to have again a soul at rest,
peaceful and content.

Is it right thus to give you all the
devotion of my soul; living only
for you, loving God, chiefly as
your Father, my most fervent
prayer to him that He will care
for and keep from all harm and
stain of sin the man I love?

Because I love you so I am not
at rest. Are you? Do you under-
stand me? When you are away, even
for a few minutes I want you; when
you are with me I do ^{not} know what
I want, only to take your hand and
say I love you. You are think-
ing of me now, are you not?

Thinking it is too bad to be apart
so much.

Let me tell you something.
I am satisfied in my husband. I feel
no want not met; no dream that
is not fulfilled. I would not
have him changed at all.

Every day have I learned to love
you more. Never for a moment
have I loved you less than before.
One day I was very naughty, very
wrong. My very love was turned into
a bitter thing. God left the
world and it turned to blackness,
but it was intensity of love that
made me wish you and I might
die. Oh! it was too bad, too bad
George; grievous even now.
I did not mean to speak of this,
'tis nothing now. There is perfect
trust and love, is there not? between
us. Dear, dear George - my
husband! I cannot write letters.
It is Saturday night, - our
wedding night, dearest. When
may I take your hand never to let
it go again? When may I go
home to live. You must let me
go with you if you go to stay again.

her & writes rather dubiously
about prospects in Ms.

I got a letter from Ada a
day or two ago - here it is.
Want you write to her? I have
been to Mr Lewis - very kind
pleasant & brotherly there. At
Mr Chowen's - rather cool there.
Sat eve with Will, very pleasant &
Chatty. In a day or two I shall
go up to Maple Grove & thence to
Forest City. I have about made
up my mind to accept Mr
Phoenix's proposition & shall probably
write him in a few days - say
nothing about it however. I wish
Mr Ames would ascertain of
Mr P. one thing. I understood
that Mr P. proposed to give me
the same he is now paying his
book keeper - (\$500 & boarded or
equivalent to that.) It is
desirable that Mr. P. should have a

similar understanding. As upon
that depends my going to B.

Will you mention as much to
your "Pa". I will write to=
morrow again - You will
think from this, that I don't
care much about you. Oh dear
if you could know how lonely
I am, how I would if I could
tell what words cannot show
an "impossible" is going
on which will carry me
straight - to Bloomington in
of these days; you would
say "He loves me!"

To-morrow - good bye
God bless you keep you
safe & well, My dear dear
Wife.

George

Minneapolis. May 26./60

Marie-

So lonesome - yesterday I
received your first letter as Mrs
W. I feel very much like
starting off without even doing
what I came here for - I must
see you soon. Six weeks - an
age of ages. It seems so lonesome
here. Society has settled together
& keeps step & there is no place
for me: - people meet & congratulate
- relate me & straightway grow
cold & callous. The nature of
my business too will make
my stay far from agreeable.
It is very dull here - more so
than ever before - a great many
are leaving - & nothing for those
who stay, to do. I have seen
Mrs Kingsley. Mr K is not

wasting energy in a useless fight
against poor circumstances, not
content with doing the best possible thing
where God has placed them — not brave
enough to face the true cause of their
impotence which is lack of Christian
purpose and strong will. I am tired
hearing apologies for sin and weakness
tired hearing circumstances so abused.
Mr. Phoenix is really discontented and
soul-sick with his life, which he feels
to be in some way all a mistake — all a terrible
overfuss against fate. All his past is dark
because so little has been gained which he
should have found. He so lacks faith
and trust, wants to see the wherefore and
the end of all things. He has yet an experience
to pass through which will change the whole
tenor of his beliefs and doubts.

I have come home
from meeting but must leave you. I am
homesick Love, what shall I do? I have
not only this present grief to bear but must
needs suffer in our all separations. I can't
help thinking of the many times you must
go away, and I feel babyish. Mother
sends so very much love and wants to see
you, she says. What shall I say! I can't
say Good-bye.

Dearest, Husband, I am yours
Maryl

Sunday P.M., May 27, 1860

George — It is very calm and quiet
up here in our chamber this after-
noon. I have left Emma and
Mrs. Phoenix down stairs to talk to
you a little while. Where are
you to-day? Perhaps at Mr. Austin's.
I like to locate you somewhere.
Is it not pleasant to know just
where I am — to know and see the
very room where so many hours I
stay? How many little things we put
much meaning to. I feel nearer
you in this chamber than any where else
because here I have seen you so often
alone, here I have come nearer you
in soul than in any other place, here
I have oftenest kissed you and
felt your arms about me. Here,
God willing, I will see you again soon.

Last Sunday afternoon this hour
I was with you here. How thank-
ful I am one week is gone. It
must be bad and unnatural a state
of things that make us count the lapse
of time so great a gain, and feel each
day too slowly pass because it keeps
from us what we most desire. I feel
it is wrong, but I cannot help it.

I did not go to Church
this morning. Mr. Billings told
me he was going to preach about
the power of thoughts. A weeks longer
acquaintance with our minister from
Quincy does not particularly change
my first impression of him. He is a
boy entirely. One such we can en-
dure and like very well. He speaks
sincerely with me when we are alone
together, but never otherwise. He
wants badly to get married, his
plain truth and no dodging.

And I don't want man or woman to
want to find wife or husband. There
is something shocking, something rude
and repelling in the idea.

He had a letter from Father yesterday.
He would be homesick if they were not
all so good to him. He said he forgot
when he left you that he should
not see you again. Just like him.

Evening,
I am just about starting for meeting.
B. preaches Devil. Phoenix
has been talking down ever since
five o'clock. What a man to have
a wife! and they say she is an angel.
Poor, silly goose, he wants a nother
man and no angel. He has really
shown me somewhat of his heart this
afternoon. I like him, pity him.
His is the cry of thousands of hearts,
aspiring to a life far higher and
better than this they live, yet

you. Every body I guess loves you - if their words tell true stories.

And I am here alone all alone & - just think of it - to night I got a half dozen of letters & so I read all the others first, saving yours - dearest & best - to the last, I opened it & not one word from you - only a forwarded letter. So low humdrum - If you were only here, close to my heart that little hand of mine - (my better self I mean) in one of my wosser ones, - those dear lips pressed to mine, as a week ago & little more. Oh I must not think of it - I love you most too well.

I write tonight to Mr Phoenix & should we finally agree a few weeks more may find us once more together.

My Dear Marie, my wife - I love you more than ever before. Father be kind to her - bless and keep her safe from all harm.

Good bye Dearest - write often - if it's but a single line.

Your husband

George

Minneapolis, Minn. May, 28th, 1863

Marie

My Dear, Dear, Wife - I love you. How much more that means than it did only a little while ago. It is fast growing dark and the clouds drip - drip. and the wind blows damp & chill & the falls have a cheerless desolate sound to-night - quite in keeping with the ruined condition of lower town. And I am almost six hundred miles away from you - and my heart says "Oh I cannot cannot stay - let me go just a little while" and so I sit down to say a few words to you - As you are passing out into the dim mists of evening wishing for me. I ought to write you one good letter before I go back. but I shall not. I am too busy with things here & too anxious to get back to Bloomington, to sit down & write a letter coolly & calmly. But it matters not much. Does it? There is one thing which atones^(?) for all shortcomings in other respects while we are separated. - there is no limit to our love. I must say a few common place things in a common place way to-night & then bid you good bye. Tomorrow I have ever so much to do & at 3 P.M. start for Muker

County. I did not write yesterday & this is why - Mr Austin was here on Saturday & I went up hand with him - I was glad to see them all once more. They are our dearest friends here. I love them. They were so sorry you were not with me - and truth to say I was too. Of course a great many funny things were said. Every body here was much surprised & even astonished at the Announcement in the News - Even Mrs Chewen, Mr & Mrs Loomis & Mr & Mrs Hawkins. Mrs Austin prophesied months ago to Mrs Hawkins that you would be so, & of course was much pleased. All the Maple Groveans sent me love to our folks & yourself. I am glad I have one person to agree with me, & who is not afraid to express freely.

Mr Warren Sampson of Bottineau prairie (so Chester Evans said) was thunder-stricken by the news, said it was too bad & that you were the "smartest woman living" - opinion based on letters to the "News" from S. M. A. I told C. to say to Mr. S. that I perfectly sympathized with him & agreed with him in both propositions, i.e. in regard to the "too bad" and also the "Smartness". Oh they said lots of fine things of about you - I feel very proud of you, but I am homesick for all that.

Mary is perfectly lovely & jessie - little lady - is the pride of all the Grovians. She is very smart & good & handsome. Yesterday I visited all up & down the street & stopped at Mr Hawkins at night. They are finely situated & apparently very happy. Today I walked down to Minneapolis, taking the "Green & silent valley" in my way and wading along "by the pleasant water course" - Mrs Perkins had a presentiment that I was "Mr Wright" & asked me at once. She was reader of the News & apparently as much in favor of "Croffut's lady correspondent" as was Mr Sampson. Oh you are a notorious character here. And they are proud of you & think I must be happy.

I am. Two or three hours passed very pleasantly at Mr Perkinses - they are intelligent people, Republicans &c &c. It rains - hard, and there is thunder & lightning, heavy & vivid. Four out of six nights I have been here, it has rained just so. It is the Minnesota of years ago. Oh did you ever know that Mr & Mrs Loomis once had a severe attack of parentalism toward you? And were almost inconsolable that Mr & Mrs A. were the favored ones. Mrs S. says she loves

I feel it so hard to bear. My letters are as bad as Chick's days, I begin them all with a vain desire and a whim.

I got your letter yesterday written Saturday. As you were to write again "to-morrow", I shall I shall get another to-morrow. I suppose you have left Minneapolis for Maple Grove and Forest City before this. In every step you take I am with you.

You will be tired. Don't hurry so as to get sick. Don't feel impatient nor too care full. You have spoken to me many times of your disagreeable business in Minnesota. It may not be so bad as you imagine. Mr. Messer is with us now. How glad we are to see him! He says he waited three weeks for you, and that you have a mortgage on his house. Mother told him you felt your visit to Minnesota to be not pleasant in some respects. He said

you need not feel badly about his matters, but take his house, without trouble of foreclosure. He is entirely himself — just as lively and full of song as ever. He will stay with us awhile, if he succeeds in getting up a Childrens Singing School, as we think he will. His brother-in-law J. B. Holt is with him. He was made poor by these hard times and is seeking the where-withal of life. They will go farther South, I believe, in a little while.

You do not feel at home in Minnesota. That strange, is it? What ails Mr. Chown's folks? Can a wife and baby make a man afford to be coal. Well, George Chown at least is very odd, cross-grained and moody. I do not agree with Will Cornell that I was ever to be pitied because of the gentleman in

question, but I liked him very much;
it was for nothing in the world that
was likeable in the man. I was attract-
ed by his whims and caprices,
and felt (excuse the ego) as if
I was the stronger of the two and must
see to it that nothing crossed his
track. I knew I possessed influence
over him, and as a baby leads
a mother by power of willfulness and
sulks so George Chomel for a time
lead me. I never loved the man
I love now he would have a right to
be if he knew how little of a man I
always in my soul deemed him to
be, and yet like Pocahontas, would
have thrown myself between him and
anything which he valued. I suppose
he and she are happy. — Will
told me, as a funny thing, how one
night you would go to see Sub,
and the next night Chomel — first
you were refused then Chomel accepted.
I don't see how he made one story fit
with another for he also told me of a
lady last who was somewhat to you.
A flirt — eh! A male flirt!!

Bloomington May 20, 1860

George "

I want to go to you, and
you as far away, only this poor
way of getting near you. Oh! it
seems to me I must see you to-night.

Every night when dark comes on
makes me homesick, so homesick.

We will have a home of our own
where we will live together, won't we?

Yes, we will, Dearest, but these
days are just as long for all the
"good time coming". It is hard
for me to write; it makes my heart
ache; it almost makes me sick.

I am ashamed of myself when I think
of you off there alone while I have
my friends around me. But 'tis
for your sake as much as my own

Thinking of Bill's stories makes me re-
-member an incident Dr. Bill and wife
home to his wife. While riding on the
Car he saw a man, a rough looking
Irish man, with a piece of paper in
his hand, going from one to another, in
the car, and every few minutes coming
near where he sat writing. After awhile
the Dr. put aside his writing, to see if
the man wanted to speak to him, pretty
soon he came to him with a letter in
his hand and asked him if he would
read it to him, he had been to nearly
every man in the car but all refused
to read his letter. It was a letter
from his Lady Love. He sat, bent
forward, eyes and mouth wide open while
the Dr. read. She talked well to him;
told how much she wanted to see him; he
must be good and gave him some advice.

She told him of the place where she was at work, and asked when she should give them notice of leaving. When Dr. Willard finished and gave him back the letter, he said kindly, "She is a good girl", — the man did not speak a word but grasped him by both hands. His breath smelled of whisky, he was sudso and dirty but, said the Dr. "I felt we were brothers, and I loved him and his Joanna". Human hearts are the same, in high or low — thank Heaven! — and I must go to bed. Mother said if she sent any word I would forget to give it. She said in again what she would say. mmm Thanks for Ada's letter. Dear girl! It would grieve me to death, if I were here to feel I had in any measure been separated from such a friend. I love you more for what you have been to her. I wrote to her last night.

Best and Dearest, — My Husband, Good-bye,
Marie.

Steamer Enterprise, near
Monticello, May 31. 1860

Marie Good Morning - How do you
do? It is ten days now since
I left - Bloomington. Ten long days, x
- ten - twenty. Thirty more at least
before I can see you - will they ever
pass? It is more & more tiresome &
lonesome every day. But we are
evidently past the "period" of letter
writing - letters are poor. good-for-
nothing things. - yet yours are dearer
to me than ever before. I am writing
while the boat is going, so I am
obliged to use pencil & a narrow
clip of paper - and a memorandum
book held in my hand for desk -
You won't of course expect much
under such circumstances. So you
will not be disappointed.

Have you really stopped to think
how the world is really turned inside
out & upside down to us, within
the last five weeks. For five weeks
ago to-day you were a maid & I
a bachelor, and there are only two
changes of equal importance in
our history. One of which is not
yet, and even those are not of
equal importance, although the
last is a greater change than
marriage. But the few words which
make the twain one flesh, make
us for good or ill forever thereafter.

Ours will be for good of course
Oh yes it always is so - We a
new husband & wife are always
different from all that have gone
over the same road before; - our

future is all good, all happiness

Really I have not stopped to think how much the change is - what a new life opens before me, nor of the new & peculiar responsibilities it brings with it. Our two lives have flowed together into one so quietly & noiselessly that I have scarcely noticed how the pure clear waters of another life, better than mine have mingled with the life currents of my own dark, stained being. I have wronged you though I meant. - I fear I shall drag you down, more than you will raise me. But I love you & think I would do anything for you. To keep yourself Marie & by & by I will come to your standard, for we must be alike. I am very foolish Marie - that you know & in some things sensitive. I cannot help it. If I ~~was~~ were anybody & good for anything I should be above such things. To be sure I am ashamed enough of it, but that does no good. There are times when the least slight is enough to raise a tempest of bitter feeling. A feeling of inferiority set in motion by some one of my friends, comes over me sometimes most shamefully.

Scrap No 2

Mrs Babbitt is on the boat. She is going to Little Falls. There is a young man with her. Mr Allen sick with Consumption. She is with him to take care of him. I was "introduced to her" by Mr Babbitt who goes up in a carriage & meets them at St-Cloud.

I have had some talk with her, as much perhaps as is worth while. She is quite pleasant & agreeable but then she thinks I don't amount to much & don't like me, except so far as she is obliged to on account of you & your (not our) folks.

Well, she knows how to judge more accurately than some folks I know of. I commend her sagacity.

My business relations are such as to make me no friends here I suppose.

It is difficult to stand between two parties having adverse interests & to do strict justice to both. Even if one can do it, both parties will be angry. So I suppose I shall have Mr Babbitt, Mr Messer & Mr Chown among my coal friends hereafter, for I have unpleasant business with all of them. I am very sorry for I need friends as badly as any

one, I shall however try to do just exactly right. be it to friends or foes, I wish I were well out of it however.

There are some developments in business affairs here that will make you stare perhaps when you hear them. Things I never deemed possible, until I had proofs.

I wonder is there anybody strictly honest in all Minnesota's ~~last~~, business, & commercial relations and all that sort of thing but another name for fraud & dishonesty?

Isnt rascality latent in every body & every where - only requiring a fiery fiery trial such as Minnesota's passing through to make it apparent? My Confidence is badly shaken, I must confess.

Oh well there's no use in thinking of it. There's a straight road for me to pursue & I shall follow it. & if by doing what I fancy to be right - I lose those I have called friends, you will love me all the more. and I shall not feel that I have lost anything - my self-respect at any rate,

in strangers - and I don't like
coolness even though I am the one
in fault. - And all visiting seems
unsatisfactory now. I meet Dr
Anderson almost every day & that
is enough to make me feel pretty
good all day. This "Good Morning" &
the slow quiet smile that lights
up his face, is worth to me more
than all else I see on the street.
One always has to double the Doctor's
words, to measure their meaning.
- It is good to see a man econom-
-ical in language. The most of us
need our words divided by six to
get their value. We issue too many.
His are always at par.

Good Night Dear. Do you count
the days to Wednesday the 4th of July?
I do. Oh my wife, I love you.

Good night - God bless you
Your husband & lover

George

All alone - no Marie. I kiss blank vacancy
& wish July 4th would come - till then I am
Your devoted Micawber

Marie

Minneapolis, June 12¹⁸⁶⁰
9 P.M.

Just a few minutes before
I sleep. - Am I with you? Yes
as much as is possible for two
so far away to be together. I have
been writing to my Mother - They have
not written me since March
11th - three months. Though I have
heard from them since - you wonder
if they love me much after all?

Oh yes - and Mother would write
often if she could - she has not
written but little for many
years. & now she has no eyes.
I have but one little scrap of
her writing & that can hardly be
decyphered. But why don't they
write to me? Three months &
not a letter from one of those I
grew up among - Father, Mother,
Brothers & Sisters.

Is there indeed none left but you
who love me? I went to Mrs
Chawen's two or three times ^{after} ~~before~~
I came back without seeing Mrs
Chawen though I knew she was in
the house - Always before she has
appeared very friendly to me.

Last Friday Evening I went
there & she & Mrs Widstrand & Chori-
lie came in while I was there -
they were just returning from the
Lakes - Of course she had to say
"Good Evening" in her own house
- but no more & she intimated
nothing to the effect that anything
concerning myself or you or
your people would be of any interest
whatever to her. Once or twice
she replied ~~to~~ briefly to direct
Questions but made no inquiries
& said nothing about calling again
- I could hardly believe my eyes

that she could be the same person -
- of course I wasn't angry but when
I got out of doors I said ^{to myself} I should
never trouble them again - I'm sure
I do not wish to intrude & she clearly
considered it such, I am sorry
I have none but the most kindly
wishes for her & hers. Still I shall
not say - with good-will in my
heart I can bear it as long as
long as they can with ill-will in
theirs. Oh when will people get
over being fools.

George is queer. He used to
perfectly hate Croffut - even while
he pretended to be with him -

He said a great many things which
were bitter indeed of Croffut.

I have not visited any of
^{special} your friends & if your Mother does
not come perhaps shall not, for
I am very busy indeed. Besides
it is very hard for me to take interest

only to say I expect to be happy tonight
about five o'clock. Good-bye.

I never was so impatient with a pen
a feeling akin to repulsion takes hold
of me when I take it to write to you,
and I am in an "awful" hurry.

I go — Fare well dear.
S. M.

Bloomington, June 14, 1880.

George,

It was hard to be disappointed to-
night. It seemed to me for a minute
as if you might have written your name
under a few words and sent some, but
I know you are doing the best you can
and indeed, I am, I do not feel like re-
chiding. To-morrow I shall get a letter
surely, and then 'twill be better than
if I had got it today. Don't George
come pretty soon? I love you, dearest.

Do you want me as much as I want you?
Not quite, for I have lost myself in
you, and my life must be a blank, only
the semblance of life, till you come.

It is evening and I am alone, and
I should be alone if all the world were
here and you away. I sit down to you

because I cannot do anything else, and yet I can say nothing to you but you know already — I have no news, and I am too tired to think anything emphatic, too heart-sick to write of nothing.

My dear, dear husband, God bless you. I have seen if a woman love her husband always, with her whole soul he will be satisfied — that no faults he may discover, no weaknesses she has will turn his heart from her. Is it so?

I am yours, yours to live or to die, it matters not to me, if only I serve you. How strange it is God has made it so. You cannot love the same as I do, for you are man and I woman.

I could not love a person weaker, ^{more} dependent and less wise than myself, how can you? I did not half know what a blessing it was to have you here though I used often to think ~~when~~

when you were away for a short time that seemed long, how could I live when you went to stay. Do you think of our home we are going to have sometime, what a blessed place it will be, and how your wife will try to make you happy?

Your last words to me were, "Be brave and help me to be". I guess I am not well tonight, & I want my love, and you can be patient with me if I am not strong hearted when I feel sick.

Now I will go to bed, and dream of you, if my good Angel will be good enough. I never have yet, since you went this time. Dearest, good-bye — I love you, love you. Marie

Friday. It strikes me what I wrote last eve is not good for anything but I remember what you have said of flats and burned letter so I forbear. Dinner is getting and I must not write

I guess we have a destiny to come here by & by
live. Do you indeed as you say, find your
husband all you expected? No, no, it cannot be
I am not what you would wish at any rate &
yet, we may be very happy - Life shall not
be a failure with us. Years shall only find
us nearer & dearer to each other. Oh my Love, my
wife, can it be? It never seemed that I could
be so happy, so blessed with such love.

And I am perfectly content, satisfied. My highest
hopes, my wildest imaginings of happiness on
Earth are more than realized, In not a single thing
would I wish you other than what you are.

Will we say the same things ten-twenty
thirty years from now? We must. We will

All confidence, all trust all faith
at all and times & everywhere. Not a breath
of darkness or doubt, not a shadow between
us. Tell each other all & everything? Yes we
will.

Good Morning Dearest, Oh how
long the days seem - sixteen days before I leave
here, Eighteen before I can see you Oh will they
ever pass. Love me, pray for me, be good
be brave, I am all yours & you all mine
- My wife, My Dear Wife Marie - all, all mine
Good bye - God bless & keep you
Your Husband George

Minneapolis, Minn. June 15th 1869

Marie - My dear wife - How do you do this evening?
I'm very glad I've got a "feller" around you?
There can be no lost or waste time now, for
all the waste minutes are "so handy" to have in the house
now - I can use them all, writing to you is never
lost time, & is adapted to all times & places.

It is just sundown, - the close of a very
hot day. I am tired but, am going to rest now.

This forenoon I was writing paying taxes &c. This
afternoon I have been in St. Anthony, mainly to
see Mrs Fielding, Mr Bishop starts on Monday
for Bloomington & I thought perhaps Mrs F. would
go down with him, but she has decided to wait & go
when I do. Oh dear, will two weeks ever pass?

I fear they will - too soon, i.e. before I can get ready
to go - Then I went to Mr Loomis for a
little while & visited very pleasantly - Mrs Loomis
has agreed to go to Maple Grove with me, week
after next. I went to Upper St. Anthony
& back & then when I came back I spent a half
- hour on Nicotety Island & walked around it. (There
is a path leading all around close by the River
under the trees - What a lovely place it is, There
is nothing equal to it any where else. Always so
still & cool - water all around & the dense foliage)

maples above. and a hazy of old memories - a
breath of Divinity lingering in the dim forest
aisles. The stand, and the boats on there - just as we
last saw them two years ago - From my window
I now see the Island - its dark green shade rising
in cloud-like masses. Don't you wish that you
could see it too &? Don't you wish that you were
here (just only to see it)? It is a beautiful view
from my window, & if you were right here & I holding
you - just as benevolent old uncles are wont to hold
little girls that they love. - Close to my heart
- with my arms around you - etc etc - Don't you think
you could see the Island from a favorable point of
view? Oh I think it would look very lovely in-
deed. particularly now that it is getting quite dark
& the less we say of the Island the more we would
see of each other.

Saturday Morning -

This day seven weeks ago - Maid & lover, was no more
forever. - But all days past. bright & beautiful as
they are fade away & seem dim & clouded in the
brightness of the dawning present. Every day is better
than August 6th or 14th or September 15th 1859 - or even
than April 28th 1860 - Now, to-day, this moment we
Commence "Life" all past was but a preface

Don't everything past in your history seem
of less account than it did a few weeks ago - little
things that you heart & memory, cling to most

tenaciously have they not passed away ~~as~~ ~~as~~ remem-
bered only as pleasant things to chat about whenever
we are together? But a few weeks ago I had only those
to be sure of - they were mine. You had kissed
me. I had taken your hand - you had written me
letters - oh so heartfelt, true, womanly. Those things
were mine, none could take those sacred remem-
brances from me. Now I have you - what else need I?
Mine mine, all mine

How perfectly two wholes, become two halves.
I never used to think it possible that I could
ever feel so fractional - so divided. To be sure
all that of me, which casts a shadow is here
- all the rest is given to you - I verily believe my
soul has departed the body. The concrete individ-
ual is here. - George in the Abstract is in Bloom-
ington. Take care of him, he's of a bit, delicate -
fold him in your arms & cradle him to sleep
kindly & nights. - carry him in your heart
out into the sunshine & green fields of day
- teach him to pray - pray with you at night when
you kneel and offer thanks in our chamber, to
the kind & loving Father who has so blessed us

It is a very fine morning - clear
bright & cool, but by & by it will be hot I guess.

I wish the Illinois summers were
like ours in Minnesota - and the winters too for that
matter. Oh there is no place like Minnesota

cumleand with these bodies - My spirit would to blend
with yours. never more to separate, never more
to be one alone, but only one with you. - Our
houses separate us, while they bring us ~~to~~ together
& so long as we have heads with individual ideas
and separate principles & motives of action, & so long as
we have feet which may walk in opposite direc-
tions. - Our bond cannot be quite one; like a foot
stereograph they will appear like a joined dou-
ble, & that a perfect one; just as we see a thing
with true eyes in the light of God's sunshine.

I was going to church to hear Mr
Nichols this morning with Will - but it rained
& then he had to go for a cow & I - thought I'd
go and see you a little while - Only two Sundays
more between us & then we shall live together
for - how long. Not a great while I guess. If it
is only while I stay with Mr Phoenix.

But we won't part there will we? We cannot.
Seventeen days more. - & only twenty seven more
past. Oh what a forever. a few days are sometimes

I begin to realize what a time you women
must have had at Walfboro' last year. I thought
you were a little lonesome & some homesick when
you wrote "Perhaps you have not received my
"Life"? I am pretty well I thank you - but alone &
"lonely" - Happiness to go - Amen Anna Ames"

Blessed Winter, for only that I remembered

8 1/2 P.M. Saturday Eve. June 15th 1860

Marie -

"Yes I think I'll write to her" - a minute
ago I sat down, a little worried & considerably
nervous that I had done so little today - what
shall I do now? was the question - "Marie"? "Yes
I think I'll write to her" A word or two every
day. - It is worse than useless though. Now that
I have fixed definitely on going to B. every
day seems quite uncomfortable here.

"Oh, had I the wings" - On Monday I shall
go down to Prescott - 40 miles nearer you - It
will be very hard coming back next day I
suppose. I wish I was through here.
It is too mean to stay here another day.

I got a letter from you, day before yesterday; - none
yesterday or today - Monday I'll get one.

You sent me a paper a week or
two ago - a notice of protest, from Mr Thorpe
which you hoped was "nothing unpleasant"
Yesterday I rec'd a line from Mr Thorpe
saying that the Draft had since been paid, all right,
in which was of course pleasant.

My Dear, you are a land-owner. In pur-
suance of Minnesota fashioning - with the help of
Delus Hawkins I sold some land to you to-day

- to defraud creditors of course - Not a bit of it
in It was mine honestly & I wanted you to have
it & see get more for myself - I suppose
you think it's Granite City lots - No I propose to
keep them.

Verily "mine is mine". So when next
I indulge in a Rail Road disaster, I can have
the satisfaction of thinking that it has not been
all in vain that you married me - and that
I leave you something - to pay taxes on.

I must close - Will C. is below & com-
ing up to stop with me to-night - I can only
wish twice you. No harm to him of course I
mean. Only that I loves you - I does.

So good night dear - sweet sleep - God wish thee
Thine Husband George

Sunday Morning 10 1/2 A.M.

My dear, dear, Wife - I mean
every word of it - My Wife - Yes mine, none other,
so long as the sun rises & sets - so long as the stars
watch over us at night - so long as the grass
clothes the fields with green in summer & the frost
pictures the windows in winter - so long as there is
for both of us, the blessed quiet of night & the dear
lights of day - so long you are my Wife - most
precious, dear, sacred - The happiness & well being
of another - a sister in Our Father's household is
entrusted to me. Let me see to it that I am not

unfaithful to such high trusts. God bless me,
"My Wife" Yes, Wife - not only, sister
of friends & but all love - all that is dear & whole in
our relations here. We in our inner souls
feel somewhat the meaning of Husband and
Wife - but we cannot tell it even if we
would - we feel more than anything else perhaps
that our whole beings are grown together - indis-
solubly joined - making one symmetrical whole
- in truest harmony throughout - our hearts
tuned in unison, so that touched by any
sudden impulse, one is thrilled with the spirit
melodies - the other beats a tremulous response
- as two harps strung in unison echo back
each others music. Yes - ever more my Wife
- and just that little word means more than all
we can say of it. "My Dear Wife - Yes dear
beyond all words - all signs - all acts - dear beyond
all that a life time of loving deeds can tell."

It is not enough that you are near me,
- not enough that I can look into those dear
depths, your eyes - that I can see there the heart
at the bottom, clear and bright - a transparent
jewel, all and only love for me. It is not
enough that I can fold you in my arms and
press you close to my heart. - not enough, the
nearest and dearest embrace - the soul yet
would come nearer, than we may, while we are

The West side of Bridge Street came near burning down yesterday morning - the watchman discovered a fire in the rear of Laraway's store on the corner.

The impression is that the whole of the west side of the street will be burned before long. Though the fire yesterday morning might have been accident.

And now my dear Marie - having scribbled to no purpose all over eight pages, I must begin to say good-bye. You know it always takes us a great while to say it. In a few days more - and I shall say Good-bye - gladly & sadly to Minneapolis - then in two and a half days or three days I shall be in Bloomington - near my home. - again I shall come down the street by the Post Office, around the corner. - there are the poplars before me, and the old brown house, there is her window where a few days ago I looked in vain to get a last good bye glimpse of her. - the gate - the door - Marie - my wife. My wife. I am here again dearest, never to leave you any more. Oh for seventeen days of felicity. Good-bye - you see how brave I am. You must do better. Good-bye

Love & kisses & all good things here I send to you - & love to all yours & mine in Bloomington.

Your homesick Husband
George

20
You & I was your very good friend while you were away up there, among the lakes & mountains & snow drifts. you would have forgotten me & at this blessed minute instead of thinking of me & wishing I would come back - you would be the beloved wife of Mr Thomas Jefferson Jones. The man who graduated with such high honors & who writes the transcendental articles for the "Dawning Day" - and Mrs T. Jefferson Jones would be the happiest little woman in America - while I - would now (only that it rains now, and a tragic position under the eaves of the Honorable Hogenont's residence would to say the least have a dampening effect on my ardor) be saying, in my small touching & pathetic tones, and in all the agony of desperation "Fire! Fire! Fire!!" - "Ere my Hangerlina - right Ere." - and then the proboscis of Miss Angelina Hogenont would take another most terrific rise - & I, to end the tragedy would have stabbed myself with a fine shingle.

Oh blessed winter 58-9 - blessed the cold stormy days - the dark dear nights, blessed be loneliness & homesickness & blessed be the girl who passed through it. Blessed the day she put her little hand, in mine & thanked her God that thenceforth she was not alone - that she loved & was loved in turn. Oh Marie - my wife - my Dear Dear Wife - I love you - so much so much.

I was intending to surprise your mother with a picture of you - the one that used to be in the Post Office Building & formerly in Brown & Cox's Gallery - but I want to tell you about it - In some respects I like it better than either of the others. It is more as you are now I think than the others.

Theresa not quite so bold & self reliant a look from the eyes as the other one taken at the same time, & not so unnaturally dumb and shrinking as the little one. I have a little magnifying glass through which I like to look at you - I can more easily imagine distances sufficient to give the proper visual angle & thus really make you look as large as life. And in that new picture I can look into your eyes and see you as yourself - I have looked in your eyes since you have begun to be my wife and seen there the same expression I see in this picture - and the lips too - live, moving & irresistibly kissable.

Really I cannot tell which one of the three is best, my Marie is a little, or perhaps a good deal, of each.

Saturday night Will stayed with me, & we talked till late of books & pictures.

I hear of him coming home every night from St. A. at about 2 or 3 Am. - I guess he's "sparking" - foolish boy, to waste so much time - Why don't he sit down sensibly & tell his love friends, in 1000 pages of Post, that now seems

prefer & in good taste. He no doubt prefers verbal correspondence or the deaf & dumb language of lands - I had a funny dream about paying taxes - I received a tax bill from Stillwater which after specifying ^{tax on lands} some entries like the following from which I inferred that at some time I had travelled through the Co. & for every bill I had paid, I was taxed 100 fr. & as follows

1858	Sep 10.	Co Expenses.	St Paul to Stillwater	\$ 2.25
"	"	"	" " " 18 miles	1.80
"	19	"	" Stillwater " St Paul "	1.80
		"	Funeral Expenses - "Credo of the valley," &c	2.50
			Rec'd payment	\$ 8.35

(Signed),
Les Treasurer

The last item was perfectly natural & all right for I recollected that I had since died & the charge for "Credo of the valley" seemed appropriate in a tax receipt. But I was not clear about the Mileage. It doubtless was all right, but (in my efforts to ascertain whif I should be charged for expenses in full on a trip to Stillwater which I recollected to have paid at the time,) I awoke & the question was not settled.

Mr Chown said yesterday that he had not yet heard from Mr Ames in regard to a Draft which he sent the aforesaid Mr. A some days ago. He wants Mr A to "acknowledge receipt." You will not fail to speak to him about it will you?

minds of men more than the preaching
of ten thousand. He answers me, "Yes —
I know I ought, but I can't. The power
of circumstances — habits — early training and
other infinite hindrances prevent."

Judge! Where are you now? Do
you love me any? I love you.

Shall I see you in two weeks — or not
at all, or when? Remember if ever
I do get near you, "I never will forsake
Mr. Incaiber" neither shall he ever
forsake Mrs. Incaiber, That is, unless
it seems necessary. It is dreadful
these letters I have written you. Be as
charitable as you can, knowing how they
seem very dim shadowing forth of what
I have felt.

Father and Mother are enjoying Quincy
exceedingly. Father speaks particularly
of a sermon of Conway, on Charity and
the harmony of all truths, and the
real littleness of all religious differences,
as being so good that it raised all
their hearts from earth to heaven.

Bloomington, June 18, 1860
Saturday Night.

My Husband — has he clear forgot
there is such a woman as I? I had
a dread of tonight for fear I should be
doomed to a disappointment which I
felt too tired to endure. Pity me, Love,
I am sure nobody else could feel for me
as you can. Eight days are as long
as eight weeks used to be. I do not see
how I can wait till Monday, and then
get only a letter. Seven weeks ago
tonight, at this hour, you were here,
nor had need to be represented by letter.

It is so hard to ~~be~~ keep from crying,
so hard to say anything, I guess will
stop. Why didn't you write a word
to me? Good-bye, Dearest,
Marie

Sunday June 17. I care not for errors of belief; for false
for you dead, dear? Why do I feel reasoning, and a rejected Jesus; for
so utterly alone today, as if you were that same Jesus said "Who so loveth me
nowhere in all the world? This state will keep my commandments". And I do
of things is of my own choosing, the very not care to hear of his faults. Volumes
same I would choose again, under like of words are nothing to a life pure and true,
circumstances, but, God give strength such as we may all live, such as Parker
and grace to my soul equal the deep did live. I am daily getting tired,
needs! tired of so much talk, so much criticism

Dr. Willard ~~spoke~~ spoke to-day on words and beliefs, so much book
on Mr. Parker's Theology. I did not writing: if I had power I would not
like him. If all he said was true, I write a book. Every ^{body} talks — talks, for
could not bear it said now. When a friend actually talks, but nobody lives.
dies we care very little indeed what he Phoenix is the world. He continually
abstractly thought, what his opinions were movements and crys and talks because
on certain things. we think only of the dear he and the universe does not go right,
heart gone. I love Theodore Parker. but sits as impotently as an idiot do-
his great soul taught to mind lessons ing nothing. Phoenix tells me he wishes
of love and wisdom; and his heart he had the learning he would preach.
caught from God something of this It vexes me, I tell him to stop his
love for every human creature. talking and live the life he sees he
ought to, he will thereby influence the

you more than she same gives comfort
of us. You don't know, do you, how
much more you are than other men? I do,
which is just as well. Best and dearest,
my soul is so full of joy that I am of
all women chosen to be the one to send
you with my love all the days of my
life. — Mr. Messer is singing
"The Mother's old ^{an} Chair" — He sings
with good effect. We are going
tonight to the Black folks meeting.
Want to hear them sing. Messer says
'tis a curiosity.

It is most eleven. We have ^{would} ~~have~~ only just returned from meeting.
Dear souls struggling up to God
through such fantastic singing! But
some of their singing was really sweet.
I must go to sleep. George,
dear George — clearer than ought my
soul knows — my husband, God
keep you in peace — Your Marie,

I cannot tell how glad I am he preached
so well. It was considered a sin to heresy
to invite him to preach at all, he is so con-
demned in the Faists, or rather — God
bless him! — because he is too much a
Christian to be a sectarian. I love Conway
not the least because of his imprudence.
I hate prudence. I like better freedom
and spontaneity, though yoked with
recklessness, than this prudent looking
to see if all be right, or if a word of suspicion
~~would~~ attach to such an action; or would my
character suffer from doing thus or so?
Dr. Bellows they also heard, but did
not like so well; — who could? He is
related to the Pope. He said in a
recent sermon, he would not say the soul
of Parker was lost, but he would say
he had not accepted the conditions of
salvation. Leave me to grope my way

alone rather than be led, by one so
blind to the beauty of holiness, into the
ditch.

They will be home Tuesday. I must go to Sunday School and have exercised my mind considerably as I have no heart for it. Forgive me, my dear, whether I should take up my cross and
love, for I am your wife.

I have come home. I have good my girls, but most of all I dread the
news. They tell me I have three letters awful looks if I speak of not going.
less advertised. Astonishing they Father thinks I am very selfish, and I do
should grow so ignorant all at once! too. What will go on as well without as
I have had letters every few days until with my presence, and when I feel I can
the first week so I thought of no mistake be more profitably engaged else where I
for want of knowledge of names. So tomorrow have not obligeness enough to attend
morning I shall hear from you. I am so to willingly.

Oh! so glad. I wanted to see Chick is. Such actions to my never
Mr. Phoenix to-day but Mr. Dr. G. (I don't know the name is right) says beat. Being with other boys has just
he is away. It really seems to me I draw spirits into him. I can't think
have known nothing of you for a month or of anything but my letters. What a child
so. Our Sunday School went on you have married! Next Thursday
as usual. Next Saturday we have you are twenty five. A good many
years to have lived. They have given

of a strange feeling, which will not allow you to more than half acknowledge it. You mistake Mrs. Babbitt, as you yourself began to suspect. She does not fancy me and if she hated you well or ill 'twas as she felt for you. She is peculiar. She and Mother were the best of friends.

Your are afraid I write too often. Yes, I think so. such horrid letters as they have been. Letters from your "On getting on". You had better stop to think

of the responsibility you have taken upon yourself, but don't be crushed by it, for 'tis not much over a hundred pounds heavy. When I sat down I didn't expect to write only a few words. I have been washing today. Dotty has come again, so now I return to my ancient estate of Ladyhood. Father and Mother will come tomorrow. If I should write so long that I should

fail of getting this into the mail tonight would be mistaken kindness. You told me once, after talking about yourself in

an unmerciful manner, a long time, that you had more self-reliance than I gave you credit for. Do you have not, but harden your heart a little in some spots, for your own sake. Mother is one of your sensitive people — she will grieve over what I would never think of. For us who best know her 'tis sometimes trying, we have to walk so carefully lest we tread on a nerve which we dream not of because so covered out of sight with the rest of us. The man I love is strong and brave and

he will help me to be like him, for he said we must grow alike. With my soul's deepest love I love you, and my heart never turns to God but you are also with me, and I pray for you, that your soul may be kept pure, and your heart untroubled when I pray at all. My dear, dear husband! Your wife Marie.

Monday, June 18, 1860

George, I have just finished your four letters kept by the P.M. so long, because he had received no formal notice to put Mrs. Wright's letters in "282," unless directed to that number or in care of C. G. A. he has not done so. Amazing!

Your letters are all of them sad. I do not wonder, though I think there is no need of sadness, not much need. Many things in your letters you will wonder I have not spoken of; 'twill be explained when you know I did not get them. Mother is not going West. I will tell Father as soon as he returns about reading little. Fourth of July I may expect you. Two weeks

and little more. Not very long, since I have already lived four, and you, too. You are too sensitive ever to be very happy long at a time. I am a little frightened when I think

of your sensibility. It is fortunate you and I are unlike in many things. I have a degree of pride to fall back on in certain dilemmas which you are too good to have. I can meet coolness with icyness and return elights with haughtiness. I should not be so Christian as you are in thinking of Mrs. Chivers. She might be decent in her wrath, I should be vexed, only straightway

I send her so far away that 'tis before dignity to be angry. Oh! fy. You have no clue? I have. I am somewhat the cause. She don't like me, she might have fancied ~~she~~ liked too well the man to be her husband — every body else did fancy so. Her

family treated me with a degree of coolness once they never had
the fortune to do again. I have written to George and his wife
together two or three times since they were married and two or three
times to E. alone, not thinking that being married was to make
such infinite differences in so short a time. I have always sent
love to Sue, and written in every way as I would to ^{her} ~~my~~ acquaintance.
You surely did not mean to say your visit at Maple Grove was
not pleasant when you said you had had only two, they both
at Mr. Loomis's? Well, dear, I never needed, never cared
so little for outside friends, and partial loves. I feel complete
in my husband. I do not quite expect you to feel as I do, yet
love, they are less than once they were, are they not? Oh! I
wish I could be to you more than I can be. If love had power
to transform me into a woman worthy your heart I would
fear nothing. Only two weeks! and then, at home with my
husband, the world may move on its own way without my hindrance.
You are not sure we shall be together long. We can look back
and see that a dear God has led us in paths not of our own
choosing to most wise ends, let us try to trust he will still
continue to do with us that which is best. It is so bitter
a thought to think of another separation, that I do not believe
it will have to be. It has hurt me a little, too, to think of
you as "kissed man" but 'tis foolish, I suppose. I am sorry
for your unpleasant business relations but think it is not so
bad as you fancy. Mr. Messer certainly has no feelings of such
a nature, and you include him in the number you must offend.
He had not been in the house half an hour before he spoke of

his acquaintance with you, and said you had the most good
on his house and it must be sold. As for Bobbitt, bless
the Rascal! every body who ever had dealings with him knows
he is anything but honest. He is the strangest man I ever heard
of. A perfect gentleman and a Christian at home, foreign
is his family and is faultless as husband and father, - is so logical
and knows so well the value of truth that no evasion can es-
cape him, yet is so perverse in the nature of his dealings with
the world that he shocks even his wife, though by some mystic
twist he makes his own crooked things straight. You have to
do with H. W. Powers? He is queer. He honestly does not
know how to speak the truth. I never know I have had charity
for George, and have borne long with his freaks and been near-
ly untrue to myself to find excuses for his weakness. But you
cannot rely on what he says for he sees and speaks differently
for every mood. I am afraid you will think I am "talking about
folks". I remember an awful reproof I got from you once because
I said something about a friend of the past, and ^{had} George been
alone your friend I would be sure but 'tis no worse to confess
to you what I have been obliged to confess to myself. Shall Ada
come and see us? I shall be so glad. I wrote to her to come, she
said she would like to but didn't dare, for money sake.
I didn't know Carlinsville was so near, I hardly believe she did.
Please never say "your folks" again, I have nothing which
is not yours, and I will not have even a feeling in you. And
please, if you can, tell me all you have is mine. I am foolish
I know but I cannot say brother and our folks to you for fear

State of Maine.

To all who shall see these Presents,

Greeting.

Know ye, That Lot M. Merrill our Governor,
reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity, ability, and
discretion of

Thomas W. Clark of Boston

in the County of Suffolk and State of

Massachusetts

hath appointed the said

Thomas W. Clark

a **COMMISSIONER**, for the said State of

Massachusetts

to take the acknowledgments and proof of the execution of any
deed, mortgage, or other conveyance of lands, tenements, heredita-
ments, or other property lying and being in this State; and of
any contract, letter of attorney, or any other writing under Seal, to
be used or recorded in this State; and to administer an Oath or
Affirmation to any person who shall be willing and desirous to
make such Oath or Affirmation.

We therefore do hereby authorize and empower him to fulfil the duties
of that Office according to law; and to have and to hold the
same, together with all the powers, privileges, and emoluments
thereto of right appertaining unto him the said

Thomas W. Clark

during the pleasure of our Governor.

WITNESS, Lot M. Merrill our Governor,
and our Seal hereunto affixed, at AUGUSTA, the Eighteenth
day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and sixty-5 and in the eighty-fourth year
of the Independence of the United States of America.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

Noah Smith

Secretary of State.



Commission Recorded Vol. 2 Page 358

Lot M. Merrill

State of Maine

Do all who shall see these

certificates

know that this is a true and correct copy of the original

of the same as it appears in the records of the State

of Maine.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the State

of Maine, at Augusta, this 1st day of June, 1860.

J. W. Clarke

Commissioner for

Maine

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J. W. Clarke
Commissioner for
Maine
"



[June 18, 1860]

Suppose to his intimacy at your house was sufficient to become a matter of casual remark & that after you left Minneapolis, you continued the acquaintance by correspondence. — And that I not intimately acquainted with either party, did not know what the state of affairs ^{might} be between yourself & Mr John Doe, but supposed there ^{might} ~~may~~ ^{not} have been some love affair between you two. Further, that my interest in you increased & my love for John Doe did not increase in the same ratio, but "vice, versa" — Finally that what has happened should come to pass as it has, and that now Mr John Doe should write you very brotherly letters — making a "kind of" "clean breast of it" in all confidence & I should also for the first time write you extravagant letters in the benevolent design of harmonizing with my feelings — for praising you in the wildest manner possible, as much as to say "I know more about her than you do — if you don't know & never will appreciate what a jewel of ~~an~~ a wife you have" — and that at last and to crown all I should get letter ^{letters} after from you telling what a dear good fellow John Doe is & what a noble heart he has, & how you feel for him & how he has wrecked hopes & all that sort of thing — well what sh^d I think of it? Really, I never imagined I could make out to clear a case till now that I have written it all out.

I think I sh^d feel this a way "Mr John Doe you can go to grass — you practiced your patronizing airs on me till it was too late, — and I don't want any of your friendship — and ~~and~~ hope my wife don't either

Stillwater Min. Monday Eve July^{ne} 19, 1860

My Dear Wife

Good Evening — how do you do? — Do you see that July above — made over into a June? I have done the same thing a half dozen times within a week. I have been looking forward to July so long that I forgot there is any other month.

Your letter written last Wednesday came yesterday — is it necessary to say "Thank you"?

Jalous are you? You wished you were near enough to that you could pull my hair — I expected as much. I have had it cut close — whistlers ditto. I would like to be near enough to that I could kiss you — & I do it too. Would you pull my hair? Really I don't like, Marie, to hear the word jalous even in fun. It suggests something which I can only drive out of my thoughts, but by saying "Without one fear, without one doubt — with perfect trust and entire love have I given myself to you" — words have blessed — which you said now almost a year ago.

I certainly haven't got over the greenness of loving & being loved. To me it is as sensitive & delicate as it was one, two, three, six, twelve months ago — Don't be jealous Dear. I can't bear it yet, — or ever — I will give your letter a review — I have not done such a thing for a long long time. You have written two to me one since I left B — have you? Just like all your

Arithmetic My dear, This makes eleven letters I have written since I left B. - I have received 10 from you - Not that I'm not an immense gainer by the swap for I always get the best of the bargain in all my bargainings with you, particularly in the one made Apr 28th 1860 - but in numbers I am still ahead of you, even counting those the Forest City Rm. amused himself with. - Study Geometry Marie.

For "really believe" I love your Mother? Of course I do. Would you have me hate her? Cyrus & I used to laugh about it last year. I believe we came to the conclusion that - other circumstances equal - and either of us doomed to the horrible necessity of loving one or the other of the twin - we should commence doing so with the elder lady. Now you needn't mention this to the old "Old folks" for confidentially - twist you & I - I don't believe a word of it. For I do love your Mother very much - just as you want me to, - a little dear - no more - no less. What was the matter Marie when you wrote that letter? Did you think twos on your family's account that I loved you? Took pity on you? Married you? It must be so. What else could have induced me? Why should I throw away my talents, my beauty, my most precious & honorable self to foolishness?

Oh you were lonesome - all alone - you wanted me there - the dark & the doubts crept into your heart together and - didn't you go to bed crying? I shall take signal revenge on the little hand that pined such doubts & missings - finally "imprisonment for life".

Now I might be excused for distrust - that is my natural name. And that greater than any earthly love I have never fully trusted yet - But you are learning me better things - and for months I have scarce thought seriously of anything but the most implicit trust & confidence in you, & your love, - and really I don't doubt but you love me just as I love you.

I guess I know what ailed you - Ada wrote a little too much praise of me perhaps in trying to get up so as to meet the level of your heart.

Oh will you know she didn't mean it. You say she writes "constrainedly" to you - I had hoped that you & she could be free & open with each other, you are really dear friends if you could only find it out. Besides it is not strange she should not be able to write to you as of late she has written to me, - she will write freely in a little while if you will be free. It is her way to be cautious. The poor girl - she has been sick - with the ague - nearly blind, homeless & homesick and heart sick. You can make her happier.

I have a way of judging things, by which I fear that the above may not sound well to you - I don't know as my rule is right, but sometimes I think it gives me excellent suggestions. Let me illustrate it by example - Suppose Mr John Doe formerly of Minneapoli's, used to be quite intimate at your house - well acquainted in fact while I was a comparative stranger. Mr Doe was a singular, angular, funny - prone to be slightly contemptuous to me, enough to make me feel, as Ada used to you

Mind my dear I don't admit the truth of many things implied in the above - for although under the circumstances you might be justified in supposing that there was more than ordinary friendship ~~twixt~~ Ada and I - but I wasn't so: - As I think I once told you there never was a breath of feeling in my heart toward her, more than an ordinary friend & I presume the same was true of her. - but there I see the more I say about it, the worse I make it. So I shall not say one word more about her or her letters, till you are near enough to hear in whisfurs. & then you'll have to believe "

Cyrus - he has not written to me since Apr 28th - almost I may Oh Dear they're all forgetting me. Not one word from home (?) - no; home is where Marie is - but from Father & Mother.

Yesterday I left Minneapolis after dinner & intended to go to Prescott - We did not reach it till the boat had gone. & I after waiting a little while (till after 4 P.m.) concluded to walk over here - which I did. - stopping 1 hour on the way for supper - Time 4½ hours - beats Flora Temple don't it? Distance 18 or 19 miles. To say I have been pretty busily engaged paying taxes here, & looking up titles &c., &c. Tomorrow I go down to Prescott & next day (Wednesday) back to Minneapolis - A part of my business here is on account of a villainy perpetrated by Ed Murphy, in procuring a false abstract of title by which Par Whitcomb loses \$1200. dollars. - a part, also, is to see a fellow with

where Geo Chasen signed a note for \$200. to Mr Whitcomb
on account of his using money entrusted to his care
instead of doing what his instructions told him to.

Chasen signed the note as surety for him & the
fear that he will have to pay it is the real reason
why they are so "cool" to me at Mr C's

The business at Prescott is to sue a fellow
for \$250. He bought a Land Warrant of me & made
a fraudulent preemption (without living on the
land at all) & his entry has been vacated.

Oh I have a busy time truly don't I? —
I think a minute history of some of the transactions
which have come under my notice, in the way of
business, would not ~~do~~^{raise} your opinion of some very
honorable Minneapolisians. I was prepared to believe
almost anything but was really surprised at
some things I found out a week or two ago.

I must close — It is fast nine
& the room is full of people talking — adj'ning, is
music (playing & singing) & I am striving to write
against circumstances — for the music is good.

— Day after tomorrow (June 21st) I am 25 years
old. — It is quite an anniversary, to me, & now to
you too isn't it?

When I get back to Minn I
will write a good letter, this 'isn't it? But
I love you & Oh so much want to see you
— Two weeks from now evening I will be with you
— look out for yourself then, Good bye — God bless you
yourself

leave me behind. A blessed thing to be
your wife, George! I wish I knew what
you were doing to day. I am going to see some

You will see the Abstract I send
for Father. He says he did not tell Mr.
Chowen to send him draft, it was only
a characteristic blundering business, but
as well as he usually does. — I do want
to see the Island, and right there by your
window, when it is growing dark — standing
very near my work old remembrance. I am
glad Mrs. Loomis is going next week to
Maple Grove with you. The first time
Lever heard of the Maple Grove people
Papa came home, and told us he had
staid a night in Heaven. A good home
is Heaven in no small sense, is it not?
Such an one as we will have. I will
have to leave you for to-day. Give my
love to Mrs. Austin, and say I am going
to answer her letter when you come back.
Love Mary for me, and kiss Jessie Mary.
Mrs. Loomis says to you she likes Desena?
She is odd! I shall like her, of course.
Mr. Loomis I like decidedly.
Bless you, bless you. Marie.

Bloomington June 20, 1880.

My husband George.

Only a minute to night

You do not know of twenty five years
ago to night. Oh! how glad I am for
you! how much I thank our God for
your dear life, my precious one, my
Love. I got a letter from you last
night, and it made me very happy.

We have the Sociable here this evening
It is half-past eight now, I guess, and
time they were coming. I week from next
Wednesday I shall see you — I know I shall
never to see sight of you again for an
uncertain length of time? Never, never.
You say you plan to leave Mr. Phoenix
in six months surely. I think more than
likely you will, for it will not suit you
to be his man longer but your own
then, but please don't plan to live

wishunt me forever, if it is not possible
for you to be in Bloomington. I expect
however, you will be obliged to leave me
here or else where very much, but will
try hard and keep my heart from
all complaints.

Father and
Mother came home yesterday. They had
a fine time. They learned to love Dr.
Bellows. They formed many acquaintances
among western Unitarians which were
pleasant. Mumford, of Detroit, and
Papa has agreed to be exchanged. Isn't
that a long way to go for such a purpose?
Mr. Bishop came today. He says
he saw "Mr. Wright" Saturday. I feel
more interested in looking at him since I
know he looked at you so little while
ago. Are we not strange?

Thursday, June 21.

Wish you a happy New Year. George.
Wish it may be the brightest and best.
A year bringing with it renewed strength in
God. Our Father: high faith in truth;

calm trust in the Everlasting Good, and
firm purposes to be a true man. My
hopes and wishes for you seem almost
prayers that will be answered, for never
until now did I feel the great love
of our Father, which passeth understanding,
to be so real. If I, in my littleness, can
so love you, and desire your good, what
must be the love of Him, whose child you
are, and who is "more willing to give good
gifts unto his children" than we are to ask
them? We will help each other, too, this
year. You will find strength in my weak-
ness, and grow better while teaching me
to be a good woman. In many things
I must fall short of your expectations, and
the knowledge of my faults and failures
will be a grief to you, but through you
wife if you gain larger charity for human
souls, much patience to bear with infirmity,
it will not be in vain to have learned even
so sad a lesson. Yes we are now one in so
true a sense that you cannot go on and

Minneapolis June 21/60

Marie
mine

Can it be that you don't get
my letters? Your last two speak of
"no letters & weary days & lonely nights
in consequence. I have written you
as follows since I left you - May 21-
26-28-31 - June 5-7-11-12-16-
-17-19 Now 21st. This one making
13 in all I count them all even if
it's but a single line. How the time
narrows down. I almost fear that
I shall not get ready by July 2^d to
start from here. Yesterday I left
Stillwater at 3 A.M. - hurried on
board the "Key City" & went down to
Prescott. Had a visit of a few min-
utes at Hudson with an old school-
mate - I was very busy all day
yesterday at Prescott - Hunted up
property commenced a list &
attached the assets of one of my
business acquaintances, now an abscond

ing debtor - Then at Point Douglas
where I had a little business to attend
to - and in the evening - getting tired
of Mosquitoes wh were very trouble-
some. I started for St Paul - 21 or
22 miles - I thought the cool air
on the prairie would insure me
safety from the "Skutters" - alas and
alack - it was hot - and still - how
they did bite. At 9 1/2 P.M. I sought
shelter among some hard looking people
in a shanty - 3 miles from Pt Douglas
- at 3 A.M. this morning I left for
St P. still on foot - stopped 1 1/2 hours
to see an old acquaintance at New-
port (on the way) & arrived at St
P. about 9 1/2 A.M. 18 or 19 miles

This afternoon - came up in the
coach from St Paul - found a brief
letter from you at the P.O. in which
was much good. Oh the absence
- It is too bad - only 10 days more
here - & then - Hurrah for Missing!

But I've got lots & lots of things
to do before I go. - I must go to Maple
Grove - probably to Stillwater & Prescott
again. - As I have a lawsuit in each
place, beside doing lots of things
here, you must not expect much
more from me in the way of letters
& perhaps I may not get home by
July 4th If not I shall let you
know. - I ask not release from
obligations - only an extension of
time & will "pay all" in the
'coming days' - Goodbye - Good
Night. Sleep sweetly - Keep a
steady heart. Yet a few days &
I will be with you

Honest - Marie - My Dear
Wife. Good Night

Sleep now - There's a good girl -
~~Y.Y.Y.~~ "Ye-ah" I hear you say
Your Husband
George

Bloomington June 21. 1860

George,

My dear, dear Husband, if I could only be with
you instead of this old writing desk. But the time is surely
coming as fast as I can rise & moons go down. The rest of
this week I count nothing, will go so soon, three days in
week after next I also leave out of my reckonings and say,
one whole week — and then — Oh! then — my love!

It is very late. I am waiting for Messer and Holt to come
in from the Concert, from which I have just returned, with
the rest of the household. The children were beautiful, very
very beautiful. There were nearly a hundred of them all dressed
in white, looking like Angels. But Messer was nervous. What
a man he is, so full of lightning, every nerve of his is like a
rod, receiving shock after shock. This is only the second or
third time I ever was in a mixed crowd of the kind, in Bloomington
and every time I have come home seped, and ashamed of myself.
I never saw so rude a people — a people that so perceptibly
lacked refinement and appreciation, — to tell the truth they are
vulgar, as Dr. Holmes would say. I should not find fault.
I hope Messer has got enough to pay him for his trouble, for
poor man, he needs it. How unfortunate to have a streak
of genius! just enough to cheat ^{a man} & an honorable living got in
a common way but not enough to turn the hearts of men that

he may prosper!

Dearest, you are sleeping. Dreams now your Marie kisses you, and whispers in your ear "I love you".

Friday Eve. 2

I got a letter to night. One last night too. My Arithmetic was not so bad; when I wrote that letter you had been gone three weeks and a half and I had received only four letters and certainly had written eight. I could not count, of course, those the Post Master kept waiting for etiquette's sake. I have then all now thought and find you just as liberal as ever. Did I write you so bad a letter then? Your letter written in Stillwater is grieved, hurt, finds a little fault, easily, and chides, lovingly. Let me tell you.

That night I was indeed "lonely and homesick" but was fairly ashamed of the childish letter I had written you and resolved I would not burden you with another list of hearts aches and complaints, but write, if possible more like a woman. You see how well I succeeded in writing superficially to the man who from the first I have been honest with, even to the showing of my heart. I might have done better once for I could have found some Jane Eyre or Prof. Holmes to talk about, but all that would have been too external for ^{even} my mood of reform. Excuse me, George, but 'twas a heartless letter, prompted by a heart too much your own to give you any pain. Why, my husband even speaks as if a cloud had crept into my soul, and my heart was troubled by a shadow! Never, for one moment, since I first put my hand in yours that Summer Sunday have I had perfect

other than perfect trust and entire love. As for Ada I never had an unpleasant feeling concerning her. The matter with my letter is that it is not true. You do not know how to read a letter from me reading the words to find their true meaning. I have noticed if I say anything to any one sarcastically or playfully, or using words in other than an honest way I am taken literally, or create a surprise. It is like borrowing a gown that does not fit. Like Father's playing, which is not in harmony with his character.

Oh! but you say too soon - "Dearest," I have not got over the greenness of love yet; to me it is just as sensitive and delicate as one, two, three, six months ago". And all because of an ugly word I should not have used. Would it not have hurt you badly had I said so?

I want to see you - so much. I want you now. I may speak many idle, careless words that will jar upon your feelings but my faith in the love of my husband cannot be disturbed more than my faith in the love of Him who gave him me. I love you, George. I am your Marie.

I shall go up there again Mrs Loomis will go up with me, on Wednesday or Thursday perhaps.

You tell me some things about some people here that makes me think you are not so trusting, so confident of the goodness in human nature as you seem to be. — I don't like to hear such things of any body, even though I know them to be just criticisms. Well knowing a man to be a scamp I don't want to realize it, unless he is a precious scamp — a rascal of the very first water. — I haven't the least bit of ill-will toward Geo. Chouen, in the world, but I see that he and all his folks have toward me — It is not on your account I think though I guess they don't like you any too well — I expect he will call me hard names, & I suspect not altogether truthfully either. I am sorry to say that he has not always told me the truth.

In one thing, the maps I made for him; he told me when I came back from Ill. that he lost about \$80 or \$100 on them — that the country paid him just what he paid me (or was to pay me, for it is not all paid yet), & that he sold the orders at 70 or 75¢ I do not know which. — I took pains to look the matter up — I charged him for the work about \$240. ~~But~~ The Pioneer Co. told him to be paid \$100 for binding the two books of maps payable in Co. Orders — He rec'd from the Co. \$446. Take out the bill for binding leaves \$346. wh at 75¢

Friday Eve. June 22 1860. Twilight
Marie-Dearest: — I got your letter, of Saturday, Sunday & Monday last, to-day. Every body else seems to have forgotten me, Oh I am so glad there is one little woman in the world who "never will" forget "Mr. Micawber"
Then who cares for all the rest of the world? Not I!
I have been writing the greater part of the day — I mean some of the time, copying papers & making entries & writing letters. I believe I have sent away eight — this makes ninen ^{letters} to-day; One — and a business letter at that, of 12 pages of this paper closely written — I have written some 40 letters in these three weeks of June in the year of grace 1860. Next month I'm not going to write any, I shan't need to write to you — cause I can do better — I shall be through tax-paying & shall commence a new life. Another day is gone Saturday, Sunday, Monday — Tuesday Wednesday — then a week & Marie, home, & happiness. Whew! How the days go. — this will reach you about Wednesday, after which it will not be worth while to write, as I hope I shall never have to read any more of your letters — I'm getting so tired of them, I shall never put myself in a position to be bored by them, any more. I shall put you in a carpet-sack & carry you around wherever I go, what say you to that Dear? This letter to-day from you was very, very good indeed, I was so long that it reminded me

of those I used to get last winter, when as Elsie used to say we wrote to see who could write the most. I certainly have not had a very pleasant time here, but be it what it may it is brief now - dark or light, there's only a week more of it - then it will be a thing of the past.

Sabbath Evening June 24th

My Dear Marion - I did not finish this you see - and had no time yesterday, - I shall write a very spiritual letter to Ray - who came out at this hour 1 1/2 pm. - brimfull of beef and dinner - I was just looking among some dolls - forty five sundays ago this day, we first knew what it was to love & be loved - but we didn't know much about it then, Even that little seemed almost impossible, it could not be - it was too blessed, - and the hope that some day might bring what has already been done, seemed almost too absurd & improbable to indulge in. How much better than we could have seriously hoped for. What seemed - at nearest, a thing of five or six years, was only a few months. You have been my wife now eight weeks - and so long as we are apart at least we shall love with more than lovers warmth & ardor - It may be that our honeymoon is only adjourned as the Democrats at Charleston did, & that in a few days, when we meet again it will be forever. By the way I suppose your folks know or now what they have done at Baltimore

We have have the reports for five days, & the prospects are decidedly good - for the Republicans. The very latest - issued to day in a "Pioneer Extra" by tele Boat from La Crosse, - a dispatch from the Operator at La C. says "Heavy miss at Baltimore" "~~the~~ Kellogg Operator"

As they had had several fights, we take it for granted that they are actually indulging in a regular set-to in the "Plug Ugly" style - Repub^s jubilant here Democrats solemn, frankly acknowledging that even if Douglas is nominated the chance is small for his election. "Hurraay for Abe Lincoln" !! So I say - don't you?

It is dark & sometimes stormy here to-day - I have scarcely been out of the house to-day. Only One Sunday More, - One week from tomorrow - God willing, a good Bye to Minnesota, for a time.

Ten days from now & I shall be with you - or coming at any rate. - The ~~week~~ ^{coming} week will be painful with a multitude of complex duties - & really, I cannot see my way clear, through them, - so much to do - It frightens me. - Keep cool my dear Sir and you'll get it all done unless other people are unnecessarily slow -

I have been reading over your letter again. It is good & long. The big sheet looks good with your handwriting on it. - I did have a very pleasant visit at Maple Grove. If I get time this week

is \$259. for what cost him \$240. - and that is the way he lost \$100. on the maps. - I will tell you some things more when I have a chance to talk with you.

If I can - you want I should say "all mine is shine". With all my heart. - But how much is "all mine"? - What can it mean - they have never written me. - Two months have gone & not one word from Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters. Before I went to Illinois. I had letters every week from some of them. - It is too bad - All mine is shine. Dearest - They cannot love me. that do not love you. - Yet it cannot be. - They know evil enough of me but none but good of you. It can only be that they do not know what to say. & so say nothing - I stopped here & wrote to Bro^r Norman - just a line "Please write to me - why don't you?"

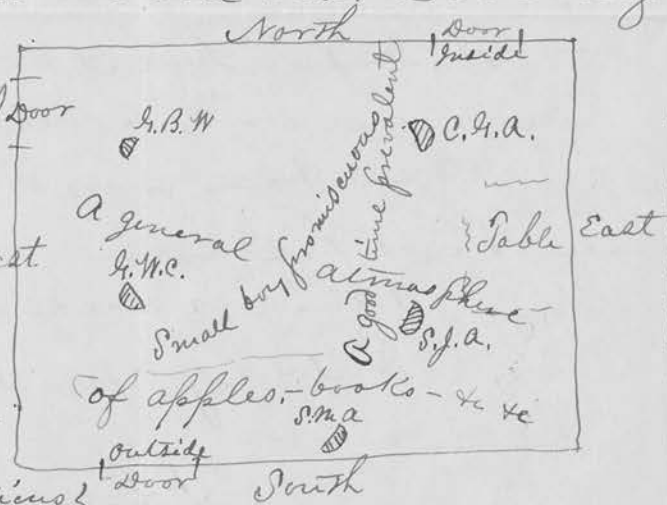
- I am going over to Mr Loomises & shall see Mrs Fielding. - when I get back I will finish this. - I think a walk will do me good - So good-bye dear. - Don't cry - for I never will desert Mrs Micawber - never, never!

Evening - 9 1/2 P.M.

I have been at Mr Loomises - and had of course a very pleasant visit - Mr D. A. Secombe was there. On my way over I stopped at the "News" Office & looked up Thanksgiving Day in 1857. from the files of The News. - Thanksgiving Day was Thursday Dec 10th 1857 and our acquaintance dates from Wednesday Evening Dec. 9th 1857 in Two Years and a

half old we are - How we've grown in two years and a half! - A year later you were writing that memorable "Autobiography" - Another Year and we were sworn lovers - Four and a half Months more we were married - How crooked the way leading straight home, Blessed & memorable be Wednesday December 9th AD 1857 -

Now I think of it. Geo Chwen said something that very night about you, when we were going home that for a moment, until he qualified it, I rather jealously resented in my heart, as though I had a right to. How many times I have seen in my mind's eye that little room just as it seemed to me that evening - I guess I'll put it in here to fill up - for really I have ^{not} where I cannot write anything more to you. - Seats are distinguished thus



As you will observe I had the house "turned around" to suit my own particular notions - i.e. North-south, & South, north. - My ink is all out - I must say Good night - You are tired of such letters as this - I am tired of writing them. The "decline" is well shown in this letter. Go to sleep dear. We'll meet in Slumberland.
Your husband George

gratitude of my heart for George. —
my thanksgiving to our Father — my prayers
that I may make a wife not wholly unworthy.
The love which is not happiness but pain.

There are many things which men smile
at when told — but which is so sacred
that none but he who came nearer than
a mother, might guess of. I am sure I
should not know what to do were you like
most men — but when you and I were only
friends I felt you would be gentler than
any other with the secret feelings of another.

I love George Wright, my friend —
my husband — what may I say to you?
God bless him — Good-bye.
Your wife Marie.

Wednesday. Good Day, Dearest. One
week from to-day! Good-bye.

B. June 21, -60.

George —

I got a wee letter to night,
written the Twenty first, but your mind
was so much away from home you forgot
the day. You speak as if I might look
in vain if I expected letters anymore. I divine
and for that if you can come pretty soon
but I do not expect you will so soon as
a week from tomorrow. Of course I can
wait longer — I have not bided the time
thus long for no lesson of patience to come
from it. I wish I knew all about you
to night — where you are and what you
are doing. Perhaps you are in Napl. G.
Oh! I do wish I was with you.

Father and mother have gone out to hear
Prof. Turner lecture to the students this
evening. Some say he is the most learned man
in Illinois. When the nine o'clock train
comes in — I hear it coming — we expect

Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, of Springfield, who
are going to stop with us this week. There
is no end to company. I'm full continually.
I am tired sometimes and sincerely desire a
"Sojourn in some vast Wilderness". It is real
wicked I know, and I want you to remember
I seldom meet anybody other wise than gladly
for I know the consciousness of not being want-
ed is dreadful, so I will not give people the
least reason, if they could read my heart,
for such unpleasantness. But home is
scarcely home when it is forever invaded.

It is mean to utter such feelings and I don't
believe I have them. I am busy
these days too, though not so badly busy
as you are. I am only sewing, cooking and
the like. I have not read a but precious
little since you went away. Indeed I count
these weeks all lost, I have not lived,
only waited, hoped and endured. Speaking
seriously, I am sorry. Because you were
away, even though you were to me more
than everything else, is no good reason for

not seeing and rejoicing in the good left, for
my days are all good. Is it going
to be so always, now I am a married woman?
It grieves me somewhat, for a moment, but
I am content, for in you I am more than
I could be away from you. How blessed I am
in your love even you cannot tell, for though
I give you all I am it is poor exchange for
what I gain. But the blessedness of love
is in its spontaneous giving, hoping for nothing
in return for giving, but most happy in the power
to give. There is an experience I never saw
related of woman. There is one thing that her
husband cannot enter into her heart to see so
that he may sympathize with her. When speak-
en of he smiles, and looks, "How silly little
Darling"! (Coming so near my soul as you
do - feeling that in truth as in word I am
one with you - thinking all my thoughts
to and for you, sometimes I forget almost
any individuality and would tell you what
no other ears might hear, and what I feel
you cannot rightly understand, - the deep

Of course Mother is distressed, and so am I for
her sake and some for its own little self. It was
a pretty thing and it makes me sad to think
he may suffer for shelter and die for food,
which he does not know how to find. Poor Chubby,
his cage is desolate, and I feel as sorry for
him as night comes on — poor bird!

We had a Picnic yesterday. Everybody says
it was very fine. I ran to catch Mr. Lewis
played "drop the handkerchief" with some
children, — played ball with Mr. Willard
and others — played grace hoops with Mr.
Newell and Mattie — talked nonsense with
Mr. Norton — talked ditto with some others;
waited on the children to cakes and pickles
ate jilly cake and chicken, — came home
was glad.

I did enjoy looking back at
Mrs. Phoenix. She is beautiful — not her
features, but the light shining through them.
I do not wonder then men call her an angel.
He is quick — fussy — disorderly — uneasy —
She is calm — quiet — orderly and peaceful.

Father had a letter from Norman the other
day. He gives me some good advice.
He says "Tell Serena to treat her husband just
as my wife treats me — never speak cross with
him — but when he snaps at her keep quiet

Bloomington June 28, 1860
Saturday Night

George "

What have I to say to thee? I do not
know. Do you not feel drawn to a sheet
of paper and a pen often when no words rise
up to be spoken? I suppose it is that
my pen, in a small sense, stands for you
it being your the only way I can approach
you remotely, and, as when with you, I get
close by your side, without knowing why,
so I seek the only refuge left me. Poor,
is it not? Poor to night, of all nights
in the week, when the stillness of the Sabbath
is stealing over the world, and the troubled
waters of human hearts are being stilled;
peace is with us, and I want my husband,
do you not want your wife? More than
all other seasons I remember eight weeks
ago to night, and I want to see you.

Sunday June 24. Grandma says as I sit down to write in her room "You don't have to write more than six more". I believe I should have kept on writing until you came if she had not reminded of the time it takes letters to go. I cannot write more than one more surely and have it reach you this week. One Sunday between us — then I will say with all my soul, "Liberty and Union, now and forever one and inseparable", for I have not only been divided three weeks, how many? five tomorrow, the same with fifteen in my arithmetic — but I have been absolutely a slave. This day will soon be numbered with Sundays gone by.

This week will pass quickly for 'tis one of uncommon interest in Q. The first class in the Normal School graduates, beside other interesting exercises of Commencement times we expect Prof. Hill, of Antioch, to stop with us when he comes to address the students. We shall miss the Normalites. They are the only people I have got acquainted with much.

At the Priebles the other night we were talking of prettiness and beauty. Mr. Norton said he considered himself quite a judge of good looks. I said I didn't like pretty men. He expressed himself astonished, in as much as I had married a pretty man. I was vexed, and thought there was no accounting for tastes, for 'tis nearly a kin to say^{ing} a man is a — not very — very wise and energetic, to say he is pretty. But mind you Mr. Norton don't think so — he made no distinction in the words, pretty, handsome, good looking, beautiful. I don't think you are pretty, any more than you think I am, but to me you are handsome. I have thought so many times of how you looked a few days before we were married. You looked strangely. I was afraid of you, and liked to be very near you to be sure I had you; that it was really George, and I loved you most as well as I do now. Is not it strange, that something which so alters our looks, and makes us seem different beings at different times?

Our birdy started for Canada this morning.

rather than an idle way! It was not pretty,
but you did not think, did you, that my
sensitivity and delicacy were gone in some
way. It aches that might just as I talked
forty times in Somerville - not that I had
any lack of anything to say - but didn't choose
to say it. I am foolish to speak of this, but it
troubles me that such a feeling should have entered
into your head and heart that I ever could be correct
in the remotest way. You did not think, so did
you? — Dr. Willard and wife so here.
They have been talking of adopted children.
Dr. W.'s people have a child not their own. Dr.
cant love her like a child, dont think
any body can love other children like their own.
I said I dont think it is right for so many
homeless little ones to go homeless while so
many folks have plenty of room for them.
Wish we would not think so much of ourselves
but will live well enough, while those poor things
are suffering both in body and soul. I think we,
you and I, will take half a dozen or so to
begin with. Want you and I — we?
Are you coming so soon? This week will
soon go, but it looks a little too long, but
we will wait. Oh! I love you — George.
I am so blessed in being your Maria,

and pretty soon he will be as hamed of it; — at
least that is my experience." I will try and
follow his wife's example. She is one of the
best women I know of. I remember seeing you,
only once I think. Then you were just out of
bed, face not washed, hair not combed with
green baig jacket on, and annoyed I fancy
about something.

We have been to supper.
We had rather a stormy talk about State policy
I alone standing up for the heroisms of men
like Garrison and Philth Lips, who dare be in
the right risk two or three — who plant them-
selves on principle, and stand there. Contrast
such men with your Republicans, who side
along, trying to edge through every law
& camp prejudice, who talk about white
men's rights, for fear somebody will take exception
if you mention the elevation of the black race;
who do not dare be honest, and beat truth
as if it was a baby, not able to stand alone.

Mr. Bishop says "Suppose you want to go to Chicago, and resolve you will go in a straight line though there is a big swamp in the way - would you go"? Father thinks he sees me standing my feet in the water reasoning, "this woman has a right to go this way".

I would think some of your folks might write to you. You have a brother and sister at home now. They will soon I guess. Maybe they thought they were not well treated in not being informed, ^{of coming} ^{except} before a certain era in your life, or in not being sooner written to afterward. Cyrus asked me where you were. Did you write telling him the way to send letters?

I have begun to write to Ada - Why did you, her friends, change her name from Caddy to Ada? Only for the prettier spelling?

Will is really friendly, is he? Mr. Mosser feared there was danger of his becoming badly intemperate. He said he has been into, not the highest saloons, but into grocery shops since I left. But he has lately joined a band of "Dashaways" which propose a reform.

I have but little more faith in sudden temperance revivals than in many Methodist ones. Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a grain of mustard seed" - the beginnings of good in a persons heart does not mount at once into a tree in which birds of the air may lodge. We have to learn, by painful lessons, the way to be good, and an evil passion is not momentarily expelled by a sudden impulse but slow rooted out by hard labor of much sacrifice. Be his friend if possible and do him good and pray for his well keeping. God bless him!

Mother says "tell George I want to see him ever and ever so much, and that I am planning many things for him to do when he comes, which is the greatest proof of love I can give him. Why - "I really believe" Mother loves you!

Dearest, did you really think I had a shade of a doubt or misgiving about anything? Could you ever imagine I could ever be jealous in any

I must soil this white page. I love you,
is written on every line in invisible characters.
Bless you, dear. Your wife.

Monday morning.. I wrote you a foolish
letter - it seems childish to me. I can't
write; you must come, unless you want
to lose respect for my abilities. I am
pretty well this morning - We are washing.
I have stolen a minute because I am tired.

It is warm. June has been delightful;
not one really hot day have we had.

Chick is crying.

I mentioned to Father
about the receipt of Draft and acknowledgment.
He says he has not written Chas. about it
has it. It seems to ~~him~~ ^{be} no great matter. I
presume he will presently, when he is ready.
Also you Father was going East. He has
given it up. Did you ever see such a man
to flounder? You will visit Maple Grove this week.
I hope Mrs. Loomis will like them as well
as we do. I shall I. get a letter tonight
mayhap. I must run away. By-by -
and a good day to you - Serena Marie.

Phillips lied, or if both,
I have to beg of you to clear
up the affair so far as you
can.

By the way a friend
of mine has been holding
certain small stakes to
decide the result of which
now pending for somewhat
over a year, I have to ask
you what the seventh
line of page 33 is, and
if there be any notes there,
if so what?

In truth I don't be-
lieve you've got the book
at all, but strong by imagining
that your name is the
tutissima cussis which
Phillips shields his guilty
head without having in-

OFFICE, 26 & 27 NILES' BLOCK,

(Entrance, 33 School St., and City-Hall Avenue.)

Boston, Aug 14 1860.

Miss Julia G. Gardner

It is very diffi-
cult to know exactly how
to address an unmarried
young lady especially
since the decision of Judge
Redfield of Vermont who
says that any terms of af-
fection in the address of
a letter & quint a breach
of promise &c. And surely
"Madam" looks so much
like an old maid in
prime starched lace and
cap. That it is really
almost an impropri-
ety, so a judicious
blank to be filled at
pleasure seems more suitable

Therefore the address being judiciously left as it was before the soiling ink polluted the snowy paper, we proceed to the argument.

Somewhat over a year ago if my memory serves me correctly I came into my office under the necessity of consulting a certain poetry book called the "Angel in y^e House". It had vanished from its invariable & dusty repose & I — well — not to put too fine a point upon it — I — suspected the office boy. I did him injustice. I had especially enjoined Mr. Phillips never under any circumstances to let the thing be carried off & I

had the folly to think that dust would protect from "impermissible elopement". I was mistaken.

At that time Mr Phillips told me he had lent it to you, doubtless to shield you from the rage of an infuriated loser of property. Since your return from Richmond however and removal from the jurisdiction of this Commonwealth he has persistently affirmed that you took the book unpermitted. This is to shield himself.

As the man said of his parish, the thing is kind of mixed, and as it is very important to me to know which turn

Boston,

186

parted the book to some
other person, & remembering
(poor youth!) that
veritas tritis et semine cassus,
and truth is virtus as
well as veritas, for I
cannot believe that
Wm Gardner would
take away even so little
I worthless a book on
anybody's loan but the
proprietors unless urged
thence strongly by the
lender, nor retain it
from the enricher of it
(with pencil) we are told
that it was of no conse-
quence very strongly

Yours very faithfully
Thos: Wm: Clarke

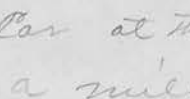
My dearest Mr. Ames.
North West
N.H.



La Crosse, Wis Frank State
Saturday P.M. Sep 29/60

My Dear Wife - How do you do? Just
as though I expected you could answer
me now. It is as well perhaps - I will
fancy you are "pretty well" which means
"pauze - so sick". I reached here at 2:30
o'clock this P.M. but cannot leave here till
11 (after the next train - I might have stayed
at home till 3 o'clock this A.M. & come in
the next train. Have had good luck
(the luck wh usually attends my travels)
thus far. In Chicago I went down the
whole length of Clark St looking for
No 95. - when I reached it, it was a
jewelry store - I pulled out my
letter & read "No 95" I could not go back
but went up to my friend Baker's. There
I saw Henry's good-looking friend, to
whom with his lady-love you were
introduced last fall in Boston.
He is stopping in Baker's store now.

He left B. since 6 weeks since & says
Leynes has since been very sick with
fever but is now better. I must
write to him. - I left baggage at
Bakens & went, among the N.W. R.R. office
about a ^{1/2}? mile from there. Then I went
back & got my load & returned to the
Milwaukee Depot where I had purchased
a ticket for St Paul (\$5.50) and after
waiting a half hour. - at 9 P.M. started
for Milwaukee. - Arrived in an uncer-
tain condition, at 1 A.M. - changed cars
& then went to bed - perfectly oblivious
till we reached Portage betty at 7 A.M.
- there we had superior "bif-steaks"
coffee - 20 minutes - 50¢, et al.

Also made the discovery that the
R.R. Co with ~~the~~ commendable economy,
were killing  with  by "tailing
on" a passenger car at the end of a freight
train not over a mile long. - However
13 hours from Chicago Milwaukee (200 miles)
is not very bad for a freight train
How many miles an hour is it (?)

There are immense quantities of
wheat in bags on the wharf. - the most
I ever saw together. - all from Minnesota
There are many thousand bags - It rains
too - rains hard & the wheat imbibes it
- They sell by weight I presume.

(I forgot to say in the proper place that
I left Pa's letter ~~at~~ with Mr. Baker who
promised to attend to it, I explained
the conditions wh he so shd be attended
to. You may tell Pa that this pz. still
lingers in a shady nook in my rectrfecter
I hope to be in St. P. by Monday A.M. =

And now my Dear, a word to you &
then good-bye. Keeps were happy. I
shall write once or twice more if I
can & then in a day or so I am with
you again. It doesn't seem that I
have left you at all - the time is so
short that I shall be away. - I
thought when I sat down to write
a love-letter - but 'tis perfectly impos-
sible - Those happy days are (happily)
past & gone. - not that we love less
but we live it rather than say it
But "I love you" Dear. for all that.
Good Bye - God bless you - George

Monticello Nov. 11, 1860

George - A letter dated as above came to you last night. I think it may be business you would like to attend to immediately, or at least know about.

I scarcely dare send the letter for fear it will not reach you, but I will copy those parts of it relating to business.

"Yours received 30 Sept."

"You wrote me in regard to whether I had any claims upon

SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of 25, 120 + 24	} 22, 80 4 acres 114 80 4 acres
SW $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 30 120 + 23	
SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ 31 " "	

And if so what it it was. I will now inform you that in Dec. 1858 Julia J. Bertrand bought the above land from Adair Mugh (the Pre-emptor) subject to a mortgage in favor of Cyrus Aldrich of \$125,00 - and said Mortgage was assigned to Elias Whitcomb

and I, as Sheriff of this County sold said
land last Novr on a foreclosure of said
mortgage and the land was bid in for said
Whitcomb for nearly \$100 more than was
due as the law allows only 7 per cent per
annum & he charged five per cent per month
objections being made at the time to such
excess, Mrs. Bertram wishes to redeem said
land and is willing to pay all that is ^{legally} due
to Mr. Whitcomb upon it. I think the
time of redemption runs out on the 25th of this
month, and if you are agent for Mr. W. if you will
send an assignment of all his interest in said land
& to said Certificate of Mortgage sale made by me last
Novr to some person here to attend to it. You
shall receive the full amount of his just claim
but if he is willing to wait a year longer for
his money she will be willing to allow him some-
thing more than he can legally claim, and give
another mortgage on the same with 7 per cent interest
Mrs. B. paid the taxes one year ago and took an assignment
of the certificate from the Co. Treasurers, and would
have done so last year had you not done so
before she did. — You will please write
soon and let me know what Mr. W. will do, but if
I don't hear from you before the time runs out
Mrs. B. will tender the amount of Mr. W.'s claim to
the Reg. of Deeds and claim the deed from Sheriff,
to which she will be entitled to. I am going to Minneapolis
this week and will see Col. A. and speak to him of it. —

Signed by Mrs Geo W Bertram,

[Nov. 20, 1860]

The State of New-Hampshire.

To Thomas W. Clark Esquire, Greeting:

Know You, That I, reposing especial trust and confidence in your learning, integrity and capacity, have, by virtue, and in pursuance of the provisions of a Statute of this State, entitled "An Act to authorize the appointment of Commissioners without this State to administer Oaths and take the Acknowledgments of Deeds;" nominated, and with advice of the Council, do appoint you a **COMMISSIONER** under said Act, within and for the State of *Massachusetts* to continue in office for and during the term of five years from the date hereof; with full power and authority to administer an Oath or Affirmation to any person for any legal cause whatever, and to take Depositions and the acknowledgment or proof of any Deed, Contract, Letter of Attorney, or any other writing to be used or recorded within this State. And I do hereby make known that such Affidavit, Deposition or Affirmation, and also such Acknowledgment taken, made or administered before you, and certified by you, under your hand and seal, in your capacity of Commissioner, and your Certificate thereof, indorsed on or annexed to such Deed or other instrument, in conformity to the Laws of this State, shall be as good and effectual, to all intents and purposes, as if taken, made or administered by or before an officer resident in this State, and competent to take, make or administer the same. But before you proceed to perform any duty under said Act, and by virtue of this appointment, you are to take and subscribe an Oath or Affirmation before a Judge of the Supreme Court of the *State* in which you reside, well and faithfully to execute and perform all the duties of such Commissioner, under and by virtue of the Laws of this State, and cause such Oath or Affirmation to be filed in the Office of the Secretary of this State, within six months from and after taking the same.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the State to be affixed, at Concord, the *twentieth* day of *November* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *sixty* and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-*fifth* -

By the Governor,

WITH ADVICE OF COUNCIL.

Thomas L. Tilton

Secretary of State.

ss. State of

On the

day of

one thousand eight hundred

the said

year and subscribed the Oath of Office as a

Before me:—

A Judge of the Superior Court of

WARRANTEE DEED.

This Indenture, Made this Twenty seventh day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and sixty
BETWEEN Amos P. Howlett of the County of Hennepin State of Minnesota
part of the first part, and Caroline M. White of the County of Chittenden
and State of Vermont part of the second part,
Witnesseth, That the said part of the first part, in consideration of the sum of One Hundred fifty
(150) Dollars, to them in hand paid by the said part of the second part, the receipt
whereof is hereby acknowledged, do by these presents, Grant, Bargain, Sell and Convey to the said part of the second part
her heirs and assigns **FOREVER**, all those Tracts or Parcels of Land, lying and being in the County of
Hennepin State of Minnesota described as follows, to wit:

The North half of the North
East quarter of Section Number Twelve (12) & the fourth west quarter of
the fourth East quarter of Section Number one (1) in Township Thirty six (36)
North of Range Thirty (30) West and containing one Hundred and twenty acres
according to U.S. Government survey thereof

To Have and to Hold the Same, Together with all the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto in anywise
appertaining; and the said

Amos P. Howlett one of the
part of the first part, does **COVENANT**, with the said part of the second part, her heirs and assigns as follows:
FIRST, That he is lawfully seized of said premises; SECOND, That he has good right to convey the same;
THIRD, That the same are free from all incumbrances; and FOURTH, That the said part of the second part
her heirs and assigns, shall quietly enjoy and possess the same; and that he will **WARRANT AND DEFEND** the title to
the same against all lawful claims.

In Testimony Whereof, The said part of the first part, have hereunto set their hands and seals the day
and year first above written.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in the Presence of

A. J. Fletcher
Geo. W. Chomcu

Amos P. Howlett
Sarah S. Howlett

SEAL.
SEAL.
SEAL.
SEAL.

State of Minnesota
County of Hennepin

Be it Known, That on this Twenty seventh day of June A. D. 1860
personally came before me Amos P. Howlett and Sarah S. Howlett his wife
the foregoing deed and acknowledged the same to be their own free act and deed.

And the said Sarah S. Howlett on an examination separate and apart
from her said husband, acknowledged that she executed the said deed, without any fear or compulsion from any one.

"Left a certain mortgage for the sum of one Hundred forty three dollars given by
said Howlett to Elias White dated Nov 20th 1858" interlined before execution

Geo. W. Chomcu
Register of Deeds
Hennepin Co

Aug. 17, 1860

Warrantee Deed.

Jas P. Howell & Co
SELL TO

Carlton M. Whitcomb
Office of Register of Deeds,
County of *Benton* Minn.

I hereby certify that the within Deed
was filed in this office for Record, on the
17th day of *August*
A. D. 1860, at *nine* o'clock
P. M., and was duly recorded in Book
"C" of Deeds page *421 & 422*.

Carlton M. Whitcomb
Register of Deeds.
Jayes Paul
Carlton M. Whitcomb
Auditor



Aug 17, 9. P.M.

what I am - when I think how I treat you
sometimes - You know what I mean - How instead of
guarding, helping, watching over, cheering, & protecting
you, through these painful anxious months of a new
life - How instead of your dearest friend in a sweet
but most dreadful & momentous crisis - that I am
of all the world - alone - your only enemy - I cannot
even plead that I do not know - forgive me dearest
- Oh my Love - You cannot realize how poor - how
pitifully weak & worthless I am - Just what but
a few months ago - in your letters - you most despised
- Forgive me my Love - and of you even in these
hours when most you need manly help & sympathy
- even now of you I must ask help to make
me better & stronger - to make me master of myself
And Thou Oh my God - forgive me & help me -
I will try to do better - to be to you ^{my wife} what I should
be - But still I must depend upon you - on
your weakness as you would tell me - for my strength.

I'm very proud of projects for the
future I am somewhat troubled - for what seems
the easiest & readiest way open to me - is that
which takes me away from you - And what is
living worth so - not much away from
you Love. Oh I have had such sweet
visions, here in the still quiet of the fading
year, of the glorious & serene perfection of life
which lies within the grasp of possibility, for all
of us. - But a dream & the finish rough contact
with the world which I am in, but for this day
not of, will brush ^{away} all these delicious cobwebs -
& in an hour bring me back to the base life I
live - I do not complain of what I do - but of
myself as I do it - The meanest employment may be
admirable glorified & honored, by him who labors in it
- There is a glory in the humblest pursuit, the true metal

George
The base alone is soiled by it -
My own darling wife - Good bye -
I'll be a help to her
Good eye many pleasant love -
any more

"Egypt" Sunday Nov 11/00

Dear Marie - my wife,

Last sheet - I've been writing letters
more than all I've written this whole summer
gone - as usual - tired & good for nothing I come to
you at last & say "good evening" -

I have absolutely done nothing since I came here
but write a few letters - I may stay till
Wednesday or later & may go away sooner - I
hardly think to send this before I go - If not I
will mail it at Bloomington. It is four days
& more since I left you. After I get back, I think
it will be not many days till I get through at
New Phoenix & perhaps may not find anything
to do for a long time - so you can look at my
puffy face all the time - I am pretty much
determined to leave New P. for divers seasons.
- I stopped at St Louis over night on my way
down. It is a great large big place - I stopped at
the "Virginia" from 12 midnight till 7 AM. - It is an
extensive place - for two of the four et ceteras
which go to make a days board, I paid the brief
& modest charge \$1.50 - There was great excite-
ment on the way down, firing of guns - humming
for "Ole Abe" & other like demonstrations - a
large delegation went down to Springfield

to see "Je Kingz" Abraham - a noisy Douglas man - pretty drunk - came aboard at Springfield & insisted that the Union is in danger - that the only way to save the Union is to vote for Stephen A. Douglas - That "Whisky & fraudulation carried Sangamon County" & that he knew "what ex-gra - principle - ex - Democratic - party is -" "is Whisky" said he, & to whip the "Rou-rou-foob-lican party"

This is a "free Country" my dear - "Land of the free & home of the brave" - "Loved land of Liberty" &c &c

This place is 50 miles South East from St Louis & about the same distance from any where - It produces whisky, sensimmons, Passum, natural children, & natural born fools & natural born Democrats - Evansville is the place where I am stopping - a little Egyptian village on the left bank of the Kaskaskia River a few miles above the old French Town of Kaskaskia - All this country has been settled 30 or 40 years but looks poor & shabby - The sad reflection of Slavery from the neighboring State of Missouri - No Northern thrift - There are a good many Germans hereabout but many of them are Catholic & Democratic I think - I notice one thing which seems beautiful indeed compared with all else hereabout - In the German houses are pictures - some fine large engravings One ~~rep~~ the "Sea Storm" Another the "Sea War"

and another - "Niagara" are large fine pictures - all German publications - The "Sea War" is very fine indeed, &c

Monday A.M. Still nothing to do - I am almost tired to death - I have read "Bitter Sweet" all of it I think - though by force read & in some places three or four times - I like it - It fills my thought more nearly than anything I ever read before, - things in it I have thought & felt foolish for words to say - I want to read it with you alone sometime - for there are things which I have tried in vain to tell you & which that tells for me, things which come out of the depths of a soul which has a full experience of life - It is true, healthy, wholesome, deep & tender,

Such lovely weather as we are having here - Soft & Autumn like, with clear cool nights - It is a perfect enjoyment to live in it I would like to be in Bloomington - To sit down in our little cosy room, with the flickering blaze of the fire light making quaint ever changing pictures on the wall & in the brain, - quiet, green, loving fancies - just we two & no more except indeed!

The blessedness of living & loving here, intowning itself in every ~~th~~ sense in every consciousness of our whole being - I am so sorry - such sad disheartening reproach pressed me down & makes me shudder & almost curse myself - and my God, that I am

Jacksonville Tuesday Eve ^{Nov 29} 1860

My Love -

I am waiting here for the train westward - I left Pekin this A.M. wrote you a line from there which you should get by this time - I did not stop in Havana at all I sent back a letter however to the P.M. to forward letters to me at Barry. - I shall leave at 7 this eve for Naples & shall perhaps drop you a line from there - How do you do? -

I feel that I am doing a very wicked thing in going away so - Oh I wish I could hear from you just now - I am pretty well - This is a beautiful place - I saw Prof Turner He is beautiful too?

In haste

To Serena M } Your Husband
Ames Wright } George
Bloomington Ill

[Nov. 19, 1860]

Whereas the late Charles C. Nichols Esq,
for many years a deacon in the Purchase Street
Congregational Church, and the ^{late} Dr J. B. Adams,
presented to said Church a silver Christening basin,
and a pair of silver Communion cups, the under-
signed proprietors of the Thirteenth Cong^l Church
unwilling to desecrate these articles, by a sale
thereof, request the Receivers of said Church, to return
them to the families of said donors, and also
to distribute the Sunday School, and parish
library, to destitute Sunday Schools, or in any other
way as they may deem advisable, together with
the few articles which remain belonging to the
proprietors.

Boston November 19th 1860.

En. Whittmore

Galvin Bailey

Chas^l Muller

Chas^l F. Austin

S. B. Steeper

Alfred May

Henry Daggett

J. N. Jones

Amos J. Todd

J. W. Merriam

John Davenport

Sam^l H. Hatch

Wm. J. Farlow

N. A. Baugh

Geo B Richardson

Receivers Authority
to dispose of the
Library & other
Personal Property

J. F. Trull
Andrew Davis
Theodore Robbins
Wm. E. Coffin

Henry B. Dutton

Daniel Whiton
Joseph Sargent
Wm. J. Neft
H. B. Rice
Sam. B. Pierce

James Adams
Benjamin Gulliver
Henry Sargent
J. H. Whipple
J. H. Salisbury
John T. Wells
Oth. J. Mayhew
William C. Muddock.

Wm. H. Simpson
S. M. Pikes
D. H. Bayley
Geo. W. Simmons
A. K. Bigelow

[Nov. 20, 1860?]

[FORM 2.]

CATON LINES.
Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company.
IN CONNECTION WITH ALL OTHER LINES IN THE
UNITED STATES AND CANADAS.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON WHICH MESSAGES ARE RECEIVED BY THIS COMPANY FOR TRANSMISSION:

The public are notified, that, in order to guard against mistakes in the transmission of messages every message of importance ought to be repeated, by being sent back from the station at which it is to be received to the station from which it is originally sent. Half the usual price for transmission will be charged for repeating the message. This Company will not be responsible for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery of unrepeat messages, from whatever cause they may arise; nor will it be responsible for damages arising from mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery of a repeated message, beyond an amount exceeding two hundred times the amount paid for sending the message; nor will it be responsible for delays arising from interruptions in the working of its Telegraphs, nor for any mistake or omission of any other Company over whose lines a message is to be sent to reach the place of destination. All messages will hereafter be received by this Company for transmission, subject to the above conditions.

J. D. CATON, Pres't, Ottawa, Ill.

By Telegraph from Jacksonville Nov 20 78'
To Rev S Cairns 78'
How? Telegraph me at
traffles tomorrow morning
L Geo B Knight

you should go to Missouri or Arkansas,
if 'tis best. Oh! dear - isn't it a dreadful
thing to be married, after all - when we are
not sick enough to live together!

I am afraid you trouble about what
you shall do, much more than you let
me know of - please don't keep me from
sharing your cares - when I know too
that I have brought many more cares
and anxieties to you than I ever relieved
you of, or ever helped you bear.

Good-bye this morning
Your Wife
Marie.

Tuesday Nov. 20, 1860

My dear Husband.

Father just brought
in to me your note written this morning.

He laughed at me when I sent him to
the office and asked me how many hours
you had been away. I didn't tell him

there was no time that he was to take note
of - he ought to know it. I wonder - I
suppose - no - ~~maybe~~ he has gone on
from where we now are as we talked the other
night of having outgrown our lovers love.

It is unfortunate that you go
beyond Rail Roads just now - too bad
for you to be anxious so long, for I am
afraid 'twill take some days for my letter
to reach you.

I am this evening
about as when you left me, but we can
better bear my sickness since we hope
'tis nothing only what is natural, and

that I will be better in a little while.

Our folks have gone to see and hear a Test Medium who holds forth in the Phoenix Hall to-night. Aren't you afraid they will get to be having Spiritualists yet? Last night they stalked of ghosts and wonders till midnight till they scared Grandma half out of her senses. Mrs. North is a confirmed Spiritualist & Believer. Oh! of idle. I don't mean to be profane - but if these are great and momentous questions agitating the world I wish I could see good enough in it to prove something. I see plenty for mortals to do in the flesh without all this fuss and sentimentalism about the Spirit-land and celestial good-for-nothings. - In a Gospel Banner, Father brought in to-day, is a poem pretending to be from Poe. It is really very beautiful. We read it to-morrow this evening and it lifted ^{him} quite off from the

earth. He is the funniest man living! - "There", he says, "I feel so good I don't know what to do - just as if I was in a Revival meeting" - and then he dances and jumped him self out of the house.

I expect we have really killed a poor puss to-day. 'Tis an awful ^{thing} after all, to ~~know~~ coolly take even a cat's life, and it fairly made me sick. She went under the house, so distribution may follow us for giving "cold fish".

Wednesday Morn., 21.

Good morning dear. I am as well as yesterday, slept pretty well.

Pae is waiting for me to finish so that he may take my letters to the Post Office.

You speak of seeing and having a long talk with Mrs. Wrightley. Anything of our future business? I am ever most afraid a wife will prove thy failure, young man. She wants to be good to you, and she wants to be able to say she is willing

[Nov. 7]
Bloomington, Wednesday Eve. N. 21/80

George. —

This has been a quiet day — here has nothing happened, only the usual events have all crowded themselves into this it.

I am as well as this morning, better than when you left me. I am sorry for your anxiety. This morning we received your dispatch sent yesterday — Esther was out for two or three hours after 'twas brought in. I am afraid you may have been in Naples this morning, and disappointed in not finding it before noon. I hope by some manner of means you have heard by this time — I don't like to think you are sick with worrying.

We have a meeting here to-night, for the first time in a long while. It is most night now. — Love, I do want to see you. Do you want to see me? I think you have been gone long enough.

Father has gone to the Depot to see if the Apples have come. Your Uncle says open them as soon as received, and I think I would like one, if nice. No more letters have come. I should think we would hear from Cyrus soon. I don't think he liked the married women, when he came to see her, as well as to the young woman. Quite natural.

Are you happy, George? I hope you will not have to leave me for a long time again. I think as I grow more acquainted with you I can learn to be a better wife.

I don't know as God will hear my prayers for strength and help, for the selfishness of them. I do not mean to be selfish - am I? If I am all I should be in my relations with you, shall I not be a good woman in all the relations of life? I know you will pray for me as I pray for you.

My dear husband - I love you.

Marie.

Thursday Nov. 22.

I do not know as you will send me my copy of Mr. Bestmans letter if you find occasion, but I think 'tis all right.

I am as well this morning as usual. It is real cold. I hope you are not walking to-day. Maybe I get a letter this morning.

Peace, Love, & wish you

Your wife -

Marie.

Griggsville Ill. Nov 21st 1860 8 P.M.

Dear Wife

It was a happy thing to get a word at Naples to-day, from "Charles G." - of you.

I was almost ready to go back -

How bright everything seemed, at once Naples like Italy of old "still sleeps" - The houses, like aquatic plants, all lean down stream - still striped with bars of water mark from the flood of '58 - the highest marks full 20 feet ^{above} the present level of the river (Missouri). A levee has been built since - rather it is a rail road embankment for the Pike Co. R.R.

I walked here - 8 miles - This is a pretty place - not so pretty as Jacksonville & the Prof.

At the ~~fall~~ ferry 4 miles below Naples I saw the venerable Passum - 5 of 'em & a man killed 'em for alimentary purposes - "poor little innocents" - They look somewhat like coons - fur whiter, or like that of the wolf; ^{long} smooth tails like the muskrat. Ears, bare. Thin & short.

In size & general appearance between that of the raccoon & woodchuck. One of them "played passum" - he saw the fall of his comrades. Then suddenly rolled off the box where the man laid him & dropped to the ground - perfectly limp & apparently "Dead as Julius Caesar" No use - the man had seen passum before, - I shall go to Barry tomorrow

I expect to hear from you there - However I
have heard & am so glad - I won't
go away so never I won't any more

My Eyes ache - I must stop writing
- say "thank you" to Mr Charles & "Pa" for
his Telegram It ~~was~~ good -

Good Bye Love

Your Husband
George

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J. D. CATON, Pres't, Ottawa, Ill.

By Telegraph from Chapel Hill N.C. 11th 1880
Bloomington 21 1880
 To Geo B Wright

as right
Servina is better apples
shipped Saturday

8 Col 45- Charles G Amos