



George B. Wright and Family Papers

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(Cars going fast as I write

[1861?]

Marie ^{N.Y.} Rome. Noon. Thursday —

So goes the world - 30 miles an hour - I left Chicago yesterday 6 A.M. expect to reach Burlington to-night or midnight - 41 hours from Chicago.

- Pretty well only nearly suffocated in one of the magnificent sleeping & slaughter houses on the Great Western R.R., last night - Just said good-bye to Dr Wakefield who goes from here to Watertown - & thence to Boston - Met him at Rochester Not cold but snowing & quite stormy without, will write as soon as I get home - Could not get a "Dutch" for C. & A.

All stores closed when I got to Chicago & more open before I left it - Be a good girl & mind your Ma.

George

Rosie House, Rosia Ill

Tuesday eve Jan 1/61

Marie, Dear Wife

Contrary to my expectation I am in Rosia tonight - The cars didn't run off the track - nobody killed & comparatively few frightened, waited at El Paso the stupidest place in the world to wait at, from 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ Am till 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ P.m. - five hours, Much obliged to our maternal "parent" for the newspapers, I read with immense satisfaction, the whole of them Ad's & all, Messer went up as far as Hudson, said Claire is visiting there yet - expects Mrs M. out here soon & hopes to get the place in the Normal, now filled by Prof Lady. Arrived here at 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ P.m. have been to supper - taken a

shout wack & "at the call of
duty" am writing! I will begin
rather mildly & grow daily in
my correspondence - in two weeks
I shall begin to burden the mails
after the manner of a year ago
no doubt. This is only to let
you know that I survive the
perilous passage of the Logansport
& Peoria R.R. You've been crying
to-day - Don't do so more - Be a good
girl (as usual) - You are feel better
- some to night - so do I - but not
so much as you - He of the
Quartermaster & Commissary
Department in life don't know how
to love after the manner of you who
do the educational & moral part of
the business, & beside in this particu-
lar case it is all in keeping with
what I have been always telling
you, about your doing the spanking

of course you ought to love
more, So Monday shall I look for
a letter? No I guess not!

I'm sitting by a gas burner that
leaks & I eat all the gas - It
don't smell good - tastes decidedly
bad & I don't think it wholesome
to see stap - writing. - God bless
you love - be good - get well
as fast as you can & don't forget
or what is worse - cry for -

Your Husband
Good Bye with a George
paper kiss - they used to be good -
- rather misified now. Don't you
think so? Good bye.

P.S. Say "White bow" to the
Swish Daddy & assure him
that I still remain his
well-wish & respectful
"Young 'Un"

a "Family" in that place. Of course I must look with jealous eye upon the young fellow John - who by the way is a practical joker in a pleasant way, & has the decided favor of the Landlady's daughter. I shall mount all my jewelry tomorrow & color my nuns-tache - The Autocrat appeared this evening. He is I fancy a young professional man - probably a lawyer & is a graduate of some college - very fine pleasant gentleman & a worthy Autocrat. The other young men are smart & keen, & altogether we are on good terms. have lots of fun & I think the opening of fine one, for such an inestimable jewel as your Husband is, to play the part of Kahi'noor.

5 minutes later - I have been to the Post Office - whence I came skipping back like a girl with a new doll, cause why? - I've got a letter Mrs Ltr me read it!

(5 minutes later) "Yah! That ish goot"

I'm glad to see you dear. Your letter mailed this morning & I got it this evening. I thought as I ran down to the P.O. How I used to watch for letters five days ago when I was in Minnesota. That was a thousand years ago. Catechism - "Who was the oldest man? George B. Wright."

I'm sorry that as usual you have been reading some foolish thing in Emerson which prevents your making what your Husband wants to hear over smooche. Now you've had a sensible thing from Emerson I won't own it, (tho' of course there's little danger of running across anything sensible in him).

But I shall just say "Mr E, I won't acknowledge any corn" of your growing. No sir ee Bob! I'm an in-di-vid-oo-al & am just as good as you".

Today I've been among the Distilleries

Wednesday Eve. Dec-Jan-61

My dear Wife - I sat down to write to somebody - some one among my absent friends who I had neglected for almost a year. I saw thro' the list & then (not the first time I have done so) commenced as above without the remotest shadow of a thought for stock in trade, & not the slightest idea of what I should say. To-day I have been taking a survey of the grounds - nothing more scarcely - An domicile with a "Widow Culbertson", private boarding house proprietor: by recommend of one of 'our customers'. I am forcibly reminded of the "Autocrat" in the appointments & general air of the premises.

At dinner - Mrs Culbertson at the head of the table - her inevitable daughter at her right - a Mrs - ? with a little girl at the left - A "young man John" at the foot - (head perhaps they call it). - Another young man at John's left between whom & the daughter aforesaid, opposite "Mrs -" I was duly installed, either as "Old Gentleman" or "Kahi'noor" - It is hardly decided which, as yet, Mrs C. is the full personification of "Landlady" & felt as though the young fellow John, (who, carved, of course) would say to us "Will you have a slice of Middy?" I looked in vain for a School Mistress &

wondered if she & I had not started to walk down
the path together & if I in stepping into this house
had not gone back into the days that never come
back again - & if I was not dreaming, It is
a pleasant place - near the center of the City as we
are in Bloomington, & well kept, clean, & conven-
ient. To be sure the luffer was not very numerous
, but the dinner was good - a further illustration
of the theory of amputations, I have a snug
room, fire & fixings & gas worth half a dozen
burning of our Bloomington gas. With a moderate
beaze, it is light enough to write any where in
the room. Only one piece of furniture lacking
& that is - My dear!

I saw Mr Reed today, He sends his regards
to Mrs & Miss Ames & mine wife! To Morrow I
will get a letter from you. - I saw a white
Cow in a toy store today, If I don't have money
enough to buy it, perhaps I may steal it
- at all events it is a splendid animal & will
no doubt prove a - "White head"! Saw also the
twin Cousin to my Doit & several other of the
Herbivora. It is foggy here in the morning &
snaky all day - the River has frozen. Boats
are loaded with ice in the lake & towed out into the
river by Steamers. It looks Arctic to see the thick
cloud of white steam above a steamer, on a
bearly morning. Tomorrow I will write more

I now see go to bed - all done - don't like it
- good bye Dear - I love you!

Your Husband George

Thursday Eve Jan 3

Good Evening Dear - This day has passed
much like other days I know - "Twilight lets ~~her~~ its
curtain down & pins it with" - a snow storm!
There is already (before the sun) considerable thieft
- more snow than at Bloomington & a promise to-night
of a heavy fall of snow. To day I have been

canvassing with fair success. The solicit element
doesn't lie very largely within my premises - I
had much rather a Man would come to me to buy a
thing, than go to him & offer to sell. It is a little of
the Street-Organ-grinding style of doing business
However as I said - I have had fair success to-day
& am getting valuable, oily, & polished. Am cultivating
a sheet-iron epidermis - a shield & armor all about.
The little things which stick in a soft nature, will
glance off, from me. I shall become inflexible to words
& ultimately may vie with the renowned Ed Murphy
whose dripping, oily, polished, lightning-defying visage
& Steam-Boat-inducing proclivities, have given him
the Honorary title of "Figure Head of Navigation"

It is getting interesting here! This morning
I resolved upon settling down as "Kohinoor" inasmuch
as it is known that I am a gentleman from a
neighboring city, and not known that I have a

(A some of these with their stables &c cover two or three acres or more of ground) - The Pale black chimneys with 'do black coils & masses of Coal Smoke rising till they joined with the low dark snow-cloud, the many smelted savours of the place - the dark, damp, dripping & decaying buildings - every conceivable form of putrefying flesh & grain - altogether rose as an ample incense for cursing; I shall never forget that stable - It was light at the end where I looked down into it, but with the rising fumes quite dark in at a little distance - thro the thickening vapors I could see the heads of the cattle, in all distressing shapes - fainter & fainter till the far last outlines of ^{the} heads faded out.

The very names of the propfitions seemed to have become alcoholically corrupted, what could be so more in keeping than "Branda-more" for a man who is making "More-Brandy".

I made a word of inquiry, to the Landlady to say: thus "By the Number of your churches here I should think there must be many shades of opinion"? As I expected she said "And many varieties of Error - We have got Swedenborgians Unitarians & Universalists" Dreadful set!

There now dear, Goodbye - I must write to Mr Phoenix. Be a good girl - Your kind old Uncle will come back-by & by.

Good bye - God bless you. Write often
Your Husband - George

The "Heavy Men" of P. are Distillers. - Men of fine taste (in liquids) and Patrons of Measurements.

There are 8 or 10 great Overgrown, carcasses, of that description in Peoria. It is the Heaviest Business of the place. Every One Has a R.R. track, whereby Hog & Cattle by the Car load are turned into its filthy yards. - corn & barley by the car load weighed (by a track scale, with balance beam & index in the office) & then poured out into the cellars of the Distillery - and Whisky by the Car load also, taken back, to be served, & pauperize & ruin the whole community.

I have never seen anything ^{an} which in all its appointments, and the manner with wh^t it assails one, thro the avenues of sight sound & smell, that is perfectly ^{as a distillery}, fills my idea of the "Hole in the side of the hill" which has been pointed out to us as the "by-way" & short road to the Infernal Regions.

The unimagined horrors are all to be seen there free of cost. I looked into one of the stables. There was an alley lengthwise thro the middle, on each side rows of cattle with heads toward the alley & along ~~on~~ on either side & in front of the cattle a trough partly filled with smoking sicken- distillery-slop flowing through & on to other stables till all was gone. The sickening condition of things may be imagined - possibly! Cattle fattened there & are eaten afterward - Hogs by thousands come to an untimely end in these stables & yards. The dense & sickening steam & smoke enveloping the whole concern

Bloomington Jan. 2 1861.

George. — [To George B. Wright]

My first writing of this Year. I never thought of it but I presume my first last year was to you — my Lover then — my Husband now. Your mind is all made up I suppose for a catalogue of my sick feelings and the like. In Emersons new book (we have it and tis rich too) I find this remark, in his Essay on Behavior, "There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their dis^{tem}pers. If you have been not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the household bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans."

What can I say now! Mrs. Dunn came up to see me this morning. She said the Doctor sent her to prescribe for me. They were out to Mansfield yesterday with our folks, and I suppose Mamma told Dr. Dunn my "dis^{tem}pers". He says I must get so I can walk if tis possible, and to bring that about a Swiss sitz bath and the wearing a supporter. So I am to be cured shortly. I am about as usual — got along without you nicely. But I did feel last night, when dark came on, just as I used to feel, when a little girl I have stood by the window, and watched, crying, for my mother. I feel last when you dont come home the usual time. Mrs. Dunn told me this morning that the Sociable tomorrow evening is to be a Donation

visit. And they are making efforts to have as great many come. The ladies of the Society are to bring the supper. It must be a profound secret from Parker and mother, of course, but, as is generally the case they have taken up two or three hints, carelessly dropped, and made good use of them. I am glad the donations are chiefly to be in money, for Papa needs it.

You have had one letter, which I send, - It looks likely to storm - damp their expectations for tomorrow night. Mr. L - (don't know how to spell his name) will have a fine time for his lecture - I thought at first I should want very much to go, but I don't care any thing about it now, fortunately. Our folks are away today too - visiting at Mr. Barbers. Oh! come home to-night. So, I am sort of homesick. Good-bye Love.
Your wife
Marie.

Bloomington Jan. 4 1880

My dear Husband,

It seems a long time since I wrote, or heard from you — one whole day. Oh! 'tis bad, my dear; at any rate uncomfortable for the feelings.

Good morning. This is Fast-Day. Have you eaten any breakfast? A good deal more than usual, I suppose. It is nine and we have just been to breakfast, — our party last night upset us all; it was a very good success; the get-together of it were perfectly satisfied, I guess; thought 'twas a genuine surprise, the most of them. Though Catherine's mother expressed no surprise, either in words or looks. They received twenty-five dollars in money — a Sewing Machine worth ten — sugar — canned fruit and other little things worth about five more; not ^a very big donation, but a pleasant one. The Willards and Thompsons came in early and took

possession of the house, attending to all
the ceremony of receiving the visitors
&c. They gave us coffee - bread and butter
& three or four kinds of cake, for supper.
I staid down stairs apart of the time, in a
corner. Mr. and Mrs. Phoenix were here;
Mrs. P. as pretty as she could be.

I really wish you could have been
here to have heard Mr. Gough. Our
folks say 'twas wonderful. Messer came
home and staid all night with us; he
was in a fever of excitement - entirely carried
away, liked never to have gone to bed for talking
about what he had heard; he sat and cried
most all the evening he said. Well, I didn't
hear, and I don't care!

Of course you see papers. Anderson is
having a warm time. - A letter from
you today, loved - Bless you - I -
- Nix. Good-bye.
Your wife
Marie,

later would do me good

I am the only officer at
the head of a department here
who has not visited our
Regiments, I have never
had the time. But now
that I have my report nearly
finished. I shall ask for
a furlough. I flatter
myself that I shall not
be an unwelcome visitor
to your Camp should
I happen to drop in.
Then one of these cold
days Truly yours
M. Scoville

1861



Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Boston, Jan 4th 1861

Dear Capt Thomas

Your
favor of the 1st inst has just
reached me and I hasten to
acknowledge its receipt and
to give you some advice. The
advice is that if you like
to be a soldier don't think of
leaving the place you hold
for any fancied or real indigni-
ty or from the acts of others
who have not given you the
place and rank you merit
You may know that you have
been wronged and your per-
sonal and intimate friends
may know it but the brute
public won't know it &

Wouldn't care a d - - - if
it did. No, don't sacrifice
the place you hold for any
body. Eliza, Frank Cummings, do
your duty. Leave till the
end of the war and when
known, but what you
may come home a Colonel
or a Brigadier, I know
hard it is to bear the mis-
lence of office and the proud
man's contempt, but it is
never to bear it than give any
to it, so long as you ^{have} the inward
satisfaction that you have
not deserved such things.

Who is Wm W Davis. That
note to Father Menroe that
I was "awfully down on you"
So I know him; if he speaks
from hearsay, he has been mis-
informed if he says so of his
own knowledge he simply

lies. I am not aware that I
ever saw Wm W Davis, but
if I have seen him he never
would me say one word that
was against you. No sir, as
Capt Battle ^{senior} talks about
you "has been on ^{the} contrary
quite the reverse."

I am glad you did
not sign the Round Rotten
against Col Haddon. I only
saw the document once. I
was told that it was signed
by all the officers. I did not
examine the paper critically.

I hope to see you before the
end of the month for I am
in great need of relaxation.
Although my health is good
& has been all the past year
for still I feel that a fortnight
or three weeks absence from
this continued round of mental

not for each other, but with a common object to labor
for with souls not too much united to get feel themselves
individually, was safest and wisest. George, it seems
to me you would despise me, and, rightly, too, if you knew
me well - yet I would give all the world to have you know
my heart, for you could tell what to do perhaps, help
me. I do not know whether I have gone away from God
or not - I can pray - more earnestly than I ever prayed,
and with feelings of trust that my prayer is heard and
that God is good, but not for myself only as I am now.
I almost believe our Father is helpless when I would ask
anything for myself only that you may be blessed. I know
all is well which he does - all which he will do, but the
knowledge I get leaves me hopeless. Oh! I am wicked, very, very
wicked. Every blessing has been given me, but all which
should make me better makes me worse. My life is
my love, ^{for} you and our child. I am not worthy such
blessings from our heavenly Father, if I was finishing
you would bring me anything but joy unspeakable.

I would save you both from every harm, nothing should
come near you that was not all good - and I cannot do
it, neither can I leave you quietly in God's care.

Dearest pray I may be better. We used to pray
together - lets us do so again when you come home, it
always helps me - gives me more strength than when
I pray alone. - I am as well as when you went away
I think. I do not get better very fast. Love, where is my
strength coming from to endure the trial next spring?
It is not very hopeful is it now? my dear husband!
I will get a letter tomorrow till then by-bye - Your wife Maria

Bloomington Jan. 5, 1861.

My dear husband.

I am tired sewing, and will write a
little while, though I can send no letter till Monday morning.

It is Saturday, Love. Tomorrow is Sunday, too, and
what will poor I do then - long, dismal day all alone,
nothing to do, nobody to see, lone and lorn. What will you
do? Go to hear Mr. Reed. I suppose, then write lots of pretty
letters. I wish you were at home. I am glad you are
stopping in so pleasant a place. I fancy myself an invisible
School-Ma'am, or something else, watching your play the
part of "Katherine", between the Landlady's daughter and
the "young fellow whose name", may be any thing but "John".
You need not play the part much, just act yourself, the
character fits you admirably. It is very stupid

here at home. I wrote you yesterday morning - since that
time I have sat still most of the time sewing, while the rest
of the folks have gone out and come in a few times and lived
altogether as tho' they went to live. Mr. Lumen did give
a little variety by coming in toward evening yesterday and
reading a remembered edition of Gough's lectures. Mother
says 'twas a very good report, if so Mr. G. eloquence
consists almost entirely in his acting, which must be very
powerful to produce such effects. The language as

given by Turner is common-place in the extreme extreme.
The stories, too, are not particularly thrilling - none except one, though they were told with such effect that many I have since seen could not sleep with thinking of them.
He told a story of one man's heroism which is I wish I could tell you. It is of a ship burning at sea - the cry of fire is heard and the smoke seen by the passengers on board, who all rush to the farther end of the ship - the confusion and dismay were fearfully depicted by Gough, so that the audience could almost imagine themselves the people on the ~~red~~ vessel when he shouted in the ~~house~~ "lowered voice of the Captain," to the invisible Pilot "John Maynard!" "Aye-aye-Sir", - and still the flames rolled onward, and still the Pilot kept his place - Again the Captain shouted "John Maynard!" "Aye-aye-Sir". "Which way does the ship bear?" "North"! The fire sweeps over the Pilot's arms are scorching - his boots begin to singe and his clothes are burning - "John Maynard can you bear north-west to the shore?" "God help me, Sir, I will"! In a few moments they hear again the call "John Maynard!" breathless with hope and fear they harken, but no answer. - "John Maynard!" they hear faintly a feeble "Aye-aye" - the ship nears the shore - they reach it, just as the blackened body of the Pilot falls off into the water, with arms outstretched telling them breath had left him, before he ceased his efforts for their salvation.

It is getting toward night, Oh! how I wish I could see my husband. How do I do? Not very well - about the same as when you left me. I have resolved so many times since I have not been well that I would be cheerful, that you should not be made miserable by a complaining wife, - indeed I have not felt like complaining - but I feel childish, and 'tis such a nice place to cry, and be sick on your arm, Love. You cannot tell how lost I am without you. It is no use to say brave things I do not feel - you know, and so do I, that I can bear your absence and be just as well, probably - but I do not feel heroic a bit. Good-bye till tomorrow. -

Sunday Afternoon.

I wonder if you are writing to me. I guess not - you will do that when 'tis latter. It is most three o'clock now. I have done nothing to day - as usual - while the folks were at meeting I lathered with the fire, and read a story of Mrs. Stouss in an old Atlantic. We are driven into the Dining Room again by a south-wind smoke. It is going to rain - our snow is fast disappearing. How disagreeable these Illinois winters are. Are you lonesome any - do you need me a bit? Wouldn't I love you better if I loved you less? The other day, when Mr. Norton was here, they got to talking about married happiness, and what kind of love and what kind of relations were the healthiest for the soul, and gave most peace and happiness. They all thought a calm love best, and that living together

have wandered backward "from the shores of the great unknown" out into life & the "Sight of the Sun" for. I have ever looked backward sadly, & ever the "late wife" within me has been testifying her presence, by the salty tear drops for the memories of the past.

"Ah well-a-day" Sit Closer me love for I hear the wind howling around the corner, perhaps it is growing colder, but the water still bubbles along down the gutters, with a creeping fleashy sound which carries me back to the Spring days in New England - to the breaking-up of winter, when the accumulated snows of months are swept away in a single day & where a broad white expanse of snow meets the last look at night of some small boy & the daylight come again bid him look on bare broad rocks & hillsides & shows all the "cradle-knalls" over in "Kinney's Meadows" & broad cold ponds of indefinite snow & water in the hollows & little brooks, turned to torrents & the creek bridge carried off & "Huma" - no school to-day, Dost you remember how the water runs in the mill-brook down below the Rectory, in "Shirley"? Just now I hear it here.

Sit Closer to me love, You are My Wife & I Your Husband - truly wedded through earnest love, yet not truly all in Harmony, not all yet in what perfect union should make us. Yet with all its imperfections - all its errors, it has been to us a truer life than ever before, we have known let us make it better in the years to come. It seems little, very little, nothing perhaps I have improved by the example of the beautiful lives around us. I have not been very thankful for their help - their instructions, their example.

It has seemed almost a matter of course, that sometimes they were under obligations to me, instead of always & in everything that they have given freely &

Peoria Ill, Sunday Jan 8th 1861

My Dear Wife, Dearest, blessed, how do you do today? The first sabbath for a good while that I have been away from you - We are in a state of accidental divorce just now. How soon all the forces within us set at work, to mend the broken bonds & to draw us together again. The most obvious expedient & one always "at hand" is pen & ink. A sheet of dried language to in some measure satisfy the love-hungry heart,

It's like preserved fruit, - better than nothing, ^{but} though it may have the condiments, ~~it~~ it lacks the freshness & flavor of the ~~fresh~~ new free words, dropping ripe & full from the lips of those we love.

Oh my Wife I want to see you - It is not enough is it, that we love each other, not enough that You are my Wife & I your Husband! Every day ^{there} we are necessary to each other. All changed - never more as once. This is the first Sunday of a new year. What have we done in this one little year past?

^{year} A strange & most eventful, scarce realized & almost all unknown - Are we better, wiser, nobler for this year? - All has not been well, or happy with us - all has not been what the fond hope of a year ago whispred us. You have endured much wickedness from me. I used to think I could never see you cry - Yet I have willfully so too. You were never so unhappy before, never so

perfectly miserable as at some times. During these our first few months together. We have worse than guaranteed

Oh my love, shall we never get past these sad days. God help us - we must! We have not done very well have we? The thousand fine things I was going to do are all not done, and the thousand ways in which we ^{are} to be so unspeakably happy have not all so proved.

It is our fault, & mine mostly. I remember what you once said of George Chavem (in reviewing Vilette some 2 years ago) indeed you have said the same things mostly, several times since. Yet you never seem to notice that your Husband, is more freakish more scratchy & more contemptibly absurd, foolish & unmanly than either of the twain above spoken of. Well, that is the blindest thing perhaps in Woman's economy, her amiable short-sightedness, or perhaps her amiable indisposition not to talk of her husband's foibles & frailties. Now dear, you don't like what I have said above. You feel that I am putting you away from me & looking at you & your motives with a kind of post-mortem eye. You dislike that cynical way of packing you up in a bag with women instead of calling you what you really & truly are to me, in all the blessed fullness of the words - My Wife. I did not mean it Dearest. Come & sit on my knee & let me put my arms around you & let us talk not in the way of imaginative lovers to whom the future is to be unalloyed sweetness, but calmly, earnestly,

hopefully, humbly asking help & guidance from one who is all Strength Purity & Love, as become rational beings, as become as two who have come together & whose lives are henceforth ⁱⁿ one -

It is a sad thought (very foolish in me no doubt) yet one that will intrude itself often, that I am not to you what I used to be - Two years ago (You have told me) I was "way up - beyond reach" I don't regret the exploding of such an idea, I should of all things most regret to stand there now in your estimation. But a year ago - though not beyond reach to you, you could still look up & honor & respect me for what I was (to the world - not to you in particular) - judging me by the same unerring rules by which you judge other men. & by which you set them in places of honor or reject them with contempt.

You do not to judge me now, - not thus honor or respect me - It is sad that such as I was to you should come to be a something to be petted & spoiled, helped & watched over, borne with & taken care of.

Now Dear You will not own this, you don't feel it - you almost fancy you still sit me in the high places (where lovers always are) - But Love is stronger than Respect or Honor & confuses & lets at thought - all that the unbiased judgement might tell you.

But I was going to talk sensibly & though the above be true, regrets are vain & unavailing.

"Ah well - a day for the good old days" - I think I must

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have been the receiver. I have forgotten how much they
have been to you - More than Father & Mother to a
Fatherless & Motherless little girl, I have repaid
them in unkindnesses, for ^{their} kindnesses.

May God Bless & prosper them & forgive me.

I love them though for all my actions - I love them
dearly - best & dearest of friends - Your Father
& Mother, My Brother & Sister.

A year ago - look back over the dear blessed days
of these past years. Four years ago this day we were
strangers. I had once heard of you as a nice little girl.
Three years ago we had met & were skimming around in
the outer circle of pleasant acquaintances (forgive me
love, for I never tire of this review) Two years ago
I had read your "Life" & you had made my heart & we
were friends - true & good - but - with a prospect of an
ephemeral existence as friends, for you were far away
& probably might never be nearer & by & by I would
be married & of course would not write to you
& you would get a lover perhaps. Though probably
not, for you would be a Harriet Hosmer or Mary
Somerville or Charlotte Bronte & wouldn't care about
a lover. & would grow up to be a great woman &
would forget your provincial friend. And what a
grand glorious year was that. More than all
other years before. The summer days - the new life
- all joy - all hope - How blessed - How sacred -
Oh my love, my love! Then the sad, sad, days of
that autumn - the strange mystery of death - that

widowed heart still torn & bleeding - the stern winter
- the long weeks alone - the letters, & so a year ago
this day we were solemnly promised to ~~st~~ each other for
weal or woe, for all our lives - years yet between
us. Years of sad waiting till the blessed day should
come. Only a year ago, I will not recall to now
- we live it over every day. Now You are My
Wife - "I love you" A year and a half ago that
little word "love" tied "you" & "I" together & made "us".
Now there are "Three of us" & a word for each.

"You" & "I" and - "Love"! Three of us - A new life
in which we are one! And that one is "Love"

Only a little while more, Dear. Oh I must not
be away from you My Love. These days are precious
to us. We little know what the Spring days may tell
us. When the year comes round again, will this hand write
"Three of us"? - perhaps, blessed hope! - Three - two - one
or none at all. "Three of us" up there. wouldn't be
so bad. We certainly have no right to expect that
Heaven's blessings ~~too~~ will be freer to us than to others
and what seems a precious blessing may prove otherwise.

Oh but we hope not. How poor & insignificant seem
all the things whereby we hold to Earth, Power, Wealth,
Honors. Our friends, Our loves, Our health & strength,
Our thoughts our deeds - Best of all, do well & fear not
but Heaven's blessing goes with it. Trust in the Rescuer &
humbly accept the part the Good Father sets before us &
bids us take. Oh My Love, let us be good - strive to do &
be better, for this year to come. Forget not your Husband daily
constantly, in your prayer. Good Night God bless You Love George

Bloomington, Jan 7, 1861

My dear Husband,

I have just read your letter. My dear Husband! Forgive me for saying it so often, but I wish we could be together. My heart never so cried out after my Love; I never was so impatient of the days which separated us. It may be my sickness causes me to grow faint hearted, but I am not very hopeful concerning myself of late.

Since I was sick last time I have not grown better as I ought to. I do not get stronger and am less able to go about than before - even with sitting still I get sick and tired every day. I would not alarm you needlessly, Love, but we know that with my usual strength would be hard for me. I have no need to ask my husband to be patient with me, have I, dearest? but my heart does get so sad, and I feel so lonely. You must not think I am ever sorry for anything that has been given me. I have never had but one feeling, and that of gladness, rather should I say of thankfulness. Not if my life is given for its life, or both of us go together to our Father, could I wish it otherwise. I know you love me, and God only can see how wholly I have given myself to you, and how worse than death it is to see your life darkened by any shadow, yet our child lives, and thank God for its life. It would be dark for a little while for you

without me, and I can see no ray of light enter into that life
you could not share; it is all dark - dark; but though I
cannot feel it, we know it will be well with us.

It may be useless to say such desponding things to you, but
you may make all allowances you will, and count me fool-
ish, too, perhaps. Do not look back too sadly, as
if the past were better than the present. Our past is beautiful
but I would not give the present with all its shadows, for
of the glorious sunshine of two years ago. I wish I could
go close to you, that we could talk calmly and earnestly to-
gether. I could scarcely bear to have you tell me so, but I have
often felt that in some things you lack a wife, that you do
not take me to your heart in all confidence, and I can never
ask, even from my husband, what he cannot freely give. I
pray to be worthy of you, that I may be to you a true wife
in all things, and if I live, our lives may get harmonized in
perfect union. It grieves me more than you can tell
that you should ever think you do not stand to me now where
you did two years ago. You tell me you know I think I love
you just the same as ever, and that I will tell you so - and
what is left me to say or do? I feel injured, I do indeed.

I am tired - you said I must write only a line.

But, dearest, do let me be your wife, and do you
be my husband, be true with me, tell me wherein I could
be wiser or better, and let me always come to you when
I want to. Come home to me soon, - Good-bye.

Your wife Marie.

Bloomington, Wednesday morn. Jan. 9, 1861.

My Husband George.

How do you do? I feel a little old-womanish about you - dreamed sort of indefinite dreams all night - can't tell anything about what they were, only that they made me nervous. There, what a funny little thing I am. I used to feel vexed with married women for worrying forever about their husbands and babies, for fear the earth would open and take them in, or the moon fall down and bury them. I would be ashamed of this if it was worth while, but I do every day things so much more foolish that it would not look well.

We are very busy here, that is to say Mother is sitting down doing nothing, Father eating an Apple and I writing - but we do feel busy inasmuch as we expect some thirty folks to supper - a big party Mother is going to have this evening. I don't believe any other woman who can do nothing could do as much as I can. The sick women and one hired girl. I can only do what I can do sitting - Mother not much more.

Thursday Jan. 10 -

I am afraid I shall not get this in the office in time to go this morning. Our Party was very pleasant they say. I did not stay down stairs, so cannot speak for myself. I got a letter last night. Thank you Love, you are a good husband to me. I must send this now if you get it - this is but a line truly. —
Your wife Marie.

Peoria, Jan 10. 61. P.M.

My Dear Wife - I suppose there is a letter at the office for me - I was out & took a bite of trees after supper - when I got back 'twas 7 1/2 P.M. I ran down to the P.O. & 'twas just closed for the night. I only know of one way to do - so to bed & sleep till 7 1/2 A.M. Not many more letters will you get from your fellow here, for I now propose to go back on Saturday, Home Saturday night - Don't be alarmed if I don't come - at the worst I'll only have my neck broken, thus saving the Sheriff a disagreeable job, & the chances are I think, in favor, of a supposition that in case I don't get home 'twill be 'cause I don't start on that day.

Got a letter from Mr. Phoenix this A.M. He leaves it all to me to stay or go home, but wants me to go to Springfield (good joke on going home) as soon as I get back. My dear You didn't marry a wandering Surveyor did you? Well: - day after tomorrow is "Saturday Night" - when I've tried all the week to tell lies faster than people of slow speech could refute them - Going to have 'em published - beat "Elops Fables" & Gulliver all to bits. Can't say however that the private edition verbally published, has been very remunerative. However I guess I make \$2 or \$3 per day profits to Mr. Phoenix, so he don't lose much on me, this cold weather. The only question is that it don't seem to pay me very much & I think I should stipulate for travelling expenses self &

"family" if I were going to make another engagement,
My Dear How do you do to-night? Do you want
to see me? I want to see you, but afraid you
won't find me quite the same as when I left you.

I feel a kind of Sympathetic "hankering arter" auc-
-tioneers, Pin-pedlars, & hawk-billed few clothing.
I cannot throw it off tonight. All the contemptible
dicker in me has wonderfully developed within a
week, now I feel like putting myself up
at auction, "Jush-a-going-at-four-centes-dog-
cheap - couldn't be bought at retail for less than
two bits - wheris the man that says five cents"

I hope you are better today than when you wrote
last - you must feel so dismally down hearted

Oh dear I won't write any more - tomorrow I'll
try to add a sensible line to this & send it.

Th. Lee then Goodnight. Sleep sweetly & when you
get this - Only one night more then till I come back
- Moisten the apex of your proboscis & polish your
countenance, for I shall kiss you - surely will -

Goodnight love, God bless &

Care for you, & all of us

George

Jan 11/61

Friday Am. Goodmorning - How do you do?
Really well I hope, Today is Friday & tomorrow is
Saturday - where it is, Saturday night!

I can't write anything - for I want to
know what that letter at the P.O. has in it.

I'll go down & see if the office is open

— It is now almost 8 o'clock I
have been to the office twice - it is not yet open
- I must send this without getting the other

Do not write any more - Goodbye Dear
- Am coming tomorrow -
Your husband George

Bloomington Jan. 10, 1861.

My dear Husband! we are no longer "George" and "Marie" in our letters, but "Husband" and "Wife". Blessed change! We have never been wont to deal in superfluities, so when you say "my dear wife" it means to me all the words can mean, and it ^{seems} to me I could never grow to think ^{it} simply a formal way of addressing me.

My pastime is writing to you these days - queer pastime letters I have written - well that may perhaps be accounted for in part because I have tired myself doing other things first. I have been working to-day on the prettiest little frock you ever saw. It is nice work, not so tiresome as most anything else. Don't you wish you were a woman so you could do such pretty things? I don't - I wouldn't have any man then to take me in his arms and make a baby of me.

Your business in Peoria must be very disagreeable. It always seemed to me it was doing, in a small way, what Office-seekers and Politicians do grandly. Such ^{thing} do grind shockingly on sensitive natures, but, of course, will not trouble such as you. I wonder if it is because you are my husband that I see you so differently from other men; to be made of different stuff; having more heart and soul and less clay than nature usually gives to man? If it is, was it because you were destined to be my husband that I saw something of the same thing when I first knew you as a calling acquaintance and more still when I owned you my friend? My friend George! Love, you did not long remain a common friend, if indeed you ever were

one to me. Sooner, perhaps, than you knew, you got to be dearest friend; the George which I put weekly at the beginning of a letter stood for very much, very much indeed. I wonder if my name ever could be so infinitely precious to you as yours is to me! You say you never tire of the review of our friendships and love.

The thought of it comes to me so often, ~~as~~ with new beauty and strangeness always. There is something awful in the relation of husband and wife, and every step approaching such a relation is sacred to me. Loving is so far above the reach of words to tell of, is, that from anything I ever heard of others experiences I might fancy myself living a new life - never before given to mortal creatures.

I look at the men and women I meet in company, wondering if all these wives are more conscious of the presence of these their husbands than of all the world beside! Do they never look in their faces for a moment with calm heart, do their hands never meet and tell no tale? The truth is, Dearest, I love you.

I am alone this evening. Father, ~~and~~ mother, Chick and Margaret have gone to an exhibition of the Panarama of Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations. It has been every night this week and closes tomorrow evening. Our folks have been once before, and say 'tis really a grand performance. It begins with the starting out and ends with the coming home. They have the flag Dr. Kane flew to the winds in the farthest north ever reached by us. The icebergs they say are grandly magnificent. One of the men of the company exhibiting was in here this afternoon with one of the dogs which drew them to Greenland. I wish you could see him - I am too tired to say anything more, in less to say - my Love - I love you and wish you were here.

Your wife Marie.

Friday Afternoon Jan. 11-

I am looking for a letter in a little while. Linda is here; she is expecting one for Jacksonville tonight, she says 'tis no matter whether I get a letter or not, for I am married now. Jew - verily.

I wish you could have been here this week, really. Every^{body} says this Panarama is an unusual treat for Western people. And tomorrow evening Murdoch reads Hamlet in Phoenix Hall. Mr. M. - so I hear, is a Star now - a very fine actor - maybe you know all about him, I do not. I would like to hear him at any rate. I like acting decidedly - my great desire has been to see some of the celebrities perform, I would certainly go tomorrow night if I dared. About that Dog Ingot. He don't look like our dogs much - his head looks like a bear - he is perfectly black, and real handsome - has long soft hair, not coarse and shaggy like our dogs - poor thing! He does suffer so much from our warm climate, it seems cruel.

You are coming home next week, aren't you? Don't come home so soon, if 'tis for your interest to stay - 'tis mine, too, if yours - and I can live a possible life and have you away. I stay about so well, and so sick. I do not think I am any better than when you went away. I do not suffer much, only from that tiredness which gets very distressing towards night, it makes me nervous. I want you always, and sometimes it seems to me I must be with you, but do not let me influence you strongly. Mayn't I get on the Cars tomorrow morning and spend Sunday with you at the "Widows"? I do want to see you.

Good-bye - my Husband. Marie.

service of that church
but will ask you to
express to these Gentle
men my gratitude
for their remembrance
of me -

With great respect -

I am yours

S. M. Adams.

Boylston Street.

Jan 7 30th 1861.

[Jan. 30, 1861]

Myers Clark & Collamore
Gentlemen,

I this day
received the Goblets
which the Proprietors
of the Thirteenth Cong-
Church so politely re-
quested should be
returned to me.

I deeply regret
that they can be no
longer used in the

Wm J. McKim
Care of Cong Church

He says he passed a very rigid
examination and came out No. 1.
He expects to go with Lane's expedition.

I intended to write to you so many
things that I should redeem the
Stratton character, but I have not
slept for two nights and do not feel
like writing. Charlotte sends love.

Will Reggie another thinks Parker's
Prayers were made for this occasion.
She & Joseph enjoy them very much.

Winslow, Feb. 5th 1861.

Dear Uncle Calvin, [To Calvin W. Clarke]

Our dear Emily is
gone. She left us about one o'clock
yesterday while I was on my way to
see her. We shall bury her Friday - the
Anniversary of her wedding - shall have
Mr. Shepley - the clergyman who married
them, and, perhaps, Mr. Brown of Augusta
Wm's Minister. We wish we could have a
Christian funeral - that, if we do believe
that our loss is her gain, and all these
things are ordered in infinite love and
wisdom, we could be elevated above our
selfishness and learn the lesson our
Father would teach us.

The family are all
calm, as much & more so than we could
expect. They have watched & waited and
suffered such anxiety that they are all
almost sick, Charlotte says she has not

slept for a week till last night, but it was such a relief to her to see Emily at rest that she could go to sleep. Emily does not look much natural. She had the burning fever all the time till she died, and suffered so much she lost her flesh. Her physicians think her disease was very complicated & that the reason she did not do better was on account of the state of her system. They say her lungs were diseased and her blood was very bad. She had inflammation of the bowels and blood vessels, &c. It seems that while we were thinking that she was healthy she was very far from it. I shall, probably, come to see you in two or three weeks and then I will tell you all - I cannot write much.

Mother keeps up wonderfully. She says she thinks it is hard to pay such a price for our baby, but she does not believe there ever was a little one so welcome before. She ^{Emily} told Joseph three

months before it was born that if any thing happened to her she wanted Lois & Charlotte to bring it up. About a week ago she confirmed the same wish, which was the only arrangement she ~~xxx~~ made. She bore all her suffering with the greatest courage - was even cheerful to the last. A friend said to her only a few minutes before she died that she must put her trust in God, when she replied as strong & bright, I always did.

We have said nothing about you or any of the family coming to the funeral, because we thought we could not make you comfortable, it is so cold and the house is so small.

Affectionately

Lois Stratton.

I have directed that any letters that came to the Post. should be sent to you, thinking there might be full particulars in them.

Robert is appointed assistant-surgeon of the 11th Regiment, Illinois Cavalry.

Bloomington. Feb. 20, 1861.

George.

There you are, back to me, and going as fast as steam will carry you. just twenty-four hours gone since you looked at me from the door to see if I was crying. With desperate trying I did not cry, so, pretty soon, got over wanting to "being gone, you are gone, and nothing mends the matter but a patient forgetfulness. I would rather you were so many miles away from me two weeks than only a few hours ride. I find there is much comfort in the impossibility of having what we desire. I know I was not half so inconsolable when I knew you had left Boston, a year and half ago, as I was to have you so near and yet to be separated from me.

I still imagine you are at home, for you will be there when you read my letter. Are they all well, and surprised and glad to have you with them? 'tis such a pity you cannot stay longer! But then, this visit is so unlooked for and unexpected ~~to~~ you and them that it leaves hope that another such way may open before years have parted you. The future no man knoweth. - a very profound remark!

What have I done since two o'clock yesterday? I got up and talked and read with and to Grand-ma a while in the afternoon - went to bed soon after supper and slept passably well till seven this morning. To-day I have cut

out a night gown and partly made it on the machine but was so bothered I had to let it go unfinished.

Mother has been out and bought me a whole piece of cloth over forty yards - won't you have shirts enough now? I just told mother I sent you home to your mother with a trunk of dirty shirts - she and Grandma exclaimed in horror - and wondered what kind of a wife she would imagine her son had got, that he came to her in such a flight.

There are some other things beside murder that "will out", so, in the fullness of time, all my beauties will be discovered byt your folks. Speaking of washing I will say what

you know, I suppose, that our washing is necessarily considerable and quite an addition to the weekly wash of this house - but for it Martha could probably do all the work herself, after talking the matter over ^{with mother} we conclude 'twill be cheaper for us and better for our folks, for me to pay Mrs. Branan

25 or 75 cents a week for washing, than to dispose of it in any other way; by so doing Martha will help her and do all the washing at same time - having it done out of the house 'twould cost much more. All right! No great gain without some small loss - if a wife is a blessing, she also costs money. I am tired! I walked around the Square

to-day - it is very pleasant - snow all gone, and side walks dry.

What do you mean by never showing me your brother Norman's picture - I feel abused, and he would, too, if he knew it. My love to Cousin Carrie and say I hope we be nearer neighbors before long - when we both go to

Minnesota. I cannot write any more. I am as well as yesterday I guess. Good-bye, Love, God keep you safe till you come back to me.

Your Wife -
Marie -

Bloomington, Feb. 21, 1861

My dear Husband,

How do you? I

do not suppose you will hear from me by letter more than this time if I write every day till you come back, but I hardly know how I can stop writing only two days after you have left me. You cannot get this letter of course until the middle of next week and soon after that time you will start for home. I know you would have pitied me if you had felt what a serious time ~~was~~ ^{was} having this morning before I woke up. I dreamed you were in Vermont and I had started to go to your Father's too, I got as far as "Silver Creek," (I was reading last evening of Lincoln's adventure there, & mixed it up with you, in my dream) I got off from the car there, and was going to walk the rest of the way, I thought your folks lived not

far from there. ~~but~~ where, or in what direction
I could not tell, and I had forgotten your
Father's name except Wright, so could
only inquire of the people I met if they
knew where a Mr. Wright lived, that
did not live there, but somewhere not many
miles from there - no body could tell me
anything about him - every body seemed
to be building houses, and all the houses
were unfinished - I could not get any body
to pay much attention to me - I made
some men very impatient by interrupting
their talk on politics, - at last when
I grew almost despairing, and dark was
coming on a woman took compassion on
me and leaving her supper half eaten
started out alone in pursuit of "Mr.
Wright's" neighborhood - but in a little
while she came back as she went, and
after thinking over the matter awhile
we concluded it must be in West Milton
he lived and started on a long road leading
west from where we were thinking "twice"

possible we might find that I was off in that direction but only guessing at it and I awoke on the road glad to find myself anywhere else than in Vermont.

We have just had two callers — Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Leland, two pretty little girls — scarcely more married women in looks than your wife — they have made themselves special interest to us for a few days from their special interest in the Methodist Revival. They have been to our meeting, and go there now all the time Sundays, and Father has thought it a pity to leave them, with no advice, to seek a wild way of doing righteousness; and yesterday he called upon them, had quite a long talk, and today they came to see him. I wonder when I will hear from you. I will write no more now — 'twill be enough for you to know while at home that I am well as usual. Be happy while there — a good ride home, and a God bless you from your wife — Marie,

You have had two letters — one from G. W.
Powers — and one from Bertrand — nothing
pressing in them — B. can't get money
at present and wishes an extension of
time and another mortgage — J. W. C. sends
an Assignment of county sale of a lot,
Nothing else — S. M. W.

Gloomington Feb. 22, 1861

George,

I thought I had written for the last time, but I will send a little letter to-day, thinking there is a chance you may get it. Papa told me to day he thought you would wait and come through Washington, being there the fourth of March - he said you talked with him about it, and seriously thought of doing so.

I was so much annoyed by hearing of what you were going to do through another person that I was vexed with Papa for mentioning it to me, and said you would do no such thing, but after thinking of it a while I conclude 'tis very likely you may do so and that 'twill not be so very bad if you do, I am as well as when you went, and shall probably get no worse therefore don't come home without seeing Abe President if you feel so inclined.

Don't mind and not get killed nor killed
today, especially the Chief-Justice —

I would write more if I were not afraid
you would not get ^{it} and if I felt less tired.

My Love — I love you — Mario.

Williston N.D. Feb 22 1861

Marie Dearest - - I'm tired, poor
stupid, dull, but must say a
word or two before I go to bed

I got to Burlington last
night, or rather this morning at
about 2 A.M. - I learned by the
various Hotel registers that Mr
Whitcomb was not in town
after which I occupied a lounge
for two hours & at 5 A.M. took
the Cars for Colchester, intending
to go home, get a team & come
here. At Essex Junction, I
waited for the train going north
some 2 hours & the train not
coming. I changed my route &
came here, on foot thro the snow
7 miles, real tired. Mr Whitcomb
is not here. He & Carrie gone
to Burlington after me

shave not returned - I must
have passed them at Windsor
- Father & Mother were this Am.
at Hinesburgh (not the town
next south of here) where grand-
mother Murray is sick. She is
very sick & no prospect of her
recovery or even of her living
more than a day or two. She is
older than I suppose - 88 years
last May - has been sick a week.
Father returned home this P.M.
(not by this way) but Mother
stays at Hinesburg. Uncle David
Murray & his wife returned
from there this P.M. & Dr
Wiles, (Sister Sarah's husband)
has also been here. Tomorrow
I shall go down to Hinesburg
- when I go up home I shall
hear from you. Are you
well? Oh dearest I wish
I could be with you now &

know just how you do.

It is almost sure that
Grandmother will not live
more than a day or two.

It doesn't seem at all
wrong or dreadful for one to
die - full of years & with a
good true honest life to
look back to, as she has.

Oh love, I am so
sleepy & tired.

Kiss me - write to
me - Love me. good
bye. - Write to Colchester
- say always what the weather
is, & all about yourself.

How the wishing is
fine - too much know rather.
Good bye wife Dear
Your husband
George

Washington D.C. Mar. 10/61
Hon. Edward Bates,
Dear Sir,

I shall have the honor to apply ~~shortly~~ for the position of Territorial Judge in Nevada or New Mexico shortly. I shall prefer the latter. In support of my application, I propose to file letters from various prominent lawyers, judges & politicians in Massachusetts (my own state) a statement of my election to a judicial office (Commissioner of Insolvency) a year since by the people of my county by a largely superior vote to that of any other candidate.

I did not suppose that these appointments were to be made at once, but how-

ing recently learned that the appointments for the Territories would be shortly sent in, I have sent to my state for letters & the necessary papers which I shall shortly have presented. I therefore have the honor to request that a Territorial justice ship may be kept open until I can file my papers. I am sure that they would be of sufficient importance to examine, and I am also sure that they can be filed very shortly. Gen. Wilson has agreed to back me, as also Mr. Frain of my state, the only members of my delegation I have been able to see.

I have the honor to be
Yours very faithfully
Thos. Wm. Clarke

1843, 3124 Whitcomb
3183 / Robinson
3203 / Agnew
3298 / Moody

Irwin

1861

1881
0921

11 x 8 1/2 x 2 1/2 16081

House of Correction,

Boston, Mass., March 15th 1861

My dear Tom

Your favor came to hand this morning and I sincerely thank you for your suggestion and for your remembrance of me. We are at work in the matter, Mr Rice is at home and he is interested, and I think there is no doubt of the endorsement of the Mass Delegation if that is necessary. I am not certain that you understand the case, therefore I will lay it bare. I am working for the appointment of Guy C. Underwood of Boston, a dear friend of mine. He will give me an appointment under him, and then when I am well posted in the duties of a Pursuer I will try for a commission, I should hardly dare make the trial now for I know nothing of the business. I am very glad to hear from you and hope to hear again. And that you may be successful in all your undertakings is the earnest & sincere wish of yours faithfully,
Deleg. Irwin

I think we will win.

Do I hear aright about New Mexico?

"It is I - be not afraid" [April 21, 1861?]

I have for a long time vainly endeavored to fix upon some fitting memorial which I might present you with, as a "slight testimonial" of my appreciation of the many kindnesses for which I am your debtor. - The enclosed I send you, not so much on account of its intrinsic value - merit as a work of art - or rare and exceeding beauty, but solely for your own good - that you may have an opportunity for cultivating the Christian virtues of meekness, and for bearance under provocation.

It will serve as a reminiscence of the past - is suggestive - significant.

It will serve to remind you that this sublunary sphere is a world of elbows - When your friends are ill you can loan it to em - better than Townsend's Sarsaparilla - Brandegee's Rice - or "Mustache Liniment" - single dose more effectual than an emetic. Hoping that you will receive it in the profound mood of profound humility, in which it is given I remain

"Ever Respectfully"

G. Ada Jefferson

George B. Wright -

Apr 26 P.M.

P.S. I recd your books at Mr Hawkins
- Much obliged - I don't know that I
have thanked you or Mrs Lornie for them
at yet. - and will do now
Thank You!

Chauncey Hall School

Apr. 22. 1861.

Capt Thos. W. Clarke,

Dear Sir,

Our boys man-
imously voted yesterday to devote
the amt of their Prize Money
for the first half of this year
to the present wants of the country
& at my suggestion, you, as
an old Chauncey-Hall boy
will receive the amt, which
I shall make up to \$50 for
the benefit of your company.
I write to ask, if such a
sum will be acceptable, & if
the right way to do the thing
will be to send it the amt
to you in Cash. If so, please
let me know soon & I will
write you a proper Note.

Very truly
yours
T. Ashing.

Boston Apr 22, 1861.

Most valiant Captain,

Your national Deal, as developed
in the papers, leads me to remind you that the
"Old Monitorials" celebrated their 31st anniversary on
the evening of the 19th inst., when, among other patriotic
songs, "The Volunteers for Caroline" was performed
with vast applause. In vain the Returned Volunteer
sang - "The cannons roared; the foe came on,

"They had me in their clutches;

"I starved in prison till the peace,

"Then hobbled home on crutches!" - for the
Roastown Light Infantry burst out with ^{their} War Song
in thunder tones -

On we'll go, on we'll go,

To where the Alabama flows;

On we'll go! on we'll go!

To seek the blood-stained foe.

And we row our noble band

On Montgomery's Halls shall stand!

On we'll go! on we'll go!

Lords of Caroline!

Banner brave! banner brave!

On their topmost walls thou'lt wave!

1861
Banner brave! banner brave!

Sweep them to their grave!

At the pealing trumpet's note,
Our Banner Bird aloft shall float--

Banner birds! banner birds!

In southern blood to bathe!—

I literally "brought down the house", for the cottage
in the piece was upset in the enthusiastic *mêlée*, while
—"How high, now low,

"The banner sank & rose!"— & the manner
in which the Northerners handled their wooden
guns was a caution to southern black heads.

Then Bowles' chicks gave three rousing cheers &
charging upon the entrenched tables of the
battalion, everything went down before them &
each bore off a breadbasket full of spoil!

So let us know when you march by the
school & be assured that though Old Towle
may be weak in the spine just now, still he
can give a thundering crow that shall be the
key note to victory for your corps.

Yours, wing & wing,

The veteran Rooster of the Brook,
L.D.

We had two Old Monitorial volunteers in the school today,
Hodges & Brattingham, & a dozen more "acknowledge Old Towle's
corn" in some available shape.

Chauncy-Hall School
Apr. 24. 1861

Capt. Thos. W. Clarke

Dear Sir,

The pupils
of Chauncy-Hall School
have unanimously voted to
dispense, for the present, with
their prize-money & have ~~an~~
requested me to forward it
to you, as ~~and~~ a former pre-
sident, for the use of your com-
pany. I comply with their
request with great pleasure
& enclose a check for
fifty dollars, feeling that,
as has always been the
case hitherto, you will do
credit to your school in
your new position.

With the best wishes
of teachers & scholars, I re-

main

Very Sincerely,
Your friend,
T. Cushing.

Quarter-master General's Office.

Boston, May 3. 1861.

Sir,

You will be provided with
Thirty cents per diem, in lieu of rations
until you are dispatched, or ordered off duty.

By Order of His Excellency
John A. Andrew.

Genl & Contr in Chief

John A. Andrew
Quartermaster Genl

Capt. J. W. Clark,
Boston.



Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Boston, April 30th, 1861.

Capt Thomas W Clarke is ordered to hold himself in readiness constantly, & will march at the first opportunity that offers to join Maj. Devens' Battalion of rifles.

Very Respectfully
Adjt General

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE;

Boston, May 9th 1861

Sir,

On the next trip of the Steamer Cambridge your company will be forwarded to Washington and due notice will be given you when to report for this duty.

You will understand that your men must sign an agreement to serve for three years.

Respectfully
Yrs,

To

Capt. Thomas A. Clark
Commanding Co Rifles - Boston,

Wm Schouler
Adj Genl

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Boston, May 15 1861

Capt Clark.

Sir.

916

His Excellency
the Commander in Chief ~~pro~~
proposes to send you and
your command together
with Capt Davis & Command
of Lowell to ~~be~~ in the Steamer
in Plymouth to the Seat of
War. You are to fill up your
Company as follows. 1 Capt
1 Lieut 1 Second Lieut., 1 First Ser-
geant. 4 Sergeants 8 Corporal
2 Marines 1 Wagoner. 82 pri-
vates Aggregate 101

Wm Brewster

Adj Gen

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



ASSISTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Boston, May 20 1862

Capt T. W. Clarke

Sir

1815
You are ordered by His
Excellency the Commander in Chief to report
yourself and command at Head Quarters
tomorrow at half past one O'clock when you
will be mustered into the United States service
and sail on Wednesday in the Steamer Pembroke
for your destination

Wm Secor
Adjt General

though I think I had a kind of
"hauntering arter" somebody very
much like you - although - ahem
it might have been - ah - under
another name! All of vich I
dessay you also experienced - It is
well for the peace of families that
such feelings are "indiscribable"
- But that was Antediluvian
The inhabitants of those days didn't
think there w'd be "much of a shaver"
when we commenced writing letters
- They are dead as Julius Lieg-her,
now. I burned all the Mummies
when I went up river last time
- But you - Ah there's a skeleton
in your house - I've seen it

One good thing will come of
my going off - I'll be more
humble & Christianlike I hope
- really I've been too wicked
to live with at all for two mas.
past. I'm sorry, real sorry but
don't feel humble enough yet to
confess specifically - I'll lump
it off & say I've been wicked - then
I'm sorry & will try (if I can
yet try) to do better.
Good bye I love you love &
little one - I want to hear from
you - George

Ra Du bhien Tuesday P.M. Mar 21st
Marie Dear Wife - I am getting lonesome
so soon. wonder what I shall pay
in a week from now - I'm afraid the
largest sum of expenses will be postage
Thus far it is the stupidest journey
I ever made - & the stupidest lot of
people I ever saw on a steam boat.

As I supposed all the money I had
was thrown out yet I reach St Paul
(when I do reach there) with only 50¢ left
on D's. money. They are shoving out
the rail-road coin currency again
in St Paul It makes me mad to
think of it. I hate all kinds of
paper currency. Intermittent loss
is the constant result of circulating
the trash. Yesterday it rained nearly
all day - we waited a long time at
Freeport for the Chicago cars & reached
Duluth at 8 P.M. I but did not
leave there till this a.m. Except for
a good sleep on the Boat I might
as well have left Bloomington last
evening, & be here now. Shall not
reach St Paul till Thursday A.M.
It wd have been quicker & perhaps
cheaper via Chicago - but is easier this
way - This morning it was very cold
& I fear fruit in Ill is killed -
It is now warm but with a north

wind, so it may be cold to-night.

There are not very many passengers - two or three families escaping from the South - all tell the same bloody bitter story - One very intelligent man who got his family started from Georgia & went back to dispose of his property, was drafted to the Army, the only alternative being to hang, those were the conditions offered to all - He deserted & brings here the arms he carried - the trophies of war - He says that where he was it was reason to doubt that Jeff Davis wd capture Washington & furnish the ~~the~~ Free States - or even to caution ones acquaintances of the possibility of undersating the North or of Overstrating the South. For weeks they had been unable to hear any thing of the Southern movement & that the last they did hear (Thro So. papers of course) the North was so to be in condition of civil war. A large party throughout the north in open & armed resistance to the Govt & that the rank & file of the South actually believe such to be the condition of the North - He thinks that when the Southern people find out how their leaders have

fooled them in regard to the Southern movements, that the reaction will be sufficient to hang the whole nest of Conspirators.

How do you do to-day - Whah do you think of divorce - how are you going to live these months to come? It makes me kind o' sick to think of it - Let us play that we have gone back three years & so get acquainted over again & write pretty letters & tell nice stories - as of old. - Oh dear husband wd make a sad failure of it & just as like as not - marry somebody else - Higho:- too late now - Join "my Cat" & Poky is my kit & we are old sober-sided stupid unsentimental "married" folks now - No more imagination no more fancy - for "I'm a family man" aren't you? Tell - rot of it - Nothing is ever quite satisfactory here I guess - I'm sure I suffer more from discontent to be away from you now a few days - than I did for being away twenty four years & even four years ago, I'm sure I never felt any discomfort in particular when you were away

Had some money \$60 by Saint Norton.
I got it in hopes of going to Boston.

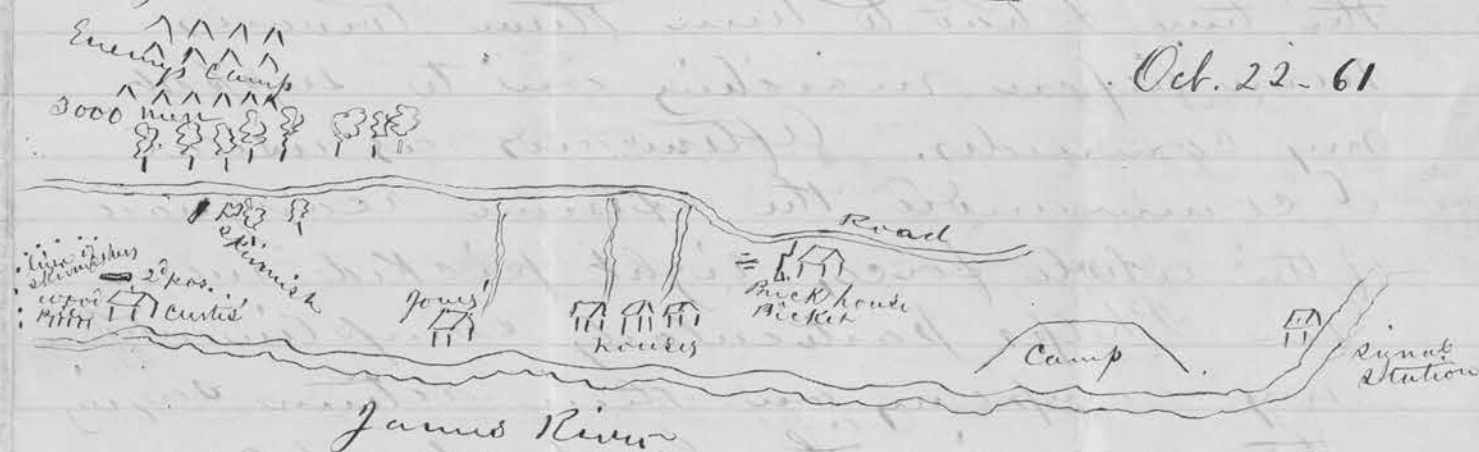
The cross on the envelope shows
where "Camp Misery" in the water
battery was. The Hotel is where we
were first. My legs have grown so
much since I came here that my
boots can hardly be got on. Tell
Ned to get me a pair at Prays of
enameled leather with volumi-
ous legs, also a pair of good leather
gaiters with whole tops. i.e. with
a gusset let in to spread the tops
over the sleeve. Those with the top
slit open & slit not closed are no good
I don't want them lined. The hand
should be thin leather the tops very
stiff. Just write off my a/c of the
skirmish giving Chamberlain proper
credit as having been the only com-
mander that first & Capt Barnes for com-
manding the advance and loading wagons
after the skirmish, for Colo. Clapp.
Love to all

Affectionately
T. Melville



ENCAMPMENT OF U.S. TROOPS AT NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Camp Butler, Newport News Va Oct. 22. 61
This sketch was taken the day we landed
& represents the Mass. Batt. dis-embark-
ing from the Approp (Steamer)



This will give you an idea of the place where
we are living & of the place where we
yesterday had a ~~bad~~ skirmish. Gen
Phelps has sent his compliments to the
officers, thanking them for courage & con-
duct. The Camp remark yesterday when

the news came in very quick reinforcements, those men will fight. How do you know? They are from Meaf.

Proud old state, God bless her. "I too am a Roman."

Dear Annie,
I yesterday in the evening while waiting for a ^{chance to} report from the days proceedings wrote another account of the affair of arms. We didn't have much of a time after all for the enemy broke so soon, that only one company fired at all, I was rear guard of the wagons at the time & had to turn them towards home before marching on to support my comrades. Afterwards as usual I commanded the extreme rear guard of the whole force, right picked men. Gen Phelps particularly complimented my company on their return saying they were in the best order of any, and as steady as on parade or drill after all the battalion was in, I came with my rear guard, and when we went across the field to the camp, we were the only Meaf men outside

our lines. We came across, guns on the left shoulder marching in a condensed step, officers in the rear, in two ranks by the flank, it was very pretty. A scout who has been in the enemy's lines a week reports that one officer is mortally wounded, and some others are hurt. So our loss of men is equal at least, and we have gained by the skirmish 25 cords of wood.

I need yours about hosiery. Very obliged. Should like 75 pairs much. New neck them. Tell Ned to turn the buttons taken off my thick coat & cape, the collar heightened, and frog buttons put on to the coat, and a slit cut up the back, and bound with worsted. i.e. made into an army overcoat. cut all the button holes off. St. Norton has gone home. He will call & see you I had all the channels arranged to go home except Capt. Barnes. He would not spare me. I don't want any underclothes.

We will try to conquer back Whitman's patent rights for him. I am very sorry about Cousin Sarah. I sent

[Oct. 22, 1861]

FOR TRESS MONRO



Miss Annie D Clarke

No 1 ^{Hotel} Kingston St.
Boston
Mass.

Oct 22 - 61 -

Really I have no news to write. Don't give up
Gen. To prevent. All army officers are down
on him, and always were. Hell comes out right
however, what he has done & will do, belongs
to him. Government has thrown the misfortune
campaign on his shoulders. He has created his
army, has armed, equipped and marched it
without help from the East, and if he
succeeds his will be the glory, if he fails
Not his the disgrace. He has little trans-
portation for his force, but be up and that
the disaster of Bull Run, will not be his.

Good bye love to all
Wm. M. Locke

J. H. Clarke

P.S. I want a Macintosh blanket
or else one Deerway or such
water proof and thick and warm.

Camp Hunter Va
Nov 2, 1861

Nov 2, 1861

My dear Lizzie,

It rains, it blows, 'tis cold
and the flapping of my tent fly against the
canvas roof of my house distracts and an-
noys me with its noise. Taylor my Sicut
vice White, & a first-rate fellow sits near
my table reading the N.Y. Herald, Gaylord
reposes on my bed (a pile of blankets on
three camp stools. Perry (Taylor's boy)
reads Don Quixote (a Spanish copy) he
told me, and I write.

My tent is 9 feet & a half square
the left hand front corner facing inward
is occupied by a pine table 3 feet square
with ammunition chests under it.

Beyond is Gaylord's couch, reaching clear to the wall of the tent, & composed of three wide camp stools. My trunk furnishes a seat for me, in front of the back tent pole is the chest for span clothing of the men, (shirts & drawers in it now) an old shoe box above is my wardrobe a board nailed across the tent pole with a shelf on top of it, and clothing hanging up. On the right is my bed with Gaylord on it.

others. One has been promoted to be Major, the other is at
sent on recruiting service. The N.Y. 7th had one, but the
Gen ordered him to be forever relieved from the duty. It
makes our work very hard, and unless our Lieutenant has
been relieved from guard, I don't know what we should
have done. Once or twice a week I ride out alone
in direction of the evening fire or six miles and visit
the people, but this is tiresome. We want the variety
of a skirmish badly, and it is ill compensated by
this constant rattle of the tent fly on the tent, though
that does sound like musketry.

I wish when you send me the things
to me, you would send also a set of canvas studs, I
left behind when I started away. Gen Wool makes
us wear boiled shirts now & then. They are in a
velvet box, but don't send the box it will take up room.
All flays of truce are stopped now, but
I wish see the Gen. commanding about this, so
send note, and try to get it over.

Between the two tent poles over head,
stretches my lariat rope, with saddle
bridle and towels hanging on it. My sword
hangs on or rather in slings attached
to iron hooks fastened in the seams of the
tent the hook being of this shape & with
a leather strap going through the eye;
an invention of mine, much valued at
Hatteras, — for I furnished nearly all
the N.Y. officers with samples of
the invention, — and basely imitated here.

Were it not for the rain, I should
be on a scout or on detachment
so you can thank the storm for this
note. We have a restorator and oyster
saloon here, but no grog shop for sol-
diers. Every now and then an invoice
of ~~higher~~ ^{higher} ~~goods~~ arrives & then one
or more drunken rows occur, & the
officer of the day shuts up the saloons
and sometimes the soldiers are
fined. Only think how they trust
drunken men. We have four Captains
for duty. Of them three go on as
field officers of the day, and in all the
other regiments here N.Y. 1st N.Y.
N.Y. 2^d, N.Y. 11, N.Y. 20. there are
only six others. The N.Y. 1st had two

Bloomington, May 24, 1861

My dear Hudson,

I find it not so very difficult to write to you lying on my back, a little awkward, and a little tired, as I thought it would be. This is Friday - the first day you have been away. I have improved daily I think, I am a good deal stronger, I can sit up in bed with no very great discomfort, and can handle baby many rounds with considerable ease. I began yesterday to take sitting bath twice a day which I intend to continue doing for sometime - I can do already the good thing do. Sunday - when baby is too much old - I am going to sit in a chair. Don't be any afraid of my doing too much, remember I am not remarkable for ambition. Our baby seems well. Last night Louisa didn't take herself

at all - she waked up and lay on my
arm with her eyes open quite a long time
then went to sleep again. —

Maybe I will have a line from you to day
or tomorrow.

May 3

Sady and her children left us Thursday
night - they will get to Minn. middle of
next week - stop on the way. Father and
Mother went to Vermont yesterday to be
gone four days - its seems quiet enough
I dont know what we shoud do but for
Mrs. Messer's folks. Mrs. M. and Clara
came up to see me yesterday for the
first time.

We are in early this
morning, I am afraid you will think
you are not, after all, so necessary as
we tried to make you believe, and so
will be running away very often.
But baby and I have an object in getting well
now, and we might have an object in
getting sick some of these days.

I see from a Minn. paper that my
youngest Sisters husband has joined
Company C. of St. A. - they are at
the Front, are they? Charley Midstrand
too has enlisted - he is young.

Do you find many old friends?

God bless you, dearest, and give
you a hopeful heart.

Your wife. Serena.

If you had married — you might now live
in one of the finest houses in Minneapolis — have
magnificently filled up — within & around — have
a fine carriage & horse, and an attentive
husband to drive you around — you might have
achieved a "position in society" & been very happy
indeed — I have not been in at Mr. C's nor
has he invited me to — have not seen ~~Mr. C.~~ ^{Mr. C.}
C. Though at the Count house I have seen &
talked with Mr. C. & Delas H. & his cousin
Miss Harrington (who now occupies your desk)
— all without restraint — Delas invited me to
Dinner but I was engaged & could not
go — several people I have met on the street
& they express themselves much pleased that I
am coming back to stay — sincere no doubt
— Misery loves company. Have not seen Dr.
Coffin. Though I've tried to several times
I hear that he will not go to the Paro. but
don't know what he will do if he resigns.
Have seen Mr. Midstrand afar off — he would
hardly speak with me — Mr. & Mrs. Loomis
yet here — latter sends her love to you & the
folks — & to little one — I board at Mr. Higginses
(The Elder Whitney house — near the Bushnell)
They are Vt. people — Mr. Higgins younger & his wife
newly married — keep house — Mr. Higgins senior
boards with them & pays the bills I guess —
Mrs. H. is a solid, vigorous, sensible girl — hardy
& big-fisted as an Irish-woman; not bad-looking
— of good durable quality of goods — but not the
finest texture. Have seen Mr. Maple Grovians —
Write to me Dear soon — don't get sick or homesick
it's only a little while — take good care of yourself & baby —
— give my love to all our folks — I do love them — much
better than I appear to & am sorry I have given them any
pain. — Say good things to Mrs. Paine for me, if she has
not yet gone away. Also to the Bloomingtoners
as you may see them — Set well & come & see you
lovesome love-lorn Husband — Good Bye my cat
— Good bless you — George

Minneapolis Min. May 26 1861
Marie — Dearest Wife;
How do you do? And how is little
Mary? God bless you — I wish answering would
come as easy as questions — no letters yet — I
must get one tomorrow — It seems unreal
my being here — sometimes I almost fancy
the old days are all come back again — and
now as two years ago I sit down & write
you — my very dear friend, with a queer
delicious feeling round my heart, in the
half-formed hope & thought that by & by you
may be something dearer by & by — than friend
— How full of associations this place is —
Here I am within a stone's throw of where
I was, five years ago — It seems true I
have been almost as many persons as
there has been years since. My Dear —
just think what you were, three years ago
— don't you remember where your heart
was — which way it leaned & where the tender
streaks were? And I too — three years ago
I was to be married — not to you!

What a narrow escape — don't think of
it — it's too ugly. Here I commenced
to love you — do you remember the talk
we had of Lucy & Paul & the fine young man
who wrote Lucy letters — I used to think of

something she said, when she read one of his letters - "It was kind." & think so of young - but when he became attracted by her more fascinating little friend & left her - It was a little too true to life to tell - Oh Charlotte Bronte - what a soul you have - & what a tongue to tell in.

Your letters Dear - I'll never know, how (unless you do just to yourself & I presume you do) that I used to read & re-read & cling to - oh so glad - so glad - when you said a kindly thing to me - so sincere - so unaffected & quick, that passed & the half sorrowing days when I knew that I loved you & didn't know that you loved me - & then the happy days when I first learned to kiss you - Oh blessed days when I was near you & knew of the soulful assurance that you loved me entirely - Then the long separation (that I don't like to think of -) & we were married, you my wife - I your husband -

Now blessed perfection - our child is here - Life is full - we are one - a blessed holy circle - us three, You are my wife - loved with all my soul - The Mother of my child & with that new life is born to me a new heart & soul - with & through which wholly to love you - I am your husband - The Father of your Mary - in her you love me anew & thank God that we are one & blessed in our unity

I keep asking myself & think I must have an answer - How do you do Marie Love? Darling is two weeks old - most a week since I came away - Let me kiss you Dear & give & take one with you, from baby for me - I sat here on Thursday Morning - It has been warm & very pleasant till to-day - It rains & thunders - much snow & wet - I've been busy - have got some ground plowed & have commenced planting potatoes - If it isn't too wet I shall ^{tomorrow} make some garden - must get all done as soon as possible - for it is late - shall have $2\frac{1}{2}$ Acres Corn & $\frac{1}{2}$ Acre potatoes & some "gardening space" - as soon as I get my planting done I must go tramping - Have lots of land to examine - shall take a long trip - then I'll stay here all the time I guess - There doesn't seem to be anything at all doing - It don't seem to appear like I can do anything at all -

Mr Gale yesterday asked me what I'd work for him for a year, for, & told me to think about it - I shall see in a few days what I can do.

I think about \$300 for year will be about as much as I can earn here. - well who cares - only so that we don't starve, even if we do go shabby - Everybody else here is poor, so it's no disgrace in particular - & I think three of us can brace ourselves so as to stand aristocratic contempt,

than body. I know Love. Sometimes you have blamed me for my want of self control, and wondered at my weakness - but at such times I have felt so hopeless - so forsaken by God and unable to touch you, I could see no good in this life - none in another. But that is all over now, and I begin to tremble for our child. I do not know how I could get strength to bear seeing in her the fruits of my wicked, wretched feelings.

Afternoon - and I am back again flat. I was so glad to get your letter yesterday - What - go back to the days of two and three years ago? Those were the stupid days. Dear, one year ago even would not be now - "My dear" with never a word of love beside is worth all the "pretty stories" we used to tell. No, I never could think of it - Lie in bed, nurse a baby, and write two-year-ago letters! I is too modest for that.

"Sonorous"! Oh! dear - six whole days. You must be ready for me, I start in six weeks from tomorrow.

Monday Morning
There were so many people in to see me yesterday afternoon I could ^{not} write.

Mrs. Dunn staid with me while Dr. went home. This Dr. performed the operation on that woman and found in the cavity of the bowels a quantity more bones but beside the bones the child had been all consumed or decayed and passed away. The woman is now easy and seems to be getting better. She may expect to go up without dying.

Mr. M's. folks were all to see me - it is funny to hear Clara talk about the baby - Mrs. D. said I didn't like babies - E. said he would take this one home if we didn't like it.

War has commenced in earnest.

I cannot write big letters yet. He are prospering - baby has "stomach ache" nothing else. My precious, precious Love - want to see you -
Your wife Maria

(1861)
Bloomington Sunday, May 26

George, Dearest — Good morning.

I am not writing to you in bed, but sitting up in a rocking chair — Yesterday was very warm — too warm to endure a bed, and I got up for half an hour's rest, and bore it so nicely, I went a little farther this morning and walked around the room, to the window, back to a chair and sat down. I do not think I could begin a walk of fifty miles quite yet, I tattered somewhat and felt drunk. Two weeks ago today I was perfectly happy, happier than for months — perhaps more quietly and deeply satisfied than ever before, or than I ever shall be again, only as I again see God smile the other side clouds of thick darkness. Dear heart, you never can tell what I have suffered — more in mind

Bloomington May 27. 1861

My dear Husband, - How does to-day find you? How me? - Oh! improving I guess. - Not so fast as I would like to, I am going to dress to-morrow and play well. I can sit up longer to-day and could walk about the room more like a sober woman than ever before. I would like to see you - isn't that strange? I feel homesick like. Don't you want to see baby and me?

I suppose baby is as well as most little ones. She is very nervous and jumps in her sleep as if she would go into spasms, which makes me so nervous I don't know what to do. Yes Love, I worry, fuss and fret just like the fussiest of mothers and there is at least some reason in it for half the children die - and how could I rest easy with the chances even of keeping and losing our child.

Wont I get a letter this afternoon?

I want one "leaps more than I can tell."

Mrs. Messer and Nettie start next Monday for Minn. - sick at Dr. Babbitts the reason.

All the money you left me is down to eighty cents - you told me not to use it at less than for - what shall I do!

I was only going to write a little to-day - more sometime soon -

I love you Love, and am your wife
Marie.

I keep Louisa only a week longer. I have to pay her four dollars a week - Sixteen in all - I should have had to pay a professional Nurse five a week for doing less than L. does.

Mrs. Phoenix was in to see us yesterday, as bright and pretty as ever. Her husband said 'twas nothing to her credit that she was so cheerful and undisturbed amid all the perplexities of her life, which I should consider numberless and unbearable. He said 'twas her nature - Fiddlesticks!

Mr. Messer and Clare are feeling awfully to see Mrs. M. packing up and getting ready to go off - It does see too bad. It ~~does see~~ It makes me feel a little homesick for I planned to go with ~~her~~ her and a month or two. It makes me somewhat faint hearted to think of myself as fairly away from home, the place that has been home so long - but I love a man now - and must forsake Father's mother and home for him. Sad fate!

I have given Baby Mary the kiss you sent and taken one from her to send you. I kiss her for her father a good many times. She appreciates it all - darling! I want to kiss you Love - for myself. Your wife Marie.

Bloomington May 30/61

Dear George -

Good afternoon - and tis a pretty good one to me - only just now baby Mary is crying as loud as small lungs will let her. What a pity we especially mothers - cannot remember our babyhood, so we could enter into and appreciate the sorrows and troubles of our little ones. I wonder how old ladies and nurses are so wise as to know "nothing but wind" and the colic is over the matter when children cry? - I got your last Sunday's letter to-day - I too could almost imagine while reading ^{some of} it, that my friend had come back to me again - back from a long tramp over the country, round through Glenca - Forest City &c - but somehow before I got half way through the letter the friend of two years ago got strangely

mixed up with another person and with babies. Those days were blessed and full to us, of nothing but sunshine - the two years between that time and this have given to our lives, Love, a sober coloring; deep experiences I think, always subdued, and leave a thread of Quaker color in the brightest web of life.

Perhaps another than you might smile at my deep experiences, but never you, if you see me at all as I am, and how living you has changed me. I have not been good. Do you suppose I will ever be any better, I mean to be, of course, - what Phoenix, or child of his Father, does not mean to do well sometime.

Dearest - I am happy, I am not sad at all - but I do want to be a good woman, I want to be a Christian. I might have fancied myself much better than I have proved to be, if you had been happy always - it is not an easy way of finding out ones infirmities, but 'tis well we should know ourselves, if through bitter ways.

Our precious Child! she is an Angel. God grant she may be an Angel of love and mercy to us - bring our hearts, not only closer to each other, but nearer the Great Heart of Our Father in Heaven.

Oh! I love you - love Mary - how can "one small" heart - hold all the love I have for you two peoples. I was blue when I wrote you a note yesterday - but not to-day - I am nicely - I dressed this morning and have set up most all day. The baby seems well too. Do you want me as soon as I can come?

Friday 3rd
I walked from our room into the study this morning, isn't that smart? I do not as yet feel any returns of that old difficulty - that is all I am afraid of now. I do not dare be so active as I otherwise could be for fear of that. In one day more baby will be three weeks old - when she is two months old I am going to be well enough to go and see you. -

for it, only thought it prudent to keep more
quiet today and not spend too much strength
for what I had gained. One thing I am very
sorry for, my sore throat is coming back
to me - I felt nothing of it till yesterday
and it has grown fast - tis quite bad. I
have sent to Dr. Dunn today. If Dr.
cannot cure it very soon - just as soon as
tis possible I shall have to go to where you
live, both for my sake and the baby's, I
shall grow sicker as long as it continues,
and shall not dare to do the only thing I can
to cure it until I am where I shall stay,
for 'would not do to change baby's living
but once. If it should be necessary I could
travel much sooner than under ordinary
circumstances would be thought expedient.
I could take the cars in the evening and go
to bed with baby, and in the morning take
a boat for St. A. Mrs. M. can not start
this week and Mother said she should try and
see if she could not wait, if I must go.
I hope the best, for all our sakes. I can tell
in a few days what had better be done and
will write you. You see in this matter
I am arbitrary, but speedy treatment is
the only thing to be done, and if it seems
for the time to be contrary to other interests.

Bloomington, Sunday June 2, '61.

George, My Love - Are you writing to me
this morning, or have you gone to meeting?
What are you doing, that is what I want
to know. I am all alone in our chamber

even baby is away, sleeping in bed with
Grand-ma, who says she gets no good chance
to see her at all, unless she takes her asleep.

I can hear, through the open balcony door,
above the rustling of the leaves, the Minister
preaching across the street: the sound of
his voice, talking in the peculiar tones of
Methodist Preachers, is very soothing,
I dare say much more so than his words
would be. It seems very quiet and Sabbath
like. I wish you were here, then I do not
know but the measure of my happiness would
be complete - husband, child, heart full
of love - returning strength, what would I
have to desire? I am happy as it is.

I feel more quietly happy, more blessed in loving you than ever before; our marriage seem more complete, and I do not think little things will disturb our lives so much henceforth, they will look smaller in the light of the great interests we shall have in common. I have always felt that any thing like a quarrel between us could hardly be outgrown; that I should always remember with bitterness, "He has been angry with me" or "I have been angry with him". I do not mean ^{to prove it} to ever try, but I believe even differences could be done away with, and disagreements finally adjusted without a dissolution of the union, though, Heaven keep me from your angry looks and words, for they are a great deal worse than mine, and not so soon forgotten.

Our Mary is three weeks off to-day. Don't you wish you could see her. Darling - she is a beauty, of course. She has changed a good deal, as might be expected I suppose. She is not quite so old and wrinkled, neither so

pinkish in the face as two weeks ago. Her face is fairer and her eyes have cleared up and deepened into a dark blue; her hair is not nearly so dark as it was but is a very pretty brown, her face has rounded out and the double chin fully developed - her nose remains unchanged and I am - so joined to say, is the exact picture of her mother's nose. She has, what Clare says, is "four most expressive features", four hands; she has them to perfection; keeps them in motion, fingers spread wide apart, continually - and Father declares she sometimes fouts her thumbs to her nose, in token of contempt. Our precious child! Dearest, all I can say is, I am so glad; and while we thank God for our little one we will never forget to ask Him to help us be worthy His ^{less} price, gift.

I get stronger every day. Yesterday Father carried me down stairs, I spent the day and he brought me back again in the afternoon. I walked around considerably for a sick woman but felt nearly as well

I am afraid, dreadfully afraid of such a sore mouth. Even if it is cured I should worry about Mary, and feel safer if she did not nurse, particularly if I feel pretty well. It seems to me now if I can make things work well, if I do not go to Min. for a month or two, I shall find Miss Mary her dinner somewhere else as soon as I do get settled there. I know there is a risk to run in doing so, but I should feel safer than to run the risk of giving sicknesses of mine.

I hope you will have written me as soon as you got my letter, what to do with this money, whether to use it or wait for other.

I do not know, my dear, how I can ask Mother for that twenty dollars; they find it almost impossible to get any money. She spoke to me about it before you went away, and I told her you did not want it. I heard you say to her something implying that 'twas immaterial about paying it.

She asked me just before you went away to ask you if you wanted it and they would try and get it, I told her I would, but as you went away and I said nothing to her about it she supposes you did not want it, ^{at} all, I suppose, she has said nothing about since.

Don't get blue over it Love - nor over money matters in general, I rather live anyway, Mother fully appreciates all our circumstances, and plans every way she can for us, if it was not so, and that she has given me so much, I could feel to do differently. I will do with less than I have thought I could. If you think best tell me, and I will get it. I know how you will take this, and it makes me sick-hearted. I know I do not have money to earn, but if these things trouble you more than they do me for your sake, I am sorry indeed. I must not write more; I hope I shall get a letter tomorrow - two letters in two weeks I have had. Dearest, don't be troubled if my love could make the way smooth you would have nothing to bear, but a greater and wiser love does order all our ways - God bless you - Your Marie.

temporarily of paper - & if King ^(Ed. for King) could persuade him to buy he will perhaps remain permanently - King I guess will go to Washington & get an Office - His Brother is Register Forest City Land Office - The 999 Disaffection Office seeks in Minneapolis are "Down" in Col. Aldrich - He was hired when he came back this summer -

That's all the news I guess -

Oh I want to see you - and baby too - you'll completely conquer me I guess - I shall be ready & willing to "hold baby" when you come - & when are you coming? - Your "Mia" will come with you won't she? - Don't be in a hurry - get fat & stout first. But write often, remember that I haven't any baby - shall be very fine & smart by the time she comes here. - And I'm going to behave more better now - I'm cultivating beans, cheerfulness, & other gardening sense - Will be a model family I guess. - See Mr A.

That his tax rights are fixed, there was a delinquent School Tax due - Mr Chowen has paid that - I will attend to the other matters he spoke of - just as soon as I get time; but think it is foolish to think of selling the farm now - No price he can now get will be half the value of it - shall see Mr Perkins as soon as I get time, I shall write you as often as I can, but when I am here, there is plenty to do evenings & mornings - You must write often - I wish you & baby were here - I guess "it" is getting big enough to kiss - & I know, you are. How much better "three of us" are than two, Good bye - God bless you my Dear Wife & baby. - little big one & big little one - I love you - Your Husband - & "Pa" - George

Monday Morn - All well - How are you
Your Husband
George

Minneapolis, Minn. June 2/61

Marie - Dear Wife:-

How do you do today? The same old story with it - I've heard from you three times this week & reproach myself that I've got only one letter a week from you. But I cannot help it - I've been hard at work all the week - Beside, you don't need my letters now - you've got a baby - I'm glad you are getting along so nicely - I shall hear ^{again} tomorrow I guess - if not? where shall I hear? for the next day I go out on my usual annual tramp - two weeks certain, perhaps more - shall go via Maple Grove, Monticello, Buffalo, Kingston Forest City, Acton - Kandiyohi & where else I don't know - not less than 200 miles - Have been planting this week have got 5 1/2 acres corn, 1/2 acre potatoes, 1/4 do of Beans (enough to be a Deacon if they do well) & Pumpkins on my plantation, & a very fine garden indeed at the Messer house - Potatoes, sweet corn, 4 kinds beans & 2 kinds Squash - Melons, Tomatoes, Cabbage, Carrots, Onions, Salsify, lots of peas

Oh will live "fat" I assure you - my corn with the help of the squirrels is up already - fine growing weather & all looks well - By the way will you find

from Mrs Messer. about the house here. The paper
on some of the rooms needs patching - some will
have to be re-papered. & I want to do it before
you come. Ascertain if there was any paper
left & if so what became of it - if not - where
they got it - so that perhaps I may get some
of the same kind - Will Cornell is building
a house - I saw him once this week - he
looked rough & ragged as any body. Haven't
had time to visit him or any one else
- They say however that he is concited as
ever - Wonder how he likes that letter from
Carlos in the Chicago Tribune - That has
made quite a stir here - every body thinks
it pretty cute but don't suspect where it
came from - The Pioneer & Democrat copied
it, prefacing a very sharp sarcastic editorial
of their own - under the heading "A legitimate
Lunaticism" The whole occupies nearly
a column & appears as the leader.

Have seen Mrs. Chown at a distance
- she made a diminutive and Arctic bow as
she passed - Have been at the house two or
three times but she was strangely absent-bodied
Miss Hawkins still clings to them - a regular
leech - & the other Cousin Miss Farrington who
is a modest sensible girl is also there - she &
Mrs C go east on a tour soon. I guess

Mrs C is a little Extravagant -
Mr C told me he had to give "Cousin
Manshall" money to get away - after he had boarded
him a year and a half, & the fellow had never
done any work at all - And that when he intimated
to the three cousins (Hawkinses) that he had done
about enough & that they ought among them raise
money enough for Manshall to go with; they were
exceeding "hindignant" - Verily they are as Cousin
Carrie used to say, "Cuss-inks", Let me see - I
guess there isn't any more scandal that I
can put afloat just now - I've been too
busy at work to hear the desirable things
going on in town - I saw Mr Washburn
- He assured me (of his own will) that if there
were Appropriations made for his District
for surveys that I should have a job.
- next year perhaps - I can get a dollar
a day (? !!) at the Court House to write for
Mr Gall - That wd just pay our board
provided I did not miss any time. &
if it costs more to "keep house" I suppose
we will have to eat less, Well - House rent
will cost nothing - & I shall raise enough
vegetables; - Flour, milk, butter, meat, sugar
or we must buy - or steal - guess will steal.
- Churches - the Episcopal is thriving - all
the others dull - none worth a "red cent", King
has gone - to Aurora Ill, I believe - I saw
Craffut in Atlas Office Yesterday - has charge

Min. June 3^d 1861

Dear Marie - poor cat - and Mary
Pakey - How do do? I feel kind o' long-
faced that the last I hear from you for
two weeks - what I have got to carry
with me for two weeks - is that you
feel so bad ish - worrying for little
one & for yourself & me - & not
getting along very fast - Don't fret
Dear - keep quiet & don't hurry to get
well - I got a scrap from you
to-day - with quite a long one from
"Pa" - Tell him that I cannot stop
now to attend to his affairs - it is
imperative that I go, & go now^{out}
week - & get back just as soon
as possible - so too Mrs
Fieldings matters - They must
lie over till I get back from
Forest City - sorry - but I work
just as fast as I can - will
attend to all in the due order
of the respective claims

I got a letter today from Cyrus
- whole souled as ever - funny
congratulations of course - I
don't know but he will come west
by Oby - You want to know what
you shall do with money I left
- stick to it with grim desper-
ation - Herewith \$10. Boston money
(maybe I'll get a draft) - use it as
necessities may require - Here it
is worth premium - can get 5 for
4 for it anywhere - at stores or
elsewhere - Money Matters
just as bad here as in Ill.
Goodbye Love - be a good
girl - keep a brave heart -
- Yet a little while -

Say good things for me to
the folks. - Kiss little one for
me - Your husband.

George

Bloomington June 7. 1861

My dear husband,

I received from you yesterday two letters both mailed Monday the third, and one containing two five dollar bills. You tell me not to use the money I have. The I have decided to leave here for Minnesota when Mrs. Messer goes, which will be as soon as I can get ready - next week or week after.

Our folks think I must go then if at all this summer, and if I do not go this summer I must nurse baby until I do go, which makes it uncertain whether I can go at all.

Mother thinks the chances are that I should get all run down. Mama cannot go with me, and I could not go alone. I think you will see it to be the wisest thing I could do, even with the loss of two or three dollars on bad money for I must use what I have

at ninety per cent if I go. I am sorry I could not get word to you immediately that you might do and tell me what you consider wisdom. I am nicely, all but my mouth, which keeps about the same, it is not so bad as before I was sick. Mary is well, she has grown in one week a pound, she weighs now seven and a half.

How long do you suppose a little good-for-nothing woman like me could stand it to build babies up so fast? You would be somewhat astonished to return from your tramp to find wife and baby waiting for you.

I have strong hopes that the change from here to Minnesota will do much good. Do you know since we came here I have not been out of B. nor staid away from home one night, and for a ~~we~~ year have literally hardly been out of doors? It is hard Love, to leave this my home for the brightest happiest part of my life, even for another home more blessed still. You do not the half of what these people have done for me.

The farther I go from the past the more I realize it. God bless them and forgive me the many, many things wherein I have fallen short of doing my duty as a child.

Good-bye Love, a few days and God willing I will be with you.

Yours own,

Marie.

Sunday June 9th Good Morning Dear.
"I thought like to squeeze you" may be - it seems
years since I've seen you - How do you do
today? And baby? Four weeks old to-day.
Oh I wish I could see you - I don't like
to be divorced - you don't either - You think
you'll be ready to come as soon as I get
ready for you - don't hurry - don't come till
you get strong enough - Well then how will
you come? - Won't your "Ma" come with you?
If it were not for the chance at Dunleith
I should think you would get along finely.
- The station there is burned down & it is 30 or
40 rods from the place where the cars stop
to the boat landing - There are drays to carry
baggage, but no Omnibus I think - still if
you get pretty well I think you might get along
- conductors are accommodating & used to
carrying babies. Are you going to be well
enough to "keep house" this summer? Miss girls
aren't to be had for love or money here,
notwithstanding the scarcity of both those
commodities - & beside I cannot earn
enough to pay one (including her board) so I
have to be Miss girl. I will have to fix
up the house some before you come (tho
if you want to go into it) - I can get
it ready in 2 weeks if necessary but you
won't be ready to come in less than 5 or 6
weeks will you? I can come to B. for you
if you think it best - but it's not altogether
convenient - Write how much money you will
need & I will send it - All the money every
dollar, I brought with me is down now,
but in where I can borrow.
If I knew what you want to keep house
with I could be getting ready - Perhaps
you want a husband first - as the most
necessary thing - Good bye. Love. George

Forest City, Minn. June 8th
Marie. Dearest - I don't hear from you again
before I left Minneapolis - It rained hard
almost all day Tuesday - the day I was to have
started - so I don't leave till Wednesday
& got a letter when I passed the Post Office
- A very cheerful letter - the first one you've
I have, written with a pen - I guess you
are getting better - I'm glad you feel better
& happier - We're going to be, good - Oh yes -
going to be - well what has happened to me
since I started? - Nothing!
I have a pack 15 to 18 pounds weight what I
carry - I go so you see saddled & bridled.
Wonder how I look - so?
I don't think mosquitoes
would be very bad - they
were not a year & two years
ago - But they are as bad
now as in 1856-7 - so my
protector is very handy.
- Took dinner with Bro. Sampson
on Battineau Prairie - The man
who regretted your marrying
so hastily - & thought nobody in Minnesota
could be quite good enough for you, I suppose
your particular Admirer. - He was sure
that we were all spiritualists - only that
we don't know it. He is really a smart
intelligent man (so is his wife) - and the
only matter with him is that (like all of
em) he can think, talk or do, nothing but
spiritualism. There is more health & sense
in Mr Austin's "Fiddlesticks" than in any
other way of treating the matter. With
Mr & Mrs Alastair I took tea at John Eddy's.



As usual Mrs Eddy's sugar & Syrup (Maple) is not quite as good as Mr Austins "It has a kind of taste to it" so he says - The sugar season was quite poor - some of the neighbors did not make much - but they (Mr Austins & Mrs Eddy's folks) managed to put down 1300 pounds so that by stinting & saving a little, they think they will be able to bring the year around.

Maple Grove indeed - Mrs Eddy's boy-baby is a big, fat, & rather home - that is to say not so handsome as Jessie - She talks & performs & cuts up like anybody - quite out of her babyhood & is a nice little girl.

In September I am going up there to survey some I guess & take my pay in sugar, cranberries, wood, grain or "any other man" & then they want you to come & stay while I do the surveying - a week or so - Eh?

I saw Chester Evans a moment - also Mr Mrs Purmont, Mrs P. knew what black crape meant, but was quite ignorant of the significance of green crape on a hat (my mosquito bar). I told her it referred to my domestic affairs, since I left there I have been tramping through the woods in various directions - this makes 4 days travel, "foot stone"

At Monticello I intended to have written you but left so suddenly that I had no time.

Have had some good & some very poor fare on my way, but have been so tired at night that I've not slept much - My feet are real sore - worse than I have had them for a long time, I shall stop here two or three days & then they will be well.

It is not much less than a hundred miles I have done in these four hot days among brush, flies & discomforts. When that too tired it is nearly glorious, being in these woods - so full & perfect in life vigor.

I have not been to Frank City yet - I am stopping at Mr Cutts - ²⁰ x You can't think how nice & snug it seems here - His Swedish wife is as nice & clean as one would wish to see, & keeps her house in order - vigorous & healthy she is, as Artemus Ward's tiger that wasn't "Confiscated" - They have a blue eyed girl baby almost a year old as pretty as she can be - she runs around the house & cuts up. Mr C has gone to town & hasn't returned - it is quite right - I've not seen him yet - I do think that this Frank City fair is most beautiful - I wish you could be here & look with me now.

Before leaving, I saw Mr Chewen, but did not sit with him - He said he had about \$75 still due Mr Ames & would try to get a draft & send before I returned - I assured him it was

urgent, I also went to Mrs Fielding's house - will enclose her with a letter to her & would like to have it delivered and an answer returned right away - If I send by my mail direct to her it might be a month before I get answer, I wanted to have written her at Minneapolis before I left - Here comes Mr Cutts & so good bye love, for this evening - Saturday night - Baby & you are well aren't you Mary will be four weeks old tomorrow.

It seems a year almost, good bye. God Bless you my dear wife - Don't go yet quite - Kiss Baby for me & sit well fast & come to see I love you
your husband, George

that has been going at ninety has now fallen to eighty - things grow worse and worse - while I write Mother sits here just ready to cry over their affairs, pressing debts and unable to get a dollar. I will send father to Mr. Cla to-day, but likely we should have to take this stuff at far out and spend as best we could. I would stay until you could arrange it to your own satisfaction if I did not think 'twould really be cheaper and better to go now with Mrs. M. even with this money, than to wait. Mother would not let me go alone; she says, with the baby and my health as it will be this summer, 'twould be unsafe. If you can make better plans and think I had better stay write and if I am not already stated I will obey.

Your wife, Marie

Bloomington June 9 (Sunday) 1891.

Louie, You would be so happy if you were here to-day - so would I, so glad! But you are not, and I do not know where you are; in some Glenae or Forest City of Minnesota, I suppose. Our folks have just gone to meeting. - baby Mary and I are alone in the sitting room; baby is lying on my lap half asleep and half awake.

I have just been telling her of a man some-where in Minnesota who would like to know all about my little girl; she listened very complacently, whereat I kissed her and said "Bless your little heart"! Darling is four weeks old this morning, a month old in three days more; a very little time she has been with us and now how could we live without her! Loanza left me this morning, Mary and I take care of ourselves hereafter. I think I am very well, that is

doing very well. I want to get along fast this week, for I guess we will start for you next week, Mrs. Messer thinks 'tis probable she will go a week from tomorrow, but may not for some time after, so 'tis possible, if you get back to get my letter the last of this week if you wrote immediately I could hear from you, I wish I was sure, so you could send me good money, if you want to, to go with.

I spoke to Mrs. M. about paper, she says there was none left anywhere, she bought all just on all. She says we shall live in the best neighborhood in Minneapolis. 'Tis very near Mr. Chovens is it not? 'Twill be so nice to have Sue for a neighbor, she is so social. Dear woman, she fancies herself injured in some way, I don't see how, unless because you didn't ~~she~~ see fit to live a life of single misery on her account. Since you went up this time I have felt really sorry for Mrs. Chovens possession by that dumb devil, it makes your relations with the rest of the family which would otherwise be pleasant so very

awkward and unpleasant. My dear, how can you go near their house. You are different from me, as big as my eyes are. They are not large enough to see Mrs. Chovens, if I should meet her where she old lady spoke of finding you, "in my tea-cup". I believe I am wickedly unforgiving, if I do pass over a thing, which I consider a just cause of anger, and think in my heart I will think no hardness anymore forever, up 'twill come afterwards, and it will keep coming, looking every time worse than before. There were little things happened in my childhood which I was not old enough at the time to properly resent, and thought nothing about, which now I cannot forgive, and I hate the persons that for many years I thought kindly enough of.

Monday Morn. 10

George, I am so perplexed, do tell me what to do. About money, of course, what else is there to trouble about. Mrs. M. may be detained by money troubles longer than till next Monday, long enough for you to send me and she may not, This

SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE.

LETTER FROM CAPT. T. W. CLARKE, OF THE BOSTON WIGHTMAN RIFLES.

[We need offer no apology for the publication of a letter intended only for the eye of a friend when it contains so graphic and vivid an account of the *affaire* at Big Bethel. We are confident that Capt. Clarke's letter will be read with much interest by his many friends.]

CAMP BUTLER, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.,
June 14, 1861.

At last, by the happy accident of a strain, I am relieved from duty and able to write something besides requisitions and reports, and able to do something besides what I did not agree to do when I enlisted for the war.

On Sunday, May 27, in the afternoon, I received orders to attach myself temporarily to Col. Packard's 4th Mass. Regiment and wait on him for orders. I waited on the Colonel and received directions to cook three days' rations and put them in my haversacks, and report at 6 A. M., Monday. The first part of the order I did not obey, because I had no rations to cook, and could not get any issued. At six on Monday I reported with my full company on the parade at Fort Munroe, and we started for the wharf, went up the river in the Cataline, landed at Newport News, and encamped. Our company landed first, went up the road at double quick, halted, front faced; the second section grounded arms and destroyed a rail fence, and then rushed through a corn and potato field and searched some woods for the enemy at once. The regiment was then dismissed, and we waited patiently for camp equipage and rations. Neither came. I ordered a foraging expedition, and pigs, geese, turkeys, chickens, green peas, new potatoes and various other trash soon arrived "by telegraph from Boston." No tents that night, and we slept in shelters of boughs and rails.

Next day came tents for thirty-six men and one wall tent for me. This accommodation lasted for ten days, and through two rain storms, I all the while being detailed as assistant engineer on the earth works, and superintendent of an excavation and brush shelter, surrounded by seats, in front of the camp, and constructor in chief of a barrier of trees across the breach, now known as Tom Clarke's obstacle. This prevented me from going to the Fort about tents. General Butler came up during this time, while I was leading a gang of wood choppers in clearing a shot way for cannon. The General blew me up for foraging, but I explained that if the United States did not feed the men they must feed themselves, and that when they hadn't their regular rations, I intended them to forage, orders or no orders. He assured me that I should have my rations afterwards, and we have had less difficulty since.

The presents from Massachusetts to us by the bark Anna have been divided among all the regiments in service, Vermont, New York, &c., till yesterday, when a lot of halibut, mutton and beef, unfit to eat, was given to us, to be condemned by a board of officers.

Since coming here I have lost two men. One, McCarty, shot accidentally by himself during an alarm, and the other in Monday's battle. The alarm was caused by an attack on little Gaylord, my tent boy, the gamiest little Arab alive, and John Sullivan, a South-cover, by four mounted riflemen. Gaylord's mule was shot, and he seized an axe and took after the horsemen. He was rescued by a company sent out after him, and came into camp. The long roll was beat, the companies came in to line, and two detachments were sent out to scout. During the alarm McCarty accidentally discharged another man's rifle. The boys were steady as trees, even with this man dying at the door of my tent. I ordered a corporal and two men to remove him to the hospital tent, and when the men were dismissed, got some boys and had prayers read to him; he died while the boys were reading the litany to him. They laid him out in a tent, with candles round his head, stuck in sword bayonets, and watched him through the night, and next day they made a coffin for him out of old boxes, and dug a grave under a magnolia tree, and escorted him to the grave with the entire regiment, nearly all the New York 7th (Steuben), and detachments from the Vermont and Scott Life Guard, and the staff of the 9th Zouaves. I read the service myself, the 7th Regiment band played a dirge, the farewell shots were discharged, and at quick time we moved away.

From then till very lately we have been finishing our work in the trenches and getting tents and proper food for the men. Last Sunday I was ordered to be on the road from Camp to Hampton to lead the advance on Little Bethel at midnight. We started;—8 boys and Serg't Morin as skirmishers, 3 boys and Corp'l Bacon as guard of the guides. Adj't. Stevens, of Vermont, Adj't. Walker, of the 4th, Capt. Haggerty, of Gen. Butler's staff, being generally with the advance guard; then came the chaplain and myself, under charge of corporal Sanborn, of Braintree, and my body guard. Next came the first platoon in column of fours, under Lieut. Norton, and the second platoon under Lieut. White. Next came the Vermont detachment, under Lieut. Col. Washburn, five companies marching by the flank; and then the Massachu-

Grace Clarke Wright
121 Clifton Avenue
Minneapolis
Minnesota

Thomas William Clarke
29th Regiment
Massachusetts Volunteers

Please return
some day

with a little girl, which maybe we could find,
to do running for me and look after baby some.

Mother went yesterday with four notes
to Mrs. Fielding who said you might have
those things as you mentioned though she never told
that woman she would sell them so cheap, and
inside she protested, Mother thought. Mother
also spoke to her about some other things. -
I will write what she said although in her
talk with you she said many of the same things.
She wishes you to take away all the things
there except a big Chest, if you will. She
gives me to use Clock - an old fashioned stand
large, old fashioned Rocking Chair, looking glass,
a Dish Kettle, and an iron dish, green thing, she says.
She gives me - six or eight tumblers, on a shelf
in the pantry, some small glass dishes put away
in a small trunk which she wishes me would have
brought to our house, with what is in it. A
second bedstead we may use, and sell if we can.
Two strand tickles and a braided rug she gives me.
A tea canister with some jugs and frailts she also
gives. If they can be found there, we can have two
tubs and, clasp pins. On top of the large Chest
are some books - Scott's Commentary. She wants taken
away, the rest left, unless there are any you want.
The Chest she wants put where 'twill be sure to keep dry.
There is a big trunk she wants taken away. Three flat
flat irons, we can have. There is a porcelain Kettle
with the other Kettles - tie up - which she will sell for
75 cts - we had better take it. - She wants you to only
rent the house by the year.

Bloomington Sunday June 16/61

My dear husband.

Noro that daughter
Molly is asleep I will see you a few minutes,
every body has to give way before the little
baby tyrant. I have not written for a week
simply because I knew not what to say. I
wrote Sunday that probably I should start
for Minnesota tomorrow - well Mrs. Messer
has been uncertain what to do until within
a day or two; they found out the last of the
week that they could get no money for less
than twenty five cents loss on a dollar and she
concluded to stay until after the Fourth when
Normal School will be finished and Mr. M.
get pay for work there. We shall now, if all
goes well leave Bloomington three weeks from
next Monday (tomorrow). It seems some time
but perhaps 'twill be better than than now
You will have plenty of time to get ready

for me, and I hope to get stronger and better.

I got Friday your letter written a week ago at Forest City. I wonder if you have journeyed back to Minneapolis? if you have I may think of you to-day as a poor, worn-out, foot-sore man. I wonder I never asked the meaning of these yearly tramps, I have thought of it often, and have a sort of indefinite notion of land supervisions, but that is all.

Has Mr. Cutts been married since you saw him? It was rather a hasty visit you made at Maple Grove, wasn't it? Oh - I would be willing to see them in September if they are willing to see me. I think 'twould be very nice to have Mrs. Austin come to see us when we house keep - all the rest too - I say Mrs. Austin because she says she has nobody she can go off and visit. I think I will see that no cousins play the part of hostess toward any friend. You ask me if I shall be able to keep house this summer. I hope good things all the time but I 'fess things do not promise very bright fortune for

the present. I have taken care of baby for a week and at the end found myself with pretty fair prospect of a return of last summer's sickness. It is blue I know Love, but I am not quite discouraged, though for a little while my heart went way down. I think I had better not stay here. It really seems to me I have been shut up here so long unable to look outside the gate that if I again get on my back in this house, I never shall get any where else. I am sick of this same, dull round of things, walking from my room to the parlor from there to the kitchen and back again.

Boarding with a baby is a life not to be desired and scarcely to be endured, those tell me who have tried it. Our friends all say they think I could do work about house better than I could take care of a child all the time.

I think if you would be good and not feel inclined to find fault if work that ought to be done sometimes went undone and always there was as little done as would possibly answer our needs and decency, I could get along

Mrs. Fielding will do considerably toward furnishing our house. You say if you knew what I wanted to keep house with you could be getting ready. Yes, dear, we want some sheets and Pillow Cases, you may buy the cloths and make them evenings when you are not busy - we want some Tacks or Comfortables, Tablecloths &c. - I am glad we don't have to go to housekeeping every year, aren't you? You ask me how much money I want. If I went now I should want no more, but if I stay three weeks more I shall have to pay Mrs. Branam for washing some more, and perhaps I had better buy cloths and be making sheets, and the like, I could do it with less trouble here. I have eight dollars of that money you left me which I cannot use for any things. The rest I used at twenty cents, contrary to your orders, but it was cheaper than it would have been to have waited for better, for I wanted Louisa to stay so while I had her with me. I have five

dollars of that Mass. money you sent, and that, with what I get of Mr. Ella, will take me through to you. The money Mother had of you she will pay out for me to Louisa and the washwoman. Sixteen or seventeen dol. I had to use to get ready to go.

Monday morn. —

Love, I am sick, I am nervous and discouraged. I have tried to hope against hope but 'tis no kindness to you to try to do what I cannot do and get sick, sick a bed. I cannot stand up long much less work. My back is getting as bad as 'twas last summer, and if I take care of baby three weeks longer I shall be down. You say you cannot earn enough to pay a girl, if we could get one — What shall we do? I must not stay here, Mother is sick, and she worries about me all the time, making herself a good deal sicker. I have thought of one plan which maybe you will not think is wise but it is the only way I can think of, that is to take a girl along with me and not wait for Mrs. Messer. Mother thinks will not

cost you any more than it would if I could get along with hiring the washing, ironing, and cleaning done, and sewing, all of which I should have to at best this summer. If I could get a good girl to come with me now and help me take care of the baby and do the sewing necessary to be done in order to keep house and one that could do as hard work as I should have to have done, would it not be best?

I think it would. Tell me what you think, tell me now and I will plan accordingly. If you think we better board tell me so.

I am willing to do any thing you think best.

Our folks have a Strawberry and Icecream Festival this evening — of course 'tis not very so warm as it has been — we have not had any very hot weather, mostly coolish.

Don't trouble about me, nor yourself more than you can't help. Baby is well, that at least is good, she is a darling. I kiss her for you; she grows finely. I love you dearest don't you know whether you love me or not?

Good bye Morrie.

Min. June 17/61

Dear Marie:-

I'm just home ^{from} the west
- got three letters from you - the
last written a week ago - Babbitt's
folks have one - one day later from
Mrs. Messer & think she will
not hurry to come for 2 or 3
weeks yet - I send here ^{with} \$10 - 2
\$5 ^{bills} on Cassall Co N.H. Bank.
- You'd better use the good money
first & save the other which you
do not need - Get a P. M. thro'
to St Paul, at Bloomington so
as to have no bother It is about
\$12. - \$6 to Dunleith & \$6 more to
St Paul - Save enough good money
to pay expenses on road & set it
in \$1. bills or change - so as not to
be obliged to take any change
back in bills - for you can use

what you have to of the depreciated
Money, better at B. than to ~~try~~ to
upon the road. Money Matters are
very bad indeed here - I have been
more fortunate than most people
- One is fortunate who can borrow
even, a few dollars of good money
Take abundant care of yourself
and do in all things just as you
think best - I shall feel anxious
now every day - My poor cat
you do me pitiously in these
last letters - and I feel just so
too but will do no good - I must
hear tomorrow that you are better
& going to be better - Will you turn
baby out to grass? I'm afraid
of something - & I shall worry
about it all the time till I
hear from you again - Oh I wish
Mrs. Miller would come - I guess
we can board here for the present
- I have lots of things to tell you

but it seems as though I should
see you soon & so I cannot tell
long stories now - Come soon
love, but be all caution & care
I must not write more
but go & hoe garden -

In haste - Goodbye
kisses many many times for me
- Goodbye - George

N.B. (Dead Letter office)
Enclosed 2 \$5 Bills Cornell Co
Bk N.H. from Geo B Wright
Minneapolis Minn. to
Mrs. Serena M. Wright
Bloomington Ill.

In Cloud Min. Tuesday July 8/41

My Dear Wife

We reached here were safe & sound
last Evening - Two passengers in the Coach for
Frank Garry. - Charlotte & I went to camp
& stood heat, mosquitoes, rain & discomfort
generally. We are now getting ready as fast
as May be & shall be off to day - How
do you do to day? & Baby too? Hope you
are better. I shall write often, as I can &
so much for you - Post Office will be at Alexandria
Douglas Co. - Good bye Love - be a good
sire & keep brave & strong - get well &
be happy late - Good bye - bless you
Your Husband George

never mind all just going to enough now

had ever since had a spite against me, - when
Lucy opened the letter, she says she laughed over
it at first - but Lucy detected an insult &
got terribly angry over it - By & by Sue began
to think it an insult too & they had a regular
hulla-balloo over it & I was voted out in
quick order. - I told Sue before she mentioned this
though - that there was one person ^{in the house} who had I
thought amply paid off all imaginary insults
in real & pointed ones, & that person was Lucy!
That I had never come into the house without
she (Lucy) insulting me if she found a chance,
& that I was just as free to tell her (Mrs C) that
though once I was much pleased & possessed
with Miss Lucy, I now & probably henceforth
forever shall, dislike her thoroughly

We had considerable chaff also similar
to the above - in very plain English - but
with great moderation & charity
The result was that by-fours be by-somes
henceforth - I told her though what you said
in your last letter - that you are more stubborn
than I - and that she must expect it will not
all pass away at once - but that I hoped you
& she would be good friends &c &c.

There my cat - "what do you think of
that my cat?" Its very hot to night -
very - Where are you - what doing? where
is my Mary - Pokay - blessed little kit, write
often - I sent you yesterday \$10 Eastern
write if you get it, My Love to all -
In Hoens Corn - fixing house &c - busy enough -

Good Bye
your servant
Grove

Minneapolis, Minn. June 10th 1865
My Dear Marie - My Wife - My Cat: -

Houdens this never cease - What now
do you think - An explanation of Mrs Chowen's
conduct - reconciliation & all that sort of
thing - Don't sit jealous till you hear the
whole story - It makes me say "Pshaw!"
every time I think of it, so absurd through-
out. Well you see I was going down by Mrs
Chowen's this P.M. about 5 o'clock - I had
never seen Mrs Chowen alone, since
we (you & I & - not Mrs Chowen & I - nor yet
Mrs C. & you) were married - she was sitting
on the Piazza alone - I bowed & passed & she
called me to come in - she had something
to say - I went in & inquired what it
might be - She wanted to know what I treated
her so for, - "I don't" said I, "what do you treat
me so for?" - "In the first place I want to
know what you sent me that insulting letter
for?" "Letter?" said I in perfect astonishment
- "When? - where? How? I never wrote you
an insulting letter - never"

The explanation would take too long
to write out, but the result was as follows
- All go back & give the history of the affair so
that you can see how it all comes in.
When I was in Iowa - a little while before

I went to Mrs. C. I wrote Mrs. C. an illustrated letter - As near as I ~~can~~ remember now it was in this wise - the writing I don't remember at all but the picture was a caricature of Mr & Mrs. Chown & the baby & if I remember rightly the likeness of Mrs. C. was near enough to make a fair Caricature.

It also represented me as a happy & care-free Old Bachelor - Hurraing at my fortunate exemption from family cares &c. - That's all there was that I remember - & that I had not thought of since I sent it, till to-night.

As I never had the remotest idea of anything malicious or insulting in it, of course I was completely taken aback to have it brought up in judgement against me, She says she has the letter yet somewhere & that it is very insulting indeed - I don't think a fair construction of it w^d make it so - But of course I apologise for what might appear to be an insult, though done with no ill-intent & express my sorrow & regret that such a thing should occur. - At the same time very plainly expressing my thoughts & views on the subject - She wanted to know why I did not know what was the matter, that I did not seek an explanation - "For various reasons" - In the first place it is not natural

for me to do so under the most favorable circumstances - Also from the relative position of the two parties it did not appear that it was my business to seek an explanation for as it only appeared that they did not like me ^{& did not} or wish me in the house, of course I could not expect that any explanation could remove a simple dislike, Furthermore, had I sought explanation I could not before today have obtained one - as she would from the first hardly answer a question on any subject & indeed it was very rare indeed when I called there that I could get a sight at her at all - Lastly as I of course reported her strange conduct to you - you had given me what you supposed might be an explanation, wh. was - that as they had always been friendly to me before Marriage - it could be only because (& you had other strong reasons for supposing so) - because you she disliked you! - Mrs. Mrs. C. protested that she always liked you &c &c &c.

I haven't talked so frankly with any one in a good while before. It appears that the letter which wasn't of course intended for publication was opened in presence of Lucy & the Others - Lucy who has never forgiven me for setting the letter of her in a practical joke which she once tried to play on me

ready, I guess. I find it extremely difficult to get along alone with ^{out} logs. I want to go to the stores to buy clothes for sheets, and the like useful articles, but I can't; nor do I always feel able to go and borrow my neighbors horse. I ought to be so near ready that Elsie and I could do the rest in our own house, when she comes, but now we should have nothing to sleep on but a Malrass, nothing to put over us but a feather bed - nothing to eat out of but iron Kettles, and nothing to wipe with but our dress skirts. Did you ever see such green dinners as Mrs. Higgins gets? They are well enough for those who fancy them, but I should have expected you to have turned up your nose had I set milk with mush and bread before you, as you every-day dinner - well, I like it well enough, as the man said about Cod fish - fifty or sixty times, but don't just like it as a steady diet.

Sunday - 14 -

I remember another Sunday brighter than this, and the brightness of which never fades as I hope the darkness of this day will. That Sabbath day I knew where you were, today I wish I knew, but the ^{world} avails nothing - you are away off. The bells are just ringing for Church time - ten o'clock. What a long time since I went to meeting. I must go sometime after Elsie comes if I can walk so far. It really does not look well for a family to habitually stay away from meeting, if they can go - it looks disrespectful, disorderly. Old Mr. Higgins is punctual as the Minister in his attendance at Church. I am getting over a good many notions, born of free opinions or my antiothodoxy ideas, which I have had. Religiously you and I are not too well acquainted, are we? When we get settled, and conclude to live together a few months perhaps we may find our knowledge of each other increasing - and perhaps, as we begin we can continue, to learn by letters of the inner life. I think I have learned a good deal of myself since I was married and I presume the second year of

Minneapolis, July 12, 1861

My dear husband, I wish you just such a bright, freezing morning as we have here; 'tis not particularly pleasing to us lazy folks with thin blood, but precisely the kind to walk in at the rate of a mile a minute. I suppose you have taken up your tent and bed, earlier in the morning than this, and are fairly off. - Good speed you, and bring you to your journey's end with good health and sound feet. Yesterday I received your note from St. Cloud telling ^{me} you had travelled so far in safety. Are the mosquitoes awful, I can't think the heat is. Away off at some future day when you receive my letter the two hundred miles will be behind you, and the bad things of your journey lost in the delights of the work you find to do. Oh! so happy you were to be; supremely happy but for an occasional ^{thought} of Wife and Child. How goes the world with that same Wife and Child? Kindly as usual. Monday after you left Dr. Hatch came in to see me. He is queer looking sure enough, but ever so pleasant; has none of Dr. P.'s green ways, and none of Dr. Dunn's indifference. He has been in once since and I like him, and guess he will cure me up. He gave me medicine and said I might continue the ale at present. My mouth continued to grow worse for a day or two but does not now, so I hope will begin to grow better pretty soon. Dr. said he never could form any idea how soon a

new case would field, it was so different in different persons.

Tuesday Mrs. Messer came and carried us to Mr. Babbitts and brought us home again Wednesday evening, - a two days visit; it was a pleasant visit too; it is always pleasant at Mr. Babbitts; he is such a perfect man at home, a gentleman in all things. Among his children Mr. Babbitt is what a man ought to be, I do not know how to praise him sufficiently; he never tires of them, never gets in the least fretted, when he is busiest he never pushes them aside, as most fathers do; don't get impatient at a whole army of questions, but kindly answers the simplest, and has in all things due consideration for childish feelings. I like Mr. Babbitt, honor or no honor; he has qualities which most men lack, and which will atone for much. Grand-ma Holt said she liked my husband very much, so do I.

Uncle Isaac has been to see me, and offered me milk and butter, I shall of course patronize them in their need before my rich neighbors.

Saturday 13 -

Baby woke up when I got so far and baby is my master in all things. I have just dressed her, and she was asleep when I began writing but little blue eyes are opening and little hands beginning to fly - if you get much more letter to-day 'twill be a wonder. It is bluer and colder than ever this morning, good for you, so I don't care, - - -

The bell rang just about five minutes ago and who should come in but Ada, and now she is gone again, she rode over with Mrs. Loomis and had to go right back; came yesterday

is going over to see her Mother then coming to make me a long visit. She looks healthy. She says Mary is Georges baby. I wouldn't wonder, would you, but the little lady is crying which seems more like me.

A line at a time -

You will get a letter by and by; Mary is asleep again. I hope to get another letter from Elsie to-day, it is time. She wrote me the same time she wrote you, and the same thing, sending it to Bloomington. I am in a hurry to go into our own house - getting sort of sick boarding. Sister Keith came to see me yesterday and told ^{me} she should come for me the first of the week to stay awhile with her. She is a dear woman.

Mrs. Anderson came yesterday morning and carried my baby over to her house, and I went too as appertaining to the little one, staying to dinner. Dr. A. said my baby was handsome, he is a man of taste.

I had a letter from Father the other day; they are well as usual at home, and no better, Mama feeling sick, and Grand-ma cutting up as usual, she will kill them all in a little while, then cry it out alone. She has reason enough if only she would use it. - - - Mr. Higgins has just brought in two letters for you, one from Chaska; a Quit-claim deed from Salmon Green to Silas Whitcomb of land in Wright Co. I will not send it, to you - the other is from Homer Wright; he sends Carlos Wilcox affectionate letter back to you I wish when you sent it to the Tribune you had sent with your true name so his friends in Minnesota might have seen the whole truth. I will send along with this Homer letter. I did not hear from Elsie. She will come as soon as I am

and see if I have the house would be better. -
would be to discharge my father and I think one by the way
so in person to be sure thing given. No thing - thing & should do
and no one there, and just as you left - it. I shall have to
Mr. Briggs went to our house Thursday, have looked up
muddled life will teach me more than the first, that is if I
am woman enough to take command of my own house. I shall
learn much of my capabilities, also my limitations - Mary, too, if
God shares her to us, will teach us both what we can and
what we cannot, what we must and must not do. If she
lives and I live Oh! the bitter repentings and self-reproaches
I shall suffer for wrong trainings. I doubted the

policy of beginning another sheet with such a wide-awake rest-
less baby; she don't mean to sleep today only as I hold her. I
have laid her in the Rocking Chair now but she don't fancy that
very much, Mama's arms are better than rocking even.
I have had a fit of conscience since you left, and put long
sleeves on Mary, I couldn't stand little blue, cold arms, she
looks funny in a little sacque, close at the wrists, but just as
pretty, indeed rather prettier, than even.

You have heard no war news, of course, since you went a-
way, the telegraph dispatches, that something decisive
was about taking place, is being verified; war has really
begun, both in Missouri and Virginia, the Union troops
being always victorious. I will send you two or three papers having
some account of the battles. We have not got today's paper, I
suppose that will give more particulars. I see the Company we
sent last from Bloomington are surrounded by Rebels and
in great danger. You have not seen the President's message
either, have you. If I knew how to get it I would send it

I disliked to ask Mr. Higgins to do anything, he seems willing enough, but I imagine he dont see much sense in my wants or any necessity; indeed they are country folk in this house while I am not a bit. Croffut has gone

East - went a day or two before Ada came, she is almost cross about it. Ada said, "tell George I have come and I send ever so much love". I am writing with baby in my lap and when I stop rocking she begins kicking. I have had to calculate my chances in writing this letter and it is a wonder I have written anything but baby I have thought so continually of her, between her crying, and my anxiety lest she should cry.

I must finish now if ever, I am tired working for you and Mary. My mouth I think is better today, otherwise I am as you left me - I miss you very much what little you were in the house relieved me a good deal, I find, in taking care of baby - I miss you, too, all the time, your coming and going; but I can stand it, I must, so I can see you at the end of three months, dont say four, for I couldnt stand that, and 'twould be a pity to die for one month. When will I get a letter from you? Now Love Good-bye - for how long I can not tell - I will write, but when you ^{will} get it I do not know. Take good care of your health, and get all the good you can from your trip. Be not anxious about me, I shall do nicely. I love you dear heart, God bless you.
Your wife Maria.

any wife & baby to worry about must
be perfectly happy & content - Oh it
is such a luxury - the charm & fasci-
nation of camp life away from the
world - I'm afraid my Dear that you
have lost me entirely - except in
winter - Can you bear to be a
widow for 6 mos in the year? Or will
you go with me? - I have your
picture open before me - I like you
- I do! You're handsome - or used
to be when you was a gal

I've been to dinner - It is very warm
you are writing to me aren't you
- Still & quick you are in Minneapolis
- And in Bloomington what doing &
how are they - Bloomington now is
perfectly lovely - The memory of it
is all beautiful bright & charming -
Even Phoenix's duty office loaded
with papers & confusion, is quite
delectable - Phoenix hall - Coal &
dinner ~~and~~ airy - of blessed memories -
- Oh! The good old days - they'll never
come back will they - alas for the
brave old days - A year ago & I
was leaving Minnesota - perhaps
forever - a year hence who can
guess - How do you do Love?

I love you - Kiss Mary for me
Does she grow? & look just like
her Pa? Who has written you & me
- Has Ada come - & is Elsie coming
- Write to me at Alexandria
Douglas Co. - "Geo B Wright - Surveyor"
- I'll try to write more before I send
good bye love & love

Lake Amelia. Cass Co. Minn. July 14/61
My Darling Wife -

Almost there - tomorrow
we reach our work - one week
gone - & in a week from today
I hope to hear from you - Are you
well? I hope that lantern-jawed
Doctor hasn't made you worse
- You might die forty times & I never
hear - so I have a perfect right to
worry about you - You may feel
perfectly safe & easy about me though
- it is quite impossible that I should
get sick here - We are getting
things in very good shape indeed
- Our cook is superb - he has us out
to breakfast at 5 o'clock - & is clean
neat & economical - Our tent is
well-ventilated & mosquito-proof.
- We have a pretty good company
- Chariton is a very respectable &
considerate boss - "Boston" is one of

our Chairmen, is a clerk fresh from
a clothing store in Dock Square -
- "Gurner" is a son of His Excellency
Gov. Washburn of Maine - Wheelock
once a Registers Deputy is Teamster
- John Hury - "Chippeway" - "Buckeye"
make up the crew - We have salt
fork - Bacon - Flour - beans - Sugar - butter
tea - coffee - salt condiments - dried apples
& peaches - & lots of traps - We have passed
through some most beautiful country
since we left St Cloud - nearly all the
time on prairie - we passed along the
valley of the Sauk in company with
the 2 Companies for St Abercrombie
- Dodge & Olmsted Co Volunteers. Capt
Markham - We average 20 miles
a day - walk nearly all the way
as we can go faster than the teams.

This is the last house on the way
Mr Pettijohn's - He was from Minneapolis.

We are camped on the bank of
the lake - a beautiful sheet of
water - The boys are all busy

Boston is characteristically mending
his shirt - cook is grinding coffee
- Charlton is looking over the traps &
the rest are lounging - reading or
writing - by & by we will wash our
shirts - I'm sitting on my pack at
the door of the tent - leaning against
the tent poles - my valise open
before me - a book on my knee
- scribbling - as you see, most of
all I would like to see my
dear Wife - and my little one - I
think of them & wonder if they are ^{well}
& doing well - my heart goes down
when I think they may be sick &
away here and cannot know
- if I did know I could not help
them - Dearest - you are my life
- all I think & hope & do is good
for you - It is a kind of luxury to
worry even - for you - but although
I know I am happier far now than
I ever used to be when out surveying
- it seems as though the boys who have

Crystal Lake, July 18, 1861,

My dear Husband

Greeting to you - How fare you to-day? You have reached your journey, and I suppose and now are putting your eyes out over your compass in the bright sun. You see I have left Minneapolis

Flannia's husband (shall I ever say brother - it takes me a long time to acknowledge a new relative) came for me Tuesday after noon, I have come to stay I presume two weeks.

Since I began writing I have stopped and pondered awhile over whether to go on or wait until I went ^{go} to Town before writing you but I don't like to go three weeks without writing for fear of missing a mail and I know you would be gladder of a pencil scratch than nothing. I am writing with the best the house affords - positive proof of happiness, for there is no absent husband or wife to call for pen and ink. I am better - my mouth is all

healed up, and without that dreadful stuff Sulphate of Zinc - it is not well yet but 'twill get well without losing Mary's dinner. Mary is well, hearty and good - she is asleep this morning, having a nice long nap. She is sweet as sugar, every bit.

Don't her poor Papa think he would give his boots for
a sight at the little face? Love - I do want to see you.
I have heard nothing from Elsie - I shall send to the office
to-morrow and perhaps get something. It is pleasant up
here - sufficiently quiet - we have occasionally a chorus
by the two babies. I do not think Hannah is as well as
I am - she gets up so tired, and when a person does that
they are wearing out. Poor child - she is no more able
to work than her baby. We are as far from the Seat
of war in this house as you at Red River. The last
news before I left was of a battle ~~by one~~ of wherein one
of McClellan's Col. ~~won a battle~~ taking 1,000 prison-
ers and killing among others Gen. Garnett - and
completely routing the Rebels in Virginia -
loss on our side as reported by C'lellan only 11-K
and 40 wounded - the troops were Indiana and
Ohio. Our First feel quite flattened over the prospect
of being ordered out as the advance of the Grand Army.
About two hundred of our men sick from the
heat and unwonted exertions.

I am beginning to think 'tis high time three months
were past and you back again - I want to hear
how you get there, how you are and how you are doing.
Mr Anderson said 'twas a "hard road to travel"
and I fear no London at the end. Be happy and
live in spite of widowhood - I kiss many you her
father, and wish I could kiss him for myself. She is
a precious child and tells me many sweet stories
about you - Good by Love.

Your wife Anne.

Dear Bro., Onell July 21 1861

I rec^d your last letter ^{Dated} on board
steamed on the Mississippi River some time
since & ought to have answered it before
this but have not found a convenient
time to do & even now you seem so
far away that it seems that I can hardly
reach you by letter Eliza & Willie both away
from home & little Geo on my right reading
uncle Tom & Charlie on my left reading
the Independent so you see I am not
alone though I feel lonely Eliza went
home with her sis Mary to Saratoga Springs to
see if rest & recreation will not help
her will stay 2 or 3 weeks if she gains
her health not quite as good as usual.
You saw her last fall Willie is out to
his Uncle Hyman Clark, Emma's husband
working on the farm our ^{hay} crops pretty
fair but people have not much to sell
& consequently unable to pay old debts
or pay for goods business very dull
& collections almost out of the question
The war absorbs the attention of all
classes - Rec^d a letter from Father week
since is quite poorly thinks of going
to Caledonia Springs Canada with mother next
month hope he will rec^d a letter from Sarah
she is quite low spirited & I fear she has some real
cause for it wish they were settled on a farm
in your section of country & Wooster would

up practice & I think they would be both
happier & it would be better for George,
when father wrote Louisa had gone to Lancaster
Norman was at home & his health better than
it had been, & the children well as usual.
Are you farming this summer
do you keep house or is Mrs W + Daughter
yet in Illinois - I should like to visit
Minnesota & Minnesota & if my business
was closed think on a of Eliza's health &
in trust - of my children I would like
to settle in Minnesota but I do not
see much prospect of it for instead
of getting out I am getting more & more
extended - & my collections nothing
our Country in a great commotion
yet hope the Government will
be sustained & the rebellion put
down Love to all the friends &
hope to hear often from you & believe
me your friend & Bro in Christ
P.S. I have not

1861
heard a word from Edw Wright
Eliza & little Charlie this
summer how is her Mother in Iowa
when I think of them I can but think
of our own Brother whose body is in the
cold grave away from home & friends
but trust his spirit is in Heaven & may
we so live that we may hope to meet him
in the world of Bliss & dwell with him
Evermore. Gladly Bro Geo

I think we have reason always to love and honor our folks at home, for the love they have given us. Grandma Daniels

is better since I came away, I knew I was chief cause of strife.

She was jealous of every attention paid me. Father says he has written some more about a Consulship and Jesse Fell is in Washington pushing matters somewhat. I hope he will succeed.

Papa says, "How would you like to have Grandma and Mattie with nothing to pay for either". In my own house I think I could sit along with Grandma very well.

Mr. Messer and Clara get along sadly alone - Mr. Messer has been sick - threatened with bilious fever, I would not wonder if Mrs. M. went home before long - I should if I was her; her mother is nicely now, and no particular necessity keeps her here. Mrs. Messer came to see me while I was away.

Adeline I wrote you had come, she, too, came and found me gone, I wish she would come again. I guess she will pretty soon.

While I waited at the Post Office this morning, Will Cornell passed within two feet of the carriage and did not know me - have I changed so much? I do not like the looks of the man Will as well as I did the boy. He looks too smart, and the immatured whiskers are not becoming. Hasn't Crockett grown handsome?

Never a one of my used to be particular friends know I am in town.

I dare say you would have paid a dime for half a dozen apples a bag just showed me at the window. I would if I could have tasted them two hundred miles.

I had lots of blue berries at Sisters; blue berries and cream, blue berries stewed and blue berry pies.

My strawberries got tired of staying in a bottle and one bottle burst - the cork and came out - only one bottle, and these have spoiled I guess.

Charlie Ames writes me "Cherries are ripe", we all wish we could send you some". I wish so too.

I had a pleasant visit at Hannah's, though 'tis rather far from town in war times.

Poor Hannah is not a bit well. If I was real well I would stay with her this summer and let her rest from work.

Friday - Mrs. Loomis and Ada called after I finished writing - Ada is not at all well - she is worrying very much about her brothers, they have got heard nothing from them St. A. and M. Com. panies; the report is they were not engaged in the battle. Ada is going back to teach within four miles of St. Louis. She wants to go on with her German. Mrs. Loomis sends much love to you, so does Ada - So do I. S. M.

My Husband - Dearest,

I am so glad to hear from you, and to hear so well. I came down from Sister Hannah's about two hours ago, on my way home called at the P. O. and got your letter with three others - two from Father, and one from Cousin Whitcomb, which I will send along. You got to your journey's end sooner than I expected somewhat, and, from your letter, I think you were a good deal better and happier than my fears made you, after so long a tramp. But 'twas only just begun. Love, I know the mosquitoes, heat and blinded eyes were fit to come; there will be many days in these long three months when to be with Wife and baby, would be better than to be a horny-faced, single-hearted Surveyor. At any rate I will not now begin to trouble for the summer yet to come, but content myself happy if this one passes, and brings no more, but far.

Mary and I are well and doing well - Dr. Hatch has about cured my mouth, for which my everlasting thanks are due - till it breaks out again. Baby seems perfectly well and is good as a bit - she is lying on the table wide-awake as I write; she is too active for me to manage; she is as fond of jumping as her pa, and could jump must as far, if I would let her; hands and feet going continually; they certainly will not wither for want of action. Yes, baby is just like her

Father, and grows more like every day - my living picture, I don't have to resort to such poor sun-pictures as console your widowed heart. my, our blessed Mary! I wonder how Cousin Whitcomb got so learned in mysteries? how did he know our child would be a girl?

Do you get papers? I am sorry I sent none before I went away. The news for the past few days have been of the most fearful interest. A great battle was fought last Sunday at Bulls Run; we were repulsed, with a loss of from five to six hundred. The whole Southern force were engaged against us, or the greater part of it. Gen Beauregard, Johnston and Davis were all there in person. I will send the papers if I can get them. Our Minnesota Boys were among the bravest. God pity the poor hearts today who are waiting in painful anxiety news from their friends who were in the fight. The telegraphs first spread the news all over the land that our defeat was shameful, and loss immense, five or six thousand killed, the darkness of death settled over all hearts, the suspense and anxiety were terrible. Gov. Ramsey is calling for volunteers to fill up the Second Regiment.

But you will not care to read in a letter what you can better read in papers. Papa writes me Mrs. Browning died in Italy not long ago. In losing her Italy has lost a most enthusiastic lover. One by one the great leave us for the great unknown beyond us. Pretty soon we will all be there. Mr. Cla sends word by Father that as he has heard Mr. Wright has left me for

Indian country if I will come back to Bloomington he will see that I am taken care of. What say you to that?

I hear nothing from Elsie. We have had quite a little diversion since I began writing, - a peddler just came in with polishing powder and a terrible tongue; such yarns as he told were astonishing; two balls of powder I might have for ten cents, I asked why not one for five, oh! he was sworn not to sell less than ten cents worth at a time - well I couldn't think of buying ten cents worth, after a vast deal of talk and rubbing on a tin dipper, he offered me a ball for five cents, remarking he was sworn not to sell less than ten worth. I refused to buy telling him I could not think to make him break his oath. He said I had humbugged him. He tried the "Latetic" - said he had two brothers worth twenty-five thousand dollars killed Sunday in battle. A appalling loss!

I have just read again your letter to see that I missed no questions that you would like answers. I am surprised that Wheelock, who used to be deputy for Papa should be your teamster. I wonder couldn't my husband make a bargain with Boston to mend his shirts, while he writes to me. Why, you are lots wiser than you represented such campers as being, to wash your shirts only one week from home. Father says Mother is no better, threatened with those old distress spells a good deal. Dear Mamma! I am afraid for her. Do you know she half, if not quite, feels that you left them with a little hardness in your heart. I feel that there is a something, I hardly know what, between you and them and I am so very sorry.

(Yesterday I went visiting with Hannah to see a cousin of my mother's, one who came to Minnesota with us. I asked her about my father and learned more of him than I ever knew. He did not die of consumption, as I supposed, but of palsy. He was sick only a few months, and died March 1841.

He was not a lazy man and shiftless, as I had been told, but smart, and nice in his personal appearance. My mother did suffer somewhat from the disease I have been troubled with but was brought on by carelessness, after the birth of my youngest sister.

Judson has come home from four fields - 'tis five o'clock - he has ~~been~~ ^{done} thirteen rows of corn, which finishes that job. Four new fences are done. Old Mr. Higgins says he was at our house a few days ago and no paint was visible on the exterior of the house. With what astonishing rapidity that man works! he must make a superb living.

Friday, July 26 —

It is a beautiful, glorious morning. After I dressed Mary and put her to sleep I went into Dr. Anderson's a few minutes and have just returned. Mrs. A. says Ada is only going to stay two weeks longer. I wouldn't have come at all for so short a visit. It is so provoking.

There are no particular news in this morning's paper. Mrs. A. said she went over last night to see Mrs. Dr. Bottelier, whose husband, as you will have seen was supposed killed. Poor woman, she is entirely frustrated. Her husband assured her so positively that in his position there would be no danger that she felt ~~confidently~~ almost secure.

Oh! my Love, what can all these wives and mothers do in their desolation. God help them, for assuredly there can be no other help for so great an affliction. War is too cruel to bring any good. I keep thinking of the words Mrs. Browning makes a mother say, "What is death to me, with both my sons dead?" I wish I could keep tear for you to-day.

Sometimes I get very homesick and can imagine but little happiness away from you, then I think how infinitely blessed I am in having you this side of Virginia, even two hundred miles farther off than I am from Battle Fields, and I care nothing about this separation. But do not rest too securely in your health and strength; don't be careless and expose yourself when not necessary, and let no necessity carry you into danger.

If your cook is ever so good you have miserable food for summer time. Don't tell me you haven't, I don't care if how hard you work your food is mean. I wonder if you don't drink tea and coffee? Do you have good water? All sorts of things, I suppose - poor bog half the time no doubt.

I hear baby waking, I must send you this to-day. Sunday I will write again. After your letter got started 'twas only four days coming to me. It has been a week since I wrote, but I had nothing to write worth really.

My dear Husband, I love you, and my life is only half a life with you away, but for our darling, who blesses all my days, time would pass so heavily to be endured.

I do kiss our dear baby for you, and talk to her of you and with her sweet smile she drives away the gathering shadows.

Dear Heart, away way off, bless you a thousand times, - and our Father bless you, and care for you, and bring you home again to your Wife and Little one all well.

Your Marie.

Evening. — I have got baby asleep and laid up on the table on pillows — Blessed baby — my little ~~angel~~ Angel. I don't know sweet names enough to call her — my last, best gift from God.

Dearest, I do want you to-night — you want me, too, don't you? Mrs. Higgins has just gone walking with her husband — I wonder if she knows how blessed she is, and how happy she ought to be? If we could only be together. We cannot and my heart almost fails me to think of these many days I shall want but cannot have you.

The dear God save you and bring us together at last. My heart reproaches me for any complainings of this absence when I remember other souls who love as we love suffering now a separation oh! so bitter, their hearts crushed to the earth with thinking it may be forever, or while life lasts, and until they are gathered together beyond the stars.

It is getting dark, too dark for anybody's eyes to see to write, beside our little one is telling me she wants her dinner pretty soon. I will in the morning tell you how I can how we do to-night — I ever bless my husband —

Monday 29 —

I am not so lonely today as last night — Mother came this morning, the same time I came five weeks ago, I am so glad. She seems better than I expected to see her and she has been better since she fairly got away from home. We go out to Mrs. Babbitts this afternoon, Mrs. Anderson comes us out. We have talked lots so quick — You know she to tell me every thing that has happened since I came away — Pa sent me some nice big red apples, I wish you had them all but one. Ma sends love to you.

I have not sent to the office to-day I hope for something from Elsie — Isn't it strange? She is deliberating I guess.

My Love — that is all I can say, just My Love. I guess baby sends kisses to Papa — I do — Your wife
Marie.

^{Apolly}
Minnesota, Sunday, July 28, 1861,

My Dear Husband,

I wonder what you are doing this Sabbath morning, I would give my baby to know — give her to you. The bells are just ringing for meeting, and we have but now eaten breakfast. Our Cook don't get us up to breakfast quite as early as yours does you. Is not Sunday morning an exception in Camp life? You have been at work two weeks, if all is well; away from me three weeks; it seems vastly more like three months. I never knew such long three weeks I believe. Will all these months go by so slowly day by day?

Temps don't forget where I am. I wish you were here to go to meeting with me. I am afraid would be only a meeting of two. I would be content with even so small an assembly however. But how do you, Love? I hope well, 'tis the best I can do in the absence of knowledge.

Me — baby and I, do well, very well. Baby is kicking with all her hands and feet, and spitting, too, because her mother won't laugh and talk with her; She gives me such big, grateful smiles when I leave writing a minute and give my attention to her. I have set her up in a chair before me and her big blue eyes are stretched wide open looking at me. I am in the kitchen, in not being warm weather enough yet to sit without a fire, Summer means to give us the slip this year.

After an interval of an hour I take my pen again, I have been tassing and socking Mary and
Coring

I was going to say, she is asleep but on looking up I find her wide awake so I may prepare for another hour's jumping and playing.

For a wonder the folks have all gone to Church, I am here alone with little one. It is a beautiful day, I wish Mary and I had a good little horse that would drive himself, we would go riding. It is so still! It would be so perfect if My Love was here with us too.

My dearest love, if I can compare two loves so full and perfect.

I have seen married women, never a man I think, who regretted that they had no children to share the love they wished entirely to appropriate. I think most women before marriage feel that a child would be in the way, I believe men are not usually so exclusive in loving. I think the most of men know very little of their wives or of other women, and I think women whose husbands love and respect them know as little of man-kind. There are distinctly two worlds peopled by the two sexes separately. Almost every woman dares to say to some other woman what she would never say to a man, though he were her husband, and is the same true of men? If I have heard rightly they dare say ten thousand rude things among themselves, they would blush their wives should see in their thoughts. Through Father and Mother, and some through you I have learned men's virtue in men to be exceeding rare, a plant ^{rarely} scarcely, if ever indigenous and of extremely slow growth.

I was almost shocked at your want of faith in your own sex the other Sunday when I told you a story of wickedness I thought almost unparalleled. You did not even wonder, nor account it a very unusual thing. — — — — — It is after dinner now — dinner of bread and meat with cucumbers. We wonder

while we ate what your Cook gave you for Sunday's dinner. I deduced said maybe some of the boys went fishing this morning and caught a dinner. Mrs. Iddon suggested that wasn't proper as 'twas Sabbath day when I told her you wrote to me Sunday just before you went to wash your shirt.

I think I shall go to meeting this afternoon — it be odd? I shall at four to hear Mr. Nickerbocker, as that is nearest, and on the whole quite as good as any, I guess. I went in to see Mrs. Daniels last night, a lady I used to know before I left and who is not far from here, Mr. N. came in while I was there — we got talking about the war, and I found the Reverend Gentleman decidedly in favor of sustaining Government but at the same time much more charitable in his feelings toward the South than we are wont to feel; he disbelieves the stories of murderous atrocity we hear so often, and thinks our troops more likely to forget the rules of warfare than the Southern. On the whole he talked very like a Christian though I wonder at his calmness, and don't know whether the imperturbable temper of the man is just the thing for these times or not.

This morning's Press brings the official Report of our killed, wounded and missing from Col. Gorman. Only two of the Regimental Staff missing, Drs L. Boutillier and Stewart, both supposed to be taken prisoners. Our Minneapolis Company, Capt. Putnam was wounded, Orange S. King and George Maddock wounded and missing — that was all the ill fortune they met with. Company C — Capt. Morgan — one private killed, James R. Mass — and ten wounded, among whom I see one of Ada's brothers, Rufus Jefferson.

Have you seen the death of Mrs. Longfellow — the Poet's wife — she was burned to death a short time ago, her clothes taking fire.

Sundays since that beautiful blessed
day when your Ma & Cyrus let us
walk along thro Cambridge together
- Considerate two folks weren't
they? - In two days comes Aug 6
when you are 21 - Oh these
Anniversary Days - Think when
next Sunday comes of two years
ago - and ask baby for me what is
her opinion of your putting that
little hand of yours in mine,
two years ago? Did you even!
Who would have thought it - that
you or I certainly two years
ago - But after all - Babies or
Married folks do seem kind of
natural together;

Shavuk time to write more
- we have lots of Sunday work
& no go-to-meeting - no leisure
- & then we is tired

Good by - Darling
Kiss baby & tell her lots good
things for me
Your Husband George

In Camp Sunday Aug 4th
My Darling Marie -

A good morning - to you &
I. - Last night when we got back to
camp after a five mile walk
among mosquitoes, lakes, marshes
& tangled brush - worn & torn -
at 10 o'clock at night - we found
the Mail had come - I got your
three letters - the last mailed
July 27th - Oh so glad you are
well & baby well - & so too I can
say to you, am I today - A man
goes to the P.O. today & I can't send a
word - I've worried about you
& baby - You can't think how blessed
it seems - the thought of you ever so
easy writing to me & baby wide
awake & "good as a kit" - We got lots
before last night - the two "Purses"
23rd & 24th wh you sent being latest
of all - It is so much etc. Now it

comes home to us - the honors of civil war when our friends fighting bravely are cut down & defeated & the dead counted by thousands - The Northern heart will see now it is no boys-play & that this is not a war for revenge - not to gratify a sectional spite - not for glory or honor - not for conquest - but a terrible necessity which must be met, & in wh every man must feel that his country demands his utmost capacity & that his life is nothing in the scale compared with the maintenance of National integrity -

It is terrible - sad - though.

I havent time to tell you what we are doing - It has been very hard work the past week - It will be easier hereafter

We are well - doing well & will be back by by - when? - in October sure - Why in the

would havent that man painted that house - he promised fairly that he would do it immediately the morning I left - And Mr Higgins & tell him he must do it at once as he agreed -

Tell me all your domestic economy - how the corn grows & how the garden looks & if the things in the house - & the house itself & everything else all right & what you do. & I suppose bring

I wrote Four Pa a day or two ago - Have written my Pa once since I left Minneapolis - How the wind blows - it takes all my hands to hold the paper -

Oh My Love I love you - God bless & prosper you - Keep well & take care of baby write often & long - I'll get the letters occasionally -

Today is Aug 4. Two years of

Since I wrote you last and sent you papers there has been
war news of any account - They seem to be getting the Grand Army
in readiness again. The Sec. of War has abolished the Fugitive
Slave Law by proclaiming all colored people in Alexandria free
and giving them wages for their work for the Government, and saying
all who hereafter escape from slavery shall be free.
Judson wants me to say he is building Mr. Chapman's fence - he
has built forty rods and Mr. C. wants to get off from building any
more - making your fence as good as nothing, Judson says -
He will see C. and remind him of his promise

Tuesday noon
Do you wish me a happy new year, Love? I know ^{you} do -
I hope it is cool where you are - it is cool here for the first time
in a week. I am going down to Minne ha-ha this morning
with Mrs. Keays - I am not feeling able - Mrs. R. came from
Bloomington with Mama, to visit Minnesota. George Chover
came in this morning to see us - He is going to carry Mama
out to Mr. Hammons, where she spends the day - I am going
there too after we come back from the Falls. He is queer -
I am not, you know...
Go Molt and his family are stopping at Father's - on their way here from Tenn. They had to
leave to make sure of their lives - Left all their property
behind them, and came with an ox team all the way, and now intend
coming eight hundred miles to Minnesota the same way.
Clare is not very well or he would join Hovey's Regiment -
He and his father have both been sick for want of a woman
to care for them. Clare wants a letter from you very much.
Tomorrow we go over to Mrs. Loomis - Ada was over to see
us last evening a little while - she sends her love to you - she
likes you better than me - I commend her good taste - Prof. Midstrand
is mad at you, not on Lucy's account but because you kicked him on

Ada says Delas
is in love with
Miss. Harrington
and she dislikes
Lucy - Lucy is
half the times in
tears, something being
done wrong, but Lucy
is silent - at's poor
trying to make all
bright.

Dearest, I love
you - when shall
I hear from you?
Baby is well this morn-
ing - but sleepy now.
For ever yours,
Maie.

Minneapolis, Aug. 4, 1861.

Peace and joy be with you this Sabbath day.
Poor, dear Saul are you most killed with the dreadful heat of the last
week? It has been as much as we could bear sitting quietly indoors. The
mercury has ranged from 92 to 98 all the week and to-day is just the
same. Last Monday we went from here to Mr. Babbitts and did
not come home till last evening, staid all the week. Mother has
ridden around a little, and called to see a few old friends but the
heat has kept her indoors most of the time. It was pleasant staying
at Mr. Babbitts. They are very good friends indeed, but their house
does not offer a quiet home to any body, they each and all, saving
who says Mr. Babbitt, have in a very high degree the faculty
of making a mess and getting confused. Baby Mary enjoyed the
visit - I never saw a child so good, she has hardly cried at all and will
lie and play kicking and jumping, nearly all the time. Mother says
she is a perfect beauty. She looks just like her Father. (!)
I have not heard anything from you since your letter from Sank
Center. I don't know how or when to look for a letter so I rest
very quietly, expecting to be made glad one of these days, and trusting
in the final wearing away of all the weeks dividing us. I find letters
woefully unsatisfactory, though I can't do without them, you know.
Is it not strange I hear nothing from Elsie? It is four weeks to-day
since you wrote to her last. I am going to write a line to-day for

fear you last by some means misses her. Mr. Higgins says Mr. Hodge has gone to work at another job and has done nothing yet. Mr. Higgins told him I was getting impatient and wanted the house finished; he said this other job came three weeks earlier than he expected. After we are through visiting I shall go to house keeping anyway whether Elsie comes or stays. One thing I can't eat so any longer, 'tis good of its kind and I find no fault, but this way of living is bad for baby and I eat always. I think I am better for good. I can do lots I couldn't do; walk better, too. My mouth Dr. Hatch keeps subdued but does not cure for long at a time, but it will do me no harm I guess as long as I grow stronger. Mary, you remember, is twelve weeks old today - almost three months old. Day after tomorrow I am twenty one, just reaching womanhood. It will be my second Birth-Day since I was married - my first since I was a Mama.

Nothing is out, Mama will be coming pretty soon. She finds old friends very much the same, not changed I think so much as she expected they would be. She saw George Chowers the other day. He was very profuse in his apologies for having not called to see Mrs. Wright and said he should come today to see us. My old friends have changed, but no more than I have, and 'tis a mercy to change sometimes.

Who do you suppose called and left their cards while I was away for me? Miss Lucy & Hawkins and C. A. Midstrand.

No doubt they would be glad to see Mrs. Wright's Mother. Prof was a good friend of hers, but etiquette forbade calling on her when they had not noticed her daughter. A most unfortunate quarrel, surely! Call on me indeed! They will please call on my husband first and cancel all the past with him. Of course I shall receive kindly

and be glad to see George, for I forgive Sue. Though if I was he I would not be such a goose as to apologise, for certainly I know if he had wanted to he might have seen me a dozen times.

Monday Aug. 5 -

My Love - I am really troubled about you this hot weather. How can you endure it? and this burning sun will put your eyes out. If I could only hear from you that you are well and doing well I should be so glad. This morning I don't think I will ever let you go off again for so long a time or half so long a time. What do you say to that? Of course if I would let you you can't go.

Mother has got two letters from Father this morning; he talks strongly of going as Chaplain for Hovey's Regiment who have been called into Service. Is it not folly with such a family, Mother so sick, Grand ma sick, Will y. to take care of? And how would a man that thinks he is killed at home by a little irregular diet and a hot day stand marching, it maybe through through country far South, for they some expect to go to New Orleans, and living upon the uncertain of our Soldiers' lives. It would be just murder. It makes Mother sick to think of it. She is real sick anyway this morning, she is tired with these distress spells. How can he think of it, when too there is another man contending for the same place. It is partly for pecuniary reasons - hard times is affecting our Society in Bloomington very much; they do not pay much, and Father thinks the prospect is poor for another year. Go to war for money! It might do better if there was any certainty of making money and returning alive, even then there is something shocking in it. I feel so almost vexed at him for thinking of it.

from the battle, since those papers I sent - I will send you some more papers.

I suppose you did not pay D Hodge for his work - I will see him and then get another man to do the work for he has not kept his engagement - now I am ready to go into my house and shall have to go without blinds until they can be painted twice over and dried. And wish the house looking like a barn outside, too - If it takes him as long to finish the new job when will he get to our house again?

My strawberries are keeping well - I meant to have got some Raspberries, they were so nice and plenty, but I am helpless - I can do nothing only through some body. I mean to get some blackberries -

We have heard nothing further from Father in relation to the Chaplaincy. Mary is scolding him - she always wins by scolding - she looks so little and so pret and bright - that Mother calls her, after Pauline in Villette "Miss Polly". Every body tells me she is a remarkably forward baby, and I am not slow to believe them. I see I may make up my mind to get letters or not to get letters, just as it happens - So be it - don't trouble for us - and take care of yourself, and God keep you, my precious Love. I love you now as ever with all my heart and am yours for better for worse, till - when? Mary is crying -

Good-bye dearest -

Your wife Maria.

Minneapolis, Aug. 4 1861.

My Love.

Are you well today? If you will only keep well, I am sure all things will work together for good. Your letter, the second written after you got to, or rather left St. Cloud, I received yesterday morning. Two weeks after your last before. What would I have thought if I had known we were coming to this - such a long separation - no letters - no Rail Roads nor Steamboats, no anything but swamps, water and brush, mosquitoes, poisoned feet and tiredness! Bless your dear Heart! It is too bad - but one month has gone, and two more I am sure will go.

You tried to cover up all your discomforts and accounted them nothing that I might not worry, but I could see a long way through a sheet of paper and could feel just how tired and worn you were. You are on a good prairie now I am hoping; and Oh! I hope you have ^{not} the burning, stinging sun we have had for a week. I suppose my letters went from Alexandria to you by the same one who carried your letter there.

It will relieve you to know Mary and I are well, as we were then. We still make our headquarters at Mr. Higgins. But if I am favored in my plans next week we shall go home. I still hear nothing from Elsie - I have written to know what is the matter. There is a Mrs. Wetmore, whose husband is in the War, who I guess I can get to help me awhile. Mr. Higgins says our garden is invaded by some body, and as our peas and things are getting eatable I think 'tis high time I was there. Oh! what a blessing to be in

ones own home. Our darling is kicking me as I write, and putting for me to talk with her. She is getting wonderfully bright. I look up and say "May don't scold any more", her blue eyes glisten and she smiles so gladly, that, were it not for exciting the little head too much I am sure I should keep on talking. She is well and good - Mother says she never saw so good a baby. Mother has gone down to Sister Keith's this afternoon, whether I may follow tomorrow.

Yesterday morning Ada came over and we went to Mr. Loomis for the day. He had a pleasant visit; Mrs. Loomis was as bright and chatty as could be, and Ada the same she ever is. I saw that picture of you and your elbow that Adeline has. I had heard so much about its being so good that I was considerably taken aback. The expressions I never saw, and I don't call ^{it} half so good a likeness as my picture that you just so over. You have grown old, Love, since I knew you first. I could get from that picture a look of three years ago "When we were first acquainted". Don't let family cares oppress you so very much.

I should have got your letter the eve of the sixth, if I had been at home. The memory of the bright days of two years ago will make short the miles between us now.

Saturday Aug. 10. Dearest - come home and stay over Sunday; baby and I want you. I wish we were in camp with you - I don't care about those other men, they might go out of camp.

Julia Barber is coming this morning to take daughter and me a riding to see Sister Keith - I don't know how long we shall stay. I am afraid Mother and I shall not go to Maple Grove. We are

neither of us able to ride so far. Mother has not been so well since she came up. The excessive hot weather she felt very much. I rode to Minnehaha and the Fort the other day and have been most sick from it. It was a beautiful ride though and I have not repented it. I never was in the Fort before. The soldiers, with their cruel uniforms of red and blue, were seated all about, a few were drilling but most of them were doing nothing. The greater part of them were very young looking; mine says they looked like me - I thought of their poor mothers; fratricide means little to the bravest woman when husband and son are in battle. Even our heroic Ada wished her brothers would run away, when she found they had not fallen in the last terrible conflict; anything she said, it mattered little but, to relieve herself of suspense, and get them out of danger. But Ada's mother is indeed brave - she said, when suffering the most, not knowing whether they were living or dead, if they had both been killed and she had six more ^{sons} that wanted to go, she would send them all. I can admire such things but I am afraid I could never approach it in feeling.

If I knew you could go and come back to me unhurt, it would be almost more than I could do to give consent - I don't doubt my Country needs, and cannot say a word when any one pleads the necessity of this war, but away down in my soul it seems a bloody, cruel fight - unchristian and very wicked; and could I ever feel your hands were quite clean again if you had seen men fall killed by you? Oh! such stories as the soldiers tell and glory in, God forgive them! If they must go I would have them go as to execution and not more gladly. There is no new thing

never saw you so handsome as since
you came to Minneapolis and after you
began to get better - Oh my darling
little cat - You don't know how nice
you look with a baby - all fixed up
you know - wasn't Ada enthusi-
-astic over the baby? A man isn't
more than half a man till he has
a wife - nor a woman more than
half a woman till she has a baby.
& babies - they aren't good for much
till they grow up and - so likewise
My Love I do wish I could have time
to not work quite so hard - then I
would write the third volume of
"My Life" - 1st & 2^d of wh. yet remain
unpublished - I think we might
learn somewhat yet - Romance is
gone perhaps - perhaps not all yet -
- but Husband & wife & baby amply compensa-
-te for lack of sentiment -

Black for the brave old days - will ever
come days which looking backward are
so sweet and charming as those of
two years ago? Nix - never -
Two years ago Sundays this day & you
& I were blissfully unconscious
of all things in this world - here
or hereafter - save a new found
Love that has grown & strengthened
till this day - God bless my
Dear Wife - my sweet charming
friend till two years ago - then
My Love - A Year Ago my wife

Sunday, Aug 11th 1861.

3rd Parlor No 3 Hotel de Charleston.
3rd Marie Darling Wife

All quiet still - so I sit
down & talk to you. I don't know when
you'll hear me though - we shall
not go to the R.C. before next Sunday
at all events - I should do
some washing, patching & darning, also
book-greasing &c - but really I am
too tired or lazy - I have been
writing Survey Notes this Forenoon
& this P.M. I must rest -

The work goes on slowly for
a few days - there has been a
week of cloudy weather & today
it is called as October - cloudy &
occasionally it rains -

Our friend Wheelock has left.
He grew crabbed & cross all the
way from Minneapolis - & finally
got to be so sour & lazy that all

the party got out with him - finally
after making a fool of himself in
full: upon a frivolous pretext. he
left for Minneapolis - savage as
a meat-axe, - and to the great relief
of the party - I presume he thinks
we are unfit for gentlemen to asso-
ciate with -

A few days ago we had a visit from
the Sioux - The night following
we all slept on our arms - revolvers
- pistols - rifles - shot guns - axes. Knives
hatchets & clubs. We were roused
several times during the night. but
no Indians - We have had fish &
crane & goose - fine eating I assure
you - we have seen ducks & swans
foxes & badgers - nothing larger.

Yesterday I walked 32 miles in
the Marshes & grass - part of the
way with a heavy compass on my
back - I made mounds & dug trenches
& last night I was tired -

How do you do Love? Finest rate I
guess - since I got those letters
I havent felt a bit uneasy about
you - son & baby were so smart then.

Last night I saw you both
you sitting on my lap & holding
little Mary & three faces all close
together - Oh I love you I do -
- Spect how you are having great
times down below - Youre not
going to take up with Mrs Eads
offer I hope - I wonder if we
are any better or wiser than the
scores of "divorced" couples & singles
at Bloomington Minneapolis
& elsewhere. Im afraid not -
that is - here - why theres
nobody but squaws here - and they
aint here either), My Dear I dont
think you'd better go to Bloomington
this summer do you?

I used to think you were rather
good looking - but really I

and now - Wife, Mother & baby - My
 Cat - My Love - all things here
 below & above hereafter - "I love
 My Love" - and - "My Love loves
 me" - Two years ago now (Aug 11)
 what little great fools we were -
 but wasn't it nice that nobody
 save your Considerate Maama
 who (from a feller feeling, or old
 memories perhaps) wouldn't have
 disturbed the play, for her life -
 was around to interfere with us.
 ----- Charlotte has just been
 reading the Episcopal Marriage
 Service - & then I thought ^{thinks} how
 different that grand & imposing,
 that service pronounced in
 one of England's great cathedrals,
 from the few simple & beautiful
 words which made us one for this
 life - and ever more too!

God bless & keep My Dear & even
 loved Wife - and our sweet little one

Shall I hear from you next week?
yes I guess so - but I'd like to
see you better - When shall I
get back? Unless the work
goes on faster we will take
till winter - but I hope to be
home in Oct - you must
see that the crops are all harvested
- seeds & roots in the garden boxes
& the roots put in the cellar
at the proper time - I hope
& indeed must get back
soon enough to fix up the
cellar & put an extra wall
around it - I will write lots
more of things I hope before
I send this - if not - good bye
Darling - keep well & take care
of baby - keep brave & good
& forget not your poor
exile of Erin - Goodbye
God bless you
Your Husband
George

Aug 14th 1861 - In camp -

God Even Love - This is Anniver-
sary Day - fair & fine
Sweet Day - so calm & clear & bright
"Tribal of Earth & Sky"

This Day is Holy ever - Do you
remember any 14th of August -
I did not think I would have
an opportunity to write any
more, when I scribbled on Sunday
last - but one of Our Men goes to
the Post Office tomorrow - In four or
5 days I shall hear from you.

Darling Love - It was good that
Day 2 years ago - suppose for
a moment it had not been
- Oh Dear ~ but we should not be
worrying about each other now
= we have worked ² feet this
week - Monday we surveyed
8 1/2 miles & walked 3 1/2 more
Yesterday surveyed 7 miles & walked
8 more. To-day 6 miles - the work
has been bad today - by the way it

we'll be all fair & smooth & we
shall go 10 or 12 miles a day.
- Broad flat prairie extends off
to the west - boundless & grand
- we see some of the Lovelock
lakes - Last eve we camped by
a beautiful stream, where great
dark green Elms hung drooping
over the stream. Next year if I
go surveying, you must go with
me & see all these fine things -
Oh My Love I love you - God
bless & prosper you - You can't think
how much more charming I am
to me a little woman with a
baby in her arms - How ever did
fair maid wooed & won - yet this
blessed anniversary day the girl
that put her hand in mine in the
grove is very very dear - you are my
wife from that moment & all this
side is "over the river" from what
we were before - I think we shall
get along fast & in less than 2
months you may see me -
Be brave Love - Take care of
baby & write often.

God bless you Good by.
Kiss baby for me -
Your Husband
George

You do not feel called to leave baby and wife for Country.

God in Heaven save you and us if it shall ever be so.

I still hope Father will see differently when he and Mama talk matters over together. As shattered ^{I fear} in mind, as Mother is I do not think she could bear the constant draft on her nervous system. Papa's going on such an errand would cause.

Blessed news to sorrow stricken hearts came, in a despatch from Mr. Niel, last evening, telling us Dr. LeBontillier and Charles Harris, with several others though dead, is are indeed living.

Remember you, Dearest, two years ago to-night?

Come now, and I will not be so shy as I was this hour then. How happy I was; how dear you were to me, as I sat by you, not daring to say a word of all I felt. Silly little goose, I was. Am I wiser now you are my husband and Mary my baby? That was the dream of love, this the reality. Is it so? So many times I want to use you as a third person, to tell, what I never could to any but one very near, tell you all about what I thought of George then, what I think now; how he looked and looks to me, and a thousand things, the mere mention of which, always makes you turn up your nose. But you ought not. I love you - I do love you. And I think lots of fine things about you that you never will know anything about. Have I said anything about Mary? I have been telling her this afternoon, while we were here alone, that she was the dearest, most precious, blishest love of a baby that this world ever had. And she has laughed the sweetest laughs, and scolded the prettiest scolds and gone to sleep. I have laid her on the bed not forgetting to kiss for you the little mouth, so like her Papa's mouth. Goodnight, Love.

Minneapolis Aug. 14 - 1861.

My dear husband.

Two years ago you were not my dear husband, and hardly my love this time in the morning. What were ^{you} the morning before we went into the Grove? Friends? How kind in Mother and Cyrus to go so quietly to meeting and leave us to ourselves. Cyrus said little but he looked much. Blessed memories; but do we not thank our Father that today realizes, in part, if not fully, the hopes of that day? If many miles do separate us, today, and all this week, we will live together in memory of Two years ago.

I can say now as then, and with a deeper meaning, I love you: and were you here this morning I could put my hand again in yours and renew my covenant of faith and trust, promising to be unto you a faithful and affectionate wife, and unto your child a loving and tender mother.

I know this morning as you go to your work you are thinking of us - baby and I, and of the time when you and I were all of us. To-day is as bright but not so warm, as that day was.

Monday I got a letter from you saying you had heard from us and was feeling glad and relieved. I am growing really patient, if not content, to receive letters from you whenever I can. There is nothing like necessity to keep one from fretting. If I can't, I can't - that is all.

Mother is sitting on the other side of the table reading. She is going to start home Saturday. She is sorry to go so soon for she is

getting good from Minnesota air and visiting, but Father still writes he may go as Chaplain for Hovey's Regiment. They may when they talk it over together at home feel 't would not be best. I wish Mother could stay, time goes away so fast when she is here; you would be at home before I knew it. We have visited considerably. Since I wrote we have been to see Sister Keith, and stay a day or two. Mrs. Keith is a fine woman, Mr. Keith is a fine man too, but the two were not made to go together. He is a very undemanding, still, matter of fact man, and she wants impulsiveness. He is moody and she watches him and worries her life half out for fear of crossing him. When we were there he hardly spoke to us or any one, though he was so urgent to have us visit ^{him}, and wanted to have a long talk; he wouldn't ^{notice} anybody. Sister Keith said the reason as she supposed was that a week before when he took it into his head to join the Army she cried herself sick over it and made him cross. We came back from there Sunday evening. Monday morning we got Dr. Anderson's horse to go to the stores to buy dishes and cloth for house-keeping, for I resolved I could not wait for Elsie any longer, if 't was possible to get somebody to go in with me a little while. On our way to the stores we got a very unsatisfactory letter from Elsie, telling me she had your letter of July seventh - that her school wants keep two weeks longer, that she was getting ready to come if we still wanted her and would be ready to start in four or five weeks. I wrote her we did want her as soon as she could come, and asked her if 't was possible to come next week, the week after her school finishes. I told her I

could not possibly sit along alone, and if she waited so long my garden and my plans would be all spoiled. She said she had seen Sister Larison, who stays there all night, on her way home. She said, Louisa, that somebody had failed, her own young Father, and he could not let Elsie have the money to come with, but Elsie had engaged it, if wanted, of a gentleman, she does not tell whom. Elsie is very sensitive, I think, to what you Father and Mother will say to her coming to live with us. She asked Louisa what they said about it. Your father says nothing, but your Mother thinks 't is taking a good deal upon you self. I think so, too, Love, and if I could possibly do alone, or think of any better way I would tell Elsie not to come.

Evening, - Mother has got two letters from Father tonight. He thinks he will go. To my mind he scarcely realizes how very precarious Mother's health is or he could not.

Thursday Eve - 15,
Mother went this morning. She grew very nervous after she went to bed last night over Father's going to war, and concluded before she slept she would start this morning in time to take the eleven o'clock boat. Another letter came from Papa this evening, but nothing any more definite. He says he had a letter from George and "he signs for Phoenix is". Is it true, Love? Do you regret the coming to Minnesota? I don't. It must be a great deal harder for you, where you are now, than you tell me of, but are ^{you} so chafed and worried now as last summer. Poor, dear heart! I wish you had no need to get so tired. I don't know either as I care much for anything if only

August Sixteenth is another anniversary day. In the morning you went with me up in Grand-mas Room. You read a little about No - that was the day after - The sixteenth you and I went into the garden and sat down on the grass while you told me a little of your home in Vermont, and we talked a little of our old friendship which last its life a day or two before. In the evening, you remember, you and Mother went into Boston, and when you came home Mother gave you a picture, you have with you now.

George, my dear husband, God bless you. - I love you.

This morning I have been holding Mary and reading a little. I have had in mind to tell you a good many times of an article in Augusts Atlantic, which Mother brought with her. It is entitled "A Talk Concerning Real", by the Author of "Things Slowly Learnt". I have always thought the Author of that to be James Russell Lowells brother, a minister in an English Province. I may be mistaken - but guess not. You can readily imagine what real means, used intellectually and morally. He begins by saying, "Real is unripe beef, - beef in an immature state". From that single remark, you can guess the whole. His illustrations are amusing, and sometimes his "really" things are decidedly pointed. I never imagined I was such a calf till now.

But I am certainly obliged to him (the writer) for a new word which I have often felt the need of. "really" is precisely the word to describe a thousand persons and things. For instance I heard a young man the other day, a very smart young ^{man} and unusually

learned for his years, they say, wisely, as if a very sage - giving his opinions on the relative merits of Republicanism and Monarchy and laying it down, without ifs ands, that our nation had about run its race, and Free Government proved a failure. When I thought of men old in years and wisdom who talked and doubted still over this same question, I thought - Young man, you are very weary. I never knew before what what would fitly describe the Fowlers and their followers.

I believe I have not told you any thing about my trading the other day. That we went to Bills and bought what we had to get for beds, towels, tablecloths and the like - then we stepped into Kellys and bought dishes - flour - fine and Graham, soda, salt, molasses and pepper; got every thing I thought I should need in all summer that I might have it sent home in one load. I intend we will live mostly on garden. You know, are not sicker of salt meat and beans than I am of milk and bread. If Elsie dont come next week, what shall I do?

When shall I hear from you again? You are on the prairie now I hope. How are your eyes? Have you got shirts enough? Is your company as pleasant as you fancied it would be? I am glad you have written to Father Ames, and Father Wright. Loris said they had not heard from you in months. I think I will try and get this letter into the office in time to start up River Monday.

Judson is not very well, but is working - has pain in his side a good deal. His life I fear is not to be a long one. He told, if I remember aright that he is in a few days to begin his last job on Chapmans fence. Mr. Higgins has been to see Mr. Hodge and he promised to begin to paint our house the last of this

week. Mr. H. has been to see our corn and potatoes to-day. He says they are needing rain sadly, and the beans are not doing very well. Our garden is doing well - Oh! I want to get home.

Evening - Our baby is asleep for the night. I have laid her on a pillow on Mrs. Higgins table. What a darling she is. She is a dreadful little scold though - when there is nothing the matter with her, she will sputter away to make me look at her then she will laugh. And you will surely come home in October. I always intended you should. Didn't I tell you I could not live longer than that without you? How many times the vision of you - and with you I sometimes remember your brothers in "happiness" - eh, Loue? - has come up before me returning from such a long, hard walk late Saturday night and finding news from the world - from wife and baby. Tomorrow is Saturday; tomorrow night, two years ago, I gave my promise to be your wife. You said "will we not sometime live together", and I said "yes". I did not promise to marry you and live apart from you, neither did I say we will live together half the time.

Molly waked up and cried and I had to go to bed with her. We have had quite a storm in the night. Judson is waiting to carry my letter to the office -

Dear Heart, Good-by -

Your wife to-day.

Maria.

MUSTER-IN ROLL of Captain Thomas W. Clarke Company, ^{of Infantry} in the _____ Regiment, (1st Brigade,) of Massachusetts Volunteers, commanded by Colonel _____ called into the service of the United States by Governor of Massachusetts from the twenty first day of May 1861, (date of this muster,) for the term of three years unless sooner discharged.

Number of each grade.	NAMES. PRESENT AND ABSENT. (Privates in alphabetical order.)	RANK.	AGE.	JOINED FOR DUTY AND ENROLLED.				TRAVELING.		VALUATION, IN DOLLARS, OF—		WHERE ENROLLED by the Officers of the U. S., under the act approved March 3, 1863, known as the Enrollment Act.		REMARKS.
				When.	Where.	By whom enrolled.	Period.	To place of rendezvous, No. of miles.	From place of discharge home, No. of miles.	Horses.	Horse equipm'ts.	In what State.	Number of the Enrollment District.	
1	Thomas W. Slack	Capt.	28	May 21/61	Barton	St. J. C. Amory	3 3/4							
1	Joshua Norton jr	1 st Lt.	25	"	"	"								
1	John E. White	2 nd Lt.	20	"	"	"								
1	William W. Ray	1 st Sgt.	39	Apr 22/61		Capt F. W. Columbus	3 3/4							
1	William W. Davis	Sgt.	26	Apr 20/61										
2	Albert H. De Costa	"	25	Apr 20/61										
3	Albert N. Morin	"	19	Apr 19/61										
4	Sydney A. Howard	"	22	" 18/61										
1	Solomon B. Smith	Corp.	23	Apr 14/61										
2	William T. Hamer	"	21	" 20/61										
3	Thomas Bacon	"	20	" 19/61										
4	William Coats	"	34	" 20/61										
5	Henry Alexander	"	22	" 11/61										
6	Charles T. Lovell	"	31	" 4/61										
7	Charles H. Hayer	"	21	" 4/61										
8	Horace D. Durnell	"	18	" 4/61										
1	William B. Butler	Mus.	24	" 11/61										
2	James W. Govern	"	19	" 11/61										
1	Joseph N. Drake	Wg.	35	" 11/61										
1	Alger Myrow & Co	Pvt	18	" 11/61										
2	Ahern Cornelius	"	19	" 11/61										
3	Baptist Alexander	"	19	" 11/61										
4	Blackstone Henry	"	19	" 11/61										
5	Barri Alexander T.	"	26	" 11/61										
6	Blossom Edward C.	"	23	" 11/61										
7	Blake Sylvester T.	"	28	" 11/61										
8	Brooks Tom	"	20	" 18/61										
9	Baptist Oscar H.	"	21	" 18/61										
10	" Charles	"	20	" 14/61										
11	Butler Albert	"	24	" 18/61										
12	Brady Michael A.	"	21	" 20/61										
13	Bly David	"	18	" 18/61										
14	Brent James	"	21	" 18/61										
15	Cantellum Malachi	"	21	" 11/61										
16	Crosby Joseph J.	"	19	" 25/61										
17	Chickey Lawrence H.	"	20	May 19/61										
18	Curson Henry	"	21	" 8/61										
19	Cunningham John	"	28	Apr 18/61										
20	Cole William	"	19	May 20/61										
21	Cashman Thomas W.	"	21	Apr 20/61										
22	Chase Henry G.	"	23	Insert no 82										
23	De Costa Barton	"	20	Apr 20/61										
24	Dwinell Charles	"	21	May 16/61										
25	Driley Daniel A.	"	21	Insert no 57										
26	Edmund Michael	"	19	Insert no 42										
27	Frost Albert E.	"	21	Apr 18/61										
28	Foley Thomas	"	19	" 11/61										
29	Guyard Levi B.	"	21	" 11/61										
30	Garrison Edwin	"	22	" 11/61										
31	Golding James	"	21	Apr 20/61										
32	Hodge Charles D.	"	33	" 11/61										
33	Holliman John	"	19	May 12/61										
34	Houman Conrad	"	21	" 15/61										
35	Hardy John	"	40	" 13/61										
36	Hobart Frank M.	"	30	" 6/61										

MUSTER-IN ROLL—Continued.

Number of each grade.	NAMES. PRESENT AND ABSENT. (Privates in alphabetical order.)	RANK.	AGE.	JOINED FOR DUTY AND ENROLLED.				TRAVELING.		VALUATION, IN DOLLARS, OF—		WHERE ENROLLED by the Officers of the U. S., under the act approved March 3, 1863, known as the Enrollment Act.*		REMARKS.
				When.	Where.	By whom enrolled.	Period.	To place of rendezvous, No. of miles.	From place of discharge home, No. of miles.	Horses.	Horse equipments.	In what State.	Number of the Enrollment District.	
37	Hobart William M	Priv	30	May 12/61	Boston	Capt. T. C. Clark	1 yr							
38	Hawes Thomas	"	20	" 14 "										
39	Holbrook Joseph	"	22	" 14 "										
40	Herny William	"	24	Apr 18 "										
41	Harnay Richard	"	27	" 19 "										
42	Higginbotham Matthew F.	"	25	" 20 "										
43	Holby Alanson K	"	18	May 14 "										
44	" Henry C	"	24	" 12 "										
45	Kelley Edward	"	21	Apr 20/61										
46	Leeds Joseph	"	19	May 14/61										
47	Lynch James	"	14	Apr 25/61										
48	Locke Charles P.	"	23	" 20/61										
49	McAlvey Joseph	"	19	May 6/61										
50	McElinchy James	"	21	" 1 "										
51	McCarthy John	"	24	" 12 "										
52	" John W	"	24	Apr 20 "										
53	Muldoon Patrick	"	24	Apr 19 "										
54	Muhoney Jeremiah	"	26	Apr 20/61										
55	Mullen Martin C	"	20	" 30 "										
56	Morse John W.	"	18	" 18 "										
57	Donovan Timothy	"	19	" 15 "										
58	O'Donnell Edward	"	21	" 18 "										
59	" Edward B	"	16	" 20 "										
60	Owens Daniel	"	23	" 20 "										
61	O'Connor Dennis	"	24	" 20 "										
62	Pond Chandler H	"	24	May 13 "										
63	Pickard Edward L	"	18	" 12 "										
64	Perry Isaac H	"	19	" 22 "										
65	Peterson Henry P	"	21	Apr 20 "										
66	Rice Byron	"	23	" 4 "										
67	Richardson Sanford	"	19	" 4 "										
68	Ross Charles	"	21	" 18 "										
69	Simpson George	"	"	"										
70	Sullivan John	"	19	" "										
71	Shaw Charles H	"	20	" "										
72	Sweeney John M	"	21	" 27 "										
73	Scully John	"	21	" 20 "										
74	" David P	"	19	May 3 "										
75	Shaw Frederic C	"	21	" 20 "										
76	Towne George S	"	20	" 20 "										
77	Thomas George	"	20	" 24 "										
78	Vaughan Charles	"	19	" 13 "										
79	York Levi S	"	38	Apr 18 "										
80	Wise George H	"	21	May 9 "										
81	Johnson Hadden	"	21	Apr 24 "										
82	Johnson J. Crowley	"	21	" 20 "										
	Johnson Phil													
	Johnson Wm													

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That this Muster Roll exhibits the true state of Captain Thomas M. Clark Company of the 2nd Infantry for the period herein mentioned; that each man answers to his own proper name in person; and that the remarks set opposite the name of each officer and soldier are accurate and just.

Commanding the Company.

DATE: Boston May 21 1861
STATION: Boston Mass

WE CERTIFY, ON OATH, That the figures opposite the names on this Roll, for valuation of horses and horse equipments, represent and show the true cash value of the horses and equipments of the men, respectively, at the place of enrollment, according to our honest, impartial judgment.

Appraisers.

Sworn to and subscribed before

Mustering Officer.

DATE: _____
STATION: _____

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined the men whose names are borne on this Roll, their horses and equipments, and have accepted them into the service of the United States for the term of thirteen months from this

Twenty first day of May 1861.

Regina D. J. C. Armon
1st Lt

Mustering Officer.

DATE: May 21 1861
STATION: Boston Mass

DIRECTIONS TO MUSTERING OFFICER.

(A. G. O. No. 21.)

* 1st. All officers mustering troops into the service of the U. S. will take special care to see that opposite every name, whether Officer or Soldier, are entered the State and the No. of the Enrollment District in which he was enrolled under the act of Congress, approved March 3, 1863, (known as the Enrollment Act.) by the Enrolling Officers of the United States.
2d. The Mustering Officer will see that four copies of this Roll are made, three of which he will retain; the fourth will be retained by the Company Commander, or, in case of Field and Staff, and officers and men mustered into service separately or in squads, by the Senior Officer, Non-commissioned, or the Private standing first on the list of persons so mustered in, to be handed by him to the person who musters them or him at his next muster, that the new Muster Rolls may be properly made out. The Mustering Officer will dispose of the three copies retained by him as follows: He will send one to the Adjutant General of the Army, one to the Paymaster General of the Army, and one to the Adjutant General of the State to which the troops belong. These will be sent as soon as possible after the muster-in.

making nothing of his unhappy temper, asked him to come and see us, as if you and he, were the best of friends, likely enough he would get find out you are not the intolerably rude man he now thinks you. Lucy, they say, is a very kind hearted girl, but awfully cross-grained, I guess - but she is an old maid, and, begging the pardon of all amiable maidens past a certain age, they are apt to be vindictive and jealous, not without cause either. Taking into account woman's desires and her heart, continually longing for home, and loved ones more her own than any can be, save a wife and mother, is it wonderful that the pain, loneliness and disappointment should make one unamiable and petful? You say my pleading proves the weakness of woman-kind? Oh! I don't know.

Wednesday, 21 — Good Evening Love. A strange thing for me to be writing by lamp light, but when 'twas nearly dark this evening I got a letter, and I am always restless till I can say something after your letters. Your Anniversary letter, this was - it was mailed Saturday and came yesterday to the office. I am surprised every time, that I get your letters so soon after they are mailed. I read your letter tonight with baby Mary in my arms, - I would read a line or two, speaking of those "dear old days", or telling of love for myself or her, and then look into the blessed little face turned up toward mine, and smile into her blue eyes, and she looked as if she understood all about it - and why shouldn't she - who do those days and our love so much concern? As much as they are to us, to her are they still more, for did not God make her of our love?

Mary teaches me many things - and among them, to remember with greater love, than ever before, those who have stood to us in the relations we now stand to her. When I hold her in my arms

Minneapolis, Aug. 18, 1861.

My dear Husband,

A good Sunday I wish you. It is a foggy morning here, but I think the day will be fine. What are you doing, and what are you going to do? Are you going to write me a little letter, and fill the rest of the day up with mending the poor heels of your old stockings, sewing buttons on and fussing generally over your clothes, beside a little talk with the men and maybe a little reading? If you were here you should do nothing, just what I must do. I have been asking myself all the morning if I could walk up to the Messer house, and take a look at the garden, to see if I am going to lose peas, beans, cucumbers, and every thing, for not living there. What shall I do if Elsie does not come this week?

The bells are ringing for Church. It is a pity one of your men in camp cannot serve as temporary Chaplain. You might at least have Quaker meeting, in silence recognizing the God of Peoples and of Solitudes as round about you always.

Our little one is waking up. She is a very witch in the morning. She wakes up before sunrise, almost always, and kicks and crows till I am out of bed, then is very quiet while I dress and get ready to take her.

Tuesday Aug. 20 -

Good morning again. The second day of another week lacks two hours of being half finished. You were to be on the

praise now I believe. Maybe you imagine I ought to have lots of news to write, being in the world and of it. But I am sorry to say I have not. I see nobody but Mary and the Higgins family, from one day to another, unless somebody chances to call or run into the Doctors.

Adeline came in the other day and staid to dinner with me, but she was tired and laid down on my bed most of the time she staid. She is going back to St. Louis in a few weeks probably; she was then expecting a letter from there. She and I never talk much, I don't know why. She said Mr. Loomis thought

you had a very nice wife and baby. Mr. Loomis was quite talkative the day Mama and I was over there. I was somewhat surprised, but most any body can talk with Mama. Mrs. Babcock and Miss. Kimball came in to see Mama at Mrs. Loomis's.

Speaking of those folks over the river makes me think of Croffut. He has of late acquired a not very enviable notoriety by some statements of his in his letters from Washington. You remember I presume, that he speaks of Col. Gorman as not having been seen on the battle field after the first charge, in short as having taken to his heels, or his horses, and run into the woods. To be sure he gives his information concerning the Col. not on his own authority but as coming from a good many of the regiment, but he unmistakably credits it, and spreads it over the whole country; for he writes for New York papers, and a number of others. Several letters, from officers in our regiment, have lately been published in the Press, denying

utterly every thing said against Col. Gorman, and referring all blame of said charges to Croffut. One letter in this morning's Press speaks of him as having told a good many other unheeded things. Really it does seem that every thing Croffut wrote back to Minnesota, to say the least, was very hastily written; and most of his first statements, he, or some one else, has contradicted. W. S. King is another sensation writer, who would scare people out of their wits with his terrible rumors and "say so" tales, if they were all believed. They both have the air of hags, who need to learn moderation.

Minnesota is almost too proud of her only child in the Army; so much talk is hardly becoming it seems to me. As brave as were our Boys, I doubt not there are hundreds of Regiments just as brave, which thing we should never guess from reading Minnesota papers. But I am, and, of course, those who have near friends there are doubly so, glad to hear all particulars concerning our Troops. The papers, for a day or two, tell of tremendous preparations going forward at Head Quarters, and in the Capital, preparatory to an expected attack from Beauregard. But Croffuts and Kings are busy, with their adjectives, over the whole land.

The day mother went away I went to the Court house for her, to see Mr. Chown, when I met Prof. Midstrand who was then writing. He hastened to say he called on me. I told him I knew it. I am really sorry I treated the man so coolly, it is a foolish thing, very, to remember anything of so small a nature; of even much greater. If I had treated him cordially

to Mrs. H. this afternoon that she should get up so early to get her men off to work. She believed what Mr. Barber said.

He came a few days ago and told me he had come to take me to the horse race, he supposed that was where I wanted to go — He had promised Mrs. Higgins he would carry me to Mrs. Kirtles. I am getting as smart as other people. Yesterday Mrs. Higgins Mary and I went over to our house, all about the garden, and home again, in the afternoon; and picked peas and green corn, too. And made two calls. I went in to Mrs. Hodges to rest awhile. I like Mrs. Hodge ever so well, she will do nicely for my complement, she is so big and I so little. Both together we shall make good neighbors.

Saturday morn - 24 -

I meant to have written a bigger letter to you today, I will tell you why I have not. Day before yesterday morning I wondered if I would kill me to walk over to Mr. Babbitts. I resolved I would see, and so started, with Mary in a little carriage (Mrs. Anderson's) It didn't hurt me a bit, neither did the walking home again. I staid two days, and came home last evening. Today I am going down town. I guess you will have a wife worth something sometime.

Maybe Elsie will come today, though I don't know. She said she wanted to go by Boston and see her sister a day or two. I hear nothing definite about Papa going as Chaplain. Are the Indians near you all the time? Great ugly things! Tell me if they have more than a weekly mail at Alexandria. I have written only once a week before, I thought I would make no difference, as there was but one mail. Some, September 10 all soon come and go, Your wife Maria.

It was a week yesterday since I got a letter. I don't look you know, but I possibly may get another tonight when I send to the post office. Oh! I have just thought - You cannot send me any more letters till you get some new stamps, can you? Oh! You can send for stamps at the office when you send your letters. I am not very bright. You have a lot that are no good haven't you? or did you get those exchanged at Alexandria?

There is no light in the East yet. When will the dawn of a bright day come to us? Darker and darker gets this night of war and confusion. People are asking "How long, Oh Lord! how long" - and what will the end be when it does come? Every body talks and writes so gloomily, that I have had to face the fearful possibility of a longer separation from my loved ones than these few months. I have at least asked myself, what should I do if he must go? I find my soul wanting in an answer. Live and grow strong, I hope - but Oh! Dearest - God helps us. While I tremble so for ourselves, my heart is so all un-mindful of what thousands of other

1861
B. Minneapolis, Aug. 28,

My dear Husband "

I feel mopey this afternoon; decidedly draggy - in short lazy.

This is our third day at home. Elsie has not come, Mary and I grew dreadfully tired waiting, and came in with Mrs. Wetmer, whose husband is a soldier.

All my house-keeping consists of as yet is cooking three meals a day - the rest of the time I sit and enjoy the dirt. I have n't got my things from Mr. Higgins yet. I have to wait the motions of his slow system. I have the dirtiest kind of a dress on - the floors are as far left, only what a broom would take off. - I have borrowed of Mrs. Babbitt sheets and quilt for one bed. Aren't I nicely set up? Mrs. Wetmer, Hattie for short, is no better to work than I am, she came more to keep off

the bears than any thing else. What made me come in so unprepared? Cause for - I had waited long enough; and I was afraid to continue that kind of diet longer - baby didn't grow much bigger, nor Leithen. Our garden is superb now, the best in town I guess. We have nice sweet corn the best of beans, bush string and shell - do you like them? Beets too, ripe tomatoes and ripe peas. Our peas did remarkably well but I am too late to save one. I was wept over it for a little while, indeed I am now, every time I think of it. We have got the largest squashes I ever saw; one big watermelon, and a good many growing musk melons. Every thing is doing as well as possible. I wish Elsie would come. Our neighbors are the very best. Mrs. Hodge brings water for me, and does errands at the store if I want him to. My butter, eggs, and the like I get of Mrs. Brown, good both in kind and quantity - not Mrs. B. but butter &c.

I have made a discovery - I can walk, pretty well too. I have walked out to Mr. Babbitts and back twice, drawing Mary in a little carriage; and have walked down town, with baby, and from here to Mr. Higgins. After Mama went home I was home sick, and thereby found my feet and legs. I don't think it hurts me any more. I don't feel any of that old difficulty. Mrs. Missen came over and helped us get a little settled, and ~~ate~~ ^{ate} dinner with us the first day. I haven't got my Rocking Chair here yet and Mary fusses considerably for it - she don't know how to go to sleep without it. Mr. Hodge painted the front steps and floor of the porch before I came in - he promises the rest shall be begun pretty soon - he is so sort of good I excuse him. His wife said a very heavy job came on before he expected it. It would be extremely convenient to have the blinds considering I have no curtains, nor anything.

a little in October I do not think of;
I shut my eyes to all time but September.

Hannah's husband was down last
week and told Mrs. Higgins he was
coming for me to go up to his house
and stay a few days this week. He
may come tomorrow. I told him
I would go again when the Mellons
were up.

Blackberries are
numerous all around us, but I cannot
get track of any. If I am cheated
entirely out of them, I will get over it
sometime I suppose. I have not
seen nor heard from a Maple

Grove man or woman since you
went away. They like me late I
guess.

It is getting sun down;
almost dark. Oh! Love I want to
see you. I can hardly wait for
these many days to go. I miss
you more than ever now. I seem
strange to be keeping house without
you. I think I should have more
strength to work if you were here.
Surely more heart.

Is not it strange that you, George
B. Wright, and I, Serena M. Ames
are married, and have a baby
and keep house? Is it true?
I love you - that is true, and I am,
Your wife - Marie.

Husbands and wives are suffering.

Father does not much expect to
go - Herman Cady he thinks will go
instead. Mr. Honey rather favors him. I
suppose the Regiment is fully made
up; at Springfield they go for the present,
I believe. Father said Henry Norton

was boarding at our house. I wish he
could find his lost reason - come to think
of it I doubt if he ever had very much
of what I call reason. I never told you
what the spirits have promised him, and
what - I think he relies on; they say he is
being fitted by his great, bright Guardian
Spirit to be a superior trance speaker.

I just think what a glorious career!
What a strong individual man he will
make! I wonder what our senses were
given us for; it was a great mistake
if they are to be parted with so lightly.

Daughter Mary is waking up,
how do you feel?

and she will claim this woman pretty soon.

Adeline was here awhile and took dinner with us yesterday.

Tomorrow morning she starts down River. Her School is a mile and half from St. Louis.

She told me to give her best love to George.

She thinks we have got the dearest and absurdest baby in the world.

She says it looks just like you; she never saw a baby so like another; and has all your movements, too.

Many kicked and crowed and laughed and talked for her all the time she was here.

She is getting to be vain - she will laugh and tell stories all the time if I will only talk to her.

When I will not she scolds and cries. She knows me and wants to monopolize me now.

While I was at dinner today I put her in a little gig.

She lay a while looking at us then put up her lip and began crying in good earnest.

Hatty was through eating and took

her up - I spoke to her, in Hatty's arms and smiled, instead of answering me with

a smile and a jump, as she usually does, she hung down her head and the little

mouth began quivering so pitifully - she looked so strangely, after a minute

I spoke again, when she put on that same expression, not crying, but

hanging her head and putting up her mouth, I tried it several times to see

if it was really because I had not taken her, and every time she gave me the

same look. My darling baby! She is as pretty as she can be - such a clear,

white skin, and such beautiful eyes and mouth.

I love her more every day. Don't you tremble for your

baby when you remember she is the receiver of all the kisses you used to

get, beside a numberless number every day for her own individual little self.

Will September ever come and go? The rest of this month and

[1861?]

Thursday Aug. 29.

Love - I just wrote a line to say I saw in the paper this morning - W. R. Marshall's notice of Rev. C. G. Ames appointment as consul to Ponce, South of Porto Rico. What a mess with Grandma. She will be almost so distract. May she come with us, if she had rather than to go back East. -

I had a letter from Elsie this morning, saying Charley was sick and unable to come at present, he Dr. said maybe in a week or two he could travel. He is sort of run down Elsie said, they do not know precisely what is the matter, - generally feeble - I think if he could get to Minnesota it would do him good to breathe our air. -
Your Maria -

[Sept 1, 1861]

My dear Ned,

916
Your kind remembrance was
duly recd. In Adams Express's
office, directed to E. A. Clarke &
sent some week ago, please find \$30.
Of this \$30 is to be applied to the best
use you can put it to. & the balance
I want a Jennifer's or Mc Lellan's
saddles. They have no padding or
cover, consist of only a tree & flaps
& two blankets, I also want a
good curb bridle. I have as se-
nior capt of the battalion to be field
officer of the day quite frequently &
require a horse. Also please send
my old brass spurs, & a good stout
but not expensive pair of new ones.
Mc Lellan's saddle ought to cost
about \$20 and Jennifer's \$18

We have been so very busy
with rolls, monthly returns, &
clothing etc. that I haven't had

time to write much, & besides
I could only have told you as
secret news of the Hattaras in-
let Expedition, which would
have been wrong.

But it is all right now
715 prisoners 5 colors 31 cannon
among which a 10 in Columbiad
more than 1000 stand of arms 75
kegs of powder a sloop & another
vessel with stores, & all with only
one wounded.

I send you a series of orders
commencing Apr 30 which prove
that I was constantly in readiness
to move to the seat of war. In the
1st Division records you will find
one previous to them about 28 Apr.
ordering an immediate report at the
State House.

Sunday inspection approaches
& I must attend in white gloves.

By the way find what a con-
tract for 100 pair brown linen
gaiters of good stout quality can

be made for. Gaiters to ^{extend} ~~be~~ about
two inches above ankle joint.

I can get them in N. Y
for 50 cts a pair.

Love to Fanny & the family

Good bye

Yours faithfully

Thos. Wm Clarke

Sunday Sept 1 1861

Camp Butler

Talent for Domestic Economy - tho'
it did not appear, altogether

The wind blows hard today - It
is a lazy Day in camp - Once I
should have been very much
ashamed to send such worthless
scribbling as this to you - but that
was when you was a gal - but I loves
you more than then - & ~~but~~ its no use
trying to cheat you any more ^{with}
sneakiness in letters - you know too
well what a humbug my letters
were - All I have done today is
to grease my boots (No small job
you know) and attend to the wants
of my Compass - That is my baby
here - It has to be washed & dressed
every Sunday & put to bed carefully
every night - It takes 3 or 4
hours every Sunday to fix it up.
So day I have taken half hour
observations all day - so while
I have been writing this I have
had to break off several times.
In two weeks past we have estab-
lished 75 miles of line - earning
for Mr Charlton \$650. He will
make \$1000 I think.

Mr C has gone to our Neighbors
for the provisions & we left there
- only 50 miles off - & went so
unexpectedly that I did not have
time to write anything - Perhaps
we shall not go to the P.O. again

On the tented field. Sunday
Aug 25/61.
Darling Marie:

I take up my pen & as usual
think over the names to whom
I should write - and then as usual
commence writing to you.

A few days ago I got three letters
from you - all covering one from
Bro Murray. Same time I got
one from Phoenix - Phoenixish as
ever - I was glad to hear from you
- yes truly - glad that I had a woman
in Minneapolis - all my own - my
wife - glad that she loved me -
glad that she had a baby - my
wife - my baby - glad that she could
say that she was better & better. glad
that baby was well & handsome
and smart & good - What have I
done that I should be so blessed
My God I thank Thee - my life

is indeed full - Then I went to worrying
as usual about the little things which
go wrong for lack of my being there
- the fence & the house & garden

Noddy - Miserable laziness - It is too
aggravating altogether - I presume
he has taken my paint & used
it on his own work - why cannot
a man do a thing as he agrees?

I'd rather he wd do it than anyone
else, for he will probably do it better
& cheaper & as I furnished the ^{materials}
wh was of the best quality, I shd have
got a first rate job of it had I paid
& punished him up daily -

No business to go off surveying
eh? & No business to stay at
home either, except to take
care of wife & baby & I don't see
but they sit along better without
me than with me -

And then too the station of Mrs Ames
going off to the War - Most prepos-

-terous idea - I do think you were
quite right in all you said - that
if all men should be the very
last one to go:-

Well you are at home, in your
house - with Ma & baby, Don't it seem
funny - kind of old times come back
again but so queerly metamorphosed
that it seems more like dream
life than reality - How do you
like it? You to act the mistress
& entertain your Ma, a guest -

One of these days I'll happen along
& see how you do, What it be fine?

Do Mrs Ames going to stay
till I come back? why not?

It is strange indeed that Elsie
Don't write - I supposed she wd
be with you long long ago, &
indeed I think she ^{must} ~~will~~
be there before now, Oh you'll
get along splendidly I expect -
I always knew you had great

if we would - Our friends indeed
do not escape such blemishes of
character - not even those whom
(under other circumstances you knew
and speaking philosophically, not
naturally) might have been
your husband or my wife -
yet does it seem possible that any one
who might have been your husband
should ever be unfaithful?

Oh my Love - There is that One great
terrible sin of humanity which
I cannot understand. I can never
think of it without recoiling in horror
from the thought who will spring up
Is all the world so - and am I
better than the dear noble friends
all around me?

How Love you're ashamed
of me aren't you? You have never
seemed to me so much above all the
rest of the world - ^{so much} my Angel - all
that keeps me from a low, base,
life - as when in a place like
this - away from all civilizing
influences - among a gang of men.

I guess all the good is with
your side of the house; yet I
have heard that women similarly
'exiled' run wild, and that a
lady's Seminary is hardly better
than a College in front of Moral
Dough - burn this sheet - go into the
clean sunshine & renew faith & courage in
humanity, let us be good - ^{God bless you} your husband. Be

2
tho I think we will get the mail
once more: - Hope to get back
in the three months - which brings
it down to Oct 7th - a month and
a half yet - think you glad that
it is so - long? You feel of two
worlds here - I'm sorry to say that
so far as men are concerned they
have a world to themselves &
a poor, mean, shameful & dirty
one it is indeed - It is shocking
to think how fast we become rude
coarse & low when left wholly alone
to ourselves as in a camp -
Sometimes I stop & think - is there
really any good - faith - honesty
or virtue among us - Or is it all
woman's? When alone and with
thoughts free to myself - referring
human actions, motives, lives
altogether, to a standard wh I have
- found somewhere I guess - I
cannot find any reason for dishonesty
vice or degradation in any form

I cannot understand why there
should be & I come to the conclu-
sion that it cannot be. & I renew
My faith again - I always do so
when I go alone in the woods

But when I am in the world
again (and I don't seek for items
of scandal & almost invariably
when I can, I turn away from
the recital of the details of fairy
folly & crime) I cannot but
hear it all the time - a word
here - a word there - People whom
I have respected & in whom I
have never seen aught but strict
propriety of manner. I hear dirty
scandalous stories of - & from the lips
of those whom I had (if not respected
fully, at least believed to be true
honest & reliable) One or the other
I must pity or despise - so it is
daily - everywhere the same
Generally I believe the accused

innocent & throw all on the condemning
story teller. But My Dear - must
I say it - You have contributed quite
as much as any one to reverse the
order of my belief. for you have
told me some (and indeed quite a
number) of as villainous cases
as I have ever heard - & you I
must believe - I could not if
I would so otherwise - Then indeed
there is the evidence full before the
world of a peculiar kind of
folly wickedness which indeed
is the very one most incompre-
-hensible, un-called-for, unreasonable
unnatural & unbelievable of
the whole, to me: - The thousands
& thousands of Divorce cases - separations
suicides Murders, which tell a
fearful tale of unfaithfulness wh
of all things seems most improbable
nay impossible, & we find it all
around & cannot avoid the truth

- five of us - only think how firm
& significant we shall be - We pla
ma - Bless me how odd it
seems, yet even.

Three years ago now, I
had just written you my first
letter & delivered it myself almost
That letter wh your Mother
said was the seed of all our
troubles thereafter - Why did you
send it to her? A dutiful
daughter surely - Did you
ever notice - I have lots of times
now manifest Destiny closes
around a girl at a certain
period in her history. It is as
evident as the Sun at noon-day -
Now the last year you were in
Minneapolis - I don't mean to
indulge anything but - by the
way "Why did you marry -?"
& there was Will C. & Crof - & &
surely I don't know how
many - I heard that Barney
(Cook's partner) was slightly "infat-
uated" - as I guess I loved you
once - Well as I was about to
say it was very evident that
- well - that - On the whole I guess
I won't say it, without asking

3
Sunday, Sep 1st 1861 -

In camp - Town 126
Range 42. Sec 25. These now
My Dear, you know precisely
where I am - I must add
a few lines scribbling to this -
- the day after tomorrow one
of the men goes to the post office
& on Friday I shall hear from
you - for the last time - for we shall
be 50 miles from Post Office
all the time hereafter - & shall
not think of going till we do
down - Providence continues to
smile on our labors - that is
we win the smiles by pretty
hard, persistent & well-directed
work - we have now 133
miles of line to establish
and are working it off
at 6 miles a day on an average
- 32 days work - 4 days rain
5 Sundays - 10 days going down

Oct 10th that makes - I think Chanton
was shrewd in preferring a
married-man to a bachelor for
file-leader: for the work is pleas-
-ant & might be easily prolonged
10 or 15 days more - but a man
who has a wife waiting for
him at home, knows how to
crowd the work as fast as pos-
sible - Only a little more than
a month now - Have Mr
Higgins take care of the beans &
corn, cut the corn so as to
save the fodder & feed & stack the
beans & when they get dry haul
them to a barn & thrash them &c
Exercise your economical
talent - the potatoes might not
be dug till I come back unless
indeed I should be later than
I expect - or if necessary to dig
them to save them - for I want
to fill the bottom of the cellar

up a little - & put another wall
around the outside - The house
ought to be painted - blinds ditto
while there is pleasant & warm
weather - I think I left a
Memorandum of the contract
with Hodge - with you, & also
a bill of the paint &c, Do not
you think best -

If I get back in time
I shall order some Apple-seedlings
from Phoenix - & so next winter
if I have nothing else to do
I can graft apple-trees

Oct 1st Eight weeks gone
You can be glad when six more are
added to them - My Darling Love
- He will be good worth we - better
than we have been - to ourselves
each other & the world at
large - Elsie is with you
now I guess - we shall
make a nice family -

Thurs Love - Good bye - good bye -
I shall hear from you but not
write again - You need not
write after you see this, unless you
like to - though if you will send a
letter to St. Cloud, about Oct 1st
I'll get it when I come down -

I don't think we shall go by
Alexandria - Oh the blessed
baby - so handsome so amant
so good - Darling Wife - I love
you - Kiss Miss Mary for her
Pa, & for yourself & squeeze her
- God bless you & her - be good
be patient & brave -

Dearest - Good bye -

Your husband

George

Tuesday A.M. - Sep 3rd

- Good bye - all well

Are you & baby? God bless
you - Good bye
Geo

(Minneapolis Sept. 4-1861,
(Home, Evening 8 or 9 o'clock -

Love - Bless you. - Daughter Mary is
asleep and asleep, but I cannot go till
I have said my devotions to her papa,
and my husband. I have just finished
a letter to Norman - acknowledging the
receipt of his letter, and wishing good
things to the new husband and wife.

Are you surprised, or did you know 'twas
going to be so? Who is his wife? He is
of the right family that you were born
of, just as add. Why in the world does
he not tell you the name of your new
Sister!

My eyes ache badly,
and I must off - the sight of you
would cure them, wont you come?

I am just home tonight from Hannab,.
where I have been since Sunday.

I shall write this week all my doing,
and every body's that I know of - Good night
Wife more,

supper with us, and in the evening after they had gone home Clare came to supper. Clare came up with his Uncle Jo Malt - by land. He was not well and thought 'twould do him good to journey. He says now, is going to the fort and joins the Army, in a day or two, and I guess he will. I was over to Mr. Babbitts a little while tonight, and they said they, the Messrs, were all coming over to eat un-leavened bread with me Sunday night. Today I have put trunks and boxes a little tonight picked sweet corn and put it to drying and taken care of Baby.

Mary likes her Father's house; she laughs and plays most all the time. Do you expect to see her much changed? She is a sweet baby for four months.

Where shall we put your brother Norman and wife if they come? Under our bed? I had a letter from Elsie tonight. She says Charley is better and she starts next

Monday from Boston. So next Thursday or Friday I may expect to see her. Not very much before you come. Mattie Wetmore is working for her board and sewing for herself. I do not see very much of Mr. Higgins folks. The old man comes to see me occasionally, and Judson has been in once, when I was away. Mrs. M. stops at home. Mr. Dodge is very good to me, brings water and wood - does my down town trading when I wish, and waits upon me generally. He has actually got one coat of paint on the house, making us look sort of dish-watery outside.

The lattice work is decidedly brilliant. The blinds still abide in the cellar. I am really afraid our mellons will be overtaken by the frosts. It is real cold, and Fallish.

A letter from Papa tonight says Herman Edger is Chaplain of Glover's Regiment. Good. The Ponce mission is a failure - the Consulship being abolished. Something

will turn up, I am sure, to keep them in
bread and butter. Mother is miserable.
Did you know Anderson the Artist
is coming to Minnesota - is on the way.

Next week I must get a letter from
you. Can you tell me when I shall see
my husband? I am growing sickish
for a look at him. How is my bodily
health? Pretty good. Dr. Harkness I
have not had to deal with for weeks.
He did not cure my mouth - but probably
supposes he did - I am confident nothing
can, but Mary - and she shall not.
It is some sore; so is my throat all the
time, but does not trouble me much
and so long as it does not get very bad,
I will trust to its final disappearance,
by and by, when I am better otherwise.

I can walk more and better than I
have for more than a year. I am
getting rosy cheeks again. I want
to see you. I send along a letter Papa
sent me tonight - it was sent to "George
Wright", taken out and opened and at
last advertised. If I don't get a letter
soon maybe I shall begin to think the
Indians have taken you. It is very
still and lonesome nights, without you.
We two little women here with only Mary.
Love - pretty soon will see you. Wife Maria

Minneapolis, Sept. 6, 1861.

My dear George -

It seems to me an age
since I wrote to you, and it is almost
three weeks since I heard from you. But
this is the last month whose days I count.
I should have written before, this week,
if Mr. Stuff had not come and carried
me to his home Sunday, not bringing me
back till Wednesday - since I came home
I have been very busy, getting a little settled,
and the like. I have to work around the
house and sew, all day will let me,
dolls, and evenings, Mary does not go
to sleep, usually, until quite late. I
am so unusually hurried now I cannot con-
trol my hand at all. Do you realize
I am really living at home? We are as snug
and nice as can be. The other evening
Mrs. Messer and Nettie came and took

We are going to begin housecleaning tomorrow.

Tom boy has not come from P.
Papa has sent a bureau full of clothing but it has not reached us yet. I have seen none of Mr. Stone, and no letters. To day the Cistern was going in.

A letter from the Post Master at Forest City says your stamps are all right - no new one there yet. -

I have just been looking at the Press. Fremont is still up for discussion - He is now to be superseded, so the Press thinks, and Mr. Marshall thinks tis shameful.

Friday night -
And nine o'clock, too - This is like old times - I have been a week writing this one sheet over and I have written every minute I could find - when should I get my fair done? Well I didn't have as long two years ago - afraid we never could have been married.

"Things is a warthin" - sort of clumsy though. Our Cistern is in, and Mr. Stone is beginning the wall.

It vexes me that you must go away again as soon as you come home - I am tired and homesick of living without a man. - I have an awful cold - other wise we are pretty well - Mary has turned over a new leaf, and is good as pussy cat all day and all night - My dearest love, I am
your mother

Minneapolis, Oct. 29, 1861

George.

We have finished our comfortable and put our children to bed, and before I go to bed I will write a bit - see if it will answer my purposes of a good night kiss. Where are you? It would relieve me vastly to know, for it is a rainy night and the ground would be wet as bed, and the woods a dark place.

It has been pleasant weather for a while ever since you have been away until today. My satisfaction would be complete in considering a nice heap of water if 'twasnt for a man who may be shivering in his clumpness. I wish we could so arrange it that the wind might never blow when you go away. It sighs about

the windows - whisfers of witches through
the key holes and ealdies about my
heart at a sad rate. I hate it.

Nothing has happened. We live just so
and Mary fusses as usual and keeps
her mother busy days and wakeful some
of nights. She is a big blessing though.
I have had two or three letters from
Father. He is not going to come up this
fall with Grandma. When he got
home it looked such a mountain
undertaking to break up he concluded
it would be best to keep home this
winter. If it is as well for him I am
glad for it made me most sick to
think of having anybody in our family
this winter. Papa has settled up with
Phoenix, making all right. I have
got from P. a receipt and letter
for you - "Might can't you take some
more of these bulbs? I don't want to
insist too much, but I do wish you
could." A letter also from your Father

with the Quit-Claims of Land. Your
father is a little better but not hopeful
of recovery. - To-day Mr. Stone came
said he had the cistern made, but
found no lumber here to finish - went
away saying he must hunt up Mr.
Darg and see the reason why. A
north wind speaks of a coming freeze.
Our fire is going out too. I forgot to
say I have received a letter written the
day after you left - I understand.

Love, I wish you were at home - I am
sadly lonesome, and this wind most
kills me. Goodnight.

Wednesday Eve

I have at last laid Mary in bed
for the night. I have held her most
every minute since she woke this
morning. Contrary to many prophecies
our rain storm did not leave us with
a freeze, - 'tis nice and warm tonight.
Elsie has washed to-day; she didn't
use the whole hoghead of water!

Jah mine frau - I'll tell you what
will do - Do everything just as well
as we can - Be good - to ourselves &
everybody else - & leave all else - We
are in good hands & shall not want.

Tomorrow if it clears up I shall
go over west making 20 miles walk
next day North - That is Thursday
& on Saturday probably I may reach
New Ulm on the Minnesota, I guess
unless it gets cold fast & winter
sets in, I'll not be home before
two weeks yet - I wish I
knew how you're getting along -

If yourself & baby will be enjoying
my absence I and all else ditto
& the potatoes & other Vegs. safely
cellared - & cistern & banking
nicely done - and I know all these
things I could be quite content to
stay some days yet - Mr Timothy
Pittcomb sent it, who says it is
the worst of bad things for two
married folks to find that they
can live separate - five weeks
separation (once in a great while)
he puts down as the limit - the
utmost that two loving folks
can endure - & that only when
Madam is visiting her ma. It seems
to me I couldn't bear your absence
from home - from the pleasant places
dear because of you.

"Where the Live roasts"

Friday Oct 29, 1861.

My frau - Oh so cold - It snows & the wind
blows & howls fearfully around the shanty
where I stop - Where is it? - Well I'll see
I left you at Hendersons - The afternoon
following I left in stage for St Peter -
That was Friday - Saturday Eve I walked
to Mankato & Sunday came here - 23 miles
South West from Mankato - Out on the open
prairie - I'm stopping with an Irish
family. The man a good-natured red-haired
easy hard-working man - The woman a tall
black-haired sharp-nosed high-voiced
female (that's the proper word) - Three children
also here - I have been looking for
some land out on the prairie west
from here - To-day it storms so
I cannot get out. It is cold, here
& the wind sounds as though it had a
spite toward the house & were trying
to tear the roof off & the logs apart
at the corners. How it shrieks

up in the Loft - It sounds ominous -
-like & makes me feel lonesome - I don't
wonder that you dread these winds.
- but you never have known what
an unmitigated prairie wind is, I
guess - I feel here as though I have
no friends left, & to think of you
there seems an impassable wall
between us - There's nothing to make
our separation like a cold prairie storm
- How do you do? Cold & shivery
too? I hope not - But the Sisters
isn't in & nor the house baked up yet
& I far awa & - my cat may as
well say meow, first as last -

I guess you've not had any husband
since last Spring - I've been worse
than any Phoenix ever since -
And specially since I came back
from up River I've been so full of
work to do, worries & frets & fidgets
that practically I've quite forgot that
there is a woman who loves me & whom

I love & whose happiness & well-being
are really of more account to me than
all the Phoenixes & Washburns, & apple
trees corn & potatoes in Creation.

Shant we begin back again - renew
cows & obligations & try to live & love
better. By & by when we get things
fixed & comfortable & debts paid & live
within means - if such millennial
times ever come - Then we can be
quiet, peaceable & sensible, & live some
as we ought - but so long as it is
daily & hourly struggle & worry for
ways & means (Oh its all last time in
living) - - - - - No thank either
for when I got thus far I threw down
the paper buttoned up my coat &
started out into the storm &aced
over the prairie for an hour.
- finally discovering a hopeful solution
to the problem (The wind blows
terribly out of doors, but it don't peer
in at crannies & key-holes and howls ^{there}.)

Thursday Am. Oct 31. -

I have opportunity to send this
some Spirit Lake Beans to Wankato
if they drop it in the Office. you
may get it - Good Bye
God Bless you - Your Husband
George

It's all right proper that you should
promise never to forsake Mr. Micawber
- but its altogether a different thing
with Mr Micawber - He can bear
to be away admirably (Only so that
he knows you are at home & so that
all his steps are made with
reference to you as the Center
of the Solar System) Now isn't
that perfectly Natural? I'm afraid
Love that if I were to have
acted as I now do - two or three
years ago - that - well - that you
wouldn't now be tending baby in
the Little Brown house on Helen St.

And do you Love me yet Dear?
I don't call you Marie any more
I don't say any pretty things
& I'm sure I don't know why you
should love me - I sit so ashamed
& sorry every time I go away,
& then when I come back - act just
as cross as ever - alas! alas!
for the days when we were boys & girls

Wednesday Eve Oct 30th Good Evening
Love - I've been out on the prairie all
day to-day according to the programme
& tonight find a retreat in a Dutch
House - It has been cold & cloudy with
a sharp North Wind all day - Here it
is tolerably comfortable - The house
is clean, Dutch books & papers abound
& the people cannot speak English
much which is good & a relief -

And thus I've had a good supper
- quite a change from my Irish fare
- For the first time in a Dutch house
I find good bread - as nice sweet
& white as you could make, & wholly
free from the (I had supposed)
inevitable sour hard & unwholesome
Dutch & Irish taste. I am now
close by the Matouwan River - Tomorrow
I leave here - go west a couple of miles
& then North to the Little Cottonwood
River. West from New Ulm.

Dear Love - I would like to see

you - It isn't pleasant to be away
here in the cold - It isn't pleasant
to be among Dutch strangers - to be
anywhere away from "Mi-cat" these
days - A year ago I was away almost
as much - Those were dark days for
you Dear - I'm stronger now
It don't kill you quite, when I go
away - It might I have been thinking
of our walk in the Grove two years
more ago - I have close you held
my hand - close to your heart - just
as though, for all the world, you would
never let me go - It was for your
life - How much one little woman's
heart will hold (all inside) - till
the word is spoken which breaks the
spell & then - how it runs over - Eh!

About you thought lots of times
too lately of what your mother said
a year ago last April - that she should
die when you came to leave her?

----- It is late
Good night & good bye Love

Oct. 10, 1861

State of Vermont, } CHITTENDEN, SS.
COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE.



A. J. Howard Deputy
A. J. Adams, Clerk of the County Court for the County of
Chittenden, being a Court of Record and having a seal, as hereto attached, do
certify that

Hector Adams Esq.

was, at the date of the paper writings to which this is attached, and now is, a

Justice of the Peace

within and for said County, duly commissioned and qualified; that his signature to the foregoing jurat and certificate is
genuine; that said paper writings are executed *acknowledged* according
to the Laws of this State, and are in due form; and that as such Officer, he is duly authorized by the Laws of this State
to take acknowledgments of Deeds and Depositions, and to administer Oaths, &c.



In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the
Seal of Court, at Burlington this *tenth*
day of *October* — Anno Domini, one thousand eight
hundred and ~~the~~ *sixty one*.

A. J. Howard Deputy Clerk.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD all *our* right and title in and to the said remised, released,
and quit-claimed premises, with the appurtenances thereof, to the said *George B. Wright his*

heirs and assigns, to *his* and their own proper use, benefit and behoof, forever.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this *17th* day of *September* 1861.

Signed, Sealed and delivered }
in presence of }

Daniel W. Coon
Hector Adams

Brigham C. Wright
Urania Wright

State of Vermont
Chittenden County

Be it remembered that on
the 17th day of September
A 1861 before the undersigned a Justice of the
Peace in and for said County of Chittenden per-
sonally appeared *Brigham C. Wright* and *Urania*
Wright wife of the said *Brigham C.* to me personally
known to be the identical persons whose names
are subscribed to the foregoing quit claim deed
as grantors and acknowledged the same to be
their voluntary act and deed. And the said
Urania Wright upon an examination apart
from her husband after being by me made
enquainted with the contents of said quit claim
deed acknowledged that she executed the same
and relinquished her dower in the real estate
therein mentioned freely and without compul-
sion or undue influence of her husband.
Before me *Hector Adams Justice of the Peace*



QUIT-CLAIM DEED.

SOLD BY ROLLIN BRADLEY, STATIONER.

Know all Men by these Presents, --- That We Brigham & Wright and Urania Wright wife of the said Brigham & Wright, both of Milton in the County of Chittenden and State of Vermont for and in consideration of the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, current money of the United States, received in full to our satisfaction of George B. Wright of Minneapolis in the State of Minnesota

have remised, released, and forever quit-claimed, and, by these presents, do remise, release, and forever quit-claim unto the said George B. Wright his

heirs and assigns, all right and title which we the said Brigham & Wright and Urania Wright have in and to the following described piece or parcel of land lying and being in the State of Iowa in the County of Winnebago, to wit, the South West quarter of Section twenty one (21) in Town No ninety eight (98) North of Range No twenty four (24) West of the principal.

[Faint, mirrored handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Oct. 10, 1861]

Entire "C" 99

[Oct. 10, 1861]

Quit-Claim Deed.

B. C. Wright &
wife
to

George B. Wright.

Town Clerk's Office,

185

at

No.

Received for record and recorded in Volume
of Record of Deeds, on page

Attest,

Town Clerk.

State of Iowa }
Winnebago County }
Filed for record
August 1st 1862
and recorded in
Book B. of Deeds
on Page 425

David Secor Recorder

G. B. Mulbin

[1861]

Henderson. Minn Nov 5/61
My Dear Wife:-

I am just back here, after
absence of 12 days & thought surely
I would hear from you here to night—
I wrote from here when on my way
out, & again on the 31st, from way down
South, which last letter I sent to
Mankato to be there mailed—Have you
not got those letters? Are you sick?
What is the matter you dont write?

I must go out in the country
again tomorrow hear nothing from
you till I reach Minneapolis.
Three Weeks Dear, I wait one word.
— Since I wrote last I have been
doing — (well just the same as
before) — The next night after I left
my Clean Dutchman's I stayed at
a Norwegian house some 15 miles
distant — the filthiest I ever

Imagined - worse than any Indians -
Neither Men or women ever washed
& the horrible Norwegian smell of
dent, grease, & personality - persuaded
all the cooks & waiters - I could
plainly taste smell & see the Nor-
wegian in the bread & butter - rough
- Two succeeding nights I stayed
with a Justice of the Peace - a keen
pleasant & man, with a clean &
nice young wife - They were a
year married - His name
John Armstrong - two years ago
a Member of the House Representa-
tives from Brown County -

Next night (Sunday) I stayed
with a Dutch family who could
talk English only by signs -

Yesterday I finished Land Looking
in that part of the Country &
started back - passed thro' Le-
Bter at noon reached here to-
night No Letters - Oh my Love,

from here I shall go North & N.W.
& examine some timber Lands &
from there I guess I'll go thro
the woods to Minneapolis
without coming back to here -
& so I'll not hear from you
at all - Are you well? Tell
me to-night while I sleep -

I've been thinking of baby much
for two or three days - thinking
what a frail tenure of Life a
little one holds - how quick the
little light goes out - how easily
the thread is broken -

In a few days Dear - By
Sunday Night I hope to be with
you - I am not sure - I am
one day later here than I had
planned -

Good Night Dearest - Kiss
Many for me - Kind remembrance
too to all our big household - be
good & brave dear -
Good with you - your Husband George

not encourage your sadnesses. It is not because I do not love you & feel & sympathize with you in every word.

I'm not very hopeful you know, but I'm not going to have you so sick - & remember that you are not fulfilling the agreement unless you divide your sorrows & sickness with me. & if you feel sad & still exert yourself to write gaily to me, I shall hold it to be a high crime. Oh we shall have such good times yet this winter, & next summer three of us will go in the groves together instead of two.

Dearest I wish you were with me now (or I there) and you should be my sick baby & I would hold you & you should rest & sleep sweetly. We would pray together for strength & goodness & the calm night should bring a new life to your tired body & then you would be better & well - Thus in a few days I know Good Night - but do not think of going away from me or that I am in Peoria. Think I am at your side when you sleep, & when you wake, that I am near, & will be back soon & now go to bed & to will I & sleep - Your Husband George

Peoria, Mond - no. Tuesday Eve. Dec 8/81.

Dear Wife, How do you do? It is almost mail time & then, perhaps I'll have a letter, one ^{came} last night, written Saturday & Sunday. You got one from me too, last night. Since I wrote I have been pursuing my alluring trade. 'You'd scarce expect one of my age' to put on so many airs & swell so extensively. Not so that I can make myself more at home in other men's houses than they themselves do. My cutwater proboscis, flows thro' the most difficult ways; the keenest rebuffs slide off & make no impression - I still "smile & smile" etc.

How long I shall remain I do not know. It is my private opinion that the business will not be advanced by my staying longer than this week. I have to write Mr Phoenix. but I expect he wants me to stay 2 or 3 weeks yet. I have been here just one week - Don't let that I make any impression on the Daughter aforesaid. My right hand neighbor "The Marylander" is calm, pleasant & quiet. The young fellow whom they call "John" (Mr Morse) has 't all his own way at that end of the table. The table has grown ^{large} & on the opposite side are two young men, each of whom I at once recognised as "One of the boarders"

By the way did I ^{mention} say that the Autocrat has taken a leak between me & the "Daughter"?

The "poor relation" has come & gone (An Aunt of the former Mr Culbertson & also a "Native American" i.e. Squaw) I presume I shall have to fight with the young man John & leave the house in disgust. Soon.

8 o'clock P.M. I have been to the P.O. & got your letter with the one from Iowa. Oh my Love - come to me. Let me hold you. My life - my Love. You may cry when you can rest in my arms. Do not feel so badly - so hopelessly - I do not blame you. You are not foolish - only sick & I am away. It makes me sad to know that you feel sad, but don't love, think I would have it otherwise. Oh I am so glad, so thankful, if you can let me share your heart even in its sadness - Give it all to me Dearest, Blessed. Do not think or feel dear, that it wearies or disgusts me. Do not think you are wicked to me - Do not think ^{that} think you are not to me all & more than all I ever could ask or hope. Oh my Love, If you could know my heart now - It tells to me you could never more feel distrust or unquiet. When you are giving your strength & life for my sake, can I feel that you are not all & more than all to me? I am not so wicked dear. Come & let me hold you & carry you, you may cry too. It will be good for you - I did not mean as you thought in what I said about our not doing very well & our not being in harmony - All I intended to say was that we had not lived so smoothly as we may in future, but that we had not truly & well loved - not that you were not a good wife, dearest & best of all things, above or below. - Only I meant that our bodies were not good - & would be better & so we could live better by & by.

I'm sorry dearest that I said those things which make you feel so badly. I did not mean to & did

think you would read them in the way you did -

I did not doubt your Love. I know you love me with your whole soul - & just through that very love, because of it, you cannot pass any judgment on me. I am free to say I cannot pass any unprejudiced judgment upon you. I love you too entirely to have room for aught else. Don't quarrel dear with me about it, for all my argument, all my theory fails; when I think that you are sick, sad, & need me. And you injure me when you think that I "feel that I lack a wife" - I am very wicked Love - how badly I have treated you sometimes - but you know 'twas not myself. You are my wife & I do take you to my heart in all conf'dence & love.

Do not feel so sad dear - In my arms you shall cry & then I shall kiss away all the tears & then the shadows shall go, & peace & quiet come. You have a purpose in "feeling good" - a life-long happiness in it - I wish you could be well - but don't feel badly about it - You will be to well, by & by. Did you not tell me that all women think they are going to die in this trial? Do not fear Love. All will yet be well. In a few days I will be with you & not leave you again, till you are well. Her Phoenix to the contrary notwithstanding. Be quiet - be calm - think "pretty things" (that means me) & be as strong as you can. Cry when you feel like it & don't think I blame you in anything. Think only that I love you with my whole heart & in all things sympathize with you & when you are sad - do not fear to tell me so, if I do

Minneapolis Dec. 11 - 1861 -

George -

I got the letter this morning you sent by Mr. Evans, and I am glad to hear from you, though this letter is miserable comfort enough. I have been unaccountable uneasy and gloomy ever since you have been gone, with sufficient reason now I see.

Of course I have nothing to say in answer to what you say about our affairs. It is as it is, and God help us. It is hard to waste life and strength so hopelessly and have nothing for the result. I do not wonder you are unhappy at home and abroad.

What can I do? I ask myself daily the question what can I do to make our living more simple, to spend less money and make my husband's life less anxious and unhappy. You must believe me when I say I try hard, and hard to do well, and to learn to do better. I am not unmindful of your hard work nor of what you continually suffer on account of debts. In every thing I do I think of it, and try to do every thing in the cheapest and best way. It must be easier for you to believe I mean well, if through want of knowing, how I fail in doing well. I cannot see how it is possible for it to cost more than you earn to live. You know how we live when you are at home - and when

You are away we live simpler still, cooking less with those things that cost most and trying in every way we can think of to save. Of course I cannot manage as well as an old housekeeper, even if I have the faculty undeveloped. You will not be afraid to make any suggestions when you ^{see} where I might do better, will you? I am willing to do anything to lessen our expenses, to live ever so cheaply and humbly. I am willing to bring our living to the level of the poorest if I can add one bit ^{of labor} to your labors, or make one whit more cheerful and hopeful your life. I can bear anything better than to see you so hopeless and crushed. It makes me scarcely less wretched than your self. And it is not wholly your unhappiness either, I appreciate your cause for feeling as you do, somewhat, if not as fully as your self. But most always I can trust our Heavenly Father - and when I pray that he will not leave us to travel in blind ways, but will lead us by the hand, and help us in all we do I believe he will do it. It seems like turning our backs to him to despair. God will help us my love, I know he will - If you can see one ray of light through the thick darkness do not be discouraged. It is too bad when we are so young and when our home might be so happy that it is not so. I am troubled about your eyes. Do

as careful of them as you can be - don't use them evenings if you can help it. We are all well at home. Baby Mary seems perfectly well, and as good as can be. She is growing fast in knowledge, and playfulness, crawls and kicks nearly all the time. Our meats are doing well - no danger of hurting I guess - No man has brought any beef yet. Our wood is not all gone. Did you ever see such fine lumps for December? I have had a letter from Papa, that is all, except this one from Chaney ^{con} which I send.

Elsie is getting ready to go to the funeral of Mr. Mablett's son, who died in Washington and has been brought on here. I am going to send this letter to Mr. Evans who said he was to go home to night or in the morning - I will send a shirt by him too, I presume of course he rides and can take one. I haven't time to write more - It is lonely here without you, home is not half home.

Good bye Love - God bless you. Your wife
Serenia.

Minneapolis Dec. 13, 1861.

My dear husband,

Though it is must
night I must write a bit to send
by Charley when he goes to the office.

I have been writing to your
Father this After-noon. We got a
letter from him last night. I
will enclose it to you. You may
want to write before you come
home. It is a sad letter Love -
but I hope 'tis not so bad as you
father fears - he is very much
discouraged.

How do you do to-day? What
another beautiful week for work
out of doors! Minnesotians never
before enjoyed such a winter to my
knowledge. Mr. Barber made
us a little visit last evening -

He told me he had been sick
three weeks - I hid up in the house

We dont have many callers - but
more than I can call upon in
return, I have nt returned a call
since you went away, I have been
out once or twice, but tis hard
work to resolve to make a ceremo-
nious call. I have learned

through Mrs. Harris that "Cousin
Lucy" is better, for which I am
truly glad, for I treated her so
coolly when I was there, and she
was sick, and I thought if she
should die I should be so sorry,
ashamed, and guilty all my life
whenever I thought of her. I

dont know as her living exempts
me from blame, but I feel better.
It has taught me a good lesson, I will
always treat the whole tribe of
Lucys well hereafter. (I dont know
how to spell the word) - We are

well - I am really afraid of our
meat. It is not frozen at all - Mr.
Hodge I had come in and look at
it, he said 'twas safe some time
yet, but it still continues ^{to rot} so I
believe unless we have a rapid
change of weather I shall salt it -
It has not been frozen enough
to pack since you went away.

The struts are all wet to-day.

Baby is crying, I cant write
much more. Elsie has sick head
ache to-day - I said we were well -
but Elsie and Charley have both
been unwell to-day, not seriously
though.

I hope you are well,
were you sick last week why
you last a day and a half? On
reading over your letter I was
afraid you were. Dearrest it
would relieve my heart of such a
load to know you were feeling better.
Good-night. ~~to~~ Serena -

[1861].

Sunday Eve Dec 5th.

My Love - Good Eve - God bless you my Darling
- I am at Mr Austin's to-day - must go back
to Dutch-land in the Morning early - I got
your letter last Night - also the "clean billed
rag" - Asent you ashamed - Actually offending
"Aid Comfort" in this way - to send me
a blue striped shirt - Don't you know
you've sworn nearly, that you never
would do it? Oh my wife - you are
a good Angel to me surely - When for
myself with my eyes I can see no
ray of cheering light, your reassuring
words do calm me & make me hope still
yet! - How we are to do I cannot tell
I cannot see any solution - but after all
it is only for us to do our best, & trust
& wait, we cannot make it otherwise if
we would - but Oh it comes down crush-
ingly upon me sometimes - The only
fruit now is - How shall we do the best we can?

Darling, I am lonesome away from you too, but I cannot think of it - it must not interfere with what are real necessities - In a few days I shall be with you again for how long I do not know - but so long as there is work to do I must do it, wherever it offers - Sometime perhaps these limitations may be slackened some - if all things work prosperously for a year or two, then may be, I shall not need to leave you any more - *but "poor folks havent any right to get married" I verily believe - I wonder if all the world are pinched & worried so all the time? - I guess your wood is all gone - but it has been one sleighing so I could get any down from here - you must try to get along as well as you can for a day or so, & then I guess we will have snow & sleighing the week too - better try up for food all you want of the fat & the rest - it will freeze enough & nights to

keep frozen thro the day I guess if kept in a cool place -

But I will be home this week. You used to think a year ago that it was a good place to cry in my arms - Sometimes I have thought that there could be no good place for me to rest - but your letter brings back to me things I had forgot & tells me to trust. Oh my Love, I love you - Good bye for a day or two - God bless you -
Your Husband
George

so to her who knew you so much
better than I could, to her whose
insight & appreciation of personal
qualities was so much more ready
& just than mine. She was never
attracted toward moral or mental
deformity; & she was attracted toward
you; so I am always ready to give
you credit for hidden treasure of
excellence far surpassing all
~~that for which~~ the discovery of which
had made me love & trust you,
which is much, stupid & blind as
I know myself to be.

I know I am writing a fool-
ish letter; but if Paul might some-
times speak as a fool, I more.
Not least among your goodneeps
shall it be, that you will not
view me with a critic's eye.
But pass my imperfections by.

So my heart gives you a Kiss, as
my lips want to do this minute. bles
your heart & eyes that thro' & stare so.

We have moved cook-stove into dining-room. It's warm.
Mother wishes me to tell you how much
she wants to see you & baby. And that
she has been thinking of you a good part
of her days.
Bloomington, Sat. eve. Dec 21, 1861

My Daughter, Dear:

My brain is too tired to finish writ-
ing my morrow evening lecture on Ab-
raham Lincoln; & I will rest by talking
with you. Do not doubt my constant
affections for you; though it can never be
of such service to you as that of her
whose presence we both so much miss.
The years you spent under our roof and
during which we counted you as all our
own, were years in which our own fam-
ily life unfolded into richness and
sweetness as never before, and your re-
lation to that blessedness was more
vital & important than you could
know - or we either at the time. My
wife needed the companionship she found
in you. My character was & is too
one-sided to permit me to be all to
a wife which a woman's nature needs.

And tho' in later months, you added a little to the accumulative morbidness of our house, because you could not help it; the compensation came beforehand; for you had brought years of sunshine, & you had become so much of a treasure in her heart that you was a refuge from the very morbidness which you helped to produce. You need not ^{be} ~~sad~~ nor sorry in recalling anything of the past; there is greater joy in heaven and on earth to-night because you have lived, & because you have lived with us. God give you strength & a cheered heart for whatever future trials his mysterious mercy may have in reserve for the perfecting of your soul-discipline.

Your letter enclosing Charlie's to Charlie came last night. I felt a satisfaction, of which, I hope I ought not to be ashamed, in knowing that my letter were such a relief to you, making you "breathe freer," as if your old relationship had not

changed; & yet I am pained to know that such a feeling of relief should ever become necessary. I know that in some respects our paths must henceforth diverge - that infrequent interviews, & vicissitudes of life, rapidly multiplying experiences of which each must be ignorant, & changing social & domestic atmospheres, bringing corresponding changes over the inward life, must all operate to make us more like strangers in the course of years; and I could cry like a child at having it so. O if, as you say, our homes were nearer together! But, my dear child, there can be no alienation or estrangement; we surely have spoken with too open hearts for that: we have comprehended each other's faults & foibles too well; we shall always be a kind pussy father & a sprightly loving daughter, shall we?

Let me tell you that you are es-
pecially dear to me because you were