



George B. Wright and Family Papers

Copyright Notice:

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

[1866?]

My Dear — Mr. Eddy is writing so maybe
a line from this woman might not go
amiss, if you did not say I might write
you. We are all right I believe. It
has been pretty dull weather with a
light smart sprinkle now and then pretty
rough bumping I have fancied.

You have had several letters — One from
Walter saying you must not depend
on him if he came at all this summer it
will be too late to do any thing, probably.

One too from the office telling of a
mistake — I guess I will send that letter
along, 'twill amount to nothing if lost.

I have written Watson you are away.

I guess there is nothing else of importance

I can't stop, it is just dark and all
the children to be put to bed. You if you
has just intimated to me you should be
in St Cloud tomorrow you might have
got a few lines more. maybe I could
have found time to have said I love you

but - indeed I cant now. Good by Love,
But I do love you in a hump -
Your Frow -
Serena

1867

2

I must away to my tub of water, to which I daily resort, for a sitting. The children too think it the longest fun to strip and get in, after mamma gets out. I hope you find water to get into these days. Don't work hard, better stay a month longer than work much this weather, and eat little. I just was jolting Verry for his neck being broken out with heat, when he runs to Grand-ma to show his "broken neck".

Malben is still at home waiting for that "ill" to pass. He seems to bear it patiently, doing nothing mean while. His whole family have come on from Ohio, and make his house their home for the present. I have seen none of them; all my friends and neighbors avoid our house as if they were afraid of the small-pox - and every man and woman in town are asking Elsie when we expect Mr. Wright home, instead of asking out right when is Mrs. Wright expecting the sick. The last of this week I shall look for you a little, so shall not write again. Bless you my Love - and
God bless you - Your wife
Serena.

Minneapolis, 27. 1866.

My dear Love -

I am expectedly got a letter to-day, which thing makes me glad - I wish I could know you were as fortunate in hearing from me.

It was written ten days ago - you were then all well, and doing well, but pretty warm. I should say warm - It is hot, hotter, hottest! I think of you with misery every day. To-day the thermometer has been 98°, and it is a fair specimen of the last two or three weeks only a little more endurable than some days - And the nights too are sweltering, I am driven out of bed now and am writing down stairs in my night dress. You think you will be home in little less than two weeks now, that is good - Only I wish your work up there could be finished so you could

stay. I look with envy on every woman
I see who has a husband with her. Mary
has said several times lately, "Papa
likes to go stay way off up there, he
stays all the time". Gerson told Grand-
ma to-day he "guessed Papa would not come,
and we must take the stage and go up
in the wood". Poor Chicks - I don't wonder
they think you are a Lazine in liking
to stay away - The Children have both
been most sick for several days with
bowel complaint, which the damp, hot
weather makes quite prevalent now.

It is ten o'clock, and I suppose
I should show my sense in going to bed -

I think your Ann would act like a dose
of snuff when warm as it is. I wish
I could, even in dreams, be near you
but I very rarely am - Last night
I dreamed you were dead, which wasn't
pleasant. - Coal, sweet sleep to you
at any rate, my Love, I ask for, with
all other good things from dear Father. Goodnight.

Sunday Morning 29th. People are
going to Church, but how can they!
The heat continues with unabated fury.
But I see a black cloud rising in the
South-west, which may and may not
refresh us - we are not suffering from
dryness, and our late showers have only
seems to make a bad matter worse, for I
believe a dry heat is better than steaming.
The Records all over the Country show an
unprecedented degree of heat for the last
month.

The Children are
laying on the floor amusing themselves
with drawing pictures on a slate. Mary
shows the bright instinct to draw, she
makes men and letters that you can dis-
tinguish from Cats and Dogs, which
surely is not the Mother in her. This
warm weather they do not think of going
out to play till night, but call about
in doors tearing their Mother and Grand ma
for stories, and to read, till sometimes flesh
and tongue almost fail.

God will provide —
Ned has got a situation
in the iron business as
clerk to a Mr Dennis salary a
thousand dollars a year & his father
pays his house rent — but they are
not satisfied & talk of moving, they
have not been there three months
yet — they have a fine baby that
improves every day & is so different
from poor little Frankie —

Lois Stretton has come from home
& gone into the Women's Hospital
for her health but they told her
yesterday that they could not do
any thing for her & she is causing
her to-morrow, she has a disease
which they say cannot be cured
She & Mrs Bauman Stretton who
came up with her will stay here
for a while I do not know how
long, Mrs Bauman is also sick —
I hope I shall have strength to attend
to all the sick ones — I wish you
would write to Lois & thank her for

her stockings a letter from you
would I know be particularly grate-
ful just now — Mrs
Lamborn's wife has an infant boy
to be called Thomas Parker Thomas
for her brother that was killed &
Order for Mr Theodore P —
Boulton has just returned in the
last steamer —

We had quite a pleasant call
from the Outrigger Skully & thinks
you are a very good friend of his
He said you wanted some papers
but he had lost his memorandum
book & we did not think best to let
him look over your papers — but if
you will let us know what they
are we can send them —

Your friends earnestly enquire for
you, Mrs Mornell particularly
& so I hope you will write very
soon — Annie is so full
of business that she cannot spare
time for writing so that you must

Take this as the best that can
be produced at present &
as it is after ten o'clock I

Must say good bye for
the present -

I don't forget you

Mother dear

All round Love

Boston 19th 1866

Dear William [To Thomas W. Clarke]

I write to-night as
there does not seem any one else
to write to & I will tell you the
family news - Annie is going
to Philadelphia the Dr. thinks it
will benefit her to go there and
stay through the month of May
& part of April, so as to get
rid of the east winds here -
Lizzie will go on with her &
get her settled & then return
but I hope she will stay a little
while for I think it will do
her great good. Mrs Adams
& Harold will go with them & stay
a little while & so I think they will
have quite a good time & I hope it
will do them great good - what
we shall do while they are gone I
know not but I always think that

Manufacturers' Insurance Co.'s Office,

Boston, January 11th 1866.

Calvin W. Clark Esq
Boston
Dear Sir

At a meeting of the
Stockholders of the Manufacturers Insurance Co
held at the Company's Office No. 59 State St
on Wednesday January 10th 1866. it was
Voted

"That the thanks of the Stockholders of this
Company, be conveyed to Mr Calvin W. Clark for
the long, able and efficient services rendered by
him as a Director, during the past eighteen years,
and regretting his compelled withdrawal from the
Board of Directors."

I am with much respect
Your obedient Servant,

Sam'l Gould Pres

A true Copy

Attest

W. S. Goodrich

Secy

B. B. Williams,
President

F. J. Davis,
Cashier

Traders National Bank

91 STATE STREET,

Boston, 16th Jan'y 1866.

Mr C. W. Clark,

My Dear Sir:

At the annual meeting of the stock-holders of this Bank, it was unanimously desired by the gentlemen present, that the President should express to Mr. Clark, their deep sympathy with him in the loss of his eyesight, which loss he bears with such christian fortitude, and cheerfulness, and also to tender to him their warmest thanks for the very able and devoted manner, which he has performed the duties of director.

The writer takes great
pleasure in being the medium
through which the stock-holders
express their sense of Mr. Clark's
services, and also he wishes
personally to express his high
appreciation of the scrupulous
integrity and industry with which
he has discharged the duties of
his office, and also remember
with much pleasure the agreeable
official intercourse, which has
always existed between Mr. Clark

And his sincere friend
Wm. V. Williams

I had a ^{Feb} march no of Atlantic in
the woods — Griffiths Gantt + Landscape
Painter + book notices — astonishing
What a difference between reading
at home among wife + babies or
two hundred miles away in the woods
— I got awful sentimental and
romantic + if I had had paper should
have commenced a tale at once
— I see plainly how tis — domestic
infelicity is necessary to the development
of sentiment — and I shall postpone
writing my "poem" till you get your
divorce — and then in loneliness
and solitude I shall write stories
for the Atlantic — Ledger — or
Boston Cultivator —

I quite escaped a literary fever
this winter because at home
but I have got the itch therefor
very bad just now — The atmosphere
here however is not favorable
for writing — my hand is crazy
lets pen + ink and paper.

— Kiss all our babies + babies Kiss
our you — I am never wholly away
from you — just now at least you have reason
to remember — your husband

Crow Wing. Apr 5 1866

My Love.

"Just as I predicted" — I
saw a man yesterday who left Minnogo-
-olis Monday + today I have seen
papers of Sunday — and I know as well
as I need to that you are all
downed out and floated down the
Mississippi and are as far as
St Louis by this time at any rate
— and I knew it would be
just so. I got a letter here
today from you — written 3 days
after I left + look for another
tonight giving particulars of the
Deluge etc — It has been
warm and stormy from Friday
last till yesterday (Wednesday)
when it froze up solid, but no
sunshine yet for seven days

I have been up the Mississippi

and just got back here - today having walked 20 miles today tomorrow I go up the Crow Wing & Long Prairie Rivers and thence across through the woods to Little Elk River & thence to Little Falls & home again. But for this last trip I should be home Saturday night, but now I cannot get home sooner than one week from Saturday.

It is rough and hard enough. I have tramped in the snow an average of 20 miles a day every day since Wednesday last week. It is entirely an accommodation trip - to please Bent, Nutting, and for which I hope to get guid pro grue in the shape of Govt Contract this season - Not but this work is paid nominally - but only about $\frac{1}{2}$ what it is worth to do it.

I hope you are not entirely drowned out - If the water

breaks into the cellar everything must be taken out and dried carefully - the Ironware - tools &c wiped & dried quickly so as not to rust.

Give Charlie carte blanche to sell anything he can - for a good price - John for not less than \$75 or more than \$150 (particularly the last).

Be careful of Fran - she is exceedingly crazy and fractious when she gets in a bad place -

I am going to see if I can't get Billy back to mate her. They will go well together.

If Frank Newton comes to see me tell him I want to see him when I get home - I think I shall want to get him to look after things about home this spring some - If I am away - as seems likely -

Don't write me here again I shall not be here again -

Sault Ste Marie, Minn Sunday Apr 29. 1866

My Love. We havnt made very much progress as yet, - we
went to Anoka Tuesday. To Clear Lake (40 miles) on Wednes-
-day To St Cloud 12 miles Thursday, where the Ferries were all
down & we could not get across the river till Friday noon
we reached here this morning 60 miles NW from St Cloud.
we shall be here for a day or two. This letter should reach
you Tuesday Evening, and a letter the same evening from
Minneapolis wd reach here Thursday evening, but I might
then be gone - Direct to Chippewa Station Douglass. Co. for
next 10 days. Tell me all that is going on & contents (dont send
them) of all letters. The new pony is, splendid but it is
too bad to use her single on our big load. Seldom swapped off
old John, on the road, for an Indian pony, wh I guess isnt
much better, but we use that one too sometimes on the ^{wagon}

It has been mostly nice weather till today wh is stormy
but we have made desperately slow progress, and we have
stopped all the time at hotels too. So it is costly and
we havnt done a bit of work yet. However

Yesterday was the 28th of April - the 1st Saturday
since that of Apr 28 1860 - and I kept the day in
remembrance - Six years My Wife - so quick gone - a little
bit and our babies will be out to other arms than yours
and making new and stranger ties for themselves. - and then

a little bit further on, and Grandpa and Grandma will be the queer
funny old folks that our Grand Pa and Ma. were to us
, or, as my Grandpa were to me - perhaps - only a name
as of one who might have lived before the Flood for
aught I knew or cared. - But that they were ever
(and that but a few days ago) children - and young men or
women, and loved as young folks do now (i.e. when Mary's
and Vernon's babies are 20 years old) - oh no - impossible to
imagine such a thing - - No thought of the past but brings
with it the companion thought that all here will be
past with more than lightning speed.

Another year and we will live together and
make our days count more for us and our children
and for others than they ever have done -

But many things yet I want to do - To get a
good home - to educate our children as they should be
To travel - to study and to do many grand & good
things - and to do all these takes money - and that
flies like a will-o-the-wisp from and before me -
- and if ever caught - then a man is unfit to do
anything else but pursue it - bleak barren worthless
life - But without the necessity for labor of hands and
brains we should become quite good for nothing -

Happiness - or the stat satisfaction only of having done
well and deserved well of the world, is as hard for Kings
as beggars to find - Horace Mann or Abraham Lincoln
might it seems to us have said "I have fought the good fight"
yet perhaps there was sometimes as unsatisfactory an outlook
as ours, for from the Mountain-top one must see broad fields
^{not} yet his own - while the worm knows only the walls of his own
cell - - Write me often - every day - I love you and work for
you - God bless and keep you my Dear Dear Wife -
Your Husband George

This is May Day - this morning it snowed and the wind blew furiously.

This is the day six years ago I was
not married, because I "preferred
April". Six years husband and

My Love. [George B. Wright]

Where are you this Sunday Afternoon? I suppose you know, though it is not so apparent to this little part of yourself which constitutes me. Well, here I am at home, feeling half forsaken and forlorn. I did not go to Church to-day for reasons too big to mention.

I hear. I don't believe the people as a whole are sorry I have skin go.

Do you remember Six years ago last night?

Tuesday Evening. - I have just read your Sunday letter from Sank Centen.

It makes me feel more like crying than anything else - but for what I could neither tell you nor myself if I tried.

Well, I have let the ink dry on my pen for the twentieth time without writing a word, now I suppose I proceed to business. Well are all well as usual just. Fanny is doing well as could be expected, Frank says. He thinks it is an old affair, and that she will get so she will be good for light uses, but not to do much work. Frank bought a X gate yoke of oxen the other day for one hundred and thirty dollars - big and good he says. He was offered \$50

for them before he got home. Cows are forty five and fifty dollars - very high - but Frank says you gave him orders to buy at any rate, and maybe you meant it, but if Charley should dry her up in milking it would hardly pay.

The Market for Apple Trees extremely dull. The day you left he sold a dozen or so, since then 75 cents worth!

He only got the Posters to-day and put them up. Sebastian has brought no more. As for news and letters, just none. No mail since you left until yesterday, and then nothing for us. This evening we got a few papers but I have not looked at them.

So old Johnny is gone, and another slick taken his place. I hope the Indian is not much better, for in that case it would be cheating. This Horse business is very delicate. Indeed Trading of any sort I believe Satan invented.

fix it and it chiel out come
down there is some fines in
it and I got some medicine
to pray to take it out I think
she will be all right by the time
you get back although I do not
think it will ever do to find her
where she will have to pull very
hard. I have not got a wagon
yet, if the hay gets out before you
get back, I shall have to buy enough
to last on the street ^{if I suppose}.
I could get in the two acres up to
the farm if I had not so much
other work to do, and had a place
do you know where I can borrow
a place or hire one either one.
I suppose you want all the apple
trees that I do not sell set out up
on the farm do you not, I have not
seen Sebastian yet has sent word
to him though to bring or send down
some trees as soon as he could.
as my shed is nearly full and I
believe I have written about every
thing I will close, from

A. H. Newton,

To Geo. J. Wright,

Amoskav's Green

May 22, 1866

Friend Wright

Mr. Geo. Wright

is writing you in the
this evening I will also
scribble a few lines and
send with him.

I have
not sold a great many
apple trees yet 24 is all,
and I sold 24 of them
the same day you went
away, so you see the
business is not very good
as yet. I went down to
the Atlas office to get some
of the notices they were to
print and New Chad and chiel
it yet and I had to go

Three times before I could get them and I told them the last time that we should not want them if they did not ^{get of them,} come soon, I got them last evening and stuck them up in town. I bought a Goke of Glass last Saturday had to pay \$134.00 (one hundred and thirty dollars) for them I could of sold them in two hours for \$150.00 I think they are worth \$160.00 easy enough at 100 lbs are selling they are good sized considerable heavier than those you had last year are in fairly good order have been on a farm all winter. Now not get a Cow yet, I can get one in 24 hours for \$50.00 a large Cow is coming in some time next week and is said to be a good Cow. You might think I had not

better buy any they are so high
 they are selling for \$90.00 and
 \$60.00 in town. I went up to
 Mr Harrison this afternoon he has
 and got all of his things and
 they were detained on the account
 of the railroad bridges going off
 in Wisconsin he will probably
 get the rest tomorrow if he
 can, and get them this evening.
 I picked up the stuff in the
 garden and dug the drain and
 fixed it as you told me also
 and the helms in the upper &
 ground them, has helped the
 Leukia. Wash twice. I think
 the mare is getting along very
 well I think she has been
 ruptured before but it may
 be a new thing, the bandage
 got slipped back some yesterday
 and I loosened the buckle to

have made considerable more - for I think they were nearly all of the best and they paid me only for medium, but I did not like to enter into a discussion with two men, and thought better so than shame them all in sold. We have not sold two dollars worth before since you left.

I do not think of any news, I see nobody and nobody sees me. We have not had a single letter since you went away. We get our weeklies. I guess I will send a Republican, for I suppose you see nothing. I shall look for another letter from you Tuesday. I shall send this to the Office this evening hoping you will get it Tuesday night.

I hope your Professor maintains his serenity - but there is a certain Fanny here quite disconsolate - her sister says she has not smiled nor hardly spoken since he left, and has nearly cried her eyes out. Poor child, she has yet to learn the vanity of tears. ~~Love~~ Love eyes are all they are apt to. But it is a very dreary sort of resignation I feel when I think of all this. I shall write as often as I can, for I am your wife Serena.

99/8 Lane

Minneapolis, May 3^d, 1866.
My Love, -

I sent a letter to the Office this morning, but I feel lonesome, so write again. It is only half living to be a wife and have no husband. I have just put the chicks to be duly scrubbed and kissed. They have played out all day to-day as happy as birds. Vernon says "Papaw way off in country."

Elsie and Frank have gone to prayer-meeting. Frank is very devoted to Church and his Religion, and seemed a good boy.

He has been hunting for a wagon 15-day, and has been quite distressed to find them so high, finally succeeded in finding a pretty good one, minus box, for sixty dollars. He bought lumber for box for ^{one and half} ~~five~~ dollars, and said he could hire it made for five more.

To-day we have had the Garden Flooded
so I suppose Frank will make that
next.

Yesterday we amused
ourselves by taking up the Carpets
up stairs and cleaning the Chambers.

Frank went over to the Farm. No
body for any more Trees. We shall have
a big Orchard over to the Farm, I am
afraid.

Between whiles I have been reading
"Les Misérables" and some of them are
miserable enough. It is extremely
interesting. It deals a good deal with
the poor and vicious of Paris, and
is full of mystery.

Sunday, May 6th. - A bright and
beautiful day - It makes me think
of some of those bright days in Somerville
when I was a girl, writing letters to my
Love, only I did not say my Love
then as now. Radiant days those
were, with an unflinching sunshine as bright

to-day as then. These days are far more
real, Family cares and children, are
not favorable to dreams and sentiment,
and Twenty-five is less romantic than
Eighteen, yet I am well satisfied to say
my Husband, and feel myself your wife,
and have no heart to sigh for "those dear
old days".

The Children are as wild as two young
Chippewas, and are out of doors early
and late. Are you sure you are not
a descendant of Pocahontas. Last night
Vernon was teasing for bread and
butter which I refused, when he said "If
you don't give me bread and butter I
will sell you"!

Frank went home last night.
He will be back tomorrow morning.
After he went away two Germans came
and brought three dozen trees, paying
me Eleven dollars and thirty cents. If
you had sold them I presume you would

Sank Center. June 8/66

My Love - I have just time to write a word - One week gone - we are 130 miles away - we have had no bad luck but things move slowly - an Ox team is an intolerable nuisance that must be tolerated - we shall reach our work tomorrow night. 10 days from home

I have heard nothing of the Contract which is required to be approved by the Genl Land Office - so I am going on my own responsibility - and if the Contract should not be approved it will cost me \$1000. - but I think it will be. The boys have swapped horses twice since we left home - making me 8 horses in all since last fall - and of the line in regular succession from old John no less than 4 - The Indian they traded off for a lame kicking old plug worse than Old John. The one they now have is a lazy fat stout pretty good

bag colored like Billy - a good horse
called Pete - I have shut down on the
boys trading any more - I bought a
Crown the other day a long legged cat of
a thing + white - a white long legged
Illinois Durham - All are well & in good
spirits - all good fellows - I think
we will have a good time -

Having a good deal of rain now
& the roads bad in places - hope it
reaches down to Minneapolis -

Don't know where our best Post
Office will be but for the present
Alexandria - (Sent 31 night 22.8. Sep Sunday)

Breakfast ready & I must close
Good bye love - Write often +
send us papers -

Your Husband
George

before breakfast. So you have got "Mr. Chickadee's" visitable Cow. How many milks does she give. Fate has ordained your Cows shall be white, whether imaginary or real. The Quing rants in that direction must think you have come in to settle, with your numerous cattle and horses. We are having rain

upon rain, wind upon wind till thankless wretches as we are, we are tired and sick of it. Not much warm weather yet, at least no hot weather. Our garden is growing nicely - peas in blossom.

Mrs. T. B. has been over visiting us today. Mr. Walker has not yet known what he will do - that Appropriation bill not yet passed. That makes me think we had a call the other day from Mr. Thornton, wife and sister - only a short call and was down town and did not see them. And yesterday morning before we had been to breakfast William Coon and wife drove up in state to our humble

door. Mr. Coon came in a moment, but Madame did not condescend to alight. He is a handsome man, worthy a Sam Sower name. I wonder if Leena could have married you if your name had been Coon? My love ^{must} have been desperate if I could have done it. You will see from Papa's letter he has been sadly disappointed. I cannot understand anything about a woman who refuses to go to her husband, health or no health. I know under like circumstances a sea voyage would have been, of all things, most necessary to my safety, and the babies - I suppose I don't know, but I do know nothing but certain death would have kept me so long from you, of my own choice. I am sorry for Papa, for he is more dependent on a wife than I like to see a man be.

I think of our town news. At home we are doing much after our old style. Mrs. Brown says Mr. Gardly is concerned about my going ^{not} to Church - thinks she

Minneapolis June 17, 1869.

My Love—

Another Sunday. Going up to you last Summer spoiled me almost—the possibility—though ^{terrible} scarcely this Summer—seems always open now of going to you and make me feel in a way unreconciled to separation. How could Fanny stay in Albany when the way was open for her to go to her husband!

I believe this is the first day for two weeks that it has not rained—To day it is clear and bright, but more fallish than June like. Minus the wettings, this is good weather for you to work—no danger of melting. Sundays are getting to be such boxes—I hardly know how to live through one with getting up late and going to bed early! I cannot go out, and nobody comes—reading, after a few hours, gets tiresome, can't work, the children

drag me down - I feel mean &c, &c -
Have I said enough? I guess so.

I suppose Ada will come this week.
The School was to have closed last week.
Poor Child - she is undergoing martyrdom
in leaving Mr. Bayley. What makes me,
when I know the full bitterness of the
trial, and in my heart rebel against
fate which compels you and I to be
so much apart, always feel like laughing
at another who is alike miserable?
As Dr. Spenser might say "It is the
Devil in me".

Oh my dear, the rats -
if you find any house over our heads
or any mases on our faces when you
come you may consider yourself a
fortunate man. Since we have cleaned
up every thing in the Cellar, and taken
the rail out of the Cellar-way they are
stamped into the upper part of the
house - They have gnawed their way
into the Granary, and last night they

gnawed behind the sitting-room door,
opening out of Grandma's Room, a great
hole in the wall, beside making sad
havoc with plaster and paper - And
worse yet, the noise was so loud nearly
to death with two screams from Grand-
ma in dead of night, and while I was
wondering what on earth could the matter
be, the mystery was solved, to my dis-
satisfaction, by a big rat running over
my head, the same creature having just
been tugging away at Grandma's night-
cap. It is anything but funny, and if
they continue to run riot at the same
rate, I shall set fire to the house and
run away, in desperation.

Monday Morning, 18th You
see I left before my letter was
finished - now I must send it to the
Office by Charley when he goes to school.
I shall write again in a day or two.

I also send a Republican -
I shall look for a letter from you tomorrow -
Good by my love, your wife Sarah.

In Camp, Wednesday June 13/66

My Love — I have just time for one
word — we are at work and making
fair progress — Having a great deal
of rain — regular old fashioned
Thunder showers at night — & clear
days. — are just sending out to
Alexandria for our mail, Shall
know tomorrow I suppose whether
all this outlay of mine has been
for nought or otherwise,

Write often & send papers.

— Direct ~~Direct~~ Alexandria (forward
to Holmes City)

I love you — goodbye
Your Husband
George

In Camp Sunday June 17/66

My Love -

Sunday morning again bright clear and cold. We are getting along pretty well - with no bad luck, we have not heard from below as yet - got no letters the other day when we sent out to Holmes City. I hope all will be right - I send out again today & think sure I shall hear from you

How are you this morning, a little lonesome & sickish I suppose - and if its such weather as here, you're freezing to death; but its nice weather to work and sleep in, - I dont know what to write about for theres no news here. We have got a good crew. The most civilized set I ever had. Moore is a fine fellow & good worker & Moses is 1st rate & smart for 19 - a real live Yankee & a gentleman. Morley & Frank and Selden we know of before.

Toward Holmes City

Almost Alexandria

Oh I forgot your picture - send me one
I am getting hungry to look at "ma Fran"

Seldom is the Clown of the Company -

Our Big Man is much as usual - queer and Odd, but a pretty good worker and well disposed - Before I had reached Camp on the way up, they had named him "General Grant" and he goes by the Name "General" ever since, with equal unanimity they have named Seldom "Canuck" - and Young Strickler (Herrick's boy) goes by the title of "Wilkins Micawber" shortened to "Wilkins" or "Willikin" - Money & Moses are the only ones who keep their own names. "Moon" is called "Cap" (for Captain, which he has a legal right to I believe) - and they call me the "Col." I presume because I command the Regiment, but no one can tell why these names are so - They grow spontaneously, and last for the trip, no longer.

On the way up, at White Bear Lake I shot a deer (the 1st one I

ever pointed a gun at) with my carbine - we took the saddle part and brought to camp, and gave the rest to some settlers. It being too heavy to carry whole, we have had fresh meat ever since! The boys have shot at Ducks & geese but without getting any.

A great many ^{settlers} are coming in here several within 2 miles of us now. We see them every day.

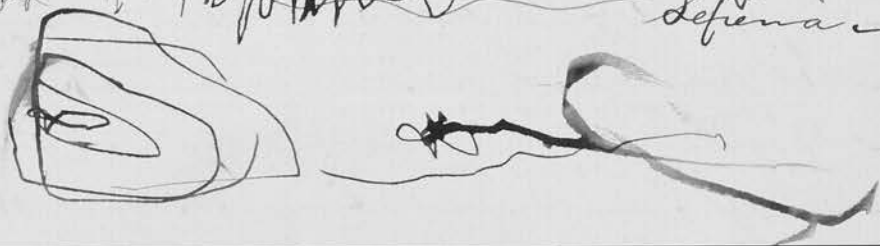
Well that's all about us. - Camp life is like camp life everywhere, prosy & dull - and the local amusement is very mild & slim. There is splendid hunting and fishing here, ^{wh!} ~~it~~ is amusement and excitement to those that like it. If you see Charlie Seaman tell him to come on and have the best hunting he ever saw.

Then - good bye - God bless & keep you - Try to "Keep jolly" - there would be a "Ment" in it, - Mark Twain might have learned a way to accomplish his desire for being jolly ^{if he had been a woman -} ~~by doing love~~ - ~~George~~

Garden is growing finely. The peas are nearly as high as I am, and in full blossom. — Charley has come with as many as six or seven quarts of strawberries — don't wish you had as many of them as would be for your stomachs good!

Oh my Love — it is no use to say it, but I do wish you were at home. You seem so far away, and so long away. If I did not steadfastly shut out all demerit and complaints — and manage each day as it comes the best I can, I should be miserable enough. I am not altogether selfish either, I think if you so far from home, hard at work for us you love, and I do not feel I suffer most. Bless you my Love, I love you with all my heart, and pray God to care for you every day.

Nothing would do but Mary and Verna both must write to Papa — I course you read it —
Good night — I write you again
Dorothy



Minneapolis, June 21, 1864.

My dear Husband —

I wish you a happy New Year — This is a fair beginning, if a beautiful day may be called so, it is as cool and bright as need be. Thirty one years old! So you begin to feel that you are growing old. The only way in which I feel old is in the quick flight of time, one week goes and another comes so fast one after another, that it makes me tremble almost, when I think how soon you and I, if we live, will be "old folks". One year now seems so short a bit of time — and only a little while ago, I can remember, a Year in the future seemed almost as long as my whole life now looks in the past. So it is, and so it must be, and we cannot, if we would, help it. We are no longer boy and girl, but old married folk, with numerous

Off Spring growing up around us. I am content, art-thou?

Yesterday I got a line from you, which was much better than nothing - It was written just a week before, as you were sending to Alexandria for mail, and it made me feel sorry that you would get nothing from me, but I did not know where to send until that very day, when I got your first note. You must have heard, however, before now, that we are all right. You are having splendid weather for work, and I hope you are making double quick time, only I don't want you to either kill or hurt yourself, but I wish the work was done and you were at home.

Mr. Gardley called a minute the other night to see if you left a tent behind - He said you promised him one for a week or two if you did not take them all with you. I believe there is one down Cellan.

Mr. Gardley says the Bible Class is prospering - he is teacher. — I have just

been down Cellan and brought up a bottle of soap been that I made yesterday - I wish I could have a bottle waiting in Camp for you when you come in from work tonight, tired and warm - It would be more refreshing than that hot coffee - Your Long White must be a great improvement in coffee, as well as in a good many other things.

Do you find any strawberries? Last Saturday Charley brought home a few fairly ripe strawberries, which we stewed for sundays dinner. This afternoon he has gone over again to see if he can get some - they must be getting nicely ripe now, but oh! the naughty boys, and other folks that will steal. Charley says we should have lots of them if they could be let alone. They are selling in market now for sixty cents a quart.

I guess there is nothing new - At any rate I hear of nothing special happening - No letters for you since I wrote. Every thing in the

I have neither time nor strength to write
particulars, all of which you will get
if you take the trouble. Andrew says he
thinks it safe to say \$50000 damage
was done about Town. I have seen no
traps to see how far the storm ex-
tended - I hope it started this side of you.

Your fence at the farm, which I
told you, in the beginning of my letter,
needed 25 new posts, now needs

115 - Thirty dollars at least will
be required to repair it, as near as I
can judge. I went over yesterday
to Mr. Severns, who engaged to fix
it all up, and immediately. He is
to settle with you about it. I told him
to buy white Cedar posts. I think
it would have been more profitable for
you if the storm had carried the farm
away bodily. Mr. Moore's chimneys
were both blown down, as were hundreds
of others. I got your letter today
written ten days ago. How long it takes
to get a letter to or from you! If I could
be jolly with my husband a thousand miles away
it would be jolly to be moved of -

You want to see
young Frank, don't you?
I want to see you
and something more
than a paper you
100. I forgot
10500. I must have
seen a little to fix
us up, and is going
10 miles the other
again in a day or
two. Our garden
is in sight to see
you the rain came
in (partly) evening
and it is raining
thin. New fence
are all right - now,
Thank God, that I
pray will reach
you safe. I am
Thank, your friend

of a jumble - and am inclined to wish
your farm in the bottom of the sea.

We had a big shower of wind and rain
the other evening which laid the fence
in the ground, as usual. It seems to me
it must have been thoroughly built,
with a vengeance. Charley says about
twenty-five new posts are required, for
old ones broken off near the ground, be-
side the new ones there that were not
used. Charley went to see the man
who rented of you there to see if he
would fix it up, and he said it belongs
to you - the great goose, as if you could
run down two hundred miles to set
a few posts, I would like to see his
crops eaten up, I believe, and would
but for the trees. I wanted very much

to get over to-day to see if I could find
any way of getting it remade, but can't
find no way - So sent Charley - he has
not come back yet.

What warm weather we are having
for a day or two - awful hot - it must
be brooks, but as far as I, personally,
am concerned, I am glad to get it
clear through before another winter
sets in, and I really began to doubt if
I should be. Oh the days are dull,

and I am duller! I feel more like
a f - than like a woman of sense,
which, maybe, would not be remarkable
under any circumstances. To-day
I have tried to amuse myself a little with
the Atlantic, which I shall send along
with this letter, but I am disgusted with
it. "Dr. Johns" is a flat-out, "Griffith
Ghaunt" - something - of Mrs. Stowe I

am sick and tired, and of all the other
writers. I hope you will be better entertained
than I have been with the thing, or 'will be

money wasted. Some way "things are
not - as they used to be when I was young".
Nobody writes any thing good - Dr. Holmes
has lost - lost his sparkle, every body else
grows dull - even Emerson has gone to re-
peating himself, showing he has lived too
long.

Wednesday Evening - I ought to have
sent this letter off two days ago, but I
could not finish it very well - and I am
too tired tonight to write, but must a little.

I told you of a gale we had last
week, but ^{have} had another this week - Monday
night, the like of which may I never see
again - thunder and lightning and wind
in terrific quantities. Our broods went
down like a feather, making the
direst confusion among dirty clothes,
plates, kettles, machines, knafracks,
and what not, but we thank Providence
our racks were spared. Houses without
member were unroofed, moved from
their foundation, or thrown down &

In camp, Sunday June 24th 66

My Love -

How do you do? I haven't heard
a word from you, yet, I got letters
last Sunday, One from The Our Deal
informing me that the Contract was
approved, one from Richd Chute with
a deed of 320 acres of land, which I
had entered for him - but none from
you - & of course no word from the
various letters I should have
rec'd at home. All are all well &
progressing favorably. We have completed
One Township & have another about
 $1/3$ done, Some \$500 to \$600 worth of work.
- Pleasant weather & all smooth & easy
in the party. We are camping where
we were a week ago, some 3 miles
NW of White Bear Lake.

I cannot write anything as you

You see, one of the boys wants to go to
the P. O. & I have just time to scribble
this line, - I want to see you - been
gone almost a month & no word from
you yet - not so 6 years ago - Then I
got letters every day - and wrote
them too for that matter,

Come kiss me now & say "I love you"

Your Husband

George

and this letter I shall also send one
Book of Field notes which I have just
got completed, \$1.25 R 39 - The one
next west of White Bear Lake, Brainerd
#417. - we will nearly get this town done
this week which will make us \$800 of
work in the month of June - only 2/3 of
a month here - Equal to \$1200 for
month. - But we have been very fortunate
- have not lost a day since we commenced
Moore is a splendid fellow. I like him
1st rate - and all hands work well &
willingly - Then now my love I must
close - for I have some other work to
do - which cannot be put off. I
shall try write you again in a few days
- Next year you know we'll be live
together - want we, - In the woods!
Then - good by - Kiss me - good bye,

George

Send me papers every week - we get awful
hungry for news.

"Alexandria Minn"
Care Holmes City,

Tuesday Eve June 26th 1866.
My Love. I have been writing notes and
making maps most all day & am tired & do
not a bit writing to you. I got 2 letters
from you day before yesterday, also one from
L. Fletcher saying he had made me a
Deed to 160 Acs of Land which I
(that being my part)
entered for him, on shares. - he has not sent
the Deed, all pretty fair here - The Mosquitoes
trouble us some & I have been getting the
Mosquito Bars in Order, in consequence
- but the teams suffer most from them
Our white cow is a kind gentle creature
- she gives only 1 milk but it makes 2
creams, so we don't suffer - I have eaten
more milk in last month than in 10 years
before. I didn't know that I liked it so
well - just so too with the whole crowd,
- give em bread & milk & the swine may
go to the dogs. On the whole our white cow is a

"good thing" - we eat no hot saleratus biscuits - but white rice bread, light as a feather and white as snow.

I wish my old haw-bucks were both Cows instead - we had baked goose the other day, & the frairie Swans with chicks & goslings & young ducks. We are now camped on the Old Red River Road, - Lots of travel - Emigrants & Red River men. - 2 trains down today & several families of Emigrants going up. - we are now some 8 or 9 miles S of Holmes City. Shall move in a few days to the Extreme S.W. Corner of the work.

Your letter was mailed June 14 1858
One containing one from Mr Ames.

Perhaps some of yours may have got lost. - Let me see - It is most 4 weeks since we started off - 4 weeks less 3 days.

4 weeks without any wife. It must make me cry to think of it - Moses "Mose" is my "paramour" as the boys would say.

- he is an excuding fine fellow - about the best boy I ever had out with me but he isnt any account for sleeping purposes. - He just curls himself up like a caterpillar - weaves a cocoon of blankets around himself and burrows down in the far corner of the Tent. It is a nuisance not to have a Frau. - Now let me see. - 5 or 6 weeks more & then I'll be going down to you. Then I'll be glad, wont you - May I kiss you then? Ada is home now I suppose - I'll see her this ^{Summer}. I guess - when did I see her last before? Was it in Bloomington 6 years ago - so she was at our house once since

Bayley ought to be up here with me this summer. This country is as much finer than anything he ever saw, as where we were last year was worse.

Tomorrow I shall send the fancy team to Sank Center for Supplies and will

have all these awful gales, with such tremendous rain, thunder and lightning.

Andrew had our photo put up yesterday. The man who did it said it would not bleed down again. He had nothing seriously injured. Your box of Knapsacks I hardly know how we shall manage to get it under cover, again, but suppose we can somehow.

Marsh Hawkins has sold his place to a Mr. Wright, and is making his home over into a very comfortable house. Marshall has been very sick with fever and lung trouble. He looks bad but says he is quite well again. He called and left a tax list for you to fill out, the other day, said it must be returned by the first of August. I don't know whether I ought to send it you by mail or not. Marsh had an idea you would be home this summer. I told him perhaps you would, but I wouldn't tell him when, told him I didn't know just when.

Well, our shower has past, and it has cleared off pleasant than it has been for two or three days. — Mr. Letter for you. If you know tell me what day the mail get to Alexandria. Your letters to me have all been a week or more old. I shall expect again Wednesday. Good-bye again, Love for a few days.
Your wife, Serena.

Minneapolis June 24, 1864.

My Love,

I sent you a letter this morning, but I don't want to do anything more tonight, unless I write a few words again. The children are all sleeping quietly, and Elsie has gone to prayer meeting. You are in camp, stretched out under a blanket, fast asleep I hope, for it is nine o'clock. Have you a lonely sense of being a long way from Fran and babies, in your dreams, or are you so tired and numb you have no sense at all?

Please get sick very fast this summer, and come home to live. I am glad you mention me so well, I thought they were. It puzzles me to see in what respect your College friends resemble our great General, unless it is the presence of the eternal dog, as Gips noticed, or something, I know I have an impression of an clean mouth.

Sunday July 1st, One whole
Month gone, and another begun since
you went away - the days and weeks
in themselves seem to go very fast, and
yet, it seems to me you ought to have
been gone longer than four weeks! at
this rate you never will be home.

Our cool weather holds on remarkably,
doesn't it? Nice for you, therefore for
me - but suppose, after your fortune
is well made, we migrate somewhere
where there are just a few comfortably
warm days in the twelve months. This
cool summer however must be just
the thing to keep Cholera at bay, so
I am resigned. The papers say a few
cases have been known in the dirty parts
of New York City, but easily to be ac-
counted for by local causes.

Ada came home last Monday.
She and Mrs. Loomis rode over, and
made us an hour's call the other day.
She calls herself better, I believe, than she

was last Summer, but years and ill
health are showing their tracks on her
face. I think you, who have not seen
her for two years will find her person
a little older. Mrs. Bayley is still
here all-absorbing the world of thought and
talk. She says the teachers in the School
were anxious to see her improving in health
this Spring; they wanted not only her
situation as teacher, but the honor
of filling her place as Mrs. Bayley!

Mr. Loomis has been very sick with
an attack of Rheumatism - he is better
now. Mr. Bayley will not come to Min-
nesota this Summer - His Post Office
address is Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He
seemed somewhat aggrieved because a
good long letter, he wrote you last Winter
had remained unanswered.

We are having another shower come
up this afternoon. I wonder if all the
showers are known to you also. It must
be terrific in a tent at night if you do

Camp, Sunday July 1, 1866

My Love,

I must write you a line today for perhaps I won't get another chance for 4 weeks. I sent a letter the other day by Selden, to Saml. Carter but I have not heard from you since a week ago & shall not send out to the P.O. for 2 or 3 days, when I shall get another Township of Notes off to the Office. I sent one book last week. We have one day more of work in this Town, which will make us about 140 miles - \$840. We have not got along quite so fast the past week, & have not worked quite so hard, - but still have done pretty well - The weather continues good & the party in good condition.

I have written today to Mrs Loomis & Mr Bayley, and Mr Whitcomb & Calvin Murray, and am muchly tired.

I must go and take a ride, 2 or 3 miles
over west to see what sort of country
it is; 4 or 5 weeks more - and then
whoop - away for a Train - I wish
you could be up here this Summer, it
is so much pleasanter here than in the
woods, - you would enjoy it far more
- we are camping now by a lake,
2 miles off the Red River Trail - in a
beautiful grove of oaks, - a very
pretty place, I wish you were sitting
here close beside me and looking
out over east with me it would look
handsomer still. I must go now
so Good bye - May be I'll get time
to write a line more before this
goes, - God bless & keep you

- I love you - George

Holmes City July 4 - I have got your letter
of July 21st - all well & thriving - You won't
hear from me again I think till I come - Oh my love
my heart goes to you with this - so near yet so
far away - Goodbye - My love my love - Love

get any fruit. Dont eat too much
milk - it is bellious stuff in too large
doses. I am so glad you have light, nice
bread. It is worth every thing. I hope you
get Isolates sometimes. Is your water
good? You are getting along famously
arent you - but dont work too hard.

I am afraid I shall have to ask you
to send, if you can, another Draft on
the bank, for may be fifty dollars.

Dont be vexed, and think I am extravagant
for you know I amnt. Eliza was so un-
fortunate as to lose a twenty-five Check
on her way to the bank the other day. We
immediately notified Mr. Baldwin, who
notified the other Bankers - so he says
you will lose nothing, for the Bankers will
not pay it, but the twenty-five I have
left will not pay for putting up that
miserable fence, which Mr. Liverns
after promising me faithfully to put
up immediately, now after waiting a
week and more days, he will not do at all.

Andrew was up yesterday and said he was
try and find a man to do it - as soon as
possible, but I do not think he could well
wait until you came home for his money
he having men waiting working for him that
he is obliged to pay weekly. One hundred and
fifty new posts would cost, you see, over
twenty dollars. A black-a-day that miserable old

the fence put up last year!
Oh it is very
very warm at
day. A warm
is tearing me
to write to Papa
days he has not
written this long
time. Good
by Jim. Love
to you & family
and the day "I
love you."
Your own wife
Sara A.

Minneapolis, July 5, 1866.

I have had two letters from you
this week, one Monday written the Tuesday
before - nearly a week - and one yesterday
written two days before that - it does take
so long for a letter to come, and it seems
quite as long for a letter to reach you.

You have been from home four weeks and
got only two letters from me! I have
written every week, and often, sometimes,
You will hear now, I presume, every time
you send to the office - you ought to at any
rate, I have sent you papers too every
week.

"It used not to be so six
years ago"! Bless you, my Love, things
have changed a little in that time, but
not for the worse, have they? I do not
need write every day now to assure either
you or myself that I love you; because
I love you I cannot write so often as

Perhaps I did then - two or three babies,
an aching back - no Stomach, unstrung
nerves, and forty other trifles make it
impossible, but for all that you are
my Husband and my Love six years
more than you were then. I think
I should prize frequent letters from you
even more than now, but when I do
not get them, I never think ^{as} I may be
might have thought then, that you love
me a little less, or think of me less
often, or are in some way are unmindful
of my happiness, I think, sometimes
rather petteishly, "Oh dear, why didn't
He write", but second thought always
says there was some good reason, and I
will make the days go as fast as they will
till next time.

You say we will live together next year
- in the woods - which sounds somehow
like - in a horn - for I am afraid you
would hardly be willing for the sake of
a Frau, desirable as she might be,

undertake the transportation of a whole
family of Jaegers. I am afraid it would
hardly be profitable in your eyes. But
we should like nothing better, nor so well
I am afraid. The Children talk about living
in the woods with Papa, as if living
in Heaven - they certainly have wild
blood in them, and no wonder either.

Yesterday was the Fourth, a day that
I fear has lost its flavor. What did
you ^{do} to Celebrate? So many miles of
work, and come home to bread and milk,
tired and hot, not caring a straw for
Independence past nor to come? Most
likely, for it was our warmest day, and
all we did was to try and keep as cool as
possible. There was nothing going on in
town - every body went out of town -
there was a constant roll of wagons and
carriages past our house ^{as from} to the Lakes,
from early in the morning till evening.
We had our first Jars for dinner, and
sifted currants for supper: do you

Sabbath July 9. 1865

In Camp 32 miles from Crow
Ming-

My Love,

I fear my letter a week ago was
lost as also perhaps some yours to me and
papers also - I sent by a half-breed
but when he came back he brought no
mail & I guess had been on a drunk.

I enclose another line of direction
for Mr Bayly, which you will please
forward to him at once.

We are getting along slowly - have
had some very hard country to work
in - Have got about 65 miles done here
making some 300 miles or may be \$850.
of work done. We are on our
upper most snow. - about 4 miles
below Pine River Bridge. We are getting
lots of "sketers" & cloudy nasty weather
- One day & 2 nights it rained hard
& the marshes all have a foot or
two of water in them.

Have you received any money
from Washington (a draft for my work

in April in the Sur General's Office? I
Expected probably it would be along
before this time. If it is not paid
till the End of the last Quarter you
will receive it about Aug. 5th

It must be endorsed on the back
just as drawn on the face viz "George
B. Thight Asst. Draughtsman"
& you can do it (I authorize you
to do it) & use the money what you
need. If you are going to want
money - (That is about £60 or £70)
if it, order me & I will fix so
that you can get it I think, if
the State Bank, - at the State
we have worked so far it will take us
4 to 4½ Mos from Juneth to do the work &
10 days more to get home - which will bring
us home Oct 10th to 25th - but we
have got our best work done I
believe, & if we get home by Nov 1
I shall be satisfied that we shall
have worked well, even if we have

not made much money. a few days
More however will pay expenses of
the party for 4½ Mos & then what we
do will be for Walker & Co.

Oh my Love it is so tiresome
I keep strained up all the time - all
the time carrying the load - day &
night, & not until it is all done
& closed up, can I relax my
anxiously watchfulness - It must
one all the time to do nothing
but watch & look after things I
have to do all that & to do ^{regular} work
also. But when you come it will
be better. Your fingers will smooth
out some of the wrinkles which I
see are crowding all each other
all over ^{your} face & lodging around the
corners of my eyes. - Oh I
am getting to be a miserable
old scamp. Once kiss me &
make me young - Goodbye
Love - God bless you ^{Goodbye Love}
Geo. B.

In Camp. on Leech Lake Road
32 miles from Crow wing.

Sunday July 9/65

G. A. Bayly.

My Dear Sir

I wrote you several days ago but fearing you may not get the letter (which I sent by a French & Chippewa Half-breed.) I write again - Hoping to get a chance to send in a day or two.

I expect to send a team to Crow wing to be there on week (July 18th) from next Tuesday Evening to meet the down River stage - If you leave Brantford Monday AM. You reach Crow wing Tuesday Evening.

We shall move camp tomorrow up the road 3 or 4 miles, then in a day or two we shall move up a little further (across Pine River Bridge

which is called 40 miles from Crow wing
but which really is only about 36 ^{miles} ~~miles~~
— say a mile beyond the bridge & then
turn off the road to the right & make
off 3 or 4 miles N.E. — where we
leave the road we will blaze the trees
& write a direction, — and the wagon
tracks may then be easily followed.

I hope however you will meet
our team at Crow wing, & you
be able to, provided my other letter
was not lost.

Yours &c in haste
Geo B. Dwyer

B

Wish you could be here now
We are luxuriating on
Draaberry short-cakes which are
you know, not bad to take.

for better or worse. Miserable fence,
it has formed the staple of all my letters
since you left!

You had a line from Mrs. Fanny
yesterday, enclosed with a fifty dollar
check, from which I judge they are all
alive. I shall acknowledge the receipt
of the money, but nothing more.

Ada just run in a day or two ago.
She and the Doonises were over to Mrs.
Chowans visiting. She said Mrs. Doonis
had received your letter, and she had
mailed Mr. Bayly his. Ada was
very indignant with her husband that
he had written but one letter to her in four
weeks, and had vowed he should get no
more from her till she was treated with
more respect than that. Why don't you
get spunky, too. But I have written
more than once a week.

It is almost dark, and my wild cats
must be caught and caged for the
night. In their mother's weakness they
sorely need a Father, for their sakes and
mine. Come home as soon as you can
and stay as long as you can.

Now I must go - Good-by, and God
bless you my dear husband.
Your wife, Serena.

Minneapolis, July 15, 1866.

My Love -

Are you still alive? I am,
but as much as ever. Oh! have it - we
had an awful week. I have wondered
how you could work in the hot sun
when all I could do was to sit still and
endure. Perhaps you say to yourself
as Elsie says to me "I hope you are
satisfied now, are warmed through
for once". Well, I am, but that won't
hinder my freezing again in a day or
two, I suppose. I got a

letter from you last Tuesday Evening
saying you could not write now here
again for four weeks. It seems a
long time. You spoke, too, as if you
might be home in that time, which
surprised me. Mercy knows I want
and need you bad enough every day
of my life, but I am afraid if you

came two or three weeks before my time
you will hardly be willing to wait, and
have you then I must - sure.

And you only got my third letter July 4th
I have written to no body since you went
away except yourself, and it seems
to me I have written pretty often to you.
You do not speak of getting any papers. I
have sent the Republican every week,
since I got your first letter, beside one
Atlantic, a Poen and an Independent.
You will get them all in a batch just
as you are coming home, I dare say.
You did not speak of any yaks that
had visited you, nor of getting my letters
telling of our visitations and consequent
up-rooting. The fence is still flat where
it proposes to lie till you come. I thought
it was fairly off my hands when I went
personally to Mr. Lerems and he
promised so readily to put it up with
no further trouble on my part. But
a week later Charley went over to see

it, and he had not touched it and said he
could not. Then I went to Andrew who
went over to see what could be done, and what
was needed. Mr. S. again promised if
Andrew would get the posts over he would
put up the fence. he hunted all over
town and found out there were no cedar
posts to be had except some half
rotten ones for twenty-five or thirty cents.
Andrew said it seemed too bad to buy pine
posts for nineteen cents when they would
last so little time. He said, too, the fence
was all sacked and need building over.

Now what was I to do - pay thirty or
forty dollars for building a fence that
could not be made well for want of
good materials, or let the whole thing
go. Andrew said the cattle had done
but very little harm, and he did not
think they would so long as the feed was
good outside, and he advised waiting, so
long as you were coming home so soon,
and so I have done nothing, whether

I meet you on the 8th of August at Crow
ring - well & stout & ready to go into
the woods I shall be so glad.
But don't run a risk - wait rather
& ban your kisses on compound interest
till I come. You will have money
enough will you not without any
more from me. The Expense of
coming to Crow ring will not be
over \$12. - The fare is \$9.

I must close, for I have lots to do
yet & it is 10 o'clock. - Good bye Love
God Bless you; be my good girl
- Kiss me - then Good bye.

George

Camp. Sunday Evening
July 16/65

My Love.

Well I have heard from you but
you get no letters from me I guess
Mr Bayly has come & brought lots of
Mail - 3 letters from you & papers but
no Atlantic, nor all my "attaches"

Letters from Cutts, Chace, Ames. &c

You speak of a draft from St Paul
for \$5000 - That is pretty definite
but really I can't tell from your letter
who sent the money, not what for.

You can endorse it in my name
& use it if you need. - & inform me
more particularly in regard to it so I
may credit the proper person.

Cutts it appears sent some
Tax Sale Certificates, preserve them &
also his statement (if any) of the acct
between us.

Exc Tuesday 18/July
Oh my Love-I'm so busy I can't begin
to write letters. I have been driving hard
to get some fancy notes off by the
wagon tomorrow & have just got them
done & have written half a dozen letters
- when all gets up steam it's not easy
to let down or stop even a moment
to visit. Well Mr Bailey is here & you
want to know what I think of him.

He is a real Splendid fellow
I never thought Ada had half the
sense, she has displayed in
getting married - I wonder do
her folks finally come down to invite
him to come & see them - I don't
blame him a bit for his independence
- Phaw-he is worth the whole pack
of them. (except Ada) - I wish you
could have come with him, but he had
a dis couraging time from Crow wing
got tired out & felt sore & every thing
disagreeable -

Will you come - that's the question
I really am afraid - The road is long &
hard. Nearly 100 miles of staging &
then 40 or 50 miles more over a wild
road in a common wagon without
springs. I did not think you would be
doing such things as soon as I came
away. - You must do as you think
best about coming but it would be at least
very dangerous for you to overdo - better wait
a little longer before we meet & then be

well glad & happy. But if you really rather
run the risk I will ~~send~~^{put} the Team
down to Crow wing so as to be there
Tuesday Evening, Aug 8th on arrival of
the stage from St Cloud. - Three weeks
from today. I am sorry on one account
for I had so reckoned on your coming
& that it would be only such a little
while till I should have you, my
wife, really & truly again. Oh my Love
My heart is full at what you write
me. I can only say I love you more
than ever before. Dearest, all mine -
My Love & my wife. Of all things keep
precious care of My Love. I shall
come back for a few months at least
we shall be together again. Together
as Husband & Wife & as never we have
been before. - Oh I wish you were
here - you would sleep in my arms
to night in a tent, as sweetly as in
our own little coop; and kiss me a
thousand times, & be my Love. I should
be so glad if you could come - & if

So much.

Tuesday 24th -- I meant to have sent this yesterday morning, but I suppose you will not get it till you are on your way home any way, so it will not make much difference.

It is very hot again to-day. I find you working in the sun. It is most right now - nights are an immense blessing these days, as a time to cool off in, but I hope you lay quieter than I do.

A brother of your Gen. Grant just called to see if he could get an ax his brother left here. We have never seen any extra ax. Ask him what he wanted meant.

Mrs. Moore says she expects her husband home the first of Sept. Is he coming for good? Is he going into the Union School? Mr. Jerns was dismissed at the close of the summer term. They are getting along quite fast on the school house, though they do not expect to get into it the first term of fall school I believe.

Mundock is in town. He has given due leading, and gives another tomorrow night. I want like to hear him, had it I better go? I have a night's theatre, too, in full blast. I shall soon will see or hear from you! My love to all.

Minneapolis, July, 22, 1866

My Love -

You seem a good ways off since I do not hear every week from you. It has been almost three weeks since I had a letter - but I suppose I can bear it as well as you can, I hope so at any rate.

This is a nice, cool Sunday - cloudy with a gentle shower occasionally, a very welcome change from the very hot weather we have been having.

Did you ever see such hot weather as we had week before last, and first of last week? I have really worried lest you would work in the heat and be killed or get sick. Monday - a week tomorrow - was the hottest day I ever saw. Two men were sun-struck, and died almost instantly, at their work in town. Tuesday it rained a part of the day, and was much cooler here, but the previous day it was

the hottest day ever known in New York City. There were twenty nine sun-strokes that day, and fifty the week before, in the City. Sun-strokes may be almost said to be an epidemic. Summer sicknesses are beginning to come on, such as fevers, dysentery, Cholera morbus &c - So be careful; work and eat with moderation. Don't eat milk enough to make you bilious, and be sure it is new when you eat it at all.

We are very sparing of our Greenstuff. Grandma thinks she is almost stunted to death ~~of~~ bread and butter, but I do not intend killing myself nor any body else with too much cooking of good things, which are bad.

Rev. Tuttle from Chicago preaches today for the Hall folks. He is the minister they want to get when their Church is done - if it ever is. They do not progress very fast for want of money. I see in the paper Rev. Mr. Ames has

had a call from the Church in Santa Cruz, Cal. I suppose it rests with Mrs. Fanny whether it is accepted or not! Pharoah. He says in his last letter, Fanny says if he insists she will come in the Fall. He says he shall not insist but leave her free. I have no patience with the woman. I do not believe, as Adadada that in all things the woman will be subject to the man, but in some matters I am glad to own you master, and so ought any reasonable woman to feel. If it was your will and pleasure to go to the Moon, or Patagonia, or anywhere - always excepting, of course - Phoenix is - I should follow.

Ada has been to see us to-day, and made us quite a visit. She wished me to send her love when I wrote. So take it, though I think Mr. Bayley has almost all she has. She is real nice, and I like her even

July 18/1866

My Dear Wife -

I think I have an opportunity
to send you a line & I know you will be glad
enough to get it. That is if you feel any as
I do, & I suppose you do, only more so -

It is bad enough to be well & strong &
be driven with work & busy as one can be, to be
away from ones heart, but to a little woman
who is sicker as she can be, and can't work
& totally out of sorts & nothing to prevent ^{thinking}
all the time it must be hungry enough
indeed. - You would sleep ever so sweet tonight
on my arm - and forget all your aches and
dreads & sorrows. Kiss me Love, & dream I am
home & not here two hundred miles away

We progress fairly - Have
finished 3 Towns - Some some 15 miles in
another & 25 in another - Some 225 miles in
a little over 5 weeks. - about \$1350 -

It has been very hot for a few days

& for 3 or 4 days last week the Mosquitoes
were very bad. but the nights are cooler
now & we do better.

My Eyes ache. It is 9 1/2 o'clock &
I am extending time - I must go. but
not to forget you - when I shut my eyes
you come to me. - so I am not
alone - Then - Good bye (on paper) - Kiss
me and kiss the babies & be a good
girl & keep a stout heart. -

I think I will be with you
in 3 weeks. - I am with you always
though and (don't mention it) I love you!

Goodbye & God bless you

- George

have a nest of clean green boughs &
a blanket & a fellah. So nice that cool
& clear a night it will be. Oh well it
won't be but a little while till we
will be together, whether you come or
not. Come October & bring us some
work done & wife & babies once more.

There seems to be no more news.

Can America subside down into the dull
quiet ways of Peace - Will we ever have
Sensations again. The Great Cable is
laid I suppose.

Write every soon as you
have opportunity & come if you think
best. I shall be glad to kiss you lots &
lots, but really I don't believe it is
prudent. Then the boys here come & I
must say good bye. Kiss me love
- God bless you - Good bye
George

Thursday Eve July 27/65

My love - Mr Bayley talks of going
down on Saturday so I will write a line
to send by him - We are getting
along passably well - nothing very good or
bad, so far, we are in the middle of our
6th Township - have 75 miles Town line & about
4 Towns more to subside after this.

That is - we are about $\frac{1}{2}$ done here.

I sent off a week ago the notes of 3
Towns amounting to \$530 & we now have over
\$1000. more done which is pretty well for
2 months, & at same rate we must be done
by 10th October. I shall go as I write you to
come ring one week from next Tuesday (Aug 8)
& should be glad enough to meet a woman
there, but really I am afraid it is dangerous
for her to try it. If & if - but a married
woman is never reliable - There's no telling
what or when ^{she} may do - Am glad
you have money enough to get along with
- I hear that rains have been copious
& crops good this year. Here we have not
as yet had much wet, but it acts a
little like wet weather now.

Friday Evening My Love. What shall I say
- It is a still clear evening. quiet & cool
We are camped on the West side of a large
handsome lake. in the midst of the pines
& with green grass underneath. a night
too-ral-li-neral sort of a place

Mr B. goes tomorrow & I go with
him & the horses part way to Crow
Wing. so he can walk down next day
& take Stage Monday & see his family Tuesday
Evening. I guess he is a little
wife-sick. He don't much like Samways.
but if his wife was here I guess he
would stay longer. He is a real fine
fellow. a sensible straight forward
practical sort of man. I fancy Adams
extravagant notions must have got simmered
down some from living with him.

Mr Walker & I have been talking
over & have concluded that I had better
not go down to Crow wing till 2 days
later. & so I will be in Crow Wing on Sunday
Evening, August 10th. So if you come-come then.
for if you are not there then I shall of course

think you are not coming. Leave everything
as long as possible at home. Charlie
Must look after the fence with Special
Care for cattle will break in worse
in the last part of the season. If
any hay is cut there the trees must
be hoed round & staked (as I told Mr
Hawkins) to keep them from being cut
down. for if the trees are live & doing well
they are worth forty times what the
hay will be - getto of currant bushes
etc. especially those on the North side
of the field at the East end. Well I
don't know what else to tell you & will close
by saying that My wife is a woman & I
love her. Almost your birth day - twenty
five years. Before I write you again you
will be an old maid. (all except for a husband
& two babies - plus the prospects.) Neerer
& dearer than ever. How babies do come ^{between}
& keep married folks away from each other
(in spirit I mean) - I wish you
were here now all safe & well - You should

Then Now I guess I've told you all the
pleasant news - I would like to leave here
next Friday^{so} to reach you Monday Evening
Aug 6th - a Natural Sequence to that
other visit 7 years ago. "When we were boys
(and girls) together" - Just see what has come
of it - Why didn't you say No---o---o---O!

Oh My Love - I must say goodbye
Now but only for a few days, I shall not
be able to leave here till Sunday & reach
you on ~~Friday~~ Wednesday 8th - But then
I expect I'll get there before this
letter, so Goodbye - Bless you
- give me a kiss - good night

George

In Camp. July 28/1866

My Love -

Well I shall send you one more
little letter. I wrote you one, & gave it
to a Norwegian a week ago - I don't
know as you will get it at all. To day
I moved camp up nearer the Post Office
- we are now some 15 miles from Holmes
city, at our furthest camp we were
about 25 miles away, & have had no mail
since July 4th. I shall go to Holmes City
Tomorrow - what lots of letters I'll get carried
I ? I guess you'll well (as I should be expected)

It has been awful hot for 2 weeks
- as hot as I ever saw, but we have kept
at work and made fair progress right
along, the boys have all stood it well too,
- So has the pork - we've not eaten so
much altogether as Plate walker would
in a week, but the sugar & apple-sauce

goes fearfully - We have got 4 Townships
done - about 15 miles in another & 20 in
another. Altogether about 320 miles. # 1920.

3 or 4 of us have got our legs pizened
with Joy. mine worst - red as a
beet and muchly disagreeable, and the
old man Nelly is sick - guess she'll die
- The kindest gentlest best little young
that ever lived she is. Except these things
we have nothing bad to note.

We have been at work among Norwegians
lately - a whole mess of 'em in our
furthest township. It seemed quite
civilized, for so far out of the world.

I hear from Minneapolis that Hilton
says why he didn't come out with me
was cause the Indians were too nume-
- rous - We haven't seen 'em - Guess
they have thinned out since he was here.

It is evening - hot - we are in
the tent, 'Skeeter bar down. They howl
outside. I've been hard at work digging

a well, feel hot tired & dirty, - and my
legs - Oh my legs, - just like two great
red peppers. How do you suppose I can
write! But as for myself individually
I feel well, and so discomforts are
endurable. Oh by the way I have
a pleasant bit of News for you. We
are all lousy as an Irishman's shirt
& not a fine comb in the crowd.

I bought a Buffalo robe a month ago
of a Red River half-breed, whereby we
got em - "got 'em bad" as Spangway
says. We've cut our hair short so we
look like a lot of escaped convicts
in order to limit the pasture, and we
catch the big ones with our pocket combs
Maybe will try bilin water or summer
fallowing & fire, else I expect we shall
be buggy all ~~summer~~ summer. However we
have sent to ~~But~~ to Stank Carter for
a hat full of combs & when they come
we will have one grand time.

no other about. I remained here but a few days in May, and returned to the Traverse. and came here again about the 1st of July, and probably will be here most of the Summer. Live near the Centre of the City, the Cars pass within ten rods of the door. Should any of you come east, be sure and come this way, and stop over. It would cost you no more. I will have to make another trip to the Traverse this fall, may go to Vermont for a short visit. But have given up the idea of making calculations very far ahead, for it seems that I am bound to be disappointed every time - and how can I help it. It seems that there is no one else to do what I am doing. And it is anything but pleasant or profitable for me. How about the Whitecomb farm near Cottage Grove has Geo B. made any arrangements for it yet. I learn that there is a big immigration to mine this year & good crops. My Father's family in Poughkeepsie N.Y. - well & having a good time all like it - } Kiss Mary for me. Much Love to all
Walter!

Monroe, Mich.

July 29th 1866.

Mrs Lorena Wright

Supposing Geo. B. to be in the wilderness beyond the reach of letters, as he generally is about this time of the year, I write you, be it a legal proceeding or not, that you may know of my whereabouts &c. And should any of you feel so inclined could write me and know where to direct letters. It seems a long time since I heard from any one of you, and guess it is. And I begin to feel a little anxious to know how, and where you all are. About the 1st of July I saw Nat. Roberts from Minneapolis, in Chicago, and had a long chat with him about Minnesota matters, but he knew nothing particularly about "My Family". But I imagine that you still live about as usual, Geo. B. away. You Elsie, Grandma, Mary & Vernon all at home and Sir Charles ("The Artist") - Man of the house.

or perhaps Vernon. He must now be quite a youngster, and Boys have been known to Control the house at home, when quite young. I wonder if little Mary ever thinks of, or says anything about her "Waller" now a days. And who takes Grandmas part, when You and Elsie J. get into a confab with her. Do you hear from Geo. B. Semioccasionally - or has he taken to the woods altogether, and become a "Sioux". Well I will ask no more questions but leave it with you to post me generally. And will post you in regard to myself. Guess when I last wrote you that I was in the Drug & Grocery trade at the Traverse ("Dr Ham".) I continued in it until the first of April, finished my store complete, and made every arrangement for a new & heavier stock of goods and was about starting for Detroit overland so as to get them in on first Boat, when I was asked if I would sell entirely out, store, lot, & bal of goods. I said yes, for Cash. And set my price as high as I dared too, and

and the Green Box were handed me on short notice. Of course I counted myself out, and nothing more to say. Made a good sale, and a good winters work. I then made up my mind to so arrange matters with the administrator, Danl S. Bacon. Monroe, so that I could leave Traverse, for a while at least - and go to Minnesota. Accordingly I put things to rights, and about the middle of May, left Traverse & came here to see Uncle (D.B.) But was just one day too late, he was buried the day before. Had been sick but a short time. He left a will & appointed me executor, to settle his estate, a property of between fifteen & twenty thousand dollars, in Real Estate, Grist & Sawmill &c. He left a wife & one daughter (Mrs Genl Custer) She & the Genl are here now most of the time, but think of going to Mexico soon. So you see that I not only have the finishing up of my Brothers Estate on my hands, but this, and the two Widows to care for & look after. Have to be man of the house here as there

the woods 40 miles from anywhere
by some nice lake and in the clean grass
-all alone with one little woman.

Did you ever find a nice fellow in
my arm. - so close - oh so close.

My Love I love you & for your sake
shall say "it is well" if I only get a
senseless bit of paper next Friday
instead of a live flesh & blood wife

Only 2 months more - any how - count
the days - one less & one less. every
night - fifty - forty - thirty - ten - five
- two - one - My Love & my wife - all
my own again. God bless & watch
over & care for her - wife & babies
her love & my love - more & more of
"son" - Good bye - I will give this
to her & she will read it & then she
will kiss me & squeeze me. -

Good by - Your old
gray haired wrinkled rheumatic
& snuffy but young hearted as ever
Husband & Love you.

Geo

In Camp. Aug 6, 1865, Sunday P.M.

My Love - I sit down as usual to write you -
- maybe I will go carry the letter myself

I was to meet you in Crow wing next
Thursday Evening. but we have been
delayed some by rain & more by lakes &c
which have swelled the aggregate of our work
here. making this journey about 100 miles
or over \$600⁺ making our whole work
to this time about \$3100. we shall finish
here tomorrow I hope & Tuesday start down
to the lower part of the work some 15 miles
below here. we shall reach there on
Wednesday & perhaps I may get to
Crow wing Thursday night. but I fear
not. Shall I meet a woman there -
or will it be only a letter. A letter
won't squeeze or kiss - so I hope it will
be a woman. But really I don't
to have you come now - partly because
it isn't safe for you & partly because we
shall for the next 10 days be at work.

in the worst & most disagreeable region
on our whole job - I had hoped to get
that done before you came, for I suppose
everything will be topay-turkey, nasty, wet
dour & disagreeable then. Still I shall
come back from Crow wing with a great
ache in me if I don't find a woman
there, I have been figuring up with Walter
about the work - At the same rate we
have worked on this upper job we shall
be in Crow wing Oct 10th but he still
insists that we will be done by Oct
1st - perhaps we may - I reckon on
kissing a she by the middle of October
if not before. Mr Bayley went last
^{Monday (a week ago)}
~~Monday~~ I went horseback with him
down some 25 or 28 miles & he walked
on to Crow wing on Sunday & I came
back. He is a real "bully feller" &
"nothin' shorter". He wanted me to
send a kiss by him to my love & ~~etc~~
I thought I wouldn't but told him to
kiss his frau for me at least twice,

Tell her that I never thought she possessed
half sense enough to marry so sensibly
& wisely as she has. I think B. amounts
to more than all the balance of her
sparks that ever I heard of. She
may fairly commiserate the less fortunate
condition of the balance of our "poor folks".

Oh well - what's the use - I
cannot write - I've not written a single
letter since I came up here except
some business ones that could not
be put off - only three few to you & I
hardly get time for them even.
Will I meet you at Crow wing?
That's the one important question.

A day or two before Bayley went down
I remarked to him one morning after
washing & scrubbing that we looked clean
& nice enough to be kissed - "Which
we will proceed to be", was his response.

And now, shall we proceed to be
kissed is the query. I fancy myself
next Friday night camping out in

catching to-day - we means Elsie and Rose,
but it is such a stoned-up, miserable day
when washing is about that to be in the
house is bad enough. To a body who
does not feel very strong within themselves
either to clean or keep clean, there is something
exceeding nerve trying and discouraging
in the effort to keep a house and family
within the bounds of decency. Half the time
I scold and fret with nerves all on edge
because I cannot, with all my trying,
keep a well ordered household, and the
other half I settle into a calm state of
endurance of what I cannot help. Since
I came down Plains I have been in a constant
state of irritability, which I have kept
in to the best of my ability, because Rose
is so dirty, the house so out of straight, the
children so noisy, and Charley so rude,
saucy and ill-mannered, and myself, I
dare say, most of all, needing strength of body
and soul. I believe I have written
enough for now, I hope I shall hear from
you this week, it would do me good, I wish
lives with you in a tent, but there are the
chicks, which separate, while they draw us
closer together, God bless and keep you, Love there is
a kiss - Good-by - Your wife Serena.

Minneapolis, Aug. 26, 1866.

My dear Husband,

"To resume" — we are
all pretty well, thank you — "I take this
opportunity," while Elsie's colic & highness
is taking a Cat-nap. I suppose you
are in Camp again. Do you find all
right? I wonder if I shall hear from you
this week. About myself — I
came down Plains the morning you
left, Tuesday. I got no train thereby, I
did not go back again for two or three
days, but Vernon laid it so to heart being
to sleep away from Mamma that I went
up nights as soon as I could. Now I am
getting strong enough to go all around
out of doors and in. I should feel pretty
well if I had no stomach, but even
that troublesome thing is rather better, I guess.

I have written a few lines to-day to your Mother, telling her of our good fortune, our new Pearl of great price, describing his beauties &c. I wrote Papa too, on the same subject, a few days ago. Thus my duty ends, since the Grand-Parents are informed of the little man's advent.

It has been stupid enough this week; the days have been long with no man's foot-step to break the dullness, and no man's presence to shorten the hours. To look three months ahead makes the time between now and then seem a dreary desert to travel over. But as soon as I am well I shall find enough to keep me very busy - and busy days are never very long.

T. B. has been in twice this week. He is yet in a state of uncertainty. He had a letter a few days ago from his friend in Chicago - that traveling Agent, you know

with an offer from an Iron Mine of Eighteen Hundred a year, and expenses paid if he will turn traveling Agent, and he talked as if he had a strong notion to do it.

Yesterday we had Company from the Grove. Chet Evans, his wife and Anna Eddy came in just as we were sitting down to dinner.

They said Mrs. Austin seemed more comfortable, and they were beginning to have strong hopes of her recovery, though she is yet very low.

It is warmer than when you left, yet cool enough for comfort.

Oh I feel impatient of weak legs and back, and want to out and run a mile or two! I should cut a poor figure if I attempted it, I guess. For my back aches and I am tired out with writing this good for nothing bit.

Monday Aug. 27.

I was too tired to proceed yesterday - Now it is afternoon of another day, cool and bright - good for you. We have been

Vermont, in the first flush of a new & newly
answered love: - my love was no less than
a bright shining angel with a halo of wondrous
light round about her, and radiant wings, and
- everything in fact but a golden haze &
that alas she had not - That was an
obfuscation of the senses truly, but no less
truly is it, and must ever be, a sweet charming
experience, most tempting of all intoxications
is young Love. - blessed be he or she who
awakes not after, with a hungry heart
and aching brain. Seven years ago -
Summer of roses - Holy Year.

And now my Angel has flown, but Cherubs
I see instead. - They have no wings, but I
fancy the buds of wings there - and young man-
hood and young woman-hood will bring full
fledged glories, wings and radiance, to some
other young eyes, and in their new loves shall
we again love over the blessed days of Lang
Syne. My Angel has flown truly, but
a very near and dear Woman remains, and
~~that~~ she is better than Angels, Three new
precious lives (of our love); - we are nearer
than ever before - they come not between, but
we ourselves have grown and widened out to
a broader and better being, and our floods of
Life and Love blend here in sweet eternal
blossoms, Oh my Wife my Love, Dear and
best, - how rich, how blest are we,

Sunday Sep 2^d 1866.

My Love. A good day to you, peace
health blessings and babies. I love you, how
do you do? Fall has come again, how quick
The air is drummy - but the sky is bright and
clear, Trees at ten miles away stand out as
sharply against the sky as though but a
few rods off. There has been rain and 't has
cleared out the smoke & cobwebs from the
air. I wrote you (at St Cloud?) almost
two weeks ago. & have ^{since} had an opportunity
to write - rather I should say to send a letter
but did not. I actually forgot you, though
I could but have said we were well, &
getting along finely. Mr Giffith met
me at St Cloud & made the trip up with
me. He is I think a very fine man
- a gentleman and a Christian,

He only stayed with me 3 days, but during
that time I showed him over a good deal

of Country, camping out one night 12 miles from our Survey Camp. He thinks of entering some 5 or 6 Thousand acres (perhaps 10 Thousand) of land & I to do it for him, He to furnish the money for the whole job and give me $\frac{1}{6}$ for my share. So I may get 1000 acres more of mud before I get back - to pay taxes on.

I found the men all well and making fair progress - They had done 130 miles during my absence of 3 weeks. - over 7 miles a day which was as much as I expected, though we had averaged over 8 miles while I was here.

Yesterday with my help we did 12 miles, and have now about 535 miles or \$210, done. Come to think of it I have written you once since we got here & sent you an order on Richard Chute for \$70 - You can I suppose get the money by calling at his Office on Main St. & St. Anthony just below the Saw Mills & inquire also if he got the other 2 pieces of land which he applies for.

If not convenient to do so, Mr Baldwin

at the State Bank would probably collect it for you - & might perhaps advance the money on it. As soon as I learn that Mr Chute has completed the entries of the other pieces of land I will send you another order for \$50 making the \$120 which he agreed to pay me.

Write me of everything which may concern me as to business matters below, & send such letters if any, which I need to answer. - So much for business.

How do you do? I thought I ought to have heard from you last Thursday when one of the men went to Alexandria with Mr Giffith, but did not. It made me uneasy for you were not very well when I left & I thought you might be worse. But I do not allow myself to think of you and the children only as well and happy.

My Wife who loves me, and our babies - how rich, how blessed are they. Seven years ago I was writing you, up among the coal green hills of

I do not consider my life entirely barren, yet it is not satisfactory, for I scold, and get vexed, and in many ways act a very undignified and unchristian part. I every day ask God to forgive me, and help me to be better tomorrow but somehow every tomorrow finds me doing no better.

Monday Sept. 10 - I have only time to add a word and send this to the office - baby is going to wake up, the girl is washing and Elsie is bed - Elsie feels a little better this morning. I shall hear from you tomorrow sure. It is cold, rather cheerless sort of weather. Now Goodbye, and God be with you -
Your wife, Serena.

Minneapolis, Sept. 9th, 1866.

My dear Love -

How do you? Sunday Afternoon again. I thought when I was writing over to Louinda's last Sunday I would write before another week again, but a week is only a few hours long I believe - and my baby, Oh! my baby, he is a duck of a child, get so sick - I suppose it is sick - for he cries almost all the time; belly aches you know, people say "Crass Child", but I know - don't you - that belly ache is enough to make big folk cry sometime.

Evening - my baby has been crying good for three or four mortal hours - meantime I have given Mary three whippings and put the children to bed, Elsie at the same time groaning and shivering; she was taken this afternoon with dysentery and tonight is quite sick, whether the Dr. will

get herself without a fit of sickness seems
to be seen. Rose, confound the imp, she
stole my pretty knife, went away nearly
a week ago, and we have in her stead a poor
half crazy coot of a thing, who separated
from her husband and little children last
winter in Saint Center, and who talks of "my
trouble", and does her work poorly, and is
altogether a "thorn in the flesh". But for
as she is I don't know what I should do if
she should leave and Elsie sick. I guess
she won't though. I am foolish to write my
perplexities to bother you for they may
have all vanished before this letter reaches
you, you had better imagine so.

Ada has gone back to St. Louis. Mrs.
Bayley wrote he was having a nice time in the
Country and if she chose to come she
might, and she started the morning after she
received his letter. The same day another ^{letter} came
telling her she had better wait until the
sixteenth. She was husband-sick. I would

be too if it would be any use. Oh my Love!

It always vexes me to have any body ask
me if it is not hard to have you away, or if
I am not lonely without you. I never can
help saying, no, that I can do very well.

It seems very like being asked if, on the
whole, I don't love you.

This weeks Tuesday the Universalist Fair
is to be. They have spent a great deal of time
and money, and I hope will do well. I
want to go in and see their pretty things, but
don't know whether I can. I have not yet
walked out anywhere, but think I shall ven-
ture on trying my legs and back soon.

The baby will be five weeks old in two days.
He grows fat and big at a tremendous rate,
a heap faster than his mother, yet I am
not very shadowy, never you fear.

How do you like "Felix Holt"? Or haven't
you read it. My time for reading is not extensive.
What a baner, miserable letter I write you too, only
good to let you know we are alive, and how we do.

Sabbath Sep 9. 1866.

My Dear Wife - Another week gone - I am going
to the Post Office & shall hear from you - are you
well - I trust so - We are in Holmes
City town - It seems almost like getting ^{back}
toward home. We did 60 miles last week
- \$5.50. - All well & prosperous. The ponies
are all well again - Bessy gives much
milk - we eat bushels of Plums & get
"plum full" every day & grow fat. The
weather delightful - Moses is getting
an Aldermanic belly on him. He ^{sleeps}
with me & the boys say, 't looks suspicious

There has been a slaughter of Swans
& several Swans-down jackets are the result

I have one which Capt Moore is
tanning for me. - just big enough for a
baby jacket - he has got 2 or 3 more
which he is going to take home, so I guess
his little ones will be provided for.

We live on just swans &c - but no
pork scarcely, just a little in the
beans - Not 100th altogether since we

come - I wish you could be
up here with me these bright calm
days, - But if you will persist in
having babies every little while I don't
see how it is to be accomplished. for
babies wouldn't do well here.

Oh but the plumes are delicious
- Great big gushing - gold - amber
sweetnesses, - here's wishing you a
mouthfull - Good bye Love, Kiss me
in the babies - Soon we will be together
again - Home Sweet Home, - We will
live together blissfully & peacefully - for
- a week at least - God bless you
My Dear Dear Wife - George

P.S. A letter from you Aug 27 - Moore has come
of a week later from home - I am so jealous
that I got none of Sept 6 - Write & mail
letters on Tuesday & I will get them on Sunday
following - Write often often often - for in
2 weeks we will be where we can get
letters every day or two - but I am glad
that I got one letter, Good bye -
George

from Papa - but then I will send it - and
not write it. Isn't it capital that Dr.
Anderson is going to settle in Santa Cruz?
Twists are were there. Ugh! how cold it
is, and how much colder it will be!

I am glad you like it. I believe I am
growing old and can't bear what I could in
my younger days. I hope you won't
get sick as this ugly miserable weather.
I have the worst cold I ever had, I believe -
I have been nearly sick, we nearly all of
us have colds, and every body else. Oh my
lungs and nose! Oh my eyes! How
they ache and smart and burn and burn!
I wouldn't have colds, as other folks do for
any thing.

Mr. Permet was down
yesterday and called to leave us a few vegetables.
He says Mrs. Austin is failing, and they have
given up all hope, and feel that each day
now may be the last. She did revive up
a little after you left and Dr. Snell and
all her friends had strong hope of her recovery.
But she has not been able to keep any thing
on her stomach at any time for the last
six weeks except water. She has suffered
terrible, poor woman. How can Mr. Austin
bear it, and what will Mary and her children
do, for she was a mother to them.

I don't want to hear from you, and how much
more I want to see you, you may guess.
When will we live together - when we get to
Heaven? My dear Love God bless you.
Your night, Yours Serena.

Dear Girl has
been gone a
week and we
are alone, I think
for now. I try
to make things pass
and do not
mean to think
myself, if I can
help it? Baby
Cyrus is same
that - better be-
haved than he
was, but babies
Mary and
Veran need
them & all the
to keep them
straight - you
has better come,
Minneapolis, Sept. 16, 1866,
My dear Husband,

Why did I not hear from
you this week! I hope you are all well. I
must hear ⁱⁿ a day or two. Well it is the
middle of September - Winter fairly set
in, and still two months from you to be gone!
Oh dear,

It has been cold all of this month
and is now colder, so that we have a good
fire to sit by all of the time - There, my
baby sounds his single note and I must
see. — — It is most evening,
baby is asleep again for a few minutes, and
I will improve the time. Grand-fa has
just gone away - he was here to dinner.

Sunday is a long stupid day lately,
indeed it has been so all summer. I feel
more disposition to work Sunday than any
other day, and always have more time. I
shall be glad when I can go to Church again.

It is quite an event to get out once a week among other folks, I am afraid my motive may not be the most pious in the world, but then 'tis very good. I have never caught sight of Mr. Tuttle. I hope he will be endurable - you know they have wired him to stay! The Sunday School was the chief interest last winter, but now I cannot bear to think of it. Mr. Gardley's absence will make so large and sad a gap that I had rather not be there to feel it. There were so few faces one looked for with real interest that his will be all the more missed. How can it be so. I cannot feel that God's will was in the matter, but that it was too cruel and dreadful.

They sent home his trunk the other day. God pity and help his poor Mother.

There are so many things in this life that, could we choose, we would rather never have lived than to bear the burden and sorrows of! God forgive me if I am

wrong, but it sometimes seems to me that this mortal life is Hell enough for the greatest Sinner.

The Universalists held their Fair last week and made over a thousand dollars.

I went in a few minutes in the afternoon. They did not have very much - a good many little fancy things, some very pretty, and a few very fine and expensive things that they tattered for. They had a beautiful Afghan, that Mrs. Gibson made and presented, that must have cost well on to a hundred dollars. Mr. Farnham of St. Anthony drew it, I believe. They had a Silver Wreath, Pitcher and Goblet that was to go to the Physician in town who got the most votes. Dr. Ames got it, but it is a comfort to know Dr. Hatch was only some twenty votes behind him.

They ought to be able to furnish their Church handsomely, and probably they will. — Last night I had a letter

Sunday Morning, Sep 16/66

My Love - Cold, Cold - When I sit humped
up on the bed clothes, my fingers aching &
my nose weeping - the wind howls &
I trying to write - we are well - still
"plum full" - great luscious red plums
by the bushel - we get along rather
slow in this town, It will take us
nearly 3 weeks to do it I guess,
we have done only about 7 miles a day
this week, but it has been very bushy &
bad, - probably there will be 100 miles
in the town, I do not yet know
whether I shall get the 2 towns additional
or not, though promised to me when
I was at home, - They will probably
be in timber, we are camped here
on the edge of Prairie, unprotected
from wind so it seems very cold
but would be only pleasant in the
woods, we had a frost 2 nights ago
- the 1st one here, If it clears off

There will be frost tonight, then we shall have pleasant weather again

I got no letters last week nor papers— Send us all the papers you can— write all the news, about Sanaging— politics & everything else— Oh May live I live you more & more, but I shall freeze if I try to tell you news of it, I only wish I were, snug housed with you— we would try to keep warm I guess,

Good bye Love— Kiss me
— Good bye —

George

think you deserve better things. But here I am, and here are the children, God bless them I wish their Mother was more worthy to be their Mother. There is nothing like contact with their fresh, young souls to make us feel the tarnish on our own - for their sakes I must be a better woman.

This cold and I must go to bed.

My dear, dear Husband! Pray for us both, that we grow better and wiser, nearer each other, and our Heavenly Father.

Your wife
Serena.

Minneapolis, Sept. 18, 1866 -

My dear Love -

After two weeks waiting and longing, I have just got and read a letter from you, and now, when it is most bedtime baby is quiet and I will tell you how glad I am, so glad, you know. It seems to me you get about half my letter, though you may easily know I have always written once a week, and once only I believe. Some way the days hop by at such a rate, that when I find a ~~few~~ moment Sunday to sit down, it seems as if 'twas only yesterday I wrote to you the week before. You have no conception of what hours babies make among the weeks.

I don't see what right Mr. Moore has to get two letters to you, one - but never mind, don't be jealous I never forgot you.

I am glad to think of you as being nearer the P.O. if not nearer home, really it is nearer

home. I too wish I could be ~~among~~ with you, among pleasant days and films. We have plenty of films, considering my non-capacity and baby's colic, but you and pleasant weather I have not. It is cold, cloudy and dull enough.

Baby has just been having a hard time with the belly-ache, from chills. My regard and condolence for Mares. How - what shall I call it - some of your men must be!

I am right-glad the ponies are all right, and the Cows. You are most too human in your creatures names. Did I mention the getting your order on Chute? He gave me a draft on Baldwin's Bank. As for business letters, let me see - One from Cutts, I will send his note and keep the Certificate.

You had a letter from C. & Murray. I don't know whether to send it or not because I don't understand whether you are interested to know the Character of Mr. Tillingham now or at some future time. Maybe I had better. It may be some Sans affair.

This evening this ~~letter~~ from Shakapu, which may want your attention before you come home.

My eyes ache and I ought to go to bed. I wish you would come home. Your letter was real nice. It does my heart good, after seven years, to get a bit of a love letter - a very morsel, compared with the Volumes of years ago, but concentrated Sweet. It seems a benediction on your ~~to~~ ^{so} fitting, brown-faced, common place wife that she could even have seemed so unearthly in your eyes, or imagination. I am ^{and happy} glad ^{if} with the romance past, and your eyes opened you can still say you love me.

It is a great leap from the Ideal to the Real in my case. I have often felt it, and have berated myself lots of times when I was tempted to be wicked, for the simple reason that your wife should do no such thing. I could love you - of course I could, now, let you do or be anything, but I should not expect it of you. I am satisfied, more than satisfied, happy and rich beyond expression, but, with Ada, I often

We had a pleasant visit last week from Mrs. Jefferson and Miss. Dean. It was purely accidental, and I give them no credit, yet it was pleasant. They came in to call in the afternoon, then came separately, visiting during the day, coming in and soon after, they came it commenced raining, and before night settled down into a regular storm; it rained all night and it all of the next day, so of course they were obliged to stay. What a fresh, genial, nice woman Mrs. Jefferson is! Mr. Bayley will not listen to A. d. a's return to St. Louis at present. He himself went immediately out of the City, into the Country forty miles. I have not seen a paper for several days, but the Cholera ^{last St. Louis} was raging fearfully at last accounts, although in Cincinnati it was entirely subdued, as an epidemic.

You had a line last week from Thomson Rev. St. Paul, saying he could supply you with Chippewa Sermons. I don't know but I ought to have written back, you were out of town. No other mail I believe. Lavinia has got her dinner most ready. What does Frank give you good for young dinner? My baby has really done a brave thing to sleep long enough for me to write a sheet full. I know you will always write when you can, I don't believe my letter told you had the good the same as of me from you. I will write again as soon as I get home. Good wife Lavinia

St. Anthony, Sept. 2^d, 1846,

My dear Husband,

Good Sunday morning to you again. And a bright, cool day it is, almost too cool to rest in tents, but you can sit in the warm sun, as I am doing now. Yesterday Lavinia came went over and brought me home with her, to stay a few days. Drim is away for a little while at work, and she is a lone, and she knew I was not worth very much at home, so thought she would make use of my presence to keep the bears away. I am sort of half home-sick already - a brave woman.

I got your line written the day you arrived in Camp. I am glad you found things all right. Mr. Morris letter to you came two or three days ago. I see by it he wants to come home "as soon as he can be spared". I presume he thinks his presence might ensure success in being chosen Superintendent, and

maybe it would, but I have not much faith in his being the one they will choose. (Is my Grammar quite right? I can't tell.)

I am improving in strength, but not so fast as I should if my stomach did not trouble me so much. I am sorry I cannot report more progress in that regard. Baby grows fat and strong and handsome without regard to his mother. Oh! the anguish of a sick nurse. Poor Vernon took it greatly to heart that I should come off without him. Poor boy, he does not take baby's crowding him aside graciously at all. But May is growing very independent. She seems to have changed entirely lately; from a shy, silent thing, she is getting to be an inveterate talker, and is making acquaintances with all the strange children far in the neighborhood. She talks of 'Mary Brown, and Minnie, and "that girl" and so on, all strangers to me. We sent her to Aunty Hodges for something the other day, she stopped by the way, at a house where there was children, and did not come home

till after dark, and then she came alone.

She is a witch for you - just like her father, she must be. I wish you could spend one day in this family, if your idea of woman's wit and endurance would not be increased, if you lived till night with your brain not tamed, I am mistaken. It is proving that Louisa is a remarkable woman or she would have been stark mad long ago. I can give you no clearer notion of her daily life than to ask you to imagine yourself in the midst of a swarm of bees determined to light on your nose and in your eyes and ears. Four little children, three of them babies, in a more troublesome sense than mine, and one, or all, demanding something at every turn, and in every moment of the day, and half the night, and the house work to be done beside. "An honest man" is not the most wonderful thing God ever made, but for a woman who can live and endure a few years of such a life as this is a more wonderful thing. I should die, or go crazy, in a minute.

Monday I was out & we did 12 miles
Tuesday we moved into the N part
of the Town near the Store & Pastoff's
& they got about 4 miles. Yesterday they
must have made 7 or 8 miles - I was
away up through the Alexandria
woods a dozen miles from Camp
Today I am in Camp. About
Tomorrow I shall try to be on the
lines again - I have no news to
tell - I feel snuffy & in a hurry
& don't know how to write sentiment
- The weather is cool - frosts every
night - The woods in splendid
color & the leaves commencing to
fall. - I am glad to hear of Ade
Mr B. for I feared they might be
in the Cholera horror & no venturing
what the result might be.

He has not written me &
I suppose means to wait as long
as I did. I have written none of
my folks since I came here last
June - - - - - Then Good bye - Come close
let me squeeze you - one little kiss
Good bye - Your Husband & Son

Direct "Alexandria" only.

Holmes City Sep 29/66

My Son,

I got 3 letters from you last Sunday
the last Sep 10th - I got also one from Gale & Co
stating they had sold a piece of land in
Meeker Co. belonging to Whitcomb. I
send the deed herewith to you. - The
price was \$650. - Deliver the deed to them
on payment of the money less their charges
& expenses. - I believe Sam told me he
would charge me 2 for Commission, which
would be \$13. & a stamp \$1. & perhaps
some other expenses. - The money I
want sent to Whitcomb, in Draft or
New York Payable to his Order. I have
mentioned the same thing to Gale &
perhaps he will get a draft for you
to send. - The Banks you know ^{charge}
nothing for drafts to go to California
You mention getting letters with J.

wrote the day I sat here but say nothing
about the Order on Chute ^{for \$70} which it
contained, nor whether he had entered
the other 2 pieces of land which would
make me entitled to \$50 more from
him. I have not heard from him.

I got a letter from Geo Miller
the other day - he had located some
land from my notes & wished to pay
me \$20. I wrote him to send you
a check payable to your order
you will ~~send~~ ^{send} him a receipt for it.

I hear nothing from Mr Griffith
nor from the man at St Paul who
wanted to locate 10,000 acres
nor from the Sur Genl about additional
surveys. - Do you know anything about
the School Superintendency? or the
Survey Appropriation. Or Walker or
who are the Candidates in Humphreys
County & the State in general - or
about anything else!

There Ma'am - the other half sheet
was to Madam Wright. The balance
is for my Love - How do you do?
- are you most dead with work &
bother and perplexity. - Oh Shameful
Rose - hasn't she run off with all your
other little trinkets as well & left
you neither pins, buttons, watch, nor anything
else she could lay hands on. You
must keep things locked up somehow
when such deadly vagabonds have the
house at their disposal -

I don't know but we will
be back in 4 or 5 weeks - certainly
if we get no more work to do
than what I have now -
This Town is Awful - to the boys - who
have worked on prairie all Summer
It's no worse than others which I
have had - nor so bad - but we
cannot trace over it as we have been
doing & it tears breeches awful -

You have had a Draft from Washington
for \$888 ³³/₁₀₀ I believe. Nothing need be done?

I shall need that order on Chute or on
some other soon, that is if Odell should come to
see your barn. Getting ready for winter takes
a heap of money, I am afraid you will think.

Serena.

Minneapolis, Sept. 23, 1866.

My dear Love -

Evening has come at last, and
I hope my baby is asleep for the night. He is
a precious, uneasy sat. My days work has been
writing a letter to Papa - I mean, of course, what
~~that~~ I have done aside from housework and
baby tending. It has rained all day, and
is raining now - It rained last night and will
rain tonight. I can hardly remember a pleasant
day, certainly they have been very rare in this
month. Did you ever know so cold weather in
August and September? Our Indian Summer
may atone for all this. We have had several
severe frosts.

I wish you were at home so I need not
write to you tonight. I am more in the mood
of looking at than talking to you. The weather is
dull, and I am tired and listless. Oh! my dear
I wish you were at home; it is only half
home, in any sense of the word, when you are away.

We all get demoralized, we do not use what little self-control, and good manners we might have at our command, when you are not here to keep us in order. Some days I get awfully sore in spirit. I do know that nothing but God's grace can make a woman what she ought to be when she has children to manage. I pray every day for God to help me, but He does not seem to very much. If I was an orthodox woman and believed my influence on the children and the training they receive would might-determine their future forever, I should sink under the burden, but I do not believe it. A soul is of too much value to be left to such slender chances, my only comfort is in believing God will make it good for all to have been born, and that if I try to do as well as I can I can safely leave the issue in His hands.

Mrs. Austin died a week ^{ago} yesterday. She has suffered long and severely, and was ready and willing to go. Now she will be missed, more than any one who could have been taken from the world. I have seen none of them.

I have not told you, have I, that old Uncle Isaac Brown has finally gone home. Poor old man, a weary, troublesome life, exchanged I doubt not, for one more profitable and blessed. It is something to be glad of when one goes who has outlived this life, gathered all the good or bad nature intended for his share, and whose every breath thereafter can be only burdensome to himself and others.

How hard it rains! Every body in the house is in bed and asleep. How lonely it is without my love. How can I wait two months more.

Mrs. Moore called at the door today to see if I had heard from you recently. She has had no letter for two weeks. Did Mr. Moore forget her?

I told her you were all well. Two days, and I hope to hear again. Well, well I ought to go to bed for the baby lets nobody sleep mornings, when the sun gets up there is no peace for lazy folk. Goodnight Love - I hope this rain is not pouring down on you, sweet sleep and pleasant dreams by the side of your Moses, under dry blankets. Poor me, forsaken and forlorn. I must take my chicken under my wing and go off alone - Good by, Serena.

Too "jolly" for you to come home so much before I looked for you? Four or five weeks you said, which would be three or four now. I want think of it, for next I shall hear you will have had letters from all over Christendom sending in townships and wanted by the dozen. Winter is playing coy for a season, after most freezing we are again set to melting. A hot sun shining down on blackened fields and dying foliage.

Mr. Odell came yesterday with a man a-job-up a stable in the garden. They do not finish it, but will tomorrow I presume.

A Mr. Peters called to see me yesterday about renting your land at which he says joined his. I had a good mind to rent it at a venture for if he has a crop in of course he would keep the fence up which in itself would be quite an item. He wanted to rent it for three-fourths. He said you objected last winter to his terms. He wanted to know immediately, and said 'twould be too late to know this season if he had to wait two weeks to hear from you, so of course he will not have it, but could you do better?

No letters from any one. — I was weighed the other day, guess how much? Ninety-four.

The baby almost approaches that. He grows fast, and is getting pretty — looks just like his mother some folks say. May and Vernon are well, and so wild and rude, did any body think I could have such wild children. His mother, Serena.

Minneapolis, Sept. 20, 1866.

My dear Husband,

I have succeeded in getting three papers done up, so you will be sure of those. Do you get the papers I send you? You never mention them. I send, and have even since you left, the Republican and Independent every week, and last week I sent the Enquirer and this week a Chronicle. In the Chronicle you will find answers to a few of your many questions to "Madam". As for me personally I knew just nothing. I hardly find leisure between work that must be done, and babies, to read a New paper. I did not even know until your letter called my attention to the fact that we were on the eve of an election, and could not have told you who one of the candidates were. I see by this Chronicle that R. J. Baldwin is in a pretty pickle. Mr. Dodge says the Republicans are totally disgusted and he will not get elected.

I am right sorry to see Mr. Baldwin's name mixed up in affairs so shameful. I always supposed him to be a man of honor and dignity, but Newspaper Editors would defile a Saint. It may be Mr. B. is really playing false, but I see no proof of it, any more than I see proof of Mr. Beecher's having committed the unpardonable sin. I think it feasible for a Christian to agree with Mr. Johnson in an opinion without sinking to a level with the man.

The worst thing I see against Mr. Baldwin is his own statement of friendship with Mr. Norton, I would rather he would swallow "my policy" whole than profess love for such a vile man. Yes, I think if women voted they would see a side men seldom look at, and some things might be bettered. But what a mess we are in politically! Dis even Christian Country witness so disgusting a spectacle as our precious President and Seward have made of themselves! We have lived through a four years war, but can

the nation survive four years of Johnson? Oh to think of the disgrace and dishonor he has brought upon us! God rules, and he will show us He can accomplish His ends without, as well as with His "man raised up for the times".

About the Superintendent, I don't know, but I have heard it said several times that Mr. Moors chances were small, that a man from a broad was to have the place. The deed came with your letter Tuesday. Mr. Sam. Gale called and looked at it pronounced it all right, and said probably in a week or two the man would call with the money and claim the deed.

I have not heard from Mr. Chute, Gov. Miller, the Office, Appropriation, Walker, or "any thing else". You probably have heard from some of them by this time. Of your Mr. Griffith is any relation of Shumits he has very likely run away. I can't exactly say I want you to be disappointed in any of your plans for work, but would it not be