



[William Crosfield Letters](#)

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I have thought more
 of Uncle during
 my journey
 than of any one
 out of my own
 family - how
 strange!

The Avenue Hotel. New York
 September 8. 1859

My dearest Maggie
 How I wish that I
 was with you now to help you
 in the many little things, which
 it would be a privilege as well as
 a pleasure to do for the bereaved
 family. I have written a few lines
 to Arthur I should have been glad
 not to do it for to reopen wounds
 is a cruel task but I could not
 do otherwise I should have
 accused myself of want of
 feeling - a ~~sentimental~~ fault
 of which I am innocent. I
 arrived here this morning at
 8 o'clock and by half past nine I
 had my letters. Willis James
 was not in the city so all three
 were carried off unopened I
 went to Mr. Batters to read them
 there, he was not in, so I got
 into a bus to come back here,
 and then I began to read
 mama's first - the first words

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staggered me - the grief - sorrow to wear them and strength to
behaviourment. Papas has for years "always" a letter a
on the same paper - one for kind word a glad welcome, a
you the same date - what a hearty shake of his hand and
it be - Papas soon explained now no more - What a blank
too soon - Oh how hard it is there will be in that house "if
realize that one of our nearest short months can surely
and dearest friends is gone - make no change in Edgewood
no more the kind greeting we so have often fondly thought
were sure to find at the Grand during the last eight weeks.
from Uncle - How every little how true "His man proposes
incident comes back! Last but God disposes." People say
spoke to him in town in last "What are you going to do?" "What
street the flag was half mast are your plans?" "Know not
high I asked for whom?" "What to say. All seems changed
more likely than the old man even here seem to see everything
Parson Bolif I passed of our with different eyes. I went this
we either of us ask for who next afternoon again to see Mr.
I well remember some time Baxter and am thankful
ago when a day of humiliation to find him for it was a great
was talked of and a week relief to talk with a friend and
holiday he spent the one who knew Uncle, he was
idea said that he was a very kind and persuaded me
near to the Almighty out to stay in New York till Sunday
Flags as in Church; may it Monday I spent at Fort
have been so! Then he saw with him. I had intended
my travelling suit - his great to go right off to change the
ing was "may you have heard seen, but the Europa is only off

Halifax this afternoon so my
next letters cannot be received
before Monday so far off this
this is only Thursday here
mails are slow so I must
wait. Today just for once
I was hopeful and took my
letters with a glad heart, but
opening them how soon a
change came over me; then
busy Broadway inside an
omnibus was not the place
for emotions, but even then
I read till my eyes would
read no more and I had to
wait till I got home again.
During the last week I have
into the habit of singing to
myself "Good news from home"
but there is an end of all that.
It is hard in a strange land, far
from one's nearest friends, to
bear affliction, but if I this
feel so much what must I write to Arthur at such a time
who called him father feel, to anyone else it would have
many of them still so young
poor little Julie what a life
for her indeed for all of them

it is a sad ^{and} sad future but
may they rest to their father
who is in heaven. How little
can we tell what is going on
at a distance - or what circum-
stances control our thoughts.
How many things, seen now
explained in my journey! -
With what associations shall
I look back on my visit to
Niagara on that Saturday
night at ten o'clock I stood
looking for the first time
at the falls - what a sad scene
there was far off. Why on the
following Wednesday did
I feel a reluctance to take my
place among that crowd to
see Blondin? I could not
explain it then but what
an electric chain seems to
twine around us all and con-
nects us all. And oh that I should
write to Arthur at such a time
to anyone else it would have
been bad enough but to him
of all others. However as I
could not know I hope that

you exercised a discretion ⁴⁴ me. Please thank ^{also} Steiger for
and kept it back. My little ^{his} nice cheerful letter it was
would seem to you strange very kind in him just to choose
to think that in my last ^{of} this time when he if any one
should fear my letter would give a pleasant word
keep some of you from Chapmanist the general grief. I
how little did I then think have been reserving several
that other cause. Many other letters till I got here and
things strike me as unknown now they must still be put
appropriate. And parting off for I have not spirit or heart
within how little did I think to write to night far different
when I wished him quick subjects were designed for a little
settlement in a business, ^{to} you from this place "but we
would be so sadly made now not what a day may
for him. But I would not bring forth "all is indeed dark
let my thoughts run all before us. Just now I am in
the past - let the unknown great bodily suffering for our
future have its share. Oh Monday at Boston I was most
I feel more and more that horribly bitten by mosquitoes
our schemes are vain withality five on one hand and
the divine blessing and approval number on the other
and in making plans many forehead a mass of spots
I ever strive to seek. God's guide one eye almost closed and
trusting alone to him for their row of reminiscences down
accomplishment. Give my best the cheer which I had not
thanked to Aunt Eleanor - the been lying made your brother
Waterhouses Mrs. Thos. B. and a very object on Tuesday and
any others who have asked after Thursday today it is somewhat

better though the vulgar crowd
still look on me as one a ^{wild} ~~poet~~
~~poet~~ ^{beast} whose touch is dangerous
and who would bite if he came
within arms reach, but I live
in hope that ere long I may
be free but just now I cannot
of course have any likenesses
taken as I should have wished.
In my last letter from Boston
I think that I added a line
to the effect that Mrs. Muller
has another daughter, born
on Monday morning on
Monday night she passed
a bad night but on Tuesday
was much better. I cannot
tell you how much I am
-debted to Mr. M. for the kind-
-ness with which he received
me and the trouble that
although steamer day he
would take to get me an
order to the Boston Sugar
Give my dearest love to all at
Pake Lane and also to David.
May God raise up to the family
at the Grange friends who will
smooth the rough journey of their
lives. Your affectionate brother
H. W. H. H.