

James C. Christie and Family Papers

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Version 3
August 20, 2018

[ca 1878]

My Dear Sarah.

I hope you
down as fun as Emma's, and
willing to avoid walking as far
as possible I sent down Davis
to borrow for me Mr Stevens
Tape Line to measure the Hay
Ground I Let. Emma tells me
Stella did not go to Town
Yesterday. I think if nothing
else to lay more, please try and
send those pictures to Town soon
possible, and tell me more in hot
anything you think of.

Lo

[ca 1878]

Dear Alex—

I write this to you
in a hurry to tell you of Uncle Williams
illness. I do not wish to write directly
to Helen about it in case I might perhaps
cause her too much trouble

You will tell her in a Quiet
Way. Williams has Erysipelas in the
Head and face. it began with a Great
Excitement on the Brain on last
Sunday night. on Monday morning I
applied Cold Water to the Head and
gave him a purge, this killed the
Excitement very soon. But soon
the fever attending the Erysipelas and
(I think Nervous fever also) keeps
him very sleepless most of the time
and he is really dangerously ill.
Mr Michael Rhys Called and Came on
Tuesday night. prescribing just the
Medicine Une had already sent for
to the Hood ——

He is well pleased with both by dark and in the day partially also. I reckon her as much as I am able for, and all of us indeed. I have no time to say more now intending to send this by McMichael to the ford. You will find time to Go to Nelson and as a mere matter of Course as it were let her know. I ask this in Case this should terminate fatally and they would all be taken too much by surprise

Yours

J. Chevrier

If anything serious happens the Tille Telegraph to You

January 2d '78

Dear Sister, [Boyd]

Your card of 23d and Father's of 24th at hand and I am glad to learn that all are well "in a way of becoming" - that the terrible shadow has left the house. I found that I could'nt find Mr. Philbrick - shop shut for a vacation - but shall go down in a day or two, after city schools re-open and he "hangs out the flag at Edges."

It is likely that I am to be Benjamin Peirce's only disciple for the rest of the year. Stringham has been appointed assist Editor Am. Jour. Pure & Appl. Maths. and has gone to Baltimore. Most of the Journal anon. Sykes has talked of going no further, and so I shall have no company but J. M. Peirce. Just think of it! I have been

spitting on my hands for a week
to be ready to at least clutch at
those "skirts of happy chance".
Benjamin Peirce's great book is the
most tremendously difficult treatise
any of his here Lay ever seen. I read
La Grange's Mechanique Analytique
without extra Effort, but fight
for hours with Every other line of Peirce.
He lay condensed so much into small
space, and has taken up the subject from
so high a point of view that very
few understand him. Professor Byerly
told me that his course in it was of no
use to him as he understood little
that he read or heard. Then again,
Professor Peirce is no teacher, his method
being, as Prof. Eustis said of him, to
"put on his seven-league boots and
walk off." But men do more work
for him than for anybody else in the
University, for they know that he
is truly Great, and it is inspiration

to see him vanish on the intellectual
horizon. I suppose Sykes is giving up
in despair. I have felt like it more than
once, for there are twenty successive lectures of which I could make
"neither head nor tail". But I'll
borrow Prof. J. M's notes and go on.
He runs his pencil like a mower, and
whenever Benjamin Peirce stops for
sheer lack of breath or crayon, I
hear him scything out the fence-corners.

Can't get along without Calculus of
Variations, and began last night at 12.
Go over today to Library to get Jellett
of Dublin, Moigno et Lindelöf, &c.

Business! "Pikes Peak or bust."
You needn't Expect to hear from me very
often, for I must bring all Energies
to bear on my work here. I am
in better Trim than ever before, and
really believe there is'nt another such
County Tyrone constitution on this classic
ground.

Affectionately
Alexander.

This year

This year puts me in as one of the two best mathematicians at Harvard – I am proud to say that Sykes is the other. Eh?

Stockbridge, Wis.,
Jan. 4. 1878.

Mr. C. Hinkley
Cambridge. Mass.

I wrote to you last summer
but not receiving any reply,
I have come to the conclusion
that you did not receive
my letter or had forgotten all
about the rest of the world
except N. New England.

The weather for the last two
months has been indescribable
nothing but mud and rain.
I am in school now, and
having a few leisure moments
this eve. I would write to you
We have a very good school now
and it is a High School.

Our former teacher Rev.

Groyan was elected Supt. of the boy gan Co. and our new teacher is Frank Lee. Eugene Winston was saying some days ago that he "wished her Christin would come back and teach school hir" and most of the boys would like to see you. Geo. Hicks is at school here now but two years ago he had his arm cut off, and he is study ing for a teacher now.

Ed Shumaker, is working for Mr. Peterson and can not go to school this winter Wyron, is going to N. Carolina next autumn. Irving has gone to. I dont know where.

Glenn, still goes to school and is a good boy. one of this sort.

Of the girls I can say but little. Helen Storm & Mary Millar are at school this winter. Miss Herbrechter, (I can pronounce that name now) goes to school and looks and is very nice. although she likes to play better than study, I guess she will make a good scholar.

Ruby Brown is closely allied to a peacock, and the rest are of no account.

What branch of busines do you think I ~~ass~~ ~~for that~~ had best try to pursue if ~~any~~ any. I would like to take a coirs through some good college. but first I want the motor. I was thinking that is Glenn and I were, that we would learn telegraphy and stick to it

until we had sufficient
leave, and then we would
take a course. I hope you
will graduate with all the
honors of a conquering hero.
and wear the laurel wreath
with grace. and graduate
at the head of your class.
An Organ deal was at our
house last week. Mr Dunn.
he paid he knew you and
corresponded with you.
How are you progressing
in music. I told Glenn.
I was writing to you and
he will send you a few
lines. Here is a good writer
compared to me for I never
could write good - write soon
James W Whistler
Cal. Co. Stocksbridge Ohio

James — I can't write anything
now so you may tell A. I was going to
write some but my muse wouldn't help, so
I've concluded to wait till the 1st Later on
but I should very much like to hear
from his fren. and perhaps that might
inspire me & I could write him a good one.
put it in as you want to James you
know how it is.

Cambridge. Sunday Evening.
Janry 6th 1878

Dear Father,

I hope to get letters tomorrow, telling me how you are getting on, and about Donnie. This must be a severe strain upon you, since the confinement and irritation will have a tendency to spoil your digestive process completely. Yours of 24th received, and I was very glad to get it. Speaking of St. Johns Gospel, I ought to say that though I do not read either regularly or consecutively, I keep dipping in here and there, now and then, and this way get over a good deal of scripture. It doesn't all seem true, and a deal of mystery hangs over the plainest statements; but taken just as it reads, I find a great deal of a restful kind of truth in the book. It may not be the broad day; but a few, just a few bright gleaming rays from Christ are inestimable in their worth to a man staggering through this dark world.

You see I take the book for just what it is worth – to me, – and I may qualify this otherwise seemingly depreciative statement by saying that I know it to be worth a great deal.

You asked once of Mr. B. Well, a thoughtful, prudent, kind old gentleman, regularly educated and with much Experience, though I suppose not intellectually brilliant or many-sided; frugal, that he may be both just and generous, and, if a slight acquaintance warrants an opinion, disposed to pass back and forth from hopeful to misanthropic views of man, from generous to severe dealings with his fellows. No doubt he has his faults, like the rest of us, but he is Carmie's father, and that atones for many. If you write him, do not intimate that I have "expressed an opinion" – which, favorable or unfavorable is little short of bad manners. But I must be brief.

I dare not undertake at present to determine the astronomical adjuncts of that event, for I have done nothing in Astronomy here that is sufficient. The investigation would require an accurate acquaintance with planetary theory. In a year, or two, I may be equal to the task.

I am not Benj. Peirce's only disciple. Prof. J. M. Peirce sits behind me and takes notes – a bad thing for me, for he draws the old gentleman's fire, who Elevates for "James" and shoots right over me. However, he has pretty nearly "scared me to death" – so if he can only bowl J. M. over, he knows he has us both.

I cant skirmish much longer with him, and begin to feel that my scalp must dangle with the rest of 'em in the smoke of the old warrior's teepee.

Well, Good Bye, and a Happy New Year.

Alex. S. Christie

Mary reads her letters to me, and we both rejoice in your success, and your prospects. I am not surprised to learn that you are ambitious to excel in your studies, and to be distinguished among your companions. I would be disappointed in you if you were not. Ambition is a noble principle when properly directed, and I am glad to see it manifested by my children. I would have you study hard, and learn all you can, and take a thorough and practical knowledge of every thing you undertake to learn, and then you will be prepared to occupy any station in life that may present itself, and be competent to fill it with honor to yourself and usefulness to others.

Dear Brother Lorenzo: We received your very welcome, and loving letter, yesterday, and we are very happy to hear from you. We also rejoice to think you alone, are found worthy, of being the only one to listen to beautiful disclosures of wisdom from on high. That may be revealed to you by the voice of Professor Peirce, and your own strivings after mathematical knowledge rejoice also Dear Brother for I (it may be in my ignorance of the difficulties in your way) have not the least doubt you will prove successful and obtain the highest honors, in the race in which you are now engaged, when I am gray and very old on this side I may and will no doubt read some of your able works, brought down to the capacity of such as I am and will yet feel the lustre of your name shedding light on us all. You are wise not to rush a head too hastily, and I know you will not let Taurus, prod you in the ribs, nor Orion hit you with that club of his, nor the Hare nibble you toes, will you are doing your duties by these, according to orders,

But how grand must be your thoughts, and how small must all things look to you, on this mite of a world, when you are diving into space, Space how vast, beyond calculation by any means known to men or angels, unfathomable by Equations, or any other means,

When an inspired Father with the ideas that mathematics was only the skeleton of the Universe, must have been lacking in ideality, for it seems to me that all the things to be learned by such labor as you are employed at, could be clothed in all the beauty of life, and ideas caused to spring up in our immost being, as to the ways and attributes of all these things being displayed on a scale so vast and grand as to be beyond the comprehension of man, and still I can something for him to search out in the coming ages of Eternity, so labor on

on dear Brother, and gather strength & spirit to master many greater problems than ever has been your lot yet to handle. Can this little span of life be all, in which you will have to work out your problems in regard to Orion, or the Pleiades? Or to study the Ephemeris, in which to search after God. can it be possible that the search after the infinite, by the finite will come to a close when this breathable organism comes to an end. will your striving after knowledge cease and forever when the eye is closed and the ear deaf, and the tongue ceases to speak. is it probable? is it likely? that the vast labor you have been at mentally can be for naught but amusement and gratify the coming Generations of men on this plane of life. giving better means of knowledge to be more correct in living on the seasons plane, and be purer in deed as to the why and wherefore of life. No so I say one must go on and do not doubt your ability to master whatever professor Perrin may ask you to do, and if I and others whom you love cannot sit at your feet here and learn from you "in the Better land" you will get unfold the mysteries which you are now mastering and will sit at Master's feet while yet lead into the light which is at present beyond our comprehension I suppose you will hardly see clearly what I mean. and it is likely you have but little time to give to thinking of anything but urgent duty. I have much time to steal to much that is in a certain foreign to my labor as a farmer, and being barred from many things both by nature and habit I look in a quiet way into the Spiritualism of to day, and find many strange things in connection with it.

Sunday 13th I again sit down to write to you. I have been reading Tom's letters and we are much interested in them, I hope that your last from him shall speaks of his health and Carmetta's and Anna as good and that every thing is well with them give them our best love, and wishes. for their welfare we are all well, and are as happy as possible in the surrounding evil current. We have reduced our interest bearing debt the past year by two hundred dollars, and that will save twenty four in interest that is doing well for us, and help us current expenses. they are not great considering our family indeed not as great as they should be for the best development of our mental and moral conditions, as we are unable to build we are cramped for room, and also for proper facilities for as much cleanliness as we would like, we are also short of much food for the mind, but Sarah since David was here and gone home again, has sent us a lot of books. among which are several very interesting one being easily comprehended, and at the same time pretty correct in descriptive information Figuier's Insect world also Ocean world and also. Old Red sand Stone by H Mi. with Winchell's Sketches of creation and many others. your "Cosmos" however I like better than any in one particular, and that is. it is written in the interest of science. without any regard to the Bible, or any other book of religious belief

condensed and solid, and as new as I can judge by what little I see, at present of the subject on which it treats, as good as new,

Health is ours as a general thing and as Bon says I have reason to rejoice that all our family is so robust and hearty, had a short letter from Uncle W. when he sent us Tom's Mss. in which he tells us Sammy E. is likely to be married to a Miss many the name of Bunnell. David was sure with us a day & days and we enjoyed his company very much we had some of the coldest winter weather while he was here we have had this winter,

I suppose our present political conditions do worry you much seeing things above, and not being the moon is your trouble, at present, well. I am not a policy man you bet neither in hard money matters nor in giving the Rebs sticks of candy and pots of jelly and all other good things they can ask for. Neither do I see how the "Gray" is or can be as good as the Blue" the mandolin cant. of that kind is a disgrace to any man of the presumed ability of R B Hays. if I could write any thing that could be interesting to you I would write of times and admiration. W G Bristle

Boys in Law

Lawrence Mass

June 8 1898

Dear Alf

We Have
Received Your Welcom Letter
and we are very Happy To
Hear from You. we do not Like as
You Need be Ashamed to Write
To us every Time. we are Gladen
to Hear from You or See You every
Time You Like to Come. we
did Think You would be
down again before you went
to Cambridge. But Eliza Thought
it was too Stormy for You to Come
from Andover. now Alf we are very
much Oblige to you for Fering to
Pay our Expences to Come to Cambridge
but Eliza is afraid to Come

She as not got Clear of her Cold
Yet. I dont think She aught too
Cause She takes Cold so Easle.
I think My Self it was more
our fault Then it was Yours
we aught to Have drop You a Card
we was Coming and I Spoke to
Eliza about it but we Neglected
to write to You. Ella if You are
not Busdey Come up and Stay
with us a few days or a Week
if You like You Come just as
well as not as Soon as we
are Concerned if You are not
gone away I think you ad better
do so. Eliza will try to Entertain
You and Keep You from Getting Lonsom
Come Finday or Saturday if You Can
and we will Talk Things over
Brother George as you Back to
Albany he Started Saturday
is he Stays a week Vacation

if You are Coming you no need to
write if not Please write and let
us Know how You are geting along
and when You are goin away

From Your Friends

Jos & Eliza Thompson
28 Shattuck St
Lawrence

Andover Mass. Jan. 9th 1878.

Lieber Freund!

Einliegenden Brief, welcher an Dich adressirt ist, erhielt ich heute Morgen; ich weiss nicht, wie es kommt, dass Herr Hayden ihn Dir nicht direct zugesandt.

Deinen letzten Brief vom Sonntag habe ich erhalten; vielen Dank, auch für Deinen vorigen Brief mit dem Neujahrswunsche. — Es freut mich, dass Du gesund zu thun. Aber es thut mir leid, dass Du nicht nach Andover zu kommen gedenkst; vielleicht wirst Du doch noch kommen; wir wissen noch nicht, wann unsere Reden gehalten werden sollen. Ich werde Dir schreiben bei Zeiten.

Dass Du in den Vorlesungen des Herrn Prof. Peirce nicht mitkommen kannst kann ich kaum glauben. Nur Muth! es wird schon alles gehen.

Wir haben eben angefangen, Vir-

gil zu lesen, und das wird es mir auch
mitunter blau und grün vor den Augen.
Ich habe jetzt eine Classe in der
Akademie; 13 Schüler; Schulgeld $ 8.00
per Quartal (Term); 2 von den Schülern aber
habe ich ohne Geld angenommen, weil sie
gute Freunde von mir sind (in derselben
Classe mit mir); und 2 andere bezahlen nur
$ 6.00 anstatt $ 8.00. Wir haben schon zwei
Stunden gehabt und werden wöchentlich
vier haben. Ich bin sehr froh darüber.
Wir gebrauchen Whitney's Grammatik.
Ausserdem habe ich Frl. Wilbur, und einen
jungen Mann 3mal die Woche (à 1.00 per Stunde)
und viele - etwa 12 - Stunden in Latein. Ich
hatte für die erste Woche 30 Privat-Stunden
in Ganzen, Deutsch und Latein, engagirt, so dass
es mir zu viel wurde und ich meinem
Freunde Gile einen Schüler in Latein über-
liess. Genug zu thun; beinahe zu viel. Jede
Stunde in der Classe in der Akademie bringt
mir ungefähr $ 2.00 ein, das ist jedenfalls genug.
Glück auf! Sonst Alles beim Alten.
Bald mehr. Vergiss mich nicht ganz und
schreib mir dann und wann.

Dein Freund Conrad.

Alex. S. Christie.

This may look like "Putting on Style" but they are very convenient for Autos, as a Cheap Luxury — Not Needed.

These are a present from Carrie.

Rapidan. Jany 13th 1878.

My Dear Alexander—

Yours of 6th

received. I still feel Nursing the Same Ankle. it becomes better daily and I hope to use it Within a Week. One Month Since nearly Since the fall, and I have been trying to Keep up the health by eating as little as possible in this toying Life of Sitting and lying I Stamp Round With my right knee on a Chair. Carrying it before me. and although having lost a little flesh and become Consequently thinner and more under the influence of Nerve. I yet have lost little Sleep by it, and have much reason to be very thankful How often this has made me think of the poor Wounded Soldier Burned With Severe Wounds. Shattered Bones and torn Vitals!!

Without philosophy or resignation
Ah God help the miserable!
I begin to have an impression
that you are getting again in
difficulties about means. and
know not how to help, or think
how you can be helped. tell me if
I conjecture aright, and tell me
also your projects for awakening
Eolus. Daniel tells me he wrote to
you last week. But he keeps dark
about Everything and I know less
probably about his affairs than
some of the neighbours do.

Sarah has been sick some ten
days. threatened I believe with typhoid
but is now up about her room
again. I foreseen this and repeatedly
told her it was coming. She has
violating organic health in too
much care for others, Evidently
trying to lay up treasure in Heaven
at the cost of sickness on Earth.
Yet I complain not. for I believe
that such as her are providentially
cared for. and all is for the best.

Your succinct sentences
about Scripture are Good. and good
is it to observe that you appreciate the
help to be found in these deeply mysterious
Books. The World is Dark indeed!
Let us then seek to that Light which
shines so in the incomprehending
Darkness. Let us break through the
veil by the strength of Faith and
rejoice in the light which may
at least be felt if not seen.
Assuredly it shines, and has shone
Eternally. primeval Light. the Manifestation of the One Great Being. God
Blessed forever.

I received Jones letter which
you sent to Mr Brewer and also a small note
from Mrs B. she tells me they have written to You
every week. and thanks me for letters received
from me. he says they enrich him. I also
sent to Mr B the Book you sent to me. with
a long letter in folio tracing the connections
of Greek Literature with the New Testament
Starting from the text Qui sons in St John

Chap. 12 Verses 20 to 34 inclusive. I may have said some things which will startle him a bit. yet true. and not to be avoided arising also from him an Exchange of ideas on this topic. Do not be afraid to trust me in these affairs. I shall not offend and yet perhaps disseminate some Light. I have a little illumination not depending upon Greek letters and have no fear of learning. the soul of things is not necessarily revealed to the letter-ed. Now any letter to Mr B is not by any means provocative of Combat but open Enlightenment on the most friendly terms.. and also with the Interrogation mark of interrogation lying at the beginning and end.

I think you should drop the Death pang at once and give up your Deal. to B.P. and if possible turn to something which looks toward practicalities. Let your face towards that which strongly which while the Roosevelt tonel to Getting You Bread and Butter. and all this with the Approbation of those who are over You and can help you to a Living by your Learning. You must stoop to Conquer. do not let your pride outwit your interests. Nor let yet offending Poverty and Honour. so ~~shock~~ to Greatness! You Came into Being When I had foolishly begun to think I was as Good as anybody

5)

I Was Glad to Recd Yours
letter. Showing as it does that he
will have opportunities of seeing
around a little, He is not very deep
But there is Quite a Spread to his
faculties. if he does not See or into a
thing he sees all round it, and can
describe it. I wish much he had been
able to Sketch with a Crayon as he
can with a pen. And now Why should
you not Sketch in the East. Where
a Man Can be learned almost any thing
Not turn your attention to Drawing
so that you could Sketch Scenery and
moving Events, and persons? you
would find it to be of the utmost
use to you. I am persuaded that
these High studies you follow
will make amends for little Brain Light
in thought. and of course give strong
faculties for the Intellectual
Temple you are Building up in

6) Your dream Soul and Wish you
Will Carry With you into another
State of Being. But the Temple
needs Decoration Also. and the
right accompaniment to your
Mathematics, Should be in the Religious
of Aesthetics and Ethics, so that
You may be Edified in all departments
and Come out finished to the Last
Pennacle pointing to the Heavens.

I Know You are Lifting Many great Stones
By the Help of that Called Titan B.P. But
take Care not to overdo, and it Truely like
i like the Ruin of Tyrens Cyclopean,
and of Course One Eyed. You also
Must become a Cyclope if you Shall
persist Continually in the use only of
One Eye. for the dis used Organ will
gradually Die. So try Something else
and Keep in Life all of Your powers
and faculties. Above all things read
even as You do the Script of St John
the Very Mystery Man Mark of ought to
indicate to You the deep seated of Immaculate
Labour it.

Truly Yours D. C.

7) We have been having a visit from Willie Reed this week

out of Employment he has come to Minneapolis to see us all and try get work, leaves this morning for St Paul's and Minneapolis to see the Kelley Boys and look for work there. has some money saved and was telling me he could stay a 4 6 and had some notions about it But has said nothing of it as yet sleeps in Arnotts and of course like have learned all he can tote of us. Speaks freely of Arnott, and not very highly. Arnott is again drinking occasionally — His Brother Jamie who was working with the Brewer has gone away to Texas with a Company of young men from Illinois.

Willie read a Letter from Jamie in our hearing. Willie himself is smart I mean rather. Quick. Light and not much to him. But shall enough for a printer, is greedy, Sober

and shallows. to me he gives
indications of having been taught feel
near the root of the tree. and of
Course will never amount to much.
Believe me - the Wisdom
of all Wisdom is, peruse and
Restrain —

I do beg of you to take me
carefully home you are for means
I feel some how to Blame myself.
I should like to know your
Circumstances, and may be suggest
some thing.

I have sent all Tom's
letters to Uncle Millers to be sent
Back. tell me if You can about
Nelson. Miller. said to me in his
last letter he had been hearing
of You from Nelson.

Have Good Morning -
Dear Gold - and. Keep
Your powder Dry.

L. C - -

Andover, Mass. den 13. Januar, 1878.

Mein lieber Alexander!

Du wirst meine Antwort auf Deinen letzten Brief erhalten haben und daher wissen, dass ich von der allgütigen Vorsehung wieder reichlich bedacht worden. Es ist doch ewig wahr: Gott giebt seinen undankbaren Kindern mehr gute Gaben, als sie sich meinen lassen können.

Ich gab in vergangner Woche 24 Stunden, 12 in Latein und 12 in Deutsch, und verdiente gerade $20.00. Das wird nun natürlich nicht so bleiben das ganze Quartal hindurch, denn in einigen Tagen werde ich schon 6 Stunden Latein per. Woche nach lassen müssen, aber die Arbeit ist doch viel zuverlässiger dieses Jahr als sie im letzten war. Fast alle meine Schüler sind für das ganze Quartal engagirt.

Ich sass noch bei Tilton's, und gebe den beiden Kindern 4 Stunden per. Woche

und zahle £200 Kostgeld, ebenso wie letztes Jahr. Ich dachte, dass ich nicht wieder auf denselben Platz eingehen wolle, aber Frau Tilton ist arm, die Kinder müssen etwas lernen, und alle sind immer sehr freundlich und nett gegen mich gewesen. Mir gefällt es dort jetzt besser als früher.

Fräulein Carleton ist wieder fort; sie war wieder ganz die alte, naiv bis aufs äusserste.

Unsere Reden werden am Montag den 28. Januar gehalten werden, und ich hoffe, dass Du Dich entschliessen wirst, zu kommen. Kannst Du nicht sonnabend den 26. von dort abreisen, Sonntag hier Montag hier bleiben und Dienstag wieder nach C. zurückkehren? Oder wenn Du das nicht kannst, so komm wenigstens am Montag Nachmittag (28. Januar) früh genug um die Reden zu hören. Die Gesellschaft wird wahrscheinlich um 7 or 7½ Uhr abends beginnen.

Ich habe noch nichts wieder von Thom

und Carmelite gehört. Hoffentlich
schreiben sie bald. Ich denke, dass es
unbesonnen von Thomas gehandelt war,
Carmelite mit dem Kind allein zu
lassen, sobald sie in Marash ankamen.
Er hätte bei ihnen bleiben sollen und
ihnen helfen beim Einrichten ihrer
neuen Heimat. Aber das Urfah der
Chaldäer hat zu viel Anziehung.
Du kannst Dir denken, dass sal
sehr beschäftigt bin und daher nicht
viel Zeit übrig habe. Entschuldige
deshalb mein hastiges schreiben,
vergiss aber nicht zu antworten.

Dein

Conrad

Hast Du schon von Deinem Vater gehört,
ob es ihm besser geht? Vielen Dank
für deinen Gruss.

Der Olge.

Dear mother. Sunday Eve. Jan. 13th 1878.

Dear Father.

I yesterday received Dave's of 8th (postmark) telling of Sarah's illness, and now look anxiously for tomorrow's mail and hope for better news. He also spoke of your ankle, and I judge that it is, and for some time will be, a very serious affair. Now, the whole art therepeutic consists in lying still. The best ships can't sail all the time, and I see quite a number of good ones high and dry in the Boston docks, getting new-bottomed. &c. (The analogy don't hold— You will probably feel as if you needed a new bottom by the time you can get off it). Well, patience. Remember Jesse Connor with a musket ball through his liver, and how he lay for six months on his back in a Southern climate. I was just reading a case the other day, a remarkable case recorded by an American Surgeon in the 1st Vol of Mem. Am. Academy, of a lad named

I can usually get them to order it. I ordered Dr Clark's work yesterday & the Dr. personally got 'Em and boy for 'Em, and I'll use 'Em. &c.

Could have what I want, and a copy of the Dr. Journal Mailed to me. There are 2 or 3 very handy in our own library, as I dare say you know.

Beveridge who was in the maintop of an American sloop during a Revolutionary sea fight, and was shot through the body by an Englishman not ten yards off. The ball actually passed through the colon; and yet, by letting him alone the surgeon managed to save him, and in thirty days he left the hospital as good as new. Beveridge lay still and slept when he could. If I ever write a book on the healing art, the panacea will be — "Lie Still and Snooze."

I send Whately's Historic Doubts. Don't take any of these things to heart. It shortens life. Here's the last book I sent you. It was against my conscience. Who cares what theology the Greek Poets had? Put to one thing you were wrong. You are laid up now so that you cannot hurt your neighbors, & why should you fret over these vexed questions? You won't be able to do any harm for a week or two — and that's the main thing.

However, no sooner is one Napoleon disposed of, than we hear of another. Whately is right in that statement. Napoleon the III.

recently went out to fight the Enemies of the French, followed by an immense and Enthusiastic army of Frenchmen. In an incredibly short time we are assured that he not only lost his army, but was glad to surrender to the Germans in order to escape from the hands of the French. The Germany having no right to him (it must needs be that Every Bonaparte go down into England) they let him go into England (England again!) where he died. His son, the hereditary Enemy of the English, was now placed in the military schools at Woolwich and taught the art of successfully invading England! And now we hear of him as being in Paris waiting to be crowned Napoleon Quatre!

As I think I wrote you, I am now the only disciple of Benjamin Peirce. John

Bowditch invited me to go to a sitting of the American Academy in Boston to hear Benjamin Peirce discuss the discovery of Neptune. There were two of Nathaniel Bowditch's sons present; Asa Gray the Botanist, and various other celebrated & well-known men. Plain little room walled up for 40 feet in height with books. A German Professor was Elected to fill vacancy caused by the death of Le Verrier. All plain men. A few chairs. Long side benches, set endwise toward the Chairman and the blackboard. 9 of us in a row trying to see by Each other to catch a glimpse of Peirce's diagrams. I was Eighth, and old Professor Lovering the 9th, so that if I had wished I could Easily have demonstrated to him that light can't go round corners. Peirce's tribute to Leverrier was very affecting, and Adams received high praise. But in '41 Peirce showed that the discovery was accidental. It was unpleasant for scientific men to think that, but regard to scientific veracity required it. Adams has lately attacked Peirce about a year ago - and the latter has given a solid groan to the subject. With profound respect for both the living and the dead, but with still greater respect for the soothsaying Equations, he now demstrates that Dr. Olbers should have been instructed to turn his telescope to Ten Signs of the Zodiac! But more anon

Alexander.

Main & B. Sts. Minneapolis,
Jany 14, 1878.

Miss Christie, [Sarah]
Dear Friend;
I will gladly
do any thing I can for you
cousin, but I am afraid it will
be but little. I am still carrying
papers, but that gives me no ad-
vantage whatever. I carry the
Pioneer Press, and the work
on it is done entirely in St. Paul.
Chas, however, a slight acquaintance
with one or two printers, and may
be able to learn something from
them. I have bin told that the
city is full of printers, many
of whom are unemployed. I
do not know how true it is.

I can do scarcely more for Mr. Reid than tell him where the offices in the city are.

Your letter came Saturday, but it fell into the hands of my roommate, Mr. Dewey, and he forgot it until this morning.

Of those about whom you inquire I can tell you of all but Mr. Edgerton. He failed last Spring to pass the entrance examinations, and went to Scott County, I believe, to find a school. I have not heard a word from him since. Miss Knox is here and is leading her class. She is quite well now, but she has had you know, one or two serious attacks, (the last one last term,) and if she is not very careful she will do herself permanent injury, I am afraid. Both Julia and Hattie were here nearly all of the fall term, but Julia went away to teach about the 25th of November, and will not be back until the opening of the spring term. She then expects to go on without interruption till the End of next year. Hattie is here now. Mother was up and spent the holidays with us. She was here nearly two weeks. She was very much delighted with the University.

It gives me pain to hear that you are so unwell. I heartily wish you a quick return to health and all its blessings, chief among which I count good spirits and hard work.

Mr. Reid can easily find me by inquiring at the University.

Sincerely your friend,

C. J. Rockwood.

Cambridge. Jan 18-78.

My Dear Father,

I am rejoiced to get yours of 13th telling me that Sarah is getting over it, and that you will soon be able to "put your foot down". I was much troubled over her sickness, for I feared that her system was completely permeated by the virus of fever, and she is not very strong. I thank God, however, that we have inherited a constitution which is a firm foundation even when the Edifice sways and totters above.

I have time for but a word. This is like a halt during a march. You know that you can't rest long for the head of column is moving steadily on. No fears of my hurting myself. I am determined to come out with a vigorous constitution, Even if I mark zero on marks. I got 150$ scholorship, and that

pays tuition, I have my board at the club paid up to Dec 22 ($3.50 per wk), Coal for two months ahead paid for, washerwoman paid till April, two gallons of kerosene on hand and paid for, money Enough in my pocket to square up book-bill, and anticipations of tutoring a little, so danger but that I'll make a live of it. My way is clear. I am Benjamin Peirce's only disciple! And I begin to understand all that he puts down. I now works up the last of lectures completely. Before two years, I'll be helping the Peirces put the Quaternionic treatment of Mechanics and Physics in shape. It's in my blood, and is building into bone.

There's the bugle! "Fall in!" I hope England will interpose; for if not, the effluent tide will make an angry sea for Saxony in Asia Minor. The students of History here are with Old England to a man. So note it he. Alex.

Nellie

Tuesday. 8th Jan 1878

My Dear Sarah

I am very
anxious to day to hear from you
and no one has visited us to day.
I send this over to David
hoping some one will be going to you
from there, so as we may hear of you

If you are able just to write
But 3 words. tele me yourself how
you are. I trust. with some fear
that you are better. and would
like to be told so by yourself.
My Ankle is rheuming slowly

I would consider that as
nothing if I heard you were
decidedly getting well.

Affectionately Yours
J. Christie

Andover, Mass. d. 22. Januar, 1878.

Alter Freund und Kupferstecher!

Dein lieber Brief vom 18. dieses Monats ist mir zu seiner Zeit geworden. Wenn Du Schwierigkeit im Lesen meiner Briefe gefunden, so muss meine schlechte Handschrift jedenfalls Schuld daran sein, und darum werde ich dann meine Buchstaben deutlicher zu machen versuchen. Es freut mich, dass Du nach Andover zu kommen gedenkst; aber ich muss Dich wegen des Datums berichtigen: Die Demosthenes der Phillips A. werden nämlich nicht am 28., sondern am 29. Jan. (Dinstag Abend) ihre Philippicas auf das Andover'sche Publicum herabdonnern. Wenn Du zu der Zeit also kommen kannst, so wirst Du mit Trommelwirbel und Pfeifenklang vom Bahnhof abgeholt werden. — Noch viel angenehmer würde es mir sein, wenn Du vor Mittag, oder unmittelbar nach Mittag, hier eintreffen könntest; dann würde ich Dich einmal in meine deutsche Classe einführen, welche eine Stunde

from half/past three till half p. four o'clock.
von 3½ – 4½ Uhr haben wird an demselben
Tage (Dinstag 29. Jan). Es ist nicht nöthig, dass Du
mir schreibst, ob Du kommen wirst oder nicht.
Wenn Du aber kommst, so wirst Du mich nach
½ Uhr in dem Schulgebäude antreffen, wo der
"custos" Dir Bescheid sagen wird (er wohnt unten
im Keller (sauterrain). Einliegend wirst Du ein
Billet (Ticket) und $ 3.00 (postal order) finden; das Geld ist für den
Fall, dass Du Keins haben solltest. Wenn Du aber
nicht kommen kannst, so schicke mir das Geld nicht
zurück, denn ich muss Dir doch bald mehr (Geld)
senden, um einige Sachen zu kaufen, welche Thomas u.
Carmelite nöthig haben. Du musst nicht denken, dass
Du gezwungen bist zu kommen, weil ich Dir das
Geld sende, Keineswegs; es ist alles gut gemeint.

Du darfst Niemandem erzählen, dass Du
nach Andover kommst, um die Reden (babies-talk)
zu hören, denn sonst lachen Dich die Leute
aus. – Wenn Du kommst, so bringe meine deut-
schen Briefe mit Dir, das heisst, diejenigen welche
Du nicht lesen kannst.

Nun, mit herzlichem Danke für Dei-
ne Theilnahme an meinem Wohlergehen
und mit bestem Wunsche für das Deinige
schliesst

Dein
Waffenbruder
H. Conrad Bierwirth.

Wiota Cass Co Iowa
Dec 23 / 98

Dear Brother

Recieved yours —
Glad to heer from you
you must not think all
- there is I dont unite to you
that I have got to answer there
is not a Day that Passes but
I think of you all Past &
West I am glad to heer that
Thomas and Family are
Well a Bud yeon Don Ater
Farmers all over now than
fallen behind in Place of
getting out Well on the yeon
Perhaps will do Better —
so Lonely is seen & to Westm
ster Mike he lie on the sew
or in the City Working The
Observations out — Letter Sins
- we I hope he will take Care
of himself and his money too

it is a hard thing for a young
Man to be all the time in
Debt they are apt to loose
Courage and let the Race go
With the Bucket you must
Write to him often against
being led off. But I hope
he will do Well Let him
first get out of Debt and
he will feel himself a
new Man. Mr Reed is hard
teaching I suppose you are
Working away the Best you
can so one make Butt Still
getting Helen your Wife to
me as Helen was here She is on
Clyman Hill Aunt I don't
think She will Come here
for some time Maggie has
seen her at Iowa I am
Still here like the Mule
that Stood between the 2
Stacks of hay until he Died
not Knowing which to go to

Williams Will be out about
the first of March I
will know more he does
not Appear to me that
he is to get Married just
yet Now James I don't
trouble the Common never
did She Carries her own
trouble With her
we have a Nice House on the
farm and no one in it and
Me living in a Hotel But
I live Cheaper than I could
do at the House at least ten
Minutes we have More Room
here than usual and every
Day goods Box is for a Sleigh
three Days at Present of Wind
Wind Sharp and Cold But
the Sun is Bright Weather
I think this a very Healthy
Climate I take Better than
I did at first But not so
Good for Farming —

William Jones & Hawk
Captain about $2300 —
110 Acres Good Land & Bur
ned Lime But they will try to
Raise it and Run in Them
if they Continue to do it
Plenty of Coal all round
Good Soft Coal 4½ Ran Low
They all Burn Coke in Summer
Coal in Winter Mr. Hesman
ed art he's Farm for 2 or 3 Dollars
There is an Old House on the
Place they live in it and he
has Reserved the Mouthouse
and Orchard for himself
never see how it does
Next Green The Lad is Agent
Father and Clerk Meghan
his Father & Brothers all
James Mann Thomas
Jefferson Ambrose Harvey
Peck Irish Mound and Derhatis
& Thermane & Theroughs Dont

So will it be always. No one Builds Methodist Church Alone and Never Stands Alone and Never Stands a Chance but Stick Close Then all Stand Together and Don't Be Afraid To Tell a Enemy and Friend a Family Quarrel and I Wish I Had Both Eyes Long as me Can Look at the Same Moon on the Same Night and See Them in the Place we are not Far apart I Can Say that every Month that Comes Around the Month has its Task that O.D. Head Goes me Rode at Pierpont Bart Remember Me Brother W. Grant Love to All of you Dutch I Love those Little Boys

Andover, Mass. den 29. Jan. 1878.

Lieber Alexander!

Dein Brief von gestern morgen ist angekommen. Es thut mir leid dass Du nicht kommen kannst; aber wenn Du Geld verdienen kannst, so thust Du ganz recht dorten bleiben. Du schreibst mir: "A Sophomore has just left me after getting me to book 30 $ worth of tutoring!"

Was meinst Du damit? Ist der Soph. davongelaufen? und hat er Dich betrogen? Hoffentlich nicht.

Nun, Adieu! Ich werde bald wieder schreiben.

Dein Conrad.

Rapidan, Feby-1st 1878

My Dear Allen

Yours of the 13th Ult

and one more recently, received. Am Glad you succeed as you do, and much pleased at your Scholarship looking upon it as the reward of Merit. Your last indicates much in the way of hope and I am hopeful of your Case, All now depends on your showing sufficient Moral Stamina, Self Control, and Reverence towards the Unseen powers. With Genuine Love for your fellow Whoever he may be and in Whatever position. You write of being in Good Health and first rate Physical Condition. Well if you are in much flesh you are in danger.

It is really but an Accumulation of Heat and is difficult to Manage. the Transmutation of it into Mental and Moral force requires large rooms in the Coronal region. With Good Sky Lights With all this you need to Mark the Victorian Moon in the Side of the Basement Notice the Great Aspirations Also raising an Altar to the Naiads and making daily Libations, thus Banishing Circe and the Satyrs

I have read Whately. and look upon his Book as an assault upon Christianity, it is the finest Specimen of Double Throwing I have yet seen, and could only have proceeded from an Astute Priest. I let Elder Thurston look into it one day he paid me a visit and shewed him Whately important Statement. Reference in the previous pages, "It is possible for a Narrative — However Circumstantial — However steadily Maintained — However public, and however important the Events it Relates — However Grave the Authority on which it is published — to be Nevertheless an Entire Fabrication."

He threw it down. felt Vexed and Hit. and was Silent.

Rapidan, Feby - 1st 1878

My Dear Alleborn

Yours of the 13th Ult

and one more recently, received. Am Glad You succeed as You do, and much pleased at Your Scholarship looking upon it as the reward of Merit. Your last indicates much in the way of hope and I am hopefule of Your Case, All now depends on Your Showing sufficient Moral Stamina, Self Control, and Reverence towards the Unseen powers. With Genuine Love for Your fellow Whoever he may be and in Whatever position. You write of being in Good health and first rate physical Condition. Well if You are in Much flesh You are in danger.

It is really but an Accumulation of Heat - and is difficult to Manage. the Transmutation of it into Mental and Moral force requires large rooms in the Coronal region. With Good Sky Light With all this You need to Mark the Victorian door in the Side of the Basement. With the Greek Aspiration A. also raising an Altar to the Archangels and making daily Libations, thus Banishing Circe and the Satyrs

I have read Whately. and look upon his Book as an assault upon Christianity, it is the finest Specimen of Double Throwing I have Yet seen, and could only have proceeded from an Astute Priest. I let Elder Thurston look into it one day he paid me a visit and shewed him Whately important Mistake. As discussed in the previous pages, "It is possible for a Narrative - However Circumstantial - However steadily Maintained - However public, and however important the Events it Relates - However Grave the Authority on which it is published - to be Nevertheless an Entire Fabrication."

He threw it down. felt Vexed and Sick. and was Silent.

And Your post Script is as fine a one as any of Shakespeare's

'Tis true, 'tis strange and strange tis True —

The Career and Life of Napoleon Was the most striking & ample

in Modern times of the Invincible power of an Overruling Providence

Individuals, Classes, and Nations Were Compelled to do those things

Which Naturally they Should not have done. And all of it for the

Vindication of Righteousness. The Grecian Writers Clearly seeing

that His Career was shaped for Him. A Man of Destiny —

My Ankle gets along so slowly that it seems it will take all my

poor span to finish it. I have taken your Advice as far as I could

here Cain Stele. But Misses the Snooping. Yet it seems really to

make a little progress. I do nothing to it now. have some thought

of trying a little "Centaur Liniment" All is providential and if it

is to be Well soon — it will be — by some means — I simply Wait.

But let me tele You it is Lonely to sit here all day, as if I never had

had a Child in the World. See Sarah about once a Week. David not

oftener. And poor Old Mother does all in Doors and out, only the firewood,

and sometimes that. 25 Years to day since We were married, and

Now in her 91st year, She does not Complain and although a little

Nervous, Yet, full of good Sense and Good feeling. I regret My Lameness

must became of her added Burdens. It is all in Gods Hand, and

Submission is Wisdom. Cook's Work is Admirable and

I flatter on it. only With I had more to read that is New.

If You Can send me a Monthly Magazine of some Kind

Who Can I beg from? I have only You Left.

All here are Well just now. But have not seen any

of the folks from the other House for a Week. and Mother not being

able to go over. I do not know What David is doing nor how.

Expect to see Sarah to night. this is Friday B. F Summers

My Conceit of the Name of Neptune's discovery. should understand

You aright in supposing that Le Verrier only Came so near as

to point that the planet Should be found in some one of ten

of the twelve Signs? that is about how I read your words

What of Encke? and What of Thomas beyond the Euphrates?

Drop the letter to me Stele. I am always anxious to hear

I remain Yours. Not Lonely, but Lame.

J L

Cambridge Mass. Feb 3 — 1878.

Dear Father: This is Sunday evening, & I have thought of home all day, and have more than once declared that books are "a weariness to the flesh" (Is that what Solomon says?) & that I would not give an acre of prairie grass for the College Library: Well, now, the fact of the matter is, books are a weariness to the flesh, for they weary the whole man — make his head and back ache at the same time — And for 24 hours I'm sick of them. Oh, to see a corn-field! or even corn-stalks or a rail fence! I'd like to see cows round a trough and a rope & bucket! "Throw Physics to the dogs" — how much I'd give to hear a rooster crow! I've worn out the seat of my pants and they are not reversible! What a life! To be destined to go upon the seat of one's pants all the days of one's life and eat dusty old books! As I sit here, day in and day out, the height of my ambition is to be a Circuit Rider in a land of Magnificent

distances. I suppose somebody must do this kind of work; for they tell us that the coal deposits are drying up, Summs exhausted, and the scientists must provide some way of escape or the great human family will be starved out 17 hundred million years before the lease is out — which wouldn't do at all. No artful dodger can dodge the cold and dark of the planetary spaces, and fix it how we will we're done for in a "calculable period" — Eke out our miserable existence as we will with compound of "Carbon & Co". Nutation is only Mother Earth shivering in the cold and Jack Frost & the lad who holds the bumps — he'll have the center of gravity frozen solid so that it can't move, in I forget how many million years from the last Eclipse; and besides that, all this while, or whiles, every form of Energy is passing into the lowest — Heat — loosing Caste as it were, and as Simon pure or impure Parish will remain forever irredamable. Well, I don't see how both benevolent schemes can work to advantage at the same time — but we're in for rough handling from one, or from the other, and some think from both. Thom's Russia floating south — that's an argument for the second Glacial Period; and Thomson & Tait prove very satisfactorily that the Degradation of Energy is a sure thing. Then was that mechanician who couldn't bear to see a dog wag his tail, and hence couldn't look at dogs at all, because it was such a loss of power. What would he have thought if he had known, as we do now — that every semi-wag or semi-vibration hastens the dissolution of the Universe by a time appreciable in logarithmic tables? I don't see how we can escape condemnation, and execution of judgment, without a change of venue to Space of 4 dimensions. — n dimensions if we can get 'em — and I shall introduce a motion to

that Effect. I don't know. There's a dreadful fuss, & I sometimes think that if I had a potato-patch, a cow, seven hens & a rooster (I could sell the cow for hay) I could await the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" with philosophic calmness. At least I could if the hens were good layers.

Tomorrow morning I'll be into the work again and full of the old spirit of scientific inquiry — especially when I get to Middle Latitude Sailing with Morgan. Morgan knows nothing of Mid. Lat. Sailing, for he has been sailing the most of his time on the rhumb line (rum line) and never learned to work a traverse. = Traverse made good " will be = Traverse made bad " in his case, and lee-way & dead-reckoning, unless he stops taking wine & brandy " for a cold " Even while I am with him. In passing, let me say, that I have not yet taken

a glass of wine nor smoke a cigarette with any of these jolly fellows, and don't feel that it is a temptation.

The Advertiser will tell you of our snowstorm. Pretty heavy snow — came down quickly — say 18 inches or two feet — and drifted. At 3 o P.M. of that day I came up from the Aquarium — say 100 rods — and could hardly believe that it wasn't Minnesota. The wind was driving the snow furiously. However, it was not cold. Occasionally I meet a man who has faced the storms of the N. W. & curiously enough the next morning my friend Nash of the Senior Class (preparing to enter the Episcopal Theol. School) was ready to discuss the matter intelligently, for he had nearly lost his life in one in Iowa.

Don't be too communicative with Mr. Brewer. It will do no particular good. I mean on religious subjects. And by the way, I hope you have dropped a short line to Mr. Bierwirth, thanking him for

the Hour. ... I told him of your accident and he always, or often, inquires after you.

I am inclined to believe that the Turks have retained our letters to Tom & Jeannie, that they have got none yet, and that Tom has quit working just to see how we will like it.

I needn't disguise my fears for them, and Especially for that child; & I don't see how a Theological Faculty can justify baptizing infants with the bleak words of Taurus before they are old Enough to decide for themselves.

I wrote to Uncle Wm in Cly-man some time ago and haven't heard from him since.

Remember, "Marash, Turkey in Asia,"

Affectionately

Alex.

Cam. Feb. 7-78

Dear Father: A short letter from Carrie giving Conrad & me directions as to the disposal of some little money we hold for them, and boxes to be shipped &c, is just at hand: and Carrie wants me to send you X of it, as a slight evidence that your children do not forget you when far away.

I inclose Order, Dacon in Davis name on Mankato Post Office, And he can get it first time he is in. This letter is of later date than one now on the way west - is dated 18th Dec, &

leaves them all, well, living in their own free house in Turkey. Just as Carmie is finishing, the Pasha has ridden up with a gorgeous train of Turks & Arab horses, to pay Tom a visit of courtesy.

But I must close. I earn 10¢ today! All goes merry as a marriage bell.

So note it Lee!

Yours Alex

Rapidan Feby 18th 1878

My Dear Alex.

Your two letters of the dates of the 7th and 10th inst. received a few days ago all right.

Cassie's present of course I must take. And yet there is something in it which goes a little "against the Grain". as I do not Quite feel that Sitting for me is its Source, indeed that cannot be it. But in my letter to them I shall assume such to be the Case, if Tom suggested it it would be as assumed Your Gift Astonishes me. and I felt a little vexed that you laid out so much. But it is Extremely Acceptable. You can have a slight idea how much I am alone. All Books Writers reach read and read again. the Lights of them Give me a Mental Nausea, Nothing Lasts and like the Bible. so full of matter. Last thoughts in Philosophy and the Explorations of its Cyphers is a never Ending Source of Excitement. I have made some very Strange Acquisitions of late in this line. Dare not Commit them to Paper., the time may come when I shall tell you all I know. It depends upon you however - Your Conditions of mind and feeling. I am happy to tell you that my Ankle is so much that Walking slowly with Care I can

I can Go round Mettie's door without my Coattle David and his family are all Well. he seems to have had little trouble Asthmatically this Winter, at least of late. Sarah Weeps on teaching, hoping to get the two Months Summer School added to the end of the Winter one She is not Vigorous. It is pitiable for a Woman to live Wholly in Celibacy. for the great Majority of both Men and Women this is their Destruction. unless proceeding from a Devotion to the Good of Humanity. and how few are Capable of this ?!! Tom's last short letter of 5 pages sent to me by Mr Brewer Wants the 2nd page and His last long one from Corfu Has open at the End and part of it torn out. it Abruptly ends at the 18 page, and Mr Brewster sent me His Copy of the same Letter, terminating in the same way at the same place. There is Espionage of the Mail by the Turkish Authorities and Tom must have said Something in the Lost Remainder Displeasing to them.,, I mean to tell him in a Letter I am Writing Now to take Care of his pen and remember that Although he tolerated they as Missionaries are Yet Watched. in hope of sending this away to day I must Close. it is a difficult Matter for me sometimes to Get the letter posted. I hope to Write again soon. I am Always pleased to Get Your Letters. Do not Neglect to Write

Yours truly A C —

United States Internal Revenue.

Dep'y Collector's Office, ... **District, Wisconsin,**

Minneiska Feby 17th, 1878.

Dear Alex.

Yours of 9th inst at hand and I was right glad to hear from you - And on perusal to see that you were feeling so well in relation to the work you have undertaken. Patience and Perseverance will accomplish all things (Mostly). You must feel rather flattered at having the almost Exclusive benefit of Prof B Pierce's knowledge of that Subject which seems to lie nearest your heart. Well I say - go on and fail not neither falter by the way - and I certainly think when You reach the Goal the prize is Yours - but remember and be very Careful not to use up all your wind in getting there Else the more fast & accomplishing the desired end will be of little use with an Enfeebled and broken down Constitution. take good Care of the Machinery and it will last the longer - I had a letter from

from you Alex -
If you had before I wrote
Expect to hear from
You in June - but
write the very much
Pleased to hear from
You Alex - You
have our sincere
regards - are living
his name for Yours and
believing that
as ever Yours
B F Bentley

about the middle of last month he said your Father had sprained his ankle but was convalescing and that Sarah had been threatened with Typhoid Fever. but had recovered and had gone in her School again. also had a letter from Uncle William from Claymont at New Jersey - they were all in usual health and seemed to be getting along as well as might be - he said Will was in Down Texasing and looking the Country over - (as I took it) with a view of settlement at some future time - He - (your Uncle) said he was only waiting to see what would turn up (McCawber like) but I guess with not so many I. O. U's hanging over him - he talked as if Helen might be back west - by the way you said she was at Mr Greens - dont she keep house for Mr Pray yet? how does he and the Motherless family get along? I was pleased to hear from Tom. I suppose now he is just up to Knees in Clover and undoubtedly thinks his Millennium has come - Well I hope he will have a good time hunting up the old stamping grounds of such old fellows as you spoke of. I dont think he will get jubilant over many of the old Log School Houses at the four corners that any of them attended - they seemed to have another method of getting their Knowledge - still he might find a leaf or two from some of their old text-Books - as it is said they were made of stone and might possibly be in moderate state of preservation yet - anyway I am right glad to hear of his welfare - what does it matter much what one is doing or where he is if he is Contented - Well Alex I am still in the old Business dont know how long I may be - for if those Red & Blue Ribbon and Murphy men continue to sweep things as they are doing in some Localities - Othello's occupation will be gone - but it will take more than one Murphy to make much impression Bob Sherman and Pollocks - and last a first time - she is getting along nicely her husband is teaching in Hartford one a quarter Miles from home - and is giving first satisfaction - he rather Expects to get another department year which will pay him $700 if so they will do nicely as they own some on his farm yet and he is working every way to pay it off We have two Rooms furnished here and are keeping house - got tired of Boarding - and it is much more comfortable this way as well as Cheaper - Now I will have to Conclude for want of Room - hoping to

No. of Enclosures

Officers of Internal Revenue will not write the endorsement and brief on the back of each letter

Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, 8th District, Wis.

4 C.H. Cambridge Mass.

Sunday. Feb 24 - 1878.

Dear Father;

Lectures begin again tomorrow (my lectures from Prof. Peirce were by mutual agreement, since all things of the kind cease in the three upper classes during the weeks of examination) and on Wednesday I am expected to hand to Professor Byerly an Essay on Poncelet's Method of Projections, not one line of which is yet written nor a single thought Elaborated; yet my work is I may say in good shape & I can well afford to sit down & calmly spend an hour or two writing home. A monk's life without prayer & fasting - perhaps that might describe my life here. If we had definite knowledge of what the average monk's life was. If it was a life

filled to repletion with intellectual activities & sated with mental pabulum, so exhausted in its energies by intellectual effort as to leave but small store for to fall to the lot of "the world, the flesh & the devil" — then we have it here in full fashion. In my own case, however, I might better speak of intellectual activity than of activities. The latter term might imply a variety which has no Existence, or at least has hardly got struggled into being — a variety healthful & much to be wished for, but hitherto Excluded by considerations of paramount importance.

Well, I was down town yesterday nearly all day, & late into the night, & broke up for once the mono-tony of a monkish life. First, Business; Second, Business, for I cannot say Pleasure. I may say rather that my business was pleasure & my pleasure was business, for the first was the boxing up of some candy for Toddles in Turkey, the ordering some oysters to be boxed up for shipment & left at the Missionary Rooms, & some Chocolate — all three to go by first cargo for Orient in about 10 days.

Then I waited 7-15 P.M. — the opening of doors at the Boston, or Boylston St Theatre, & Mc Cullough as Richard III. Now don't be startled — unless that you do at the fact I here avow, viz, that I was going for the first time to a theatre & I — how old? 32 years, isn't it? St. Paul was an apostle born out of due time; but what think you of a man of 25 studying a door-bell for the first time & trying to determine a priori whether — well, in quaternion language, whether it were a Tensor or a Versor? (I may add in the interests of "Scientific Method" that

a pull & a twist is the only way to determine where the hinges are. Studying the manipulation of a door-bell at 25 years, & going to the theatre for the first time at 32, such things cannot be accounted for on the materialistic theory of a lack of pocket-money or a pocket-compass; & we can only say that the man is worth-watching. He will probably suspect himself a fool at a later period than that assigned by the Poet, if indeed he ever marries at all.

Now, in a town where almost every other shop boasts of the promiscuous nature of its contents by placarding its windows with three potent names - "Beef, Iron, & Wine" - a man of Extraordinary acumen, or the penetrating power of a Whitworth 6 pounder, had better be careful that he doesn't walk into a millinery Establishment

instead of the Theatre. The best way, when in doubt, is to go off to a respectable distance (if you wear glasses, across the street will do, otherwise you must make up for the lack of glasses by obliquity & increased distance) & inquire. You see I was quite able to manage ~~that~~ delicate matter — "to further British Interests & look well to English Honor" — & as I saw others buying tickets, I bought one, passing over a half-dollar, the silver mean between 35-¢ & #1 35-, and walked boldly up the broad way leading to a wide gate, mentally protesting that I was an experimental philosopher & no fool. Imagine a traveller who finds himself walking towards nightfall & a deep & dombre wood, chatting pleasantly with a company of hard-visaged strangers, yet all the while considering the profound question, whether, in case of Emergency,

he should grasp his staff by the middle or the End! I was going into "the halls of revelry", up winding stairs that lead down, into a land of tinsel & paint, of unseemly jest & impious appeals to Heaven, into a land where shadows of the Past are the only substances. I was going to see what power the potter hath over the clay.

Every one of us, Judas-like, went to his own place. Mine was L. 4. close to the stage, to the actors' right, & in the DRESS-Circle, or what really was the first gallery. I may say in passing, that Some call this theatre the best on the continent. As I went in, a bill was passed me, which I dropped with indifference as soon as I saw the advertisements of cosmetics & perfumery on the side next me. It was, however, the play-bill, or whatever you call it, & I was sorry I had lost it; but as I fell in my own Estimation I rose in that of others, for those who took seats near me, having observed this act, originating in unusual ignorance, credited me with a familiar acquaintance with the play & players, & asked questions & deferred to my opinions accordingly. 'Surely man reads not the heart.' I had successfully run the gauntlet of possible mistakes & was now cozily seated where nothing was expected of me, my one blunder had been misinterpreted to my credit, & the only one now possible was that of "making Eyes" at the new scene, & thus dispelling one of the illusions, the most successful one of the Evening. I had invested 50¢ in Volney to send you — a second-hand copy in good preservation, & I thought you would like to read it again — & I took it out & read. The play began, & I read between

the acts — with the music & the life in my Ears I read this reflection "And now a mournful skeleton is all that consists of this powerful city! nought remains of its vast domination, but a doubtful & empty remembrance. To the tumultuous throng which crowded under these porticoes has succeed the solitude of death. The silence of the tomb is substituted for the bustle of public places. The opulence of a commercial city is changed into hideous poverty. The palaces of kings are become a den of wild beasts; flocks fold on the Area of the temple & unclean reptiles inhabit the sanctuary of the Gods! — Ah! how has so much glory been Eclipsed? — How have so many labors been annihilated? — Thus perish the works of men, & thus do Empires & Nations disappear!

And now, what did I think of the "performance"? That is easily told. In much McCullough (Booth & he are the stars in the East) did well. In representing the malign side of Richard's character he succeeded, in everything else he failed. It may be usual among actors to mangle the poet; but if they bring in everything that is low in its proper order, I insist upon it that Richard & Richmond do not divide between them at Bosworth the Speech of Henry V at Agincourt (or Tracy?). If a child had asked me what they were fighting for, I should have answered, — "For Henry's Address to his Troops." Again, it is hard to make young princes of girls — "the voice is the voice of Jacob," besides the "cut of their jib" showing that they fly under false colors. However mal à propos & revolting to all true art (but the art of money-making) it seems an evil which the theatre-going

public have submitted with something more than Christian resignation! Finely formed women make interesting statuary & so the public think no evil — Charitable souls! — Even if they belie the Chronicles & come upon the stage in a prehistoric costume. Well, well, have it we looked about the Expense of woman's dress? Hers are these demi-nude actresses — have it they answered that hood by a reformation? I don't see how they can reform much more without moving to a warmer climate, or by going so far north that the sun doesn't rise at all.'

"In the theater, but not of the theatre", I murmured as the throng crawled down the serpentine stairs, "I wonder if this way would be broad enough to let us all out in case of a fire? I fear not, I fear not; but here's the open air of Boylston St — and I went down to Bowdoin Square humming the old tune in Ab "Our days are like the grass", & musing on the Darwinian Theory & the Monkey instinct in Man.

Well, it's time that I wound up, for otherwise I shall be badly run down for tomorrow's work. My going to hear Mc. Cullough was premeditated, & when Booth comes in March, I must spend 50¢ on him. Then I can discuss & laugh at the Subject intelligently & immoderately. They are miserable shams. I leaned over the ballustrade, or gallery railing, or whatever it is, & laughed till I almost cried, — not at the funny parts, which were cheerless as a Labrador winter, but at the most tragic scenes in Richard III. Why, they were school boy in character — men not with their souls in the play, but hanging breathless Expectancy upon the action of the audience! Men have neither sense

nor brains to call *that* tragedy.
But go along the streets of Boston
in Noonday glare, – Ah! *there* is
tragedy Enow, tragedy to move
the heart of stones. / *There* is vice
& Crime & the visiting angen
of the avenging heavens, despair which
no acting can disguise, which no
acting can simulate, & Sorrow clad in
all the habiliments of woe."
Fools that we are. / to spend our
precious years in simulation
those awful realities which are
our portion & our shame, to
pluck the beard of relentless Time,
& laugh & sport in the very face
of the Angel of Death. /
I wish to glance through Olney
before sending. Let me know if Littel's
Living Age has come & Carnie's token
of Love from far Marash. Dear, Good Sister
Carnie, I wish I could see her again.
Affectionately — Alex.

Newark, N. J. Feb. 25. 1878.

Dear Sir.

I am studying privately Rays (Howsons) Anal. Geometry & Williamson Dif. Calculus. 5th Edition. I find a good many examples that I cannot work, & I write to ask you if you will be so kind as to give this to some one in your College who will be willing to give me aid from time to time in visiting at a proper Compensation. By doing so he will confer a very great favor upon me. I enclose a number of examples for solution:

Calculus (Williamson 5th Ed.) page 91. Ex 26 & 27. p 102. Ex 45. p 138. Ex 15 & 16. p 139 Ex. 25 & 26. p 140 Ex 30, 31. p 147. Ex 8: p 162 Ex 3. 4. 5: p 186. Ex 17: p 182. Ex 30. 32. 34. 35.

Anal. Geom. Howsons (Rays Geom).

p. 222. Ex 13. p 243 Ex 13. p 244 Ex 15 p 258 Ex 12. 14. 15. p 294. Ex Ex 10. p 2.

If some one in the College will send me the solutions of the above examples & he will enclose his bill. I will send the money enough for future aid & let me know what his terms will be immediately.

Yours very respectfully

A. V. Oldton.

Addressed to President
Elect & by him forwarded
to Mr. A. S. Christée.

27 Feb.

Newark, N. J. Mar. 29. 1878.

Mr. Alex. L. Christie

My dear Sir.

Will you please send me the solutions of the following.

Calculus — p 232. Ex 1; p 236. Exs 12, 15, 16, 17, 19 [p 237]; p 257, Exs 16, 17, 18.

Geometry p 359. Ex 11, 14 Page 360. Exs 17, 24.

In the answer to the 15th my ht: I get $\sqrt{\frac{a^2+b^2}{2}}$ instead of $\frac{1}{2}\sqrt{a^2+b^2}$.

Sincerely

A. F. Orton

P.S. Please find $1/2. Your solutions are at hand. I have not got over the whole of them yet. I should get the above soon

A. F. O.

Newark, N.J. Apr. 4. 1876.

Dear Sir.

I sent you last Friday a few examples for solution, also enclosed $\frac{1}{2}$. It occurred to me afterwards that you might think that I wanted only those few examples solved & not the others. I hope you have not so understood me. Please solve all the examples that I have sent to you except those you have solved: of course if there should be two or three which you cannot do without too much trouble such for instance as Ex 26. p 91. then perhaps you had better omit it. But I hope you will get nearly all of them. Those in determinants are beautiful if such an adjective is allowable. I have done for the work on determinants which you were kind enough to advise me to.

I think there is only one thing in your solution that

I do not see. In Ex 45. p 109. you have
$\log n = n \log \alpha (1-\alpha)$. which you say is $= \alpha$. &
$\therefore n = e^{\alpha} = \alpha$. Now why is not $n \log \alpha (1-\alpha) =$
$= -\alpha$. & $\therefore n = e^{-\alpha} = \frac{1}{e^{\alpha}} = 0$? Will you
please explain this & send it in some of your
letters with your other work.

Hoping that you will be able
to send me the other examples
soon I am Yours respectfully
A. V. Dillon

Mr. Alex. S. Christie
4 Trinity Hall
Cambridge

P.S. I shall [illegible] send Ex 30,
p 361 Geom. for solution, also
Ex 20, p 252, Calculus. Something like
you last sent I have solved Ex. 16 &
p 252. If you have not yet solved
these two you can omit them. Of
course if you have solved them
please send. A. V. D.

Newark, N. J. Mar. 16. 1871.

Dear Sir.

I have recd your solutions for which I must give my thanks to Yourself, & Pres. Elliott for giving my examples to you.

Notwithstanding your kind advice that I go on & do what I can, without aid, yet I think that I shall be a better mathematician if I get ~~this~~ a few solutions occasionally, as I do in instruction, not only make particular examples worked out, but transmit suggestions, notes. Please solve for Calculus Examples set & Desert for Feb. 6th. Also the following 208. 578. 11, 12. on the same terms you did the Geom. examples. Your solutions are more or less — I have finished Geom. Alg. Algebra. & Geol. Geom. — what is Anal Geom & Calculus — & Conrad Lizzie correctly, not much

more. What had I better take in determinant to understand the determinants in Wilkinson's Calculus. In referring for instance, Ex 15 & 16 p 138, please name the Eng. & page that you refer to. I hope that answer is sufficient. Please accept my thanks for your good wishes for my success. I enclose $10 what I can - $2 to my credit.

Respectfully Yours
C. F. Fulton

Mr. Alex S. Christie
Cambridge
Mass.

Rapidan, Feby 25th 1878

My Dear Alec.

In the Expectation of a Letter from you. I must again thank you for "Littel". I have been this week Engaging a Genuine Letter any treat. The range of topic is Rosiell. so fresh and so Male Norette. that I am much pleased With the festes. so much so that it takes all my Self denial to present Any Desire a Counfeit.

The are Desiring Reach Smiled Weather right along Continuously that it seems and feels Quite Summerseral. No high Winds. No frost. Thermometer ranging from

28 or 30 in the Early morning to 40 or 46 at noon. No snow on the Ground, and very little frost in it. Not deeper than 12 inches at any time this Winter,

beginning to walk around Without my Crutch, and Cane I feel as if I had learned to all fours, a stranger to the upright Attitude. No uncommon one to the Majority is it?. Been out in the open air the Whole Winter and out flying round about on the Average, once a Week When a sunny day comes. for We have much Cloudy Weather.

Mail post in Mankato for some time and Every one afraid to Go in, the people Generally getting

Vaccinated there last 3 or 4 Weeks. one then around peddling Vaccine Matter.//

Received a little letter from Mr Brewer. Beside, Enclosed one of Carries. Containing account of the Childs Convalescence and Parks Birth. Also a 4 page letter from Tom. Giving his Diurnal Devisions of time for Study and recreation. the 2d page lost. am more and more impressed With the Unhealthy situation of Monarch. Which I perceive Mrs Jones Confession on his first sight of the place. We ought to agitate for a removal of the Mission to a more healthy Locality. Citing for his text. "When they persecute you in one City flee ye into another."

enforcing it by Matthew 4 and 7 by the
"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy
God" by throwing yourself down
from the Heights of Commonsense,
in the Expectation of Being saved
from the Consequences.

Remembering My Last but one to You, Con-
-cerning an Architectural Argument.
I beg of You not to take Offence at My
attempts at Edification. I am Your Father
and may Say a Good many things Which Must
be intolerable coming from any other:
When I am no more here You will think
at least that I meant Well, and while
at once I know.

David and Yourself are all in Health,
Joseph Cook goes on Gloriously and
Tits Moral and Straight, defending the
Moral Law as immanent in All things
I do trust You Make time to read Lux
tete Me if You do; in Your Next.

Yours Allways I Can

4 Divinity Hall,
Cam Bridge Mass Feb 26th 78.

Dear Sister:

I send you copy of what I think will interest you — a cheap, but really fine & trustworthy representation of "Fair Harvard"; & in order that you may get a better idea of the place I will here introduce the pts of Compass for the more important views.

Frontispiece - Memorial Hall, you look towards N.N.E.

Key Plan, North Avenue about north, runs a little to left of north. 29 (Kirkland St) in ink is Prof. Eustis' & 4 (Kirkland Place just East of Eustis') is Professor Benjamin Peirce's residence. 15 Mt. Auburn & 22 do (when young Hayes lived, I have also marked. Howard Hall (p 19). You look N.W. I have marked the window with the shutter when Prof. Lovering sets in the light upon the undulatory

Theory.
Massachusetts Hall. You look S. W.
"The Yard" p. 20. You look North.
Thayer " p. 23. N.E.
Matthews p. 23. S.W. I have marked the windows of J. Mills Peirce.
Boylston p. 25 N.W. Grays S.S.W.
Gore Hall (Library) p 27 N by W. Right portion built this year.
University Hall. You look directly East. I have marked the windows of Room 19, the room for high math'. I have put the cross just where Benjamin Peirce stands when he steps to the desk to see what comes next in his Anal. Mechanics. The blackboard is south of the window a foot or two, about even with the edge of the pillar outside, & the small cross is about where J. M. Peirce & I sit & absorb. Today he discussed the doctrine of Conets by Quaternions. That is a terrible blackboard. Her associations & real utility the Holy Sepulcher is nothing to it! None of your rags from Palestine — give the possessed a tea-spoonful of chalk dust from U. 19!
Line in attic marks Examination Room. A great share of Exs. are held here.
p. 29. Weld, S.E. by E.
Holyoke House S.W.
p. 31. Holy N. Stoughton, N.W. by W.
Holden Chapel N.E.
p 35 Wadsworth House (Old Pres. House) N.E. × Bursar's office
President's House N.W.
p 37 Dane Hall N.E.
Lawrence Sc. School N by W.
—— Trowbridge's Laboratory
1.1 windows of Professor Eustis' Classroom Desc. Geom. Civil Engineering & all that kind of thing — best teacher in America.
2 Trowbridge's Classroom.
p 41 Appleton Chapel. N.E by N.
Divinity Hall, N.E. No 4 is North of the one marked, & windows to East.
p 43. Agassiz's Museum. N.W. from S.W corner of Div. Hall. Our letter-box is in foreground (just in front of our Entrance).

Peabody Museum N. W. from just S. E agen
steps of D. H.
p 49. The Gymnasium is so small that
you look at it from all round.
p 51. I have tutored in many a
room like these, where one could'nt
sit down without smashing some
article or other Either of virtu or vice.
You see the boxing-gloves, canes, cudgels,
fencing-swords, pipes, &c. and if that
toilet door were open one could see
wine-bottles by the dozen.
p. 53. N. E. 5-5 Hollis N. N. W.
College House N. W. (Spire 1st Unitarian)
P. 57. Observatory, or small fort & pit,
N. W. & from down hill (bad view).
p. 65. E. by N. S. by Littles Block, S. E.
p. 77. Washington Elm. N. Common to right.
Alexander McKenzie's Cong. Church to left.
p 84 N. E. —— Longfellows Study (Where Genl
Washington held Councils of War) // when
visitors are rec'd.

The book is worth studying, — who knows but
you may live here sometime.
In haste, Alex.

Yeast bread

Take 1 qt. of lukewarm water & stir in flour enough to make a thick batter - Then stir in three tablespoonfulls of good yeast & let it stand till it is light - Then put in another quart of warm water & thicken again with flour & let rise. When light, knead it well into a stiff dough & cover up well & let rise When the dough is light; mould it into loaves, let rise & then bake it.

Some only sponge it once but this is the way we do and we think it best

Don't forget to put in salt in your bo yeast when you first set it

Feb. 26, 1874

Marash, Turkey: Feb. 27. 1898.

My Dear Father:

We were made very happy last week by the arrival of your first letter. A. had recently told us that you were without our address until he sent it, so we understood at last the cause of your long and perplexing silence. Nevertheless your letter coming as it did before we had thought it possible gave us all the pleasure of a surprise. As to the picture of Baby — we are much hurt at your not having rec'd. a copy; for we left word with Mr. Brewer, to whom the photos taken in Beloit were to be sent, to forward one to you. A few more were taken in Lawrence after our return to the East; and we will write at once to Conrad to get one of those for you if possible. Do you write to Father B., and remind him of our directions to him. None of her pictures are good, as the light in every case was too strong, and her eyes were dismissed by it. I hope you will understand from this explanation that your being without the picture is not due to our negligence.

Carrie always enjoys very much your poetic allusions to Anna & to Childhood in general; she says she never had anything on the subject so fine as your thoughts. The little One is certainly a great joy to us both. She and I have great romps together after dinner. A happier child it would be hard to find. There is a fund of joy within her which seems altogether inexhaustible; and this joy she diffuses through her parents' hearts.

Indeed I am happy, and have everything to make me so. A dear home; a work the highest upon earth, in which I

am permitted to walk in the very footsteps of Apostles and Confessors; the thought of a Past in my own life which seems as I look at it to shine with the ineffable love of my Heavenly Father; and the perfect confidence with which I face the unknown Future — What could I ask more to fill me with the peace that passeth understanding!

I seem here at last to have got into a little eddy or quiet place in the hastening current of my life, — a place where reflection is possible. You know the past ten years have been one flying whirl of incessant activities of one kind or another. I do not say that these activities, in College, in teaching, in Seminary, have always been wisely directed — there is much that I regret — particularly in my College life — but the fact remains that as I look back it almost makes my head whirl. When in Seminary it was a common thing for me to study hard all the week; tramp over to Lawrence, 5 miles from where I lived, on Sunday morning: preach at 10.30; hold Teachers' Class for an hour afterward; teach Bible-class in Sch. at 1.30; visit a half-dozen families, the sick &c; preach again at 6.30; hold prayer-meeting of half hour afterward; and then foot it home by midnight. Often, when the long climb up the Seminary Hill was over, and when still a mile from home, have I been ready to drop down with fatigue. Now, what a contrast! Not having the language it is impossible for me to preach to others; I therefore preach to myself; that is, I think about the past; I examine my present condition; I gather up lessons for the future. And the consequence is that already I have made more gains in my real inner life I think, since coming to Marash, than in any like portion of the past. It would take a long letter to tell you all; but from what I have said you can understand just the stage of experience which I have now reached. I hope there are great activities still before me; in fact I feel instinctively that there are, and that a wise Providence is preparing me for them by this season of rest & retrospection and introspection. May my profiting appear when the new campaign opens!

Oh these delightful Sabbaths we are now enjoying! I do not go to church, because all I could do there would be to study the Turkish, & in that I am engaged all the week. The Sabbath is for rest and spiritual nurture. We rise early, as is our habit every day; before breakfast I have read a Psalm in the Hebrew, and have sung several hymns with great enjoyment, sometimes with C., but often alone. This singing of the noblest of our Christian Lyrics as a devotional exercise when alone is something new to me, and I cannot tell you how it lifts my heart.

The paraphrases of the Psalms are my favorites. I hope you have a Hymn-Book; I think the old ones are the best. At Orfa I found in a corner of an old book case in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Nutting a "Church Psalmist", — and brought it away with me. It is a perfect treasure; the man who compiled it had both the Christian heart and the poetic instinct. There is not a poor, weak, trashy piece in the book. If you have not a good collection, beg one from Elder Thurston, that you may read the hymns I love the best, — for here are the first-lines of a few of them; "Great God! how infinite art Thou!"

"Come, O my soul! in sacred lays," "Dear Father, to Thy Mercy-seat,"
"My God, the Spring of all my joys," "When all thy mercies, O my God,"
"God of my life, through all my days," "Stand up and bless the Lord!"
"God moves in a mysterious way," "Songs of praise the angels sang,"
"Mortals awake; with angels join", "Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes",
"Hark! the herald-angels sing," "While Shepherds watched their flocks by night"
"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!" "When Marshalled on the nightly plain"
"Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing" "Jesus! I love thy charming name,"

But these are not the tenth part of my favorites, & the list must stop; perhaps in a future letter it may be continued. I much wish you could sing; it is a real means of grace. There are a few simple tunes in the various meters, which I mostly use, and you could easily learn them. Sarah could help you. In the Long Meters "Duke Street," "Ward", "Hamburg," ~~"Hendon"~~; in the Common Meters "Arlington," "Bradford," "Cambridge" (a favorite of Mother's) "Weber," "Warwick," "Ortonville", "Tappan"; in the Short Meters, "Boylston", "Dennis," "Laban", "Olmutz," "St Thomas"; in the "7°" "Aletta" — a beautiful tune — "Hendon", "Pleyel's Hymn" "Martyn"; — these are the common and simple tunes, any one of which you could easily master. Here is a Morning Hymn which I much like, and often sing as soon as I am dressed. Try it — to "Duke Street."

① My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every ~~morning~~ evening new,
And morning-mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

② Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

③ I yield my powers to thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise."

Pardon me if I copy two more for you; the first is one which C and I have sung countless times together; and never with greater relish than on the morning after Bessie's funeral.

(It is best sung to "Ward.")

① Ah, happy hours! whene'er upspringe
My soul to you eternal Source,
Whence the glad rivers downward ~~flows~~ springs,
Watering with goodness all my course.

② Can I with careless heart receive
Tokens of love that never cease!
Can I be thankless, Lord, & grieve
Thee, Who art all my joy and peace?

③ Forth pour thy rich and bounteous store
Life's common blessings daily flow;
More than I dare to ask, far more
Than I deserve, dost thou bestow.

④ Nor here alone; hope pierces far
Through all the shades of earth & time;
Faith mounts beyond the farthest star;
Yon shining heights the fain would climb.

⑤ Our faith shall rise to sight ere long;
Soon will that hour of transport come,
When we shall join the angels' song
Of praise to Him who brought us home.

① God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

② Let mountains pour their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

③ Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

④ There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

⑤ That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

⑥ Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with pow

But all these need to be sung to be appreciated. If you like these I will send you more.

I was describing our Sabbath. After breakfast and prayers we sing together a half hour; the little one with her book sitting either on my knee, or in her little rocking-chair, swinging back and forth vigorously, and joining heartily in all the hymns. Of course she knows no words, but her stock of tunes must amount now to over twenty. She will even sit on my knee and sing soprano while I sing bass. There is nothing unhealthy about this; it comes perfectly natural to her, and there is no more forcing about it than in the case of the young nightingale.

After this half hour of singing I take an hour over the Ep. to the Galatians. How rich is the inspired thought, when studied word

by word, sentence by sentence; as it can be studied to the best purpose only in the very language Paul used. I think seriously of writing out a new translation of the Epistle with notes — for you. But I must not promise, lest a press of other work should make me disappoint you. As the Turks say, "Bakálum" — we will see. At 10 in the forenoon C. and I read one of Dwight's sermons together. By the way, Alex. told me he had read Dwight in Minnesota, having got the work from Elder Burston I think. There are four volumes, and no one can read them without great profit. Will you not try to borrow them, and let me have the great satisfaction of knowing that you are really entering upon the study of Systematic Theology! And this reminds me of my promise to furnish you a little money every year for the purchase of books. I have wh forgotten it. When Mrs. Bickford goes home — in April — we am going to send something, I cannot tell now how much, to Alex. for you. I wrote A. some time ago to get Jowett's Plato for you, and I would repay him; that is — if he should have the ten dollars to spare. I have some other good books in mind for you, — for I know what sources of pleasure and profit they will be to you, and shall devise "ways and means" to get them for you. But do tell me in your next letter that you are reading Dwight. His sermons on the Attributes of God, in the 1st Vol, are Exceedingly suggestive. After our sermon C. takes up the Congregationalist, and I Mauden's Church History, I think I must send you that by Mrs B. — for I find another copy here, and it will be a perpetual feast to you. —— So in reading, singing, prayer, conversation, and thought, our Lord's Day is full of most precious things for us. I come to this reading on sabbath morning hungry for it, — from the fact that I am now holding myself rigidly aloof from it during the week, that I may give absolutely all my time to the Turkish. The only Exception is that I master one page of Seboyo's Grammar the first half hour every morning; and work over the Book of John's Gospel, and the Hebrew of Genesis, corresponding to the Turkish of each day. I think I told you before, that this Turkish of Genesis and John is all being committed to memory: it is the only way to thoroughly master the very difficult constructions; and it will be invaluable to me as a preacher to have the Turkish Scriptures at easy command. My Hebrew and Turkish help each other; for very many words in the latter are Arabic, and are thus almost identical with the Hebrew. In a passage of Genesis I counted 52 words — all the words in the passage — and of these 31 were very nearly alike in both Turkish and Hebrew. My teacher, a former graduate of the Seminary here, and soon — Alas! — to go to Smyrna as a pastor, is thoroughly posted in the Turkish, and knows much of the Arabic and Persian. I enjoy his work with me very much, and know not how to fill his place when he goes away. He takes dinner with us every day, and he and I talk Turkish during the meal.

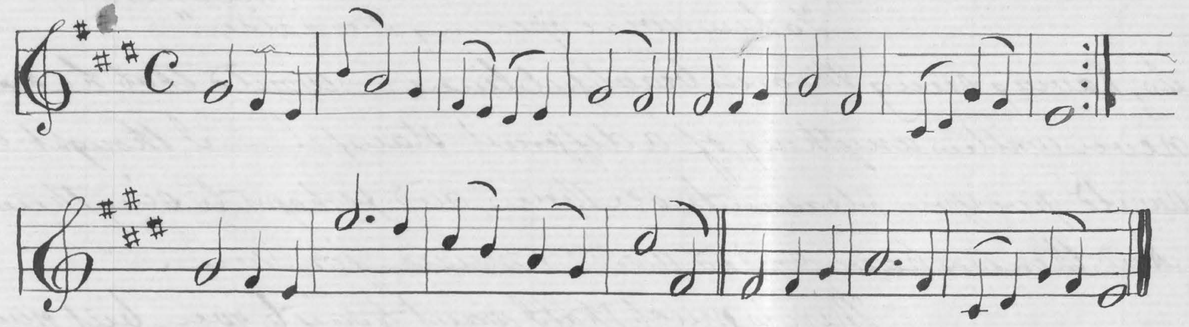
This has been a happy day. I was up at 4, having gone to bed at 9. First thing — a nice dash of cold water over me as I stand in our large copper bath-tub — a thing indispensable here. After that I can sing my morning hymn — not too loudly — with a relish; and tackle the "Daghesh Lene" and "Sheva's" of my Heb. Gram. in the spirit of a conqueror. Then to the Book of Genesis in the two languages — delightful work — for three hours before breakfast. (Of course I take a bite before beginning all this.) About six I hear in the next room a sound which thrills me with sweet delight, — the fresh, cheery, bird-like notes

of newly awakened Baby, as she lies beside her Mamma, and pours out her morning carol of joyful praise to the tune of "There is a happy Land, far, far away" or some other from her fine collection. What is sweeter than the voice of a child singing in the early morning! Especially when the child is your own! At 8 we breakfasted, and after prayers I run out for a breath of the fresh morning air, a toss or two of the dumbbells for exercise, and a ten-minute chat with Brother Montgomery. Then to study again, and at 11 my four young men come in to read Dwight with me. (we found McLeish too slow and tedious, & have exchanged the Scotchman for the American, greatly to our profit.) Our sermon today was on the Omniscience and Omnipresence of God; one could almost fancy he could see the expansion of mind and heart in the young and earnest Christians as they read and talked during the hour. At 12.30, Miss Bickford and I set out on our daily ride, I riding Mr. Mc's fine horse. Out of the narrow, dirty streets of the town, and away up the mountain side, among the vineyards and past the fountains whose waters supply the city. ~~Constantinople~~ A ride of six miles in an hour and a half along the flanks of Taurus, with the great plain stretching south at our feet, and the snows of Anaanus and the Anitab heights opposite him shining white in the sun, 20, 30, 40 miles away, the mountain air coming down pure and cool from the snows of Taurus above us, and our horses getting many a sharp little canter over the bits of road not too steep for it,— all this as you may imagine brings us back with some color in our cheeks and considerable more oxygen in our blood.

with Anna, and then walk and meditate till 9, my bedtime. But today I am using this time to write to you. After trial of both arrangements of the day, I am again rising early, doing all work before dinner, & going to bed early. I sleep better not to study in the evening.

Pardon me for dwelling so long on these small details of daily life; I think they are what you want, that you may form a picture of us in our new surroundings, or I would not give them to you. While speaking of these things I must not omit to tell you of my new table, made by myself with the tools brought from Boston. The top has six sloping sides, each adapted to holding an open book, and revolves upon a standard. I am studying Genesis, for example: on one of the sloping sides lies the Turkish Bible, open at the right place; on the slope next it, the Turkish Dictionary, and next to that the grammar; then my Hebrew Bible, open & ready; next the Heb. Lexicon, and lastly the proper volume of Keil & Delitzsch's grammatical and exegetical Commentary, also open & ready. I sit in front of the Turkish text. (The table is high enough to make me hold up my head when studying.) When I want to consult the Heb. or any other of my books on the table, I just give the table a little whirl — it moves easily — and the book I want comes round in front of me. This saves much time which would otherwise be spent in reaching for books or turning round in my chair to consult them. When did I get the idea? With many other good things, — from Carrie, — and she got it from no less a person than Jonathan Edwards, whose revolving study table she saw once in a museum of curiosities at Stockbridge. And now I must bid you good night, & be off to bed.

Sat. Morning, March 2. Most bright and glorious morning! At family worship, sitting by our window & looking across the plain to the towering heights of the Giaour Dagh (Amanus), their snows



① Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

② When day, with farewell beams, delays
Among the opening clouds of ~~heaven~~ Even
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the day's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

③ When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

④ When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

glittering in the sun, wedding the above hymn. The Spring birds are twittering in our yard; all those disagreeable fogs of which I have spoken in ~~past~~ former letters, are gone. The people are plowing their fields and pruning their vines. In our ride yesterday we saw many flowers, & the plain begins to look green in places. After the dark and gloomy weather of the winter, the change to

us is as pleasant as to the convalescent invalid of whom the poet Gray writes "To the common air, the sun, the skies,
To him were opening Paradise."
So, having sung Moore's beautiful lines — would that he had never written anything of a different stamp! — I thought it would give you pleasure to see them, and perhaps to sing them. And therefore have copied words & music for you.

There is much that I want to say to you, but must wait for the next letter. Your appeal for private letters goes to my heart, & I feel like promising you one at the beginning of every month, — besides the weekly cards or short notes to tell you of our continued health &c. Time is pretty well filled up, but I think I must spare time for old-fashioned letters to you. But we are somewhat dismayed at your saying you do not pray for us. Let me tell you that we need all the prayer our friends can offer for us. Do not think that I, for example, have no battles to fight against the World the Flesh & the Devil. My life is not all couleur du rose — as I fancy you think it is. Think of me as a soldier fighting an arduous campaign, which has its sore defeats oftimes, as well as its victories; and I beseech you, if you would not have me "cast-away" after having preached to others (1 Cor. 9: 27.) pray for me. More in my next. I wrote Alex. a long letter recently in the endeavor to help him spiritually; and also wrote to Joseph Cook, with whom I am acquainted, asking him to look up A. and demolish some of his intellectual difficulties. No man can do it better than J. C. — I explained A's position briefly, & wrote such a letter as will bring Mr Cook's large heart into sympathy with our lonely Harvard student, I know. Of course A. Rubus nothing of my writing, but when J.C. calls on him he will suspect me. I pray constantly for him, as for you all. C. send love. You must write more about D. & E. & the children, & Sarah. Scarcely a word in your letter about them. Very sorry for that sprained ancle: take care of yourself — for I want to see you again. Yours ever & ever Love.