Subject: Music & Singing

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[*In envelope addressed to:*] Mr Ralph E Burr.
Flemington.
Huntington County.
New Jersey.

New York Oct 3d 1850.

Friend Ralph —

I have been walking my room this half hour, whistling & thinking what I had best do with myself. I did not feel like attending any of the Evening Meetings and there is not much fun in walking the Streets when you have no place to go to. I have made up my mind I could do nothing better than to write to you.

You see what a blunder I have made in writing New York at the top of the Sheet, I thought at first I would give it up, but I am afraid I would do no better if I were to try again. of Course you will not care for the looks, for between a poor pen & my dullness this Evening I do not expect a very showy Letter. I have been in New York now one Month, & conducted myself with Propriety No easy thing to do either (that is for me.) attend Lectures studiously Six pr Day. from 9 am. till 1. & from 2 1/2 till 5 1/2. the Lectures one Hour each, and an Evening Lecture at 7 PM. Three Evenings in the Week. That Keeps on pretty Steady whether he will or no.
I Know of nothing to write that would interest you particularly. I see Augustus Pettibone two or three times a week. I Board about two Miles from their Store. Up Town, Camp & I, Room with a fellow from Maine, whom he got acquainted with last Winter, I do not get invited to as many Parties, Weddings &c as you had the luck to be last Winter in Jersey. I Can not Account for it any way unless the People were more Civil with you or else you are more Agreeable, I think it is the latter. The Boarders here are mostly Old Married People & I Do not have much company & <*as*> except Sundays have no time to go to August Pettibones. So you see I have no Chance to Show myself, not that I care anything about it for I cannot Study & Play at the same time & do both well. I intend to do the former & if a Chance turns up for the Latter, why then improve it.

The Weather has been quite Warm here to what it was in Norfolk [*Connecticut*] when I left. I never was so bit & Chewed up by the Mosquitoes, (get a dictionary & look up that word will you) as I was here During the first two Weeks but their Day will soon be over, & besides I have got used to them & their Music. I Suppose You have Singing Schools in Norfolk this Season, Do you attend? I Shall expect to see you in the Choir when I return, which will be about Christmas. You must write me all the news Gossip that has been the rounds since I left, I do not know the reason but I cannot find, anything of it in the Papers here. Tell me also, whether you do to School, what Boys go that I know, how many Scholars &c and I Shall expect a list of all the Marriages, Births & other wonderful Phenomenon that come to pass, in their regular Order. You know North End, is a famous place for them things to occur, but I hope none of them will happen to you personally I Suppose you have had your fill of all sorts of Hunting I think it must have been a good Season. Write any way & let me know, for I Hate to be in Ignorance. I know nothing further to Edify you with at this present time but will endeavour to Send more beauty in my next Epistle
End of Chapter First, Your friend J. H. Stevens.
PS Direct your letter to me, at 409 Broome Street N.Y.

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Lockport, Ill. [*Illinois*] Dec 18 1846.

My dear Mother & Sister,

I have been forcibly reminded of home to night, and if you wonder how, it was by getting tea <u>alone</u>, which I have done but once before since leaving home. Mrs. Blackstone is absent for a few days, and the girl, poor thing, had a terrible ague shake this afternoon. Just before tea time, I went out and made some nice cookies (tho' [*though*] not so good as if I had had my

favorite receipt,) also some toast -- & tea all of which Joel & the children pronounced excellent. It is a treat indeed to have things to one's liking. Mrs. B. [*Blackstone*] always has them good enough, and most of the time better than we could afford, were we keeping house, but you know people sometimes enjoy having things their own way.

The girl is suffering dreadfully from the fever which follows the chill. If it was any thing but ague, I should be alarmed about her. But in this country, people may be deadly sick as they think one day, and stirring about the next, gathering strength for a renewed attack.

Joel has again been sick with billions fever. Last week Wed. & Friday night he had a fever, Sat morn a chill, and severe fever followed which lasted 24 hours. He did not go out on Sunday, but at evening the fever came on with great violence, & continued till Monday night. As soon as he began to cool down & perspire, Dr. gave four large pills of such a nature, that the fever has not since appeared. Dr. says quinine alone will not affect his system properly. He is now giving him peruvian bark, mixed with magnesia & carbonate of iron also orders him to take a glass of <*small*> strong beer, the same as ale. four times a day. The ale is made at Detroit, & we get it here for 371/2 cts [*cents*] per gallon. Joel is of course very much reduced in flesh and strength. One of our ladies who has been absent for a few months called yesterday; she said if she had met him elsewhere, she should not have known him. He has not lain down to day, but is unable to prepare for next Sabbath; Any exertion mental or bodily brings on a fever. How long it must be so we cannot tell, but I fear it will be no better this winter. In spite of all our endeavors to the contrary, we are almost discouraged sometimes. It is a time when a great deal needs to be done, but Joel has no strength, and consequently cannot do it.

The audience on the Sabbath is increasing but of course, if they come & find no minister nothing but reading meeting, they will not be so anxious to come again. To be sure, we hope every shake, or fever is the last, and on that live till the dread reality appears again. Joel is not the only sufferer in this place. Almost all who had the fever severely in summer, have attacks of it, on ague, now. At One of our neighbors where there are 10 in family, three or four will have it one day, & another four or five the next. They break it with quinine, but in two weeks it reappears. Some families do not have it at all. In a letter recently received from one of Joel's friends up in Wis. [*Wisconsin*] we were told that persons in that territory, suffer, as well as here. And so they do, more or less, throughout this great valley. No tongue can tell the suffering that has been endured along the [line?] of the canal. They are better now, but the money is gone for medicine, they are weak, their hovels unthatched, their children naked, and all discouraged. Persons bred in New England can have no possible idea of poverty. Within two miles of us there 50 hovels not half as good as old Isaac's. Children are abundant, but alas; for the means of clothing, feeding, & sending them to school. The parents are making a great effort to get them to school, as the school is a free one to them this winter. We have been making some clothes in our Sewing Soc. [*society*] for some of the children, and oh that we had a few hundred yards to make up. I have often wished I could get to some of your old flannel petticoats, that you could no longer use. They will cut over four small girls & are so much warmer than cotton.

It must be acknowledged that some of this poverty arises from drinking, but that is not always the case by any means. Our temperance Soc. [*Society*] is very inefficient, and must remain so as long as so many of its members are unwilling to have any measures taken to prevent the licensing of graperies.

We have commenced a Tract distribution they are refused by but few, those mostly Catholics. We have a priest in town, also one at Joliet [*Illinois*], four miles below.

While Joel is unable to write, some of the time, he spends in singing. His harp is a great help. There have been 24 singing schools here, but I have attended but part of one evening. The three children attend, & have improved very much. I hope Mary sings often with her father. Has Dwight forgotten his favorite "Holiday song"? Does Willy sing & If he does not, I would beg of his mother to try to teach him. It seems to me more important even, than when I used to sing so much. Your children may go West, or East, or to some place where the ability to sustain that part of public worship will be to them almost invaluable. Oh, train them in that and every other respect, as if you knew they were to be models often which a whole people should pattern; you cannot now determine what shall be their position in Society. I trust it will be a high one for I know their natural talents and I hope they will early be consecrated to God. I think of them very often, and hope they are improving all these precious days and evenings.

Thus you can see a kind Providence has supplied us with cotton and linen for the coming year. I have knit one stocking from that fine yarn and commenced another. My health is good as usual, rather better.

If one of Mrs. Stuart's calls she left a bundle saying she did not like to have me get out of work. It contained 18 yds [*yards*] of five bleach'd sheeting two yds [*yards*], five linen, 4 doz [*dozen*] buttons 2 spools thread & a pair of gloves.

In Oct. I filled my feather bed & pillows. The feathers had been in a box at the barn, but were unharmed and good as when first [brought?]

The sack will make a good crib tick. If it I keep it seventy years, it may come in use. A few weeks since, I made a petticoat quilt, my old one having long since been given to our pony for a blanket. The outside of my quilt is the small figured dress wh. [*which*] was once Parney's. The lining is -- what once lined my cashmere dress, leaving enough on it for the facing.

If you have not quilted my old blue black silk, you need not it will do me more good in aprons. My alapacca dress will be for a quilt next winter. If you have quilted it, no matter.

I hope we shall soon hear from you.

With much love to all, I am your aff. [*affectionate*]
Abby.
Joel sends love to all of you.

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Lockport, Ill. [*Illinois*] Dec. 4, 1854.

Dear Parents,

I am happy to be able to report to you again that we all <*continue*> are in pretty good health, and that we have met with nothing particularly unfavorable since I last wrote you. We are somewhat encouraged with reference to Willie, who for a few days past, has had his fits in a modified form, and not so frequently as formerly. His general health is very good – he grows very fast, and is fleshy. He does not talk very much as yet, but is learning rapidly. His musical powers develop more rapidly than any thing else but he seems to be sufficiently bright in all particulars.

As to medicines for his relief, it seems probable that we shall never be able to secure any. We have prescriptions made every day <*from*> by persons who profess to have been similarly afflicted, or to have had friends who were. Some of these prescriptions are curious enough. One woman says a string of beads made of Lima beans and worn on the neck will cure, another says that a like string of the rattles of the rattlesnake, has cured her son. While yet another says, that a prescription given by an Indian Doctor cured her brother wh. [*which*] Prescription was to cut off the head of a mud turtle, and let his blood run into brandy, and give the mixture. Yet another, (a Mr. Savage, brother of the Rev. Mr. Savage, who is, or has been, Agent of the Tract Society in Ct. [*Connecticut*]) says that an Indian Doctor prescribed for his daughter Camphor dropped upon sugar, some six or eight drops every morning, and that it was successful, though he thinks the fits had injured both constitution and mind before they tried it. We know the daughter, and though she is not very bright, and is weak in constitution, yet her capacity is very respectable, and her character very lovely. Mr. Savage resides in a neighboring town about six miles from us. Yet another person, (a lady who represents herself as having been a sufferer) says that black Cohosh is a cure. (The article is one found in the ships but I know nothing of its origin or character.) Besides this we have had Peony root prescribed, and various other articles that I will not stop to mention. We have tried the Peony root, the spirits of camphor dropped on Sugar, & are now trying the Cohosh though we have recently learned that the lady who recommended it did not have epileptic fits nor fits of another kind. From all this however we derive this comfort; that as some persons have had fits, (perhaps epileptic, & perhaps not) and recovered from them, we may hope that Willie will recover. In medicine we have very little reliance, but in that vigor of constitution wh. [*which*] he now seems to be gaining we have much.

When I last wrote I had the Jaundice somewhat severely. I have now recovered from it, several pounds lighter in flesh, but not otherwise affected. My recovery has been rapid, much more so than those acquainted with the disease judged possible. I took no medicine except the

Homeopathic. Whether my rapid recovery is due to its operation or not I cannot say, but think I should resort to it again if I had an attack.

We received a letter from Marcus, dated Hamilton California, Oct. 18, last Wednesday Nov. 29. He intimates that his intention to return was providentially frustrated. If he had secured all the money due him, he should probably have taken passage in the Yankee Blade, and perhaps have gone to the bottom of the sea, or reached shore without friends or means.

The dairy during the summer furnished him a support, i.e. his food, medicine & [. . .] about $30 more. It was his expectation [. . .] he and Daniel, with James Allen, would together work a mine about 18 miles north of Hamilton. He was then working for $40 a month near Hamilton, though temporarily laid aside, by poisoned feet.

The last news from John arrived Dec. 1, and was dated Nov. 4, at Padua in Italy. He was well and apparently improving his time to good purpose. Our village paper has not been issued for the two past weeks in consequence of the illness of the publisher, and some other difficulties. It will be a good deal behind hand in publishing John's letters. I think there is a marked improvement in his communications, and though many deficiencies appear, yet they are so much better than the first that I feel encouraged. Meager as the first and second were, I put in a good part of them on my own responsibility, being unwilling that such a mere skeleton should appear in print. I took care, however, not to modify facts. The succeeding letters were published almost as he wrote them, as <*he*> in future they will be.

Your aff. Son,
Joel Grant

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[*Addressed to*:] Mr. Joel Grant
Colebrook
Ct [*Connecticut*]

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Ipswich [*Massachusetts*], Aug. 20, 1838

Dear Brother Joel,

Yours of Aug. 8, was duly & gladly received Aug. 13. I had previously learned that you were in Md, [*Maryland*] am happy to find you situated among a kind people, though I can imagine that it may require skill on your part to prevent their kindness from encroaching upon your time, & you will not always probably be able to do it. Do you find them an inquisitive people? I would suggest your guarding well your cash, & other valuables. You speak of their manners being somewhat peculiar. I should like to converse with you about them. I suppose slaves are common.

I was interested in what you said of your journey, valued your remark respecting Mr. Tracy, & was pleased that notwithstanding the heat, &c. you enjoyed the excursion. Hope you will ever be disposed to enjoy whatever falls in your way suited to excite pleasant emotions. Sometime I hope you will find it convenient to stop at Philadelphia a few days. Hope you have some acquaintance there to show you places of interest. Dr. James Patterson, (who with his household were patterns of Christian hospitality) is now no more. I stopped with his family once when there. The waterworks, Franklin's tomb, the House of Refuge, a Jewish synagogue, the porcelain manufactory, the Widow's Asylum, the hall where congress formerly assembled, & Pratt's garden were the principle places I visited when there. The new fountain, Girard college & many other things you will like to see. It was the advice of the good & accomplished Rev. Mr. Stevens who died at Paris, to a young minister who was journeying to see all the works of nature & art that he could to treasure up knowledge of men & Things as far as possible, & to be sure to consecrate all his acquisitions to God. Would not such advice be apropos in your case?

As I think it not consistent for me to return home to enjoy a visit at this time, though nothing would be more congenial to my feelings, I think of more things which I wish to say than I can put on paper. I will hope however, that we may yet behold each other's faces in the flesh. The day your letter came I learned from a letter Dr. Anderson wrote Miss [*Cynthia*] Farrar, that the reinforcement to the Murathee mission will not go out before next spring. I have not determined upon any course for the coming winter. Miss [*Cynthia*] Farrar is still with me & will remain till the

close of this term [*at Ipswich Female Seminary*], Sept. 18. Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*] gives her her board, & she instructs me some in the M. [*Murathee*] language. I have paid my board by instructing a class in Whateley's logic a work which I wish you to understand. I have been spending a week & a half at Manchester, with Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]. During that time as I had become somewhat tired of study, I left all my books at home & rested. Last Sat. my birthday I returned. I have been calling myself almost 28 all summer, but I believe I made a mistake, & that I am only 27. For one lesson while at home, I wish you would get each of the children to remember the year in which they were born, & brother try to do them good in every way you can.

If I could see you we would have a talk about personal appearance, politeness &c. I feel that these are matters far from being despised. I should judge from what you say of your location in Md. [*Maryland*] that your situation would not be very favorable for this kind of improvement. But as Miss [*Cynthia*] Farrar says these little marks of gentility & politeness cost nothing, & do give us influence, they should received attention. Do nothing in your own room that would offend persons of refined habits, & delicate taste. And let your personal appearance be neat & always respectable. I have sometimes made mistakes upon these points, & probably shall make more, but I intend to try. Can not you do something in this respect for those at home? Next time you write, mention any thing you please upon this subject & also about your society in Berlin, the state of religion in the vicinity, the opportunities for general improvement & I wish to know the ages, the general character of your school & your plan [. . .] in teaching. I visited a school in Manchester last week. It was a [. . .] one, there was excellent order. They read & spelt well. Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]. says she can judge of a school by their reading & spelling. I look upon Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*] as one of the best, & most judicious persons I know, & value all the time I have to be with her. She writes no friendship or business letters, & finds it necessary to deprive herself many privileges & to take special care, that she may plan for the school, & be able to speak to them from four to six or seven hours a week. She wishes love to you. Whether you write her or myself, we shall both get the intelligence. Her expenses are necessarily great. She rides considerable, as that is her best medicine.

I wish you to sing some wherever you are, & think you might be a help in a choir at Berlin. I hope our brothers & sisters at home will soon learn to sing. <*Where*> How shall we direct our letters to you in Md. [*Maryland*] I find many things unsaid, but I must write a little to mother & if the thought should stray along your convolutions that my advice borders upon the officious, your generous heart will I think & rightly too impute it to my anxiety for your welfare. I may not write you again for some time but ever remain

Your very aff [*affectionate*] sister
Mary Grant

Ever dear Mother,

I thank you a thousand times for your letter of July 14, & a few times for your last. You had not time I know or you would have written more at that time. I do not wish to complain, but I did feel some grieved that Mother or Daniel or John or father did not fill out the sheet, or that they did not even send love. I want to know whether you have any help, whether the children do well, how my cousins Margaret, [Dinian?], Maria, Elizabeth &c. are employed & how Amanda is doing &c. I want to know about your religious joys & sorrows, about our church Sab [*Sabbath*] school & I wonder if you cannot all fill out a sheet while Joel is at home or soon after he returns & tell me of his visit. The school at S. [*South*] Hadley closed Thurs. of this week. Dr. Hawes addresses them at the close. Miss Caldwell then closes her connection with the school. Mr. Burgess has visited here & spent nearly a week. He left Aug. 1. He is in good health & I enjoyed his visit. He has been preaching in NY [*New York*] for three Sab. [*Sabbath*] & will be there next Sab. [*Sabbath*]

Those capable of advising me as well as myself very much doubt the propriety of my being engaged with the care of a school next winter. Miss [*Cynthia*] Farrar who is a very valuable character is decided. She thinks I shall not [*unsure where cross-writing continues*] it not best. I find mother in Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*] & Mrs. G. Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*] is not known this way at all by her inane commencing with P. & when you send love as I always like you to do to her, please use some other expression. Miss [*Cynthia*] Farrar wishes a kind

remembrance to my dear father & mother. I wish your prayers & desire that you may be blessed & sustained.

Your aff [*affectionate*] Mary

[*Writing in margins*:] About John's going to Md. [*Maryland*] I do not know but it may be best, you could take care of him. I wish he had chosen the bible for his counselor. If he should go, I think it might be best for Daniel to attend the district school & give a good deal of attention to singing should there be an opportunity. If there is a singing school, it appears to me it would be well for Martha to read & study at home, & attend much to singing. Here I would say to mother that I learned some in singing by singing with her & Martha would learn more. If John remains at home it seems to me that Daniel would do as well to teach next winter, & after having taught a season, he will be better prepared to profit by going from home to some established school. Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*] wishes her love to each of you. My love to each of the cousins.

If our people have no letter paper, will you procure some. I think they should write all their letters upon such paper. Mrs. Howell sends love to Emiline. Eno. says she shall write her friends there soon.

Very aff. [*affectionate*] Mary

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[*in pencil*: John Cowles Grant to Abigail Cowles Grant]

[penciled on back] I send this of Johns just received – send it to sister Caroline if you think best. I think his descriptive powers are pretty good

H March
Mrs. S.E. Edwards
326 Fed St.
Camden

Mr. An Mrs. Aaron Butler
Cape May

Harlem, Ills. [*Illinois*]

Dear Mother,

I have hardly written you a decent letter since I have been pedagoging but it was not for lack of inclination but rather of opportunity, for when in the schoolhouse the young ideas get noisy & want to run around & play & that joggles my desk & ideas & when boarding around I find writing materials scarce.

I have got a gay little school of 36 promising youth all of whom expect I doubt not to be Presidents & Mrs. [*Harriet Beecher*] Stowe's in time, their ages vary from 4 to 20 & some of the boys could throw me out of the window with one hand if they possessed the inclination; one of my boys is going to be a lawyer or Bank Prest. [*President*] for he can't write legibly to save him, probably he will go to Congress if he don't he ought to.

Boarding round is the largest thing out of the penitentiary. I have as good as there is around, and I must say that I never lived so well in my life as I have here, all sorts of every thing & so much of it. I find one trouble that is sitting, eating, & cooking all in the same room, but am getting used to that so I don't notice it except when they have babies to cry while their mother is cooking, if they were not so dirty I would try to comfort them a little my self but as it is I let them cry.

The Scotch have a regular oldfashioned bluestocking Presbyterian Church a little way from my <*adec*> <u>academy</u> in which primitive religion is shown in some of its beauties; service commences at 11 o'clock, about ten they begin to assemble, they come in crowds, families & tribes, by ones' tens' & forties,' after discussing the marriages & deaths of the week past, the prospects of the weather for the week to come, each one meantime informing his neighbor that it is a fine day, they go in to hear words of burning, soul-stirring eloquence for an hour & a half; the

complacency with which the Fathers in Israel sleep through the sermon is very refreshing & the regularity with which they wake for the singing & prayers is marvelous: all stand during the prayer, & sit during the singing; they have no choir or instrument, the Deacons saying they will "ha' na' sooch thing en Gods hus." The singing is conducted or led by an old cracked voice brother who makes terrible noises which all follow as closely as they can & for this interesting performance he is paid $60. per year: there is one old man just like Mr. Storms, who takes his snuff as regularly as he wakes up, & spills about half of it over his coat collar, making it snuff-colored, a very fashionable color just now.

I went to a scotch party N.Y. [*New York*] night & was very much amused, pleased & instructed. Some of the older girls who don't go to school & "went for me" & tried to steal my heart I judged from their actions, but I had seen such before & if any one <*was in the least*> had any advantage I guess it was,

Yr [*Your*] aff [*affectionate*] son J Grant [*John Cowles Grant*]

Box 300 Roscoe

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Lockport. Ill. [*Illinois*] Tues. Feb. 16, 1847

Dear Brother & Sister [*Daniel Grant and Caroline Burr Grant*],

I need not say how glad we were to get your letter last Sat. evening. for you already know the joy of friends at hearing from those they love. I do not know that we had said "we will not write to Daniel & Caroline again, till they write to us," but it is a general principle upon wh. [*which*] we act. to write in answer to letter received. Of course exceptions are sometimes made. but in general. I know not that we ought to do otherwise than as we are done by. (I now refer to nothing but writing) You both write as if you were enjoying yourselves well. I doubt not you find it much pleasanter living <u>in</u> the village, than out. You have now. easy access to meetings, lectures &c. the tendency of wh. [*which*] is. improvement in various ways. Is Mr. Curtiss in Prairieville [*Wisconsin*] still? I believe he owned the house in wh. [*which*] he was living when we were there.

We have now the pleasure of saying to you that Joel is quite well. He has had no ague for four weeks. and is now looking quite like himself. His appetite is good, & for the three last Sab. [*Sabbath*] he has preached all day. Our congregation is increasing: a good deal of attention is being paid to Sacred music. and we are causing tracts to be given monthly to every family, together with an effort to increase the number of Sab. [*Sabbath*] scholars. Our Sewing Soc. [*Society*] is flourishing; New Year's eve, the ladies gave an oyster supper, the avails of wh. [*which*] are to aid in finishing the steeple to our church. The frame only is up. Near $100 were cleared. considering the time we had to prepare in (three weeks) we think it was doing well -- It is near four weeks since we heard from our homes, or John [*John Grant*] -- we are daily expecting to hear from both). John [*John Grant*] was then at Watertown. [*Massachusetts*] designing to spend the winter in the family of Mr. Woodard, teaching their children. and a few others. He then thought to have those tumors removed in the spring. hoping to be relieved from much of the consequent suffering, by inhaling the "etherial gas." of wh. [*which*] you have doubtless read. I hope much for him, but <u>fear</u> more.

I noticed in one of the recent papers an account of an uncommon outpouring of the Holy Spirit. in Mt. Hol. Fem. Sem. [*Mount Holyoke Female Seminary*] "We could only stand still and witness the wonderful working of God." said the writer. A friend wrote me a few days since, that Miss Lyon [*Mary Lyons*] had been very sick. and is now feeble. I cannot imagine how they get along with so many of the important one's gone. How rejoiced we all shall be to get the Mem. [*Memorial*] Catalogue [*from Mount Holyoke Female Seminary*]! It will inform us of the residence of many a loved one, and make us feel how far separate Holyoke's daughters really are. Three weeks since, I saw a notice of the marriage of Celia Wright. (sister of "Kate Wright") to a missionary among the Choctau Indians. His name I have forgotten. Did I tell you in my last that "Miss Reed," "Nancy Foote" & Miss Webster" that were, had each a son? I hope you see the Miss. Herald, [Missionary Herald *published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions*] How much more are we interested in the missions where we know the missionaries.

Do you hear from home often? Where is Mary [*Mary Burr*] now? I hope we shall not have to wait quite so long next time before hearing from you.
[*written along verso side*] I did not [take?] at all. when you said some of Daniels brothers & sisters did not write particularly enough, for Joel says I am too particular altogether. and that I ought not to write so long letters.
[*written along front side*] We have had a little sleighing. but it is gone, and we are now having an ice storm. I dread the wind of March and April. Should like to take a peep at N. England [*New England*] faces & scenery next summer. Perhaps we shall though we cannot now decide certainly about it. I fear Joel's health will again suffer if he should spend the hot months here. Hoping soon to hear from you. I remain your aff. [*affectionate*] sister Abby. [*Abigail Cowles Grant*]
Kiss little Abby for us both.
Are you sister C. [*Caroline Burr Grant*] learning Phonography? I cannot get time.

[*Addressed to*] Mrs. C. Grant
Norfolk
Conn. [*Connecticut*]

San Francisco, Cal. [*California*] March 3d, 1856.

My Dear Beloved Wife [*Caroline Burr Grant*],

I had no intintion yesterday morn of trying to describe a day in S. Francisco [*San Francisco, California*], but as there are some incidents which interested me, I think they may not be altogether uninteresting to you, & to begin with the morn. I will try.

I arose about my usual time (six oclock) & after my mornings shower bath, attempted for the first time since I left home to dress myself like a civilised man.

I had the day before purchased a few articles of clothing & with other things some white shirts & a black silk cravat, the first in this Country

It was quite an undertaking for me to don a white shirt "with a standing collar" & it was after seven before I was ready for my mornings promenade, but I was at last in the open air the streets were as usual alive with carriages & pedestrians moving in all directions. I took my accustomed walk to a high sand hill in the south part of the town (I forgot to mention that it was sunday morn.) which overlooks the city.

No incident worthy of mentioning occurred during my walk but <*I?*> as my rout was through China, as it is termed here, that is where the China population live & trade, it may not be amiss to notice there market.

With the heathen Chinaman the sabbath is as another day, their market was filled with such eatables as Chinamen are most fond viz. pork, chickens & fish, of the flesh kind & vegetables which were strange to me. Other articles were inside their shops & as I cared not what they had there I did not examine. I shall have occasion to mention the chinese again & will now return to breakfast.

My breakfast consists of coffee, beefstake & cornbread, after breakfast a little rest, then the electric machine which ties my arms in knots, after which I generally spen[d] the ballance of the morning in reading or writing. So far this is the description of every day.

Being desirous to attend church & also being a perfect stranger here I examined the daily papers to learn where to go, but no notices fell under my eye that quite suited my fancy. I therefore made inquiry at the office of the hotel where I am stopping, (it is a temperance house for someone to attend church with me, but no one was at hand who wished to go to church.

I was however told <*where*> that probably Dr. Scotts church on bush st. would suit me better than any other & received directions how to find it. I immediately repaired to church, was told at the door that the seats were free & I could sit below or in the gallery. I chose the gallery where I had a good seat. I was not yet aware what denomination worshiped there but thought I could soon learn.

As I was watching the gathering congregation the sound of the organ fell upon ear. O! what a sound the first I have heard in Cal. [*California*] It caused my hart to leap into my throat. I scarcely knew what to do with myself, but imagine if you can what effect it had upon me when the <*q*> choir commenced a chant. I was surprised. I cannot describe my feelings. In an instant I was transported in imagination, across the american continent. I was <*in an*> for a moment by your side my dear wife, but it was but for an

instant, black reality snatched me away & I was again sitting in the church trying to listen to the chanting of the choir, but I could not listen, my thoughts were <*far*> with you. I was in short quite homesick. My eyes overflowed with tears, I wished myself away. I longed for solitude but I could not well get away. amongst my purchases were a pair of boots which I had on. They made an awful squeaking, so much so that I dare not attempt to go out therefore I was compelled to remain. The services continued. When the conggregation rose for prayer I rose with them. By so doing I was brough in sight of the communion table. I perceived it was covered with the emblems of the sacrament & as the minister was engaged in prayer was several times overcome by my feelings. How vividly did every sound, every act, every sentence bring to mind my home, my friends & all that I hold dear. How often did I think that you probably were attending afternoon service in your church, at home, at the same time that I was tending morning service on the Pacific coast.

I soon ascertained that the church was Congregational. Eleven new members were added to it, most of them by letter. One family from New Haven Ct., [*Connecticut*] a man his wife & daughter.

About one third of the conggregation I should judge were ladies, & of the communicants one third gentlemen & so two thirds ladies.

Notice was given of services in the Chinese chapel at three oclock. A Chinese convert was to be baptised by Mr. S[pure] the chinese missionary in Cal. [*California*] He , the china[man] has been recently converted from heathenism. The first convert under the labors of the Rev. missionary. The chinese have a very pretty chapel erected by subscriptions & the aid of the missionary soc. [*society*]

I attended the chinese meeting in the afternoon My mind had become more quiet & though at times my eyes would fill with tears I was pretty well able to control myself. I enjoyed the meeting. In the eve. I again attended church at Dr. Scott's place.

Dr. Scott is a very smart man. The <*g*> choir in his church consists of four persons, two ladies &c.

I ought to let the close of the service in the eve. close my narative, but a little incident occurred on my return which I somehow cant help naming. I strayed from my way <. . .>& if I was apt to get lost probably should have been on this occasion, but it is difficult for me to get where I cant find my way out as long as I have my liberty.

On my way a round, I passed through some streets which were pretty quiet, not so many promenaders as in some parts of the city. As I was walking a window was thrown open by my side & a female voice called for help. I turned aside to see what was the trouble when I perceived a man in the room where the voice came from. As I walk to the window The man came to the door & opened it. It seemed that he was trying to make some disturbance with the woman I just said come friend don't be making disturbance here & he walked away with me I suppose the woman is "one of them" & I did not care much for her anyhow Though as I was not sure of that I was determined to rid her of her present trouble & then let her take care of herself

I have written one sheet to you which will go with this

You inquire in your letter what nursing I have I am not often so sick but that I can wait on myself when I am some friend is generally to be found

I will now close Don't <*laygh*> laugh at me now for writing such a bundle of nonsence

Give a kiss to the children

Entirely thine
Daniel Grant

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Flemington [*New Jersey*] Jan 2 1858

Dear Brother & Sister [*Daniel Grant and Caroline Burr Grant*],

The Bundle that you Sent came safely to hand, think the counterpane very pretty and Sam is very much pleased with his pencil and Liquorice root. As to money matters you need not borrow at present so send me any I can get along now very well until spring and than if it is not convenient for you to pay will try and do without it until you find it convenient Grain is getting so low here that I hate to sell it but if it continues so will have to do it corn is only 45 cents oats 30 and wheat 113 per Bushel and that seems very low after paying two dollars a day to have it gathered Hope that Daniel [*Daniel Grant*] Will write soon and tell us what he is so busy about and settle up that affair with Mary about that western land and also give us his views about Virginia. Whether he would like to go there if you can sell out where you are &c.

Father is more comfortable and has been for a few days than when I wrote before but still requires almost constant attention. You think it requires some energy to write a letter but it takes a great deal more for me to work hard when I do not feel well more than half the time & I think I grow more lazy every year and that is one reason I have for wishing to go to a milder climate and cheaper land I think, for what my farm would sell for I could buy twice as much land of better quality and have enough money to build a house & start the farm over so as to Start entirely out of debt and remain so -- whereas if I continue farming here must 100 dols a year rent or put up a House & building that will not cost less than 3000 dols which will keep me in debt for some years to come & might always Am going to try and work to better advantage the coming year and see if the prospect will brighten any -- We have very mild weather for the season and it will be a great help to those that are poor on account of taking so little fuel -- Think about, raising might answer well with [you?] and have lately seen an account of some pasture lands in Connecticut that were very much improved by the use of plaster -- have you ever tried any on pasture lands, it is one of the cheapest fertilizers and if it answers well would advise you to try some of it. Am glad to hear that some of you are being led to a better life and though we do not all think alike as to the best method of conversion (That is not quite what I wish to say but cannot express it better) we ought all to rejoice that any are turned from the eror of their ways to walk in wisdom ways of peace & comfort I should like to slip in and see you all if I could but as things are that pleasure is not to be thought of -- We have killed our cow and our hogs were done some time ago Do not remember whether I told you that we killed one that weighed 521 pounds, Jersey corn will fat hogs Am glad that you had a pleasant time (visit) with your friends and think that most of us spend too few hours in social pleasures that would help lighten the cares of life and might prove good opportunities of gathering strength in the conflict with selfishness which sin is hard to root out -- We have gone out but little on account of Sickness & Death in the family for two years past and now another has gone to his last account. Mothers Brother John was buried last Saturday and so the world keeps passing away -- Sam wants to send a letter that he has made with his pencil and often talks about Abbie & Eddie -- Shall we look for a visit from any of you this winter – Mary [*Mary Burr Hill*] is trying to break little Alletta from eating in the night and had a free concert for 1 1/2 hours last night and anticipate a continuation of the pleasure for several nights but after the playing is over they are expect to take a benefit

I saw quite a long article in the Presbyterian the other day about [gift?] lotteries and an happy to see that others coincide with my opinion, which you have been favoured with and I need not repeat [*see William Hill's letter of Nov. 8th 57*]. Only when you look at that [pen?] do not feel <u>badly</u> will [”?] you? But as you are lucky perhaps you had better try again & next time you may get a farm --

I am glad to hear the good tidings from Norfolk [*Connecticut*]. What a happy thing could Erastus [*Erastus Burr?*] share the blessing Is Mr. Nelson Moses living? What a trouble the counterpane must have been to pick apart all that was sewn & do it all again. But how much better it looks! I think it very pretty & am much pleased with it. Sam is also pleased with pencil & Liquorice. The socks are too small for Allie [*Alletta Hill*] that is the soles are too short even for her [naked?] feet. She wears leather shoes (she is helping me write now) creeps all about & climbs up by things & grows every day & with no change of diet or very little believe I gave her <u>bread</u> when at <u>Conn</u>. [*Connecticut*] I occasionally give her potatoes & turnips -- I like the flannel color & quality it will be pretty & durable.

The [freight?] [...]. 62 cts.

[*William Hill*]

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[*Addressed to*] Mrs. Caroline Grant
Millbrook.
Conn. [*Connecticut*]

[Bollius?] Jan. 9th 1864.
Tues. Eve.

Dear Cousin Carry,

I am alone in the house this evening and at last the long awaited opportunity for writing to you has arrived; and I am so glad for I have thought of you a great deal, and of writing, ever since a little while after I reached home. I presume you know that I had a pleasant and prosperous journey. Mr. Anderson accompanied me to New York. As pleasant as I can expect travelling alone, for I usually have as much, perhaps useless, but nevertheless unavoidable, anxiety as real pleasure. And yet I am very fond of travelling; with company, if possible, if not with my worried, for baggage and the like for companions. Are you surprised that I have waited six months for an opportunity of writing? If you could know the quantities of work I have performed you would sympathize and not wonder. I have had no leisure. In the Fall, mother was sick six or eight weeks, then I had a very great deal to do, and would get dreadfully tired. I was not disturbed nights, father took care of her then. She had rheumatism and suffered very much, it settled in her knee which was swollen badly and so lame that she could not raise it or put her foot to the floor. We hired a woman two weeks. When mother's knee was setting better her eyes became very sore and painful. She is quite well now, not so strong as before her illness but very comfortable. Father and she have gone to a lecture, the object of which is to fill our quota (twenty three) of volunteers, only six are wanting and I hope those will be gotten this evening. It is the third meeting of the kind, the audience is addressed by one or more <*two*> speakers and a brass band is employed to give music. I attended the other two but did not care to go out to night. One reason that I have so much to do is owing to a change in my ideas and habits in regard to certain things. Quite unconsciously to myself I was acquiring a taste for mending and neatness while at cousin Mary's. I learn often times a great deal more than mother thinks is necessary, but she is quite pleased with my lately developed talent for mending and brings forward piles of old things to repair which had been laid aside for want of time on her part and inclination [...] mine. Now I mend every hole and sew on all my buttones which is a change indeed in me. I read some, and have read two large books to mother and a third we read together.

O, cousin Carry you can not imagine how I have wanted to see baby and cousin Mary and all of them, the sweet little thing I have felt much a longing for her. I have not heard from Flemington for a long time. I suppose they are as busy as ever.

We have an unusually lively time this winter a great many of my evenings are passed out. Christmas Eve we had a Festival. There was a Christmas tree which looked beautifully and was loaded with gifts and the Hall was trimmed beautifully, then there was a man to act the part of Santa Claus which he did wonderfully well. New Years Eve I invited the Reading Club to our house to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in, we had a very nice time, we made molasses candy and played. There are about sixteen in the club. I am a member of a French Class, which meets once a week. I am quite well and [fleshy?] We heard to night of cousin Fanny's death. It seems very sad. How is Abby? I want to hear from her very much. Willy Stone is in the Invalid Carps & is in Phila. [*Philadelphia*] very pleasantly sits [natid?]; he doesn't recover the use of his hand and arm. I hope you will come and see us whenever you can. I want to see you a great deal, do come when you can. How are Mr. & Mrs. Grant? My love to cousin Daniel and Erastus and family and to Abby when you write to her.

Your aff. cousin
Marry Wallis.

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[*Photocopy*] Oberlin, O. Dec. 10th 1891.

[*Original handwriting*] Dear Aunt Caroline,

[*Photocopy*] We were greatly shocked about noon of Dec. 1st to receive a telegram announcing my sister Lavinia's death, which occurred that morning at her home near Grinnell. She had not enjoyed usual health since an attack of "La Grippe" a year ago last winter. To save her from the exposures to the next cold season, her son Marcus and his wife sent for her a year ago, to spend the winter in Salt Lake City. She was with them from the first of December to the latter part of April, but even there did not escape a second attack of the dreadful disease. She however rallied, and I was with her a few days on her return. She looked more delicate than I had ever seen her, but seemed cheerful and enjoyed talking of the strange things she had seen and heard at Salt Lake City. I hoped that warmer weather would bring a return of her wonted

strength, but some references to her health in letters received during the summer and autumn, gave me serious concern. On Sep. 22nd after hearing that brother Theodore had been suffering from an attack of rheumatism, she wrote: "I am sorry you and Theodore have such a heritage of pain, but Dr. Safford used to say that "Pain was one of God's blessed ministers,' and though it seems hard to think it so, when tortured almost beyond endurance, yet I know from personal experience that it is <*so*> true, and I have never felt Him nearer, or his presence more consoling than at such times. Earth loses its charms, and Heaven seems something to be longed for, as suffering increases, and our strength grows less."

Her son Lynds is spending his second year with us, a member of the Senior College class. It has been the plan for some time, that his mother should be here next summer, when he graduates, and that Kate Cowles and Margaret Starkey should meet her. We were anticipating it as much, for Lavinia had not visited us for more than twenty years. In writing her last letter to me Nov. 5, she is looking forward to it, saying "If I am no worse, when Lynds graduates than I am now, I think I should venture to go. It will be a great disappointment if I can not, but I shall try to bear cheerfully, whatever the Blessed Master has in store for me."

I felt hopeful that the right sort of medical treatment would relieve her difficulties, and wrote to her recommending a Sanitarium, where some of my friends had been successfully treated. She returned word, writing to Lynds on Friday, Nov. 27th with her own hand, that she was not able to leave home at present, though feeling better at the time of writing. Her physician, she said, did not encourage her to expect a return of health, but assured her that she could be made more comfortable. This word was received on Monday and news of her death on Tuesday!

Lynds started for Grinnell on the first through train, and has written particulars of her last days, and the funeral services. I am greatly surprised to learn that the cause of her declining health was a cancer. She was herself aware of the fact but with characteristic heroism kept it a secret from every one except her husband. The immediate occasion of death was congestion of the liver and though that brought dreadful pain arriving the last three days of her life, it no doubt saved her more prolonged sufferings from the other disease. Her physical exhaustion and distress were so great that there was no opportunity for parting words with her family, but when her husband raised her in his arms, that she might breathe more easily she said: "Don't hold me back Father. I want to go Home." Her letters as I read them now, show that she had anticipated the worst that came to her, and faced it calmly. She had lived such as consistent, faithful christian life that we have no shadow of doubt that she is now tasting those joys "which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man."

She was the life of her family, dearly beloved and honored by all her children, who are proving the influence of her wholesome training. The youngest of them is now twenty years of age, and there is not a frivolous or wayward one among them all; seven sons and one daughter! Marcus came all the way from Salt Lake City to attend the funeral, which occurred at their home last Friday, her entire family being present.

The day was cold and there was snow upon the ground, but the weather did not prevent many near friends from gathering for the last sad services. The hymn "My Jesus as Thou wilt" was followed by remarks in the same strain, and a most comforting prayer by Dr. Magoure. Prof. Buck gave a sketch of her life, and the song "I know that my Redeemer lives" was sung at the close. -- As seemed fitting her sons bore her body to its last resting place near the grave of my mother.

Her relatives who have known of her abundant labors and self denials in bringing up so large a family, had hoped she would enjoy an easier life in her later years -- reaping the fruitage of so much toil and care -- but in the sight of Him "who doeth all things well," she was ready for the kingdom above. "The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour."

Only the sweet and inspiring memory of her life remains to her loved ones, but we take comfort in the thought that her influence will continue to be felt in the lives of her children, and all whom she helped to aspire toward the best things. In our time of supreme need may we look, as she did, to the great Consoler and find comfort and strength.

[*Original handwriting*] I thought you knew enough of her to be interested in what I have written of her last days. Mother's family all feel her death, deeply, but the loss seems greatest to me, because, being the oldest, I remember her, very well, as she was before her marriage. Since Margaret's death, thirty one year's ago, she has been my <u>only</u> <u>sister</u>, and the bond between us

was very strong. Heaven ought to seem nearer and dearer, now that she is there! Truly, I am coming to have as many friends there as in this world.

We saw Carrie on her way home, and have heard from her since her arrival. I hope she has been really benefitted by her stay in Castile, but she told me she never expected to be strong. She is a dear sweet girl!

Hoping you and uncle are both well, and with much love, in which the family join, I am,

Your affectionate niece

Mary B. Shurtleff

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Bolton March 28, 87 (Mond Eveng.

My Dear Niece -- Thank you for yours & the other letters. You said I need not answer immediately. I delayed. I think I told you I anticipated coloring. I am happy to be able to tell you I have accomplished the delectable job quite successfully although not quite to my mind but as well as I could expect with no knowledge of the science. I have colored considerable in my life but always felt as I do now that I dont know much about it but I have always succeeded so that I rather have the articles after I had colored them than before. This time I colored Thibet or something that looked like it, all wool, a light brown for Sue a dress. It had a faded look, now it looks fresh. I also colored an all wool dress that <*that*> Sue had worn & soiled so that it was of no use as it was, [alittle?] darker brown for Mollie I dont think any one would suspect they had been colored. I colored some dresses that were soiled & faded, Enough to make me two morning dresses & a few other little things, I feel glad that I have got that disagreeable work done. I hope I shall not find it necessary to color again for a good while if Ever. Mary hopes so too. <...> She did the pressing & helped what I would let her but I would not let her put her hands in. She was invited up to Miss Osborns to tea the first day I commenced coloring. I did not undertake to do it all in one day I got all through with Sue's & Mollie's the first day that I colored for myself was part cotton & gave me more trouble but I got all through & I cleared up the third day. I took it so moderately that I did not get over tired & am well rested now. I had my common housework to do in the mean time. Tomorrow I expect to wash It stormed so today I concluded to wait for a plesanter day. Mary usually washed rain or shine. I dont know as I told you that I was braiding matts I have made one good sized one & have another about half done, If you never braided one you dont know anything about the labor of it. I dont know how to do it very well & dont have the best materials but is such as I have been saving up for some time & when I get a matt done it looks very well. I made two last & am making two this Spring

Thurs. Evening I meant to have finished this letter before now. How time flies, the last day of March I can hardly realize, "The Winter is over & gone" although there is some snow to be seen now, We heard robins this morning

I hope you will persevere & get the old letters read over & burned most of them I hardly think any of your relatives will have leisure to read them over There is so much to occupy the whole time of Every one who can do anything & there is so much interesting [reading?] I presume your husband will read to you the Commentary your daughter sent I should think she was quite pleasantly situated & has good society &c I am pleased to read her letters I judge she has not much leisure time. & the Flemington girls are just as busy as they can be I am glad they can so manage as to pay a $100. on a note. Minnie seems to keep up pretty good courage which I am glad to see I wish her strength was Equal to her ambition. It seems that Lizzie Anderson Hyde has got to help pay for the new house if she has one I dont know as you have ever told me how much she had from her father & mother.

Sue & Mollie got through with the school examination very credibly & performed their parts in the dialouges very well indeed The High school gave an entertainment at the Hall in the evening which was very enjoyable the scholars were at liber[*ty*] to invite who they pleased & the Hall was pretty well filled.

Sue is hired for the year to play the church organ <*for the year*> is to have $50. which is the usual price paid here Mary & Bessie have been to Clinton today (the mildest day we have had this month I think) to have some dentistry done for Bessie & to get some trimming for Bessie's &

Sue's spring dress Bessies dress is almost finished only to put the satin <*ve*> vest in. Sue is to have a velvet vest in hers her school dress is about finished [Amory?] uncle in Acton is to have a golden wedding the 27 & then the whole family is invited & I think we shall have some hurrying times to get them ready but I guess we shall be able to do it. That family is quite dressy. It must be quite an undertaking for you to get ready to go to Mt Holyoke's [...] [*Mount Holyoke Female Seminary*] 50th anniversary. I should think you much prefer to stay at home, but you are some younger than I am. We are all in usual health & all are in bed but myself. Write as often as you can. Mr Wallis is quite comfortable if he does not exert himself which he is careful not to do

With much love

S J Wallis [*Susan Jane Benton Wallis*]

I send little samples of the spring dresses we are making. The greenish piece Bessies the lighter blue Sues & the darker brown Mollies. I hope you are both in comfortable health

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Bolton. Aug 31st 1887

My Dear [Niece?] --

I was very glad to get your nice long letter & also the one it contained I really had been some anxious about you lest you might be sick, although I thought if you were affected as Mary & I are you would need some time to rest & recuperate How any one can get rested by going away from home is more than I can understand from any Experience I have had. To be sure it is a change of fatigue, & thought & scene.

I am glad you went & enjoyed so much. I feared you would give it up. Your account of it is very interesting & it was quite an inexpensive outlay for the enjoyment you got from it, & it will be pleasant to think about in future. I do hope your health will improve as the cool weather comes on. I feel much more rigorous since the weather is cooler I have been able to do what was absolutely necessary to be done. I find I cannot do as fast & as much as I could in younger days, but if I get pretty tired one <*one*> day perhaps I can rest the next. It is not like having farm work, men & a dairy &c which must be attended to every day.

I have been looking over things & making some changes which I find very tiresome but I keep very well that is I am not sick or in pain but have needed to lie down once or twice a day some times. I thank you for your cordial invitation to visit you this fall I should be pleased to accept it for I should like to see you in your new home & & have a good visit with you & also with your daughter & son & the other friends I should not think Cornelia would venture to leave home unless her health has much improved since her letter to you in July I hope she is better now

How ever much I should like to visit I do not think it would best for me to do so. It would be a great undertaking & I have many things to do & attend to about the house

Mary & family keep pretty well. They all have as much to do as they can comfortably

Sue practices on the church organ an hour & half daily & Mollie blows for her twice a day 3/4 of an hour at a time & then they each practice 2 hours on the piano. Sue gives Mollie lessons She dont learn as easily as Sue who learns quite Easily She still plays the Church Organ & also the smaller organ for the Sunday school very acceptably The choir rehearse Sat. Evenings

Our children have all had their photographs taken recently I intend to send you one of each. I will send you one of Sue but we do not consider it as good of her as of Either of the others pretty difficult to get a good one of her Her hair is a light brown which appears black in the Photograph She has red cheeks naturally & is just 17 years old tomorrow 1st day of Sept. I shall expect a letter from you soon telling me that Abbie has arrived with her son safely. Much love

S J Wallis [*Susan Jane Benton Wallis*]

Dont forget to send the Flemington [*New Jersey*] letter

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[*Addressed to*] Mrs. Daniel Grant
New Marlboro

Berkshire Co.
Mass

Bolton, Nov. 26 1887 (Sat A.M.)

My Dear Niece,

Thanksgiving being over & having a little leisure I will endeavor to answer your last letter to me dated in Oct. answering my Enquiries in regard to treatment of a cancer. Thank you for the information you gave. I immediately called on the neighbor & told her about the copperas application & she tried it but it caused so much pain that she gave up using it. She cannot bear any outward application but takes something to purify the blood. I think she is quite comfortable & does her own work & is very careful not to over Exert herself. I have been hoping to hear from you Even if I did not answer your last. I presume your daughter & child have returned to Wisconsin & I hope were rested & improved in health. I want to hear all about her & family as well as about yourself & family. I know you have many letters to write & many cares & much to do. I am glad for you all that your daughter could come onto visit you & now you must be behind with your work. We are just as busy as Ever. Sam. came home Thanksgiving & we all went up to "Grandpa Haynes" to dinner but did not stay to supper as Amory needed to come home & take care of the cows & hens it would be very dark driving in the Evening. Sam returned to Boston Friday morning. He is well & likes there still. Last evening (Friday) I went over to Berlin with our minister & wife and a neighbor to hear Mrs Mary Livermore Her theme "My Dream of tomorrow"

She was intensely interesting & was intensely clapped. I felt well paid for going 4 or 5 miles in a dark misty night (though not cold) to hear her eloquent addressThe audience listened breathlessly with deepest interest for an hour & half & then she said she had just glanced at the possibilities of the further <*possible ties*> generations as civilization increased & mechanical art & morality & christiainity & humanity &c &c I cannot tell you much about it. It was worth hearing. Now while I think of it I want to know if you have received the Woman's Journal dated Nov. & how many. An offer was made Nov 19 that any subscriber might send in 5 names & they would send the Journal free till 1st of June .88. I sent in 5 names yours among them, Since then I have had several Extra numbers sent me from the W. Journal office, so I dont know but they have sent the papers to me for me to remail them to those I named & to whom I pleased If you have received a paper I should like to know it as soon as may be <*If you have*> & what dates. I hope if you think it advisable you will let your ministers family see the paper Minister you will see can have the paper till 1889 for $1.50 & some others are specified as being favored. I have always paid $2.50 a year & considered the money well spent. I find this Evening that no more Extra members have come to me so I presume those whose name I mentioned will receive the paper mailed from their office the Extra numbers sent me are dated Nov. 5th & 19th If you have not received those numbers I can send them to you I fear you have so much reading on hand so much to do that you can't spend time to read them but perhaps you may know some one that might like to see them & know what is doing. Very likely some of us will go down to the Bazaar commencing <*Nov*.> Dec. 12th & continuing all the week. Last year Mary & Bessie went down & staid all the week I think Hired a room & took their meals out

We are not all quite fitted up for the winter yet, We, Mary & I have new bonnets Mary a felt & I a velvet. Sue & Mollie Each a felt hat Bessie will probably get a hat <*this*> next week. I am to have a new shawl Expected to have it today sent for it but it did not come but will be here Monday. The girls all have to be fitted up anew with out side garments as well as dresses so you may imagine we are quite busy. I have had a sink & pump put in to my room where the old sink was. I find it very convenient to have the water in the house. Cost about $25. Mary prompted me to having it done <*I find it a*>

A double Tablet was placed on our burying lot last week. The inscription on one reads John J Wallis died June 6 1887 aged 76 & 4 months The other part is not lettered.

<*The lot*> It came from Boston. It is a light grey marble & cost $70. We expected it in the early part of October. It came so late that I shall not be able to have the lot wholly fixed up this fall. It will probably cost $25. or 30 to have it nicely prepared. The tablet is satisfactory to us well as the price. Thanksgiving day I thought of you & wondered where you were spending the day as you were at home last year & had something of a family gathering. I presume you were not at home this last Thanksgiving. I shall be glad to hear all about yourself family & friends. Our

Minister Mr. Isaac Porter has a brother out in Kansas City who has made a great deal of money by buying & selling land. He bought some land for the purpose of farming & the grasshoppers ruined his crops so he sold his land at quite an advance for house lots the purchaser sold the same for a still greater advance too & so on. He is one that happens to be fortunate in his speculations I presume he had very little to loose when he went out there but had a head for business. I have heard nothing from New Haven friends since you wrote me so you must inform me of them. I sent to have a paper sent to Cornelia I mean a W. Journal the same as to you & I hope she will get it. If you dont care for the one that is sent to you & no one about there cares to read it you might sent it to Flemington friends They may like to see it. Our desire is to get the good seed scattered as much as possible. I sent in the name of our own minister & Mr Stone & a neighbor, one to [Halyme?] one to New Haven one to South Carolina & should have liked to name others.

Mon. Evening I had four shawls sent me from Clinton which a merchant had sent to Boston for me to select from. They are black cashmere which is not just the kind I sent for. I wanted a later style which they did not send. I may not have liked it any better the price of these is from $6 1/2 to $10. I shall take the $10.00 one It is a large fine heavy shawl.

I hope I shall hear from you soon, & that you are well We are all well. It has rained here all the afternoon & is still raining this I presume it is the same with you. Next week the High School is to give an Entertainment Sue & Mollie as well as the other scholars have been preparing for it some time & will continue their preparation up to the time that its to come off

They have a new upright Piano costing $450. Sue is to be the player but Mollie & two other girls are to play duetts.

S. J. Wallis [*Susan Jane Benton Wallis*]

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