Subject: Quotations

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[*In envelope addressed to:*] Ralph E. Burr Esq
Norfolk
Litchfield County
Connecticut

Flemington [*New Jersey*] July 4th 1849

Dear Ralph

Have been trying to get Mary in the humour of writing for some days but have not been able, not to say that she is disobedient for I have not commanded her so to do, but she has kind of put it off until the spirit & flesh were willing & ready at the same moment.

Our town is as quiet today as sunday with the exception of a few firecrackers among the boys and once in awhile a gun shot from children of a larger growth. I have taken advantage of its being a holiday have not done much except in the way of chores, picked peas for dinner, staked up tomato vines, burnt up some weeds that were cut in the field, hoed quite a bit in the garden, and now at 1/2 past 3 oclock P.M. am writing to friends far away. We had some very hot weather week before last and first of last week, since that time it has been much cooler with a deal of easterly wind but no rain, the country is getting (just about here) very dry, pinching the gardens & oats very much. Last week and latter part of week before we cut and got in without the least damage by wet 22 loads of hay, 15 clover & the rest some early […] suffering with the dry weather. Found it very hard work mowing down clover in that hot weather, but made out to 'hang' on by taking it easy. Shall begin to mow again next week & harvest wheat also. Some people are cutting wheat & rye on hilly land. The hay crop is very abundant, think that we will cut about 56 loads from 25 acres of grass, The warm weather has started the corn forward pretty fast. have ploughed all of ours twice some three times, and one piece the 4th and last time, about half (11 acres) of ours looks very good indeed and the rest so middling; the best stands up over two feet high, and we have every size from 6 inches high to 3 feet.

Had our first green peas two weeks ago tomorrow, have had them most every day since but the hot & dry weather is cutting the crop short, the second crop are fast coming in but will not do much. First string beans day before yesterday, new potatoes are not quite fit to dig yet though I have pulled up a hill or two just to get a taste. Cherries & raspberries are ripe & currants nearly so (Mary says that currants were ripe 10 days ago; she wanted to be at them because they were red) also goosberries, We have no goosberries cherries or raspberries here but plenty of currants & can get goosberries plenty at home & cherries most anywhere. Well Ralph it must be something of a job to lay those thumping stone fences yet there is one consolation, once done they are a fixture, they always stay where you put them, Dont they? Now here we have to build a new post fence every twelve or fifteen years, sometimes sooner than that according to the kind of ground on which they are built The rails will last longer but the posts seldom do. Say to your Mother that a short time ago good molasses sold in New York for 36 per gallon by the barrel and tolerable nice brown sugar fro 4 3/4 & 5 cts per lb by the barrel. Just had our house painted outside a light brownish red, window shutters & frames white down stairs, up stairs Venetian shutters green window frames white, are getting pretty well snuged up except some fence to white wash which will be one of the is to be done's for some time yet I fear. They are about to build a large hall in our village 60 feet by 30, 3 stories high, by stock subscription, for the use of the Odd fellows, Sons of Temperance & co. with one large room to let for lectures small shows & so on. 'Twill be quite an ornament to the village and is to be on a new street that has been laid to induce others to build in same street. Am sorry to hear that your Mother has had a sick turn again. Tell she must expect to find me somewhat mysterious sometimes in my writing. I was sure that she would say rather that M [*Mary*] was in bed than sewing. well we do go to bed pretty early and find it very comfortable after working hard all day. Give my love to Mrs. C. [*Caroline*] Grant with all the rest, Tell Mrs. G. [*Grant*] to write to Mary and that I would be glad to see her in Jersey any time. The Californians appear to be getting along pretty well, keep up something like a government among themselves are building up several little towns quite rapidly. Have one Presbyterian Church organized among them, & stern necessity will develop the agricultural

resources of the country & after a while a civilized man might feel half at home there. Do you take any interest in foreign politics? I rejoice with the Hungarians & the Romans & hate the French for their foolish interference at Rome, with their cowardly folly in sticking to the wrong after they have found themselves out to be decidedly so, but that cursed false honour of the human race which drives men deeper & deeper in the wrong for the sake of others praises or blame is a prominent point in French character. Hope that it will not be long before the whole of Europe will bid adieu to kings & Emperors, and they be counted only as things that were.

('Tis mans inhumanity to man)
(Makes countless thousands mourn!)

And will be until men act out more fully the precepts of the New Testament.

Good-bye dear Ralph
Write soon to Me & Mine
Ever Yours
W [*William*] Hill

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[*Addressed to:*] Miss Caroline, Burr.
Present.

May every year that glides by thee,
That mental worth improve
Which more than beauty pleases me
And more insures my love to thee.
Desiah Nettleton.

Colebrook [*Connecticut*] Apr 18: 1836.

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[*Addressed to:*] Miss Caroline Burr [*Caroline Burr Grant*]
Present. [*at Ipswich Female Seminary?*]

Ipswich [*Massachusetts*], Sept. 18, 1836

My very dear Caroline

I just bid you farewell, the carriages at the door, their rumbling wheels soon will tell that you are far away, but the fond remembrance of these happy hours will remain while life lasts

When your happy home remember Again [dear?]
Levina Moore

[*Added in another hand:*] Niece of Miss Lyon [*Mary Lyon*]

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[*Addressed to:*] Miss Caroline Burr [*Caroline Burr Grant*]
Present

[*Circular design small dashes with writing that says:*] To Caroline

Will you my friend when far away,
Think of the hours you've spent with me
And If at evening as you stray,
Think of a friend who thinks of thee

Olivia Cowles.

Colebrook [*Connecticut*], Feb. 22, 1837.

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[*Addressed to:*] Miss Caroline Burr [*Caroline Burr Grant*]
Oh may thy future hours be given
To peace, to wisdom & to heaven,
Thy hopes disdain a mortal birth,
Thy joys ascend above the earth,
Thy steps retrace the path they trod,
Thy heart be fixed alone on God.
So when the scenes of time shall fade,
And life's frail lamp be dark with [shade?]
A seraph's voice shall soothe thy breast,
And lend you where the weary rest.
Your sincere friend.

D. [*Daniel*] Grant.

Colebrook. [*Connecticut*] Feb. 23, 1837.

[*on back side*]
Caroline pleasing power,
A mark of friendship
In these four lines you see;
And sometime in a lonely hour
View them & think of your friend

D. [*Daniel*] Grant

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[*Addressed to:*] Miss Caroline Burr [*Caroline Burr Grant*]
Norfolk
Conn. [*Connecticut*]

Seminary. Friday Morn

My Dear Caroline

I cannot let pass so good an opportunity without writing you a few words

How is your health now? I hope it is better than it was last fall

I am anticipating the pleasure of having you for a class mate next year, and hope I shall not be disappointed. I often think of the many happy moments we have spent here together. Do you remember our reading class? "The frost and the flower garden?" ?

I have been here but a week and consequently have become acquainted with but a few of the new scholars, from appearances should think them a very pleasant circle of young ladies — you probably know who are our teachers

I think they demean themselves with the utmost propriety

It seems more like a dream than reality that our dear, sweet, [little?] Helen has a seat with them.

I need not tell you how much we all regret to part with your dear sister [*Mary Burr*]

I had anticipated <u>much</u> from her society, and now as soon as I get here she goes away, but so it is with all our earthly hopes. How thankful should we be that there is a hope which will not disappoint, that there is a home where friends will never part. Oh, Dear C. [*Caroline*] how I wish I could see you & have a good long talk with you

Good bye

Affectionately yours
Mary W. Chapin.

Martha sends much love.
[*Added in another hand*:] The writer, Mary W. Chapin of Somers, Ct. [*Connecticut*] Principal of Mt. Hol. Sem. [*Mount Holyoke Female Seminary*] 1853. C. Grant

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[*Addressed to*:] Miss Mary & Caroline Burr

Miss Elizabeth Cone will be
happy to see Miss M. & C. Burr
on Wednesday eve at 7. o'clock

Tuesday July 27th 1840 ——

[*Addressed to*:] Miss Carrie Burr. [*Caroline Burr Grant*]
Present —

Distresses of Marie —

Grant Temple of Luince [Lands?]

My dear Carrie

I did not think when we parted that so long a time would have elapsed without my hearing from you. But as it happens, I hear that you have been transformed from an "Old Senior" to a dignified "School mam" quite a transformation an't it? Do you love to teach the young "ide" how to shoot? You must be careful that it takes a right aim or else it will overshoot the mark. I am writing now in study hours and to pay for it I shall not get the time on my lessons — & more than this I have lost my lines and have to write nearly by guess, I wish to tell you of one fact which is quite astounding is Miss Hill lived to get home & I believe is alive now. I waited very anxiously all [vacation?] to receive a paper containing her obituary notice as she promised she would leave word to have one sent me.

I get along in about the same truck that I did last year only I think my character is very much more elevated then it was. The [reader?] probably is oblivious to you, I improved very much last year under your supervision, I expect every moment the bell will ring & I must close. I have not written one half sheet I wish to. Hope a long [answer?] in return — aff your old room mate Lissie L. L.
P.S. Love to all inquiring friends

[*Added in another hand*:] edgwick
of Sharon

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[*Addressed to*:] Miss Mary Burr [*Mary Burr Hill*]
Care of Lewis M. Prevost Esq.
Erwinna P.O.
Bucks Co.
Penn. [*Pennsylvania*]

Folio post.

Prairieville, W.T. [*Wisconsin Territory*] May 10, 1844.

My own precious Sister,

A folio is now spread before me to be filled for my dear sister. I intend writing now & then as time admits & inclination prompts.

The past week my leisure time has been devoted to letter writing & yesterday noon we had a package prepared wh. [*which*] Mr. [Isad?] Mills is to take. I wrote several letters to our people, one to Mother Grant [*Elizabeth Grant*] & notes to Aunt Susan [*Susan Jane Benton Wallis*], Sarah Brown & Abby Cowles [*Abigail Cowles Grant*]. Daniel wrote to Joel & Uncle Pettibone [*Amos Pettibone*].

I fancy you think of us to day, as one year ago this day my dear husband & I took upon us the solemn marriage vow – life has since passed pleasantly with me, & I feel it good "to lean on an accordant bosom, I love
The beating of a heart that beat as mine
The sparkling of an eye that tells of thoughts
That harmonize with what I feel." –
But you know "There will be dark hours for all." & strange if some moments of sadness should not steal over me, but then 'tis sweet to feel a Savior [high?] –

May 11. Sat. P.M. This morning I gathered some wild flowers & put them pressing with the view of making an herbarium for you, dear sister – I intend to analyze some of them at least by the artificial method as we have Eaton's Botany [*Amos Eaton,* Manual of botany for the Northern and Middle States?] – I suppose the botanical names will be the same as those given by Beck [*Lewis C. Beck,* Botany of the Northern and Middle States?].
I love these western wilds they are so fraught with nature's rich, beautiful, productions.

Thank you for that paper containing those lines upon a "Forest Home." They seem true & I love to read them & I think as the Author says, "more & more dear, And far more beautiful, doth Nature seem
So them who daily meet her face to face,
And learn from her the bliss, that, like a dream,
Robes common things with beauty & with grace."
May 15. Wed. This day completes brother Erastus's [*Erastus Burr*] 21st year, does it seem possible that he is "<u>21</u>" O that the bloom of his manhood was consecrated to the Savior's Service – let us sister often & earnestly remember him to the [Heard?] of Prayer –

Last Sabbath was rainy & prevented my attending church – Mon. was also rainy & I delayed washing until yesterday – Just as I was about to commence washing my pantry floor Levi Grant came up to announce the arrival of his wife [*Lucinda Octavia Tryton Grant*], & her wish to see me – You will imagine that I was pretty expeditious in finishing my work & hastened down found her & her child in good health (exerting a cold & looking more healthy & fleshy than when she left – they have been absent nine months –
16. Today have been assisting Mrs. Grant in washing her house. She brought considerable dried fruit & has given us some
17 – One year this day since we left our dear homes & fresh to mind are brought many tender recollections but I trust we shall yet all meet again & enjoy each others society –
18 – Yesterday P.M. went to the village made several calls took tea with Mrs. Tickenor & brought from the P.O. [*Post Office*] some papers from Joel the N.Y. Weekly Tribune [New York Weekly Tribune] containing articles written on "<u>Association</u>" & in one we learned that brother E.P. Grant Esq is the president of a society of Associationists called the "Ohio Phalax" Their Domain is said to be very beautiful consisting of 2100 acres situated in Ohio on the O. river [*Ohio River*] – You are probably aware that these Societies are becoming common throughout the country –

Joel says he thinks something of the kind will be eventually adopted, though not according to the plan of Fourier – thinks there is a great deal of nonsense in their pretensions, & many of their plans visionary, although some of them seem good enough –
To day Daniel planted in the garden
May 22. Wed. Yesterday I visited at Levi's with old Mrs. Brown our neighbor & Mrs. Burgess a young married lady from the state of N.Y. [*New York*] recently – she is acquitted with Mr. Erastus Holt's family – says Mrs. Holt is very much esteemed – & her children are pretty & bright – the oldest is a son 11 yrs. of age – the [next?] two daughters – she has a young babe – [Georg…] lives near them builds organs &c. is a [pious?] smart young man – Mary does not now use crutches [*text missing*?]
25. Sat. To day Daniel & a neighbor with whom D. [*Daniel*] has "changed work" are planting potatoes & corn beside our common corn we have some for parching & also "<u>broom</u> <u>corn</u>."

[*One line erased, reads in part: …* part of the day keep…]
28. To day is the funeral of Miss Sarah love – a young lady much beloved & one of the finest singers in the vicinity – she died of the prevailing epidemic – scarlet fever – it has raged here since the last of Feb. seizing alike old & young. There have been times when the disease has appeared to abate – but there are still new cases every few days – I believe inflammation always attends the fever & if it settles in the bowels the case is considered almost or quite hopeless – we feel that a kind Providence has indeed watched over us for good <*by*> thus far preserving our lives & health –

We last week rec'd [*received*] a paper fr. [*from*] home & a letter fr. [*from*] Joel written at Millbrook [*Connecticut*] – they brought Martha home last of Apr. or first of May in Esq. Battells barouche – she seemed to be considerably affected by the journey but had mostly recovered from the effect when the letter was written May 6. M. [*Martha Grant*] does not sit up at all. & we have great fear that she will not recover, though they have a little hope think it may be month before the disease conquers her –

Give my love to Miss Hill – We last winter rec'd [*received*] a letter from Mother Grant [*Elizabeth Grant*], Miss Read & Abby Cowles [*Abigail Cowles Grant*] at S. Hadley we have the crickets made & covered – we did not take Levi's farm – please send a paper soon after your reception of this –

They say [Mr?] Hurlbut the tailor in Norfolk [*Connecticut*] is coming out here in June – our people intend to send some letters & things by him if he can bring them

May 29 – Brother Ralph's [*Ralph E. Burr*] birth day – how I want to see the little fellow – one year ago this day we were on Lake Huron –
June 1. One year this day since we landed at Milwaukie

I saw last fall in the N.Y. Observer [New York Observer] a notice of the death of Mrs. Henry Cowles of Oberlin died of pulmonary consumption – age 33 – did you not think she was older?

I saw this Spring in the N.E. Puritan [New England Puritan] notice that Mr. <*& Mrs.*> John Cowles & Mrs. Eunice Caldwell Cowles were in May to reopen the Ipswich Female Sem [*Ipswich Female Seminary*] also saw in the same paper the marriage of Miss Julia Hyde eldest daughter of Rev Davies [Hyde?] of Beckett to Rev. Edward Clarke of Middlefield – I suppose it was our Julia, do not you?

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[*Addressed to Pamela Benton Burr?*]

We are all about as busy as we can be this winter. Sue & Mollie attend school. Sue studies French Arithmetic & Algebra & Physiology I think, & Mollie dont study French. Sue plays the Organ satisfactorily both in the High School & in the church They have been to surprise parties & had one at home & have been to dances & the High school gave an entertainment at a Farmers Club at the Hall in which Sue & Mollie had quite a conspicuous part in a Farce – "The Mouse Trap" others were it also & they very much applauded & it was said Sue did remarkably well. It was quite an additional labor to get prepared for it. There seems to be something going on to keep their time pretty fully occupied. Tonight Sue was invited to a surprise party but declined, but expects to be out to a concert tomorrow evening. Mary & Bessie are now making a spring dress for Bessie & then they must make Sue & Mollie some so there is work enough planned. I am anticipating a delightful job of coloring when the weather is favorable. I am always glad when I have got through with it. Sue & Mollie had some soiled dresses which they could not wear as they are. If I can get a good color they can wear them longer. I have no doubt I shall get up a coloring That is something I can do & take my time to do it. Mary will have to do the pressing which is always pretty hard work. There is a good deal of hard work to be done in the course of a year to keep things up. It seems as through we could not do much more but I

suppose we could but not in addition to what we now do. We endeavor to take pretty good care of our health which we consider of great importance

I hope you will not over exert yourself. It must be quite an addition to your labor to do so much for Edwards family. I know they must need help with three little children & a farm on their hands. I dont know how Mary would have got along if had not been able to help her in various ways She could not have got along comfortably without hiring a good deal.

I see you are in the way of having company, frequently & must necessarily keep yourself in readiness which is something to do. I am glad you can do it & hope you will not get sick by doing it.

I hope you will be able to write me soon & enclose Wm. [*William*] Hills Christmas letter. Tell me how the Flemington friends are getting along. I want to hear about all the friends, Abbie, Edward & Erastus & New Haven friends if you hear from them I dont expect to <hear> have a letter from there under year if I do then unless there is a death of some one of them. Well, I suppose their time is fully occupied among themselves as there are so many of them within calling distance of each other. I presume Cornelia's time is fully occupied it was when I was there. She has gone through a great deal in bearing & rearing so many children & burying some & such poor health as she has always had. If you know any thing about Alberts & family & about Jennie Baldwin & Sybil & any body I know. I hear nothing of them only through you, you are pretty good at writing. You get a good deal of information in a short place which I can not without re writing & have not time to spare for that. I have written most of this at odd minutes & part of it when I was quite sleepy which may account party for the poor writing & composition. Perhaps it is about as good as usual I hope you will not send it off to any body as I write for you only to see & I hope you will burn it when read Do not keep my letters.

The winter has passed very quickly & comfortably with me thus far. The weather has been none too cold for me. I feel very much better in the coldest weather, not that I want to be cold but the air is more invigorating. I should like to have it winter all the year for my own comfort. I used to dread the winter

This month brings to mind the sad trial I was passing through 40 years ago when Darling little Eddie was taken sick, & died the 14th of Feb & lay dead in the house my birth day 15th I would have saved him if could but by dying so young he escaped the ills of life. How many sad accidents have occurred on the railroads this winter This last one bound for Montreal seemed the most terrible of any. How forcibly such occurrances remind us of the uncertainty of life. It is now 11 oclock Sat. evening. Our children have been out to a concert and did not get home till after 10 I am a little wakeful & so I write a little more. The man is to give instruction in singing for a week & he got up a subscription & got $14.00 this evening & hopes to make it up to $25. Amory gave a dollar & those near him gave the same & it is free to all & our girls will attend. I think they could learn to sing but not with one week's training, but it will do any harm to try perhaps. Amory can sing naturally but never had much training. We expect Sam home to spend Washington's birthday. He likes where he is very much but comes home every holiday.

It costs now but 55 cts from Boston There are two boys near us who attend school in Boston & board at home, which seems to bring Boston pretty near to us. We have fresh meat brought five times a week & fresh fish once & oranges brought along 18 good sized for a quarter Today Amory went to Clinton & brought home 3 dozen medium sized oranges good, for 25 cts We cant help indulging in some, although we have plenty of good apples.

I don't know as you will get another such a long letter from me in a long time. I should like to get as long a letter from you every month but I know you have a good many others to write to & can't spare the time. I hope you & your husband are getting along comfortably but I am aware that neither of you are very well. I hope you will get along as easily as possible. They are all in bed & asleep & I must retire

Sunday All our families have gone to church but Mary & I fancy you are at church also We have but one service & no Sunday school in winter Our minister preaches in Berlin 4 or 5 miles from here in the P.M. so one minister answers for the two towns We are hearing candidates now. Mr Boys the former Minister that married Mary Edes has gone to Nantucket. We are trying to get a minister to suit both Parishes & thus be able to give a salary of $1,100 & the use of the Parsonage. Both congregations are small. Do you take any interest in the Andover controversy & which side do you favor the Professor or their opponents? I hope the

Professors are in the right although it is contrary to my early training. "As the tree falleth so it lies." There seems to be quite an over turning of old beliefs & a great searching after the truth.

I meant to have sent this letter last Friday but got hindered & if I had it would not have been so lengthy.

Mary sends a great deal of love & she is the only one that knows I am writing

Affectionately

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

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[*Addressed to unknown*] from Cousin Cornelia Benton to Caroline Grant?

New Haven March 12th

My Dear Cousin,

Jennie & Husband and Bertie have just made us a visit, was glad to see them, it brings to mind days that past, that I spent with my dear Aunt O how much like a dream my life appears as I look backward. I have thought of you and Edward in your affliction, although my silence would not indicate it. I am glad he is able, as Jennie told us to be about and do a little work, he has had a long hard siege. I do not wonder he feels discouraged, and yet if we fully trust, and believe that "not a sparrow falls to the ground without His is notice," and that He is leading us every step, although the way does seem dark, and mysterious. He cannot make a mistake, trust Him, some good must come out of all this, I think there is contained in this poem a beautiful thought.

My Father God, lead on!
Calmly I follow where Thy guiding hand
Directs my steps, I would not trembling stand,
Though all before the way
Is dark as night; I stay
My soul on Thee, and say
Father I trust Thy love, lead on.

I have not heard from Aunt Susan [*Susan Jane Benton Wallis?*] in a long time, for the reason that I have not written to her, I shall write very soon. We have had company this winter most of the time, it so happened, but as I have been able to entertain them I have enjoyed it, a number of Mr B's relatives have been here. Brother David is keeping house alone a good deal of the time this winter as Eunice likes to be away with her children. D. is as well as usual. Ollie is keeping house in N. York [*New York*] she is daily expecting another heir, if she has it not already, her little girl is 2 years last Sep. a pretty child name Viola. Fred Benton had a son born last Jan. an only one. There is nothing special to write about my children only they are well and seen to be prospered to a small extent. Raymond has two children, son and daughter. Fran has one son three years old Fannie still remains with us keeping house on our 2nd floor. Bessie is in school she could have graduated this year, but we thought it would seem to crowd her to much, so we deferred it until next-year, she has always been to Mrs. Cady'[s] private school. She is not very strong, but expect she will be more vigorous when through her school. Gracie's eldest daughter is through high school, is now a book keeper for her father, so cannot help her mother much, all the others are in school the two youngest go to a private Kindergarten. Emma and her family are in very good health the three children are all in school. Alonzo's family have some of them suffered with what they called the "La Grippe." I think the little girl is not very well since but they expect she will come out all right. We were not troubled with "Grippe" or any such thing.

I would like to hear about the Flemington friends. I do not hear only when I hear from you. Your husband must have had a lonely time the past year. I suppose he learned to take care of himself while in the west. We attended the Stodard course of lectures this winter it was very interesting as well as instructive, two of the lectures were upon the life of Napoleon, while that was fresh in our memory, we had an opportunity to attend a play, <*of the*> entitled 'Life of Josephine' it was very fine.

Mr Baldwin's health is very good, he is able to attend to business every day and has had some one building in process of erection for the last – fifteen years, but now he has none, and is helping Mr [Braly?] about his moving business when he feels like it. He has caused to be erected 20 brick buildings on this little square of land, and still there is room for more. Mr. B. [*Baldwin*]

thinks we will visit his friends in Iowa and Minnesota next summer we went to Ocean Grove last summer, and other places.

Now dear cousin I would like to hear from you, and please tell me about all of our relatives. Nancy too, do you know where Cousin Warren is? We supposed he was to spend the winter in Georgetown, with his wife's relatives, but we fail to get an answer from there. Frank Benton is in N. H. [*New Hampshire*] working for Fred Benton in the box manufactory, has Jessie gone west again? We would all be very glad to have a visit from you, and would it not be the best thing for you to have a change from your ardious duties of the past year, and so spend a few weeks with us, it would be convenient now as any time come right along.

Yours with much love
Cornelia [*Benton Baldwin?*]
22 Whalley Av.
N. Haven, Ct.

[*Written in pencil on the bottom of the last page, is the following*]
would like this returned please CG [*Caroline Burr Grant*]

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Newburyport [*Massachusetts*], Aug 27, 1869.
Tues. 2 1/2 p.m.

My dear Nephew,

I know not whether to think of you as at the homestead or in the church at Colebrook Centre [*Connecticut*].

Tues. 6 1/2 p.m. All of you have returned from the burial of your father to the homestead. It seems desolate. Tho [*though*] you feel that the sting of death was taken away in this case, as it is with believers, the world around, its sadness remains. & after the laying away of the body, dust to dust, the bereavement seems greater than while it remained in the house. The care that had been so constant, so pressing has ceased. Your main occupation seems to be gone. In the case of a widow, who has lived for her husband, it is not difficult to conceived of the element of that sense of being good for nothing; of being no longer wanted in the world; or no longer essential to the happiness of any one person, that in their lack of a divine revelation, they should be tempted, & be ready, to be burned on the funeral pile. But each of you in that lone homestead, has various calls to present, active duty. Besides, you cannot mourn with out hope in case of the departed as the heathen do. You can see things in same measure as God does. And you can sympathize with the psalmist in the expression, "Precious in the sight of the lord is the death of his saints" The highest rewards promised by our glorious Redeemer, to his disciples, is that they should be with him, behold his glory, & be like him. Our dear departed one, has no doubt entered into the joy of our Lord, is now enjoying what he enjoyed, & in sympathy with him in his love; his love to God the Father, his love to all that God loves.

Your having ministered to your father I have regarded as a favor not only to your father, to Marcus & Caroline, to all your father's children & grandchildren, to his Christian friends & his acquaintances generally, but also as a special favor of our heavenly Father to myself. It has for months been a subject for constant gratitude. It was your privilege to minister to his spiritual, as well as his temporal wants. You could be tender towards him, even as a nurse cherished her children. Caroline & Marcus too have done what they could every way. --

Your frequent & full communications to me have been a wonderful comfort. Next to my being personally present to enable me to sympathize with my elder, my only brother, as he was descending into the valley of the shadow of death. By being permitted to be with you in spirit, I have had a tender, a sad, a cheerful satisfaction. At the present time, it is better to seem to be in the house of mourning, than in the house of feasting.

In love & sympathy
Z.P.B [*Zipah Polly Grant Banister*]

My love to Abbey [*Abigail Cowles Grant*] & John [*John Grant*]. You will tell me particulars of the funeral.

In fellowship yours Z.P.B.

[*Zipah Polly Grant Banister*]

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[*Addressed to*] Mrs. Elizabeth Grant
Colebrook
Ct. [*Connecticut*]

Ipswich [*Massachusetts*], July 23, 1836.

My ever dear Mother,

Your letter was duly & gratefully received. I have often thought of you, & did not think so long a time would pass without writing you a single word. I study a part of the time this term. Have studied a small work on Geology & Butler's Analogy of natural & revealed religion to the constitution & course of nature, & attend to singing & drawing. These things with the care of my section, with what I teach & visits, walks & necessary writing & reading have so filled up my time that I have deferred it till now. I have filled out a large folio sheet to sister E. [*Elizabeth Grant Burton*] & cousin Maria [*Maria Pettibone*]. I received a letter from sister E. [*Elizabeth Grant*] to day. She is very well, better than usual, had a good visit with Phelps [*Elijah Phelps Grant*], says she loves him more than ever does not think of returning this fall, & I think I choose she should not. Miss Bridges & Miss Adams the teachers who were with her last winter spent two days here a few weeks since. I was very happy to hear so directly from E. & her school. Miss Bridges left Granville in the latter part of May, & expects to return the forepart of Sept. She is to spend a few weeks here first. Mr. Rose a clergyman from a town joining Granville, is now in New Eng. [*New England*] as an agent to procure funds for a boarding house in G. [*Granville*] He went from Gran. [*Granville*] Mass. [*Massachusetts*] at the age of five years to Ohio, saw the first tree felled in Granville. O [*Ohio*] in 1806. He feels as well as the people generally that the school at Granville must be sustained, though the teachers as useful or more so than many ministers there. Was quite acceptable in his remarks, I wish you could see him. I received a letter from Elizabeth Rockwell this week in which she says she has just heard indirectly that brother Phelps has come home. Is it so? Miss C. Beecher [*Catherine Beecher?*] spent some time here a few weeks since I wrote to Miss Palmer after it, & expected you would hear from me thro' [*through*] her. I hope she will answer mine soon. Mr. Laberce, president of a college in Tenn. [*Tennessee*] next came into school [*Ipswich Female Seminary*], & gave an account of the state of society, education & religion, also the productions, face of the country &c, of that state, quite interesting & valuable — great want of educated ministers & teachers. Next Mr. Lewis agent for the school in [Ind.?] which Mr. Twining plead for last winter, & which Mr. Twining is now engaged in teaching. Then Mr. Rose of Granville — & Monday this week Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Cincinnati addressed us, giving us an idea of the vast tide of population crowding into the western states, of the principal periodicals in the Miss. [*Mississippi*] valley — of the state of Catholicism, all these statements were valuable, & suited to lead to self denying action. I have read most of Maria Monk, people generally believe it, & I see no reason why they should not. It seems that the great principle of the papists is, that <*the*> any thing is right which promotes the interests of their church. There are now 600 sisters of charity who have taken vows of celibacy & to teach for life, planted in schools in different parts of the land. They are like nuns, except not secluded.

Mon. July 25. Often since I commenced this sheet have I thought a year ago at this time dear sister A. [*Abigail Grant*] was lying on her sick bed, & I doubt not but you have often thought of & felt it too. Today is the anniversary of her death, & has she enjoyed the glorious privilege of swingling in that society, so harmonious, so pure, so benevolent, so Christ like, & been made more like onto Christ herself for a year? Our gratitude should be called forth that we may hope she has joined the company of the redeemed. And are we now living as she would wish us too, were she acquainted with our ways. Are we trying to comply with her last request, to prepare to meet her in heaven. I feel reproved for the little I have done the last year, but feel determined to go on forgetting, as it were, the things that are behind, I trust you have near access to God, & that though you meet with trying scenes, you find it sweet to cast yr. [*your*] care on him who careth for you. These trials are necessary for us here. May we ever so view our trials that they may work

for our good. How interesting to observe Paul's prayers for the churches to whom he wrote. Yesterday I thought particularly of Col. [*Colossians*] 1:11.12, Strengthened with all might according to his glorious power unto all patience & long suffering with joyfulness. I think these petitions such as Christians may make for each other now so strengthened by God as to [love?] all with patience, long suffering, & yet joyful.

July 29. We have beautiful weather now tho' [*though*] the season has been uncommonly variable & damp this summer. I have a pleasant room & room mate, & Ipswich Sem. [*Ipswich Female Seminary*] I think one of the most blessed places of earth. Here is intelligence, refinement, benevolence & piety. Half the school are professors of religion, one gives some evidence of having been recently renewed. Miss Caldwell has been spending a few days at her mother's in town. I enjoyed visiting with her much.

July 30. Aunt's [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*] health is usually good this summer I should like to be here next winter on some accounts, as it would be for my improvement, but Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*] & I both think, on the whole, I had better have a school at home, as I did last winter, to continue from three to five months. My health has been uniformly good. It is decided that I do not leave this country till a year from next fall, & perhaps not till a year from next spring. I generally feel that this is the path my God would have me walk indeed, I have not felt otherwise since I became fully decided.

Miss E. Rochwell wrote me that Jerusha Gilbert was going to the I.S. [*Ipswich Female Seminary*] this fall. Give my love to her, & her sisters. Tell E. I most sincerely thank her for writing me, & for the more, as she does not claim a reply unless I can make consistent with other duties. I shall not forget it, but do not think it probable I can write her this term. In seven weeks I shall probably be at home.

My love to E. Eno, & to all my scholars whom you may meet. I expected Margaret, Desia & Martha would write me before this. I have been hoping to find time to write to S. Boyd [*Susan Boyd Grant*] ever since I heard of the death of her sister Mrs. Hubbel. Much love to her, & to Phelps [*Elijah Phelps Grant*], tell Phelps I want a letter fr. [*from*] him much very much. How do Martha & Desiah get along with arith. [*arithmetic*] or does D. go to school to Miss Norton. I hope Margaret or some of you will write me very soon. Do you know why Miss Paler does not write me.

Aunt says she thinks it will not be consistent for her to visit Ct. [*Connecticut*] this fall. When does P. expect to be married. when leave for Ohio. I have invited Mr. B. to come to Colebrook [*Connecticut*] this fall, as I thought he might never see Phelps unless he came then. He has been here once to see me. He asked me if you would like him to send you the Evangelist, as he could as well as not. He heard you speak of that paper, I told him I thought you would. My best love D.J. M&M also Aunt N. Margaret & Desia. Aunt Phelps & all cousins. Has Uncle Phelps returned from Ohio Did Mary Ann Coweles get her bill?

Affectionately yours.
M. Grant [*Mary Grant Burgess*]

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[*From typescript*]
[*Note at top of first page of typescript*] Original not in file

Brig Waverly, April 10, 1839
Lat. 36% N. Lon. 54% W.

Loved and honored Parents,
This is the first time I have taken my pen since I addressed you a few lines immediately after embarking. I intend in writing to you to mention incidents as they occur somewhat in a diary form. I think I shall always consider it a great privilege as well as a duty, to write you every opportunity. The day we left Salem, April 1, many sails were in sight, & Cape Ann was to be seen the whole day, though as the sun was setting it was in appearance a small cloud, less than a man's hand. I supposed this was the last glimpse of our native land, yet I could not sufficiently recognize <u>that</u> for my country, to be affected with sorrow in taking a farewell view. — Immediately after completing my letter to you, I went to my stateroom & there arranged things for sea sickness. Mr. Burgess began to be sick directly, but remained on deck the whole P.M. I remained below something

more than an hour, & then went on deck, found all the passengers there & all a little sick, none so much so as Mr. B. [*Burgess*] The sea was comparatively smooth. Tues. & Wednes., the two following days, the sea was rough, the passengers were all sick, & scarcely left their berths. Sea sickness makes persons almost perfectly helpless. One loses all curiosity, & all desire. The effort of speaking, or of even raising the hand, seems an almost insurmountable task. Something must be accessible into which to vomit, & a glass of water for the purpose of washing the mouth, if possible to go through this herculean work. I have read this description to Mr. B. [*Burgess*] he says it is hyperbolical, but I think it my own experience, & I surely thought it to be his. An accompaniment of sea sickness, which is very disagreeable, is an exceedingly bad taste of the mouth. We slept considerable during both day & night, took no nourishment, but a little water gruel, ocassionally tasted of an orange or lemon, with which our friends had bountifully supplied us.

Thurs. morn. The motion of the vessel was less, the sun, through one sky light shone pleasantly, & we all felt better. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] hastened on deck. I rose & washed my whole system in salt water (a practice I have since continued, & probably shall to the end of my voyage) & went on deck. From that date I have been most of the time entirely free from sickness. Thurs. noon I took dinner at table with Capt Ward, Mr. & Mrs. French, Mr. & Mrs. Hume. This was the first time we had been to the table. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] & Miss F [*Cynthia Farrar*] were not able to be present & they are still on the sick list. Fri. & Sat. we had some social reading.

Thurs. P.M. April 11. A favorable breeze is wafting us along, & the day is beautiful. The sea is less rough, so we are on deck more & suffer less from s. [*sea*] sickness. I will go back to last Sab. [*Sabbath*] It was warm, & mild. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] had his mattress spread on deck, & I read to him most of the A.M. I read some from the Bible, & several tracts. About 3 o'clock, P.M. a little meeting was held in the cabin, opened by singing. Mr. F. [*French*] led in prayer, Mr. H. [*Hume*] read a sermon by Chalmers, a little time was spent in conversation, & the pleasant meeting was closed by prayer, led by Mr. Hume. Capt. Ward was present. He is a member of the Bap. chh. [*Baptist church*] in Salem. He is willing that all suitable measures should be taken to benefit the crew. The number of persons on board is 20. Missionaries, 7. Capt. & two mates, steward & cook, & eight sailors. The steward & cook are colored men. We have far more to do with the steward than any one else excepting the Capt. The steward is good natured, active & kind, & rather neat. None of the crew are pious. The sailors were all strangers to the Capt., but he thinks them a very docile, respectable set. Six of them are from Salem or its vicinity, & the others are foreigners, English I believe. They spent considerable time in reading last Sab. [*Sabbath*] & almost entirely religious books. We hope this may be a voyage they will love to remember in eternity – Mon. Tues. & Wednes. (the past three days) have been very rough, the rocking & tossing of the vessel have made us all dizzy, & about ½ of our company sick. However we have had social reading on deck, each day. We have in this way read John's first Epistle, & about 50 pages in Malcom's tour to India. All our company sing, though Mr. F. [*French*] sings but very little. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] is very fond of it, & sings well, & much. I am glad of it.

April 14. Second Sabbath at sea. There seemed a stillness & sacredness even on board ship, as if holy time was recognized. Nothing is required to be done, that is not necessary. To day seems like a Sab. [*Sabbath*] at home when there is severe sickness in the family. None of our company are able to be up much, except Mr. & Mrs. French & myself, therefore we have no sermon read. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] has his mattress on deck. I sit by him, & read much of the time. The sailors sent back the tracts Mrs. Hume sent them last Sab., [*Sabbath*] saying they were much obliged for them, & liked them. The Capt. said they considered that a polite way of asking for more. I sent them about a dozen, most of them stories such as Conversion of Mrs. Eleanor Emerson, Col. Gardiner, Bob, the cabin boy, etc. We have evidence that they were read. They are not well supplied with Bibles. We regret we had not procured some cheap Bibles & Testaments to give them.

April 15th Lat. 28% Long. 40%. For several days the wind has been almost ahead (S.E.) & we have been compelled to go farther S. than is desirable. This morning the ship tacked, & our direction is now N of E. This change brings our state room on the windward side & in consequence our side of the ship is several feet higher than the leeward. It is not quite as easy keeping our place in our berths. Had some cheerful, pleasant conversation with our company, read an hour in the Ladies Wreath & heard Mr. French read in Malcom's tour. I feel almost

impatient for Mr. Burgess's recovery. He does not relish his food, is feeble, & exceedingly averse to exertion. He hardly walks at all.
April 16. As this day terminates the existence of Ips. Fem. Sem. [*Ipswich Female Seminary*] I have thought much of them, & my emotions are indescribable. For years, associations, tender & strong, have been clustering round that institution, & what a day there, this must be. I would praise the Lord for his blessing upon those who have assembled there to receive instruction for his loving kindness & tender mercy to the teachers, & for that providence which permitted me to enjoy its privileges. May Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Bannister*] be comforted & sustained, & I doubt not she will be.
While writing the above in the cabin, I was apprised by the tone of voice on deck, that something out of the common course had occurred. I found the second mate had brought a dead flying fish, which probably flew into the ship the night before. It was smaller than my idea of them, though the Capt. says it is of medium size. He has seen them twice as large, but often smaller. It measured 13 inches from the extremities of his wings, nine inches in length, & five in girth. Its eyes were large, color on the back & sides silvery grey, under whitish. We judged it to weigh 1 ½ of a pd. [*pound*] It has a few small scales, & three small fins. Its wings were inserted about an inch below its head. – Today for the first time, all our company sat at table together. Mr. French had just been reading the temperance tale, "I am afraid there is a God," which furnished a topic for conversation. Those now, who are able to write, spend a little time each day in writing. We may meet, the Capt. informed us, a returning ship within a few days. This is uncertain. After tea, we sung on deck some of the old tunes, Greenwich, Morality, Exhortation & several others. The Capt. joined us a little. He says he regrets every day that he did not take his wife & daughter with him. His daughter is an only child, aged about 20. We saw them in Salem.
April 17. Lat. 30% N. Lon. 44% W. Favored with a fresh breeze & a beautiful day. We spent an hour & a half, reading Murathee, with Miss [*Cynthia*] Farrar for our pundit. All were present, except Mr. B. [*Burgess*], & I think he is better today. We commenced reading Luke's gospel. They read Mark & Henry & his Bearer, while with Mr. Read. We intend to have a lesson each day in Murathee. Mr. Hume read aloud in Mr. Malcom. Sung in the odeum after tea, & then had some pleasant conversation in the round house on deck. The Capt. was communicative, as we ever find him, when disposed to converse. He spends considerable time each day reading. His age is about 45, has been to sea 25 years.
April 18. Warm & rainy. Studied Murathee an hour & a half in the A.M. We have but one lexicon, & one grammar, & four copies of Mark, so we take turns in using them in preparing our lessons. We study in pairs, & keep the books in use most of the A.M. At 2 o'clock P.M. we recite in a class, with Miss F. [*Cynthia Farrar*] for our teacher. She is happy to be permitted to go to the heathen again. She suffers every day from ill health & I fear always will. She is resigned, & is able almost constantly to say the will of the Lord be done. She knows something of the peace of a mind stayed on God. She is one too, who keeps her mouth & tongue. I have noticed this trait from my first acquaintance with her. I am glad she is with us.
April 19. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] has walked with me on deck today for the first time. He appears like one recovering from severe sickness. The day is pleasant.
April 20. Lat. 31% Lon. 37%. As the one who preaches will wish his time Sat., & as we all wish to have matters arranged preparatory to the Sab. [*Sabbath*], we this morning decided to have no Muratha lesson on Sat. It is three weeks to day since we came from Boston to Salem. That eve we received our private instructions, given principally by Dr. Anderson & Mr. Armstrong. Dr. Anderson among other things remarked upon the frequent effect of sea sickness upon mind & body; of its making one unreasonable, petulant, & 0, he drew a sombre, deary picture. I cannot tell how far his delineation operated as a preventive of such direful effects, yet I can say that three weeks, the time he mentioned, has passed, & I have not heard an unpleasant word, & I think each of our company could make the same remark. I am happy, to say Mr. B. [*Burgess*] improves, though slowly; his appetite I think could be called good. He, with Mr. & Mrs. F. [*French*] & myself sung an hour this P.M. Today the ship tacked, again; our course since Mon. has been N. of E. now it is S. of E. I looked on to see the seamen change the sails. The first thing a seaman learns, is to obey; it is interesting to notice their perfect obedience. They evidently strive to excel in promptness & seem to do their best. Some of their work is very hard, & as yet they are constantly occupied. They will have more time for rest & improvement after a few weeks.

April 22, Lat. 28%55". Lon. 37%50". We are now in the N.E. trade wind, & shall now pass on in a S.E. direction to the equator. We have just finished our recitation in Murathee. Yesterday we had public worship for the first time on board. This is the third time Miss F. [*Cynthia Farrar*] has crossed the wide ocean & never before had she beheld such a scene. An awning was raised aft of the main mast. The colored table spread was tied round the capstan, for the desk, three settees were arranged, one before, & one on each side of the capstan, these accommodated 11, the others occupied chairs, forming something more than a semicircle round the speaker. At two, P.M. all except the man at the helm seated themselves. They were in a cleanly clad manner, though in sailor style; no one appeared in a white shirt, some of them wore red flannel, without coats, some in blue factory cloth shirts. Some of them showed by their appearance that this was a novel scene to them. It was amusing to observe their countenances. Timidity, bashfulness, wonder, curiosity, pleasure & good will by turns or simultaneously were expressed in their sun burnt faces. In one case as one caught the eye of another, I noticed a suppressed smile. Mr. French officiated. He read the hymn commencing "There is a fountain filled with blood." Some of the sailors joined in singing, but in a suppressed tone. We stood in prayer. God was with us. We sang again; then listened to a good sermon from Mat. 3:18. All were very attentive. The occasion was one of uncommon interest. We were forcibly reminded of our distance from the assemblies with which we have been accustomed to worship. I believe all are pleased to have religious exercises. Family worship is regularly attended at eight o'clock each evening. Half the sailors attend each evening alternating. – Last Sat. eve Mrs. H [*Hume*], Mrs. F. [*French*] & myself had a little season of social prayer. It was pleasant, & I trust but a foretaste of what we may hereafter enjoy.

April 24. Lat. 24% 37". We have as yet seen but few sails since we left Salem, but yesterday five were in sight; some from the W. Indies [*West Indies*]. In the morning our Capt. hoisted his flag to one, but she condescended not to tell us who she was, or to what nation she belonged. The Capt. then hoisted a flag consisting of pieces of cloth denoting the name Waverly. They raised a flag saying they understood, & by that time the vessels were so far apart that they could not communicate. About noon, one appeared which would cross our track, the Capt. learned by signals that she was an Eng. [*English*] ship bound home. Soon the little boat, with the first mate, & four rowers were dispatched with the letters. A short general letter written by Mr. French was sent to the Miss. [*Missionaries*] rooms. The mate said the Capt. of the vessel offered him some brandy & water; upon his refusing, he asked him if he was from Salem. This ship was on a return voyage from Sierra Leone. You may hear perhaps from the Herald that the Brig Waverly was spoken by the British Tar, London, & were well. Mr. B. [*Burgess*], Miss F. [*Cynthia Farrar*] & Mr. & Mrs. H [*Hume*], however, are far from well. Johnny Hodges occupied the time for social reading to day, the fourth temperance tale we have thus read. Though we are about to cross the tropic, the weather is cool & agreeable. The thermometer now stands at 70% four o'clock P.M. One sail a hoy today.

April 29. Lat. 14% N. Lon. 31% W. I often calculate the difference of time between us, & look off towards home & country & think what my friends are doing. When dining yesterday, I thought of you, as engaged in the services of the sanctuary. Our meals are between ½ past 7 & 8, between ½ past 12 & 1, & between ½ past five & six. Crossed the Tropic, Apr. 25. The thermometer for five days past has been from 72% to 75%. There is a fine breeze of the N.E. trade wind, & the sun is often obscured by clouds. Today the sun is vertical, & will now be N. of us till we get round the Cape. The sailing distance of the vessel from Salem is a little more than 3,000 miles. We had religious services on board yesterday as last Sab.[*Sabbath*] Mr. F. [*French*] again officiated as neither of the other gentlemen were able. It was a pleasant season, though more difficult for the speaker to stand or speak, on account of the motion of the ship.

Tues. April 30. Lat. 11% 15"N. Lon. 29% W. For two days we have sailed at the rate of 178 miles a day. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] able to study the Murathee lesson. Last evening we conversed for about ½ an hour in that tongue. Mrs. Hume arranged sentences easily. All our company are disposed to improve themselves. Mr. F. [*French*] & Mr. H. [*Hume*] yesterday commenced classes of four sailors each. They teach them chirography principally though sometimes they read & spell.

May 1. Lat. 9% A fine breeze is wafting us pleasantly on our way; this with the flying clouds, so diminish the intensity of the heat of the sun, as to render us quite comfortable when in the shade.

Last evening for the first time I observed the phosphorescent light of which I have read as being sometimes seen at sea. This appearance is accounted for, as caused by minute animals, and is not phosphorescense. It is seen only where the water is in motion, & principally near the ship. It seemed more like numerous lightning bugs, on the water than anything else, to which I can compare it. I stand & gaze & admire. Thus something, almost daily, occurs to furnish a little variety. For a few days, flying fish have been very often seen, both singly & in schools. They fly but a few rods at a time & resemble a flock of grey birds. Dolphins, & many other large fish pursue, & pray upon them. – I often feel, that I shall never have so favorable a time for cultivating personal piety, or for reading, as the present. So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom. I must not omit to mention, that Capt. W. [*Ward*] has had a convenient bathing tub fitted for the ladies, & another for the gentlemen. We use ours in rotation, & as Miss F. [*Cynthia Farrar*] does not choose to take a bath at present, every third morning, I have the luxury of bathing. We value it highly, as conducive to health & comfort.

May 6. Lat. 1% 23" S. Lon. 26% 14" W. Ther. 81% Yesterday P.M. we crossed the equator. It was the Sab. [*Sabbath*] Mr. Hume preached. There was a fine breeze all day, & though the thermometer stood at 82, (I always give the thermometer in the shade) it was very comfortable under the awning. Sat. evening an arched squall (as they term it, occurred. A cloud in the form of a perfect arch, covered the whole eastern horizon. Soon the wind blew, & though not properly a gale, it approached nearer one than any thing before on our voyage. The wind was so steady upon one side, that the vessel did not rock much, but was constantly turned down upon the leeward side.

Last Fri. the Capt. caught two fish, called bonetta. They were of very rich, brilliant color & weighed four or five pds. [*pounds*] each. They were caught with an instrument called grains, which has three prongs, & a handle longer than a hoe. They made us two meals, which were relished by all. Two little flying fish had before been cooked, & were nice. When we left Salem, there were of live stock on board as follows, 120 fowls, 10 pigs, & a goat. The goat was procured at St. Helena, on the Capt.'s last returning voyage. It had a high reputation for yielding a large quantity of milk, but it furnished us with none, & as a consequence forfeited its life. Nearly every Sat. our ears are saluted with the dying shrieks of one of the pigs. The whole crew have a fresh meat dinner on the Sab. [*Sabbath*] It is common for sailors to have a better dinner on the Sab. [*Sabbath*] than on other days. For the supply of our table the number of our chickens is diminished four or five each week. The crowing of the cock, & the noise of the hens, is pleasant, sometimes & almost leads me to feel that I am on terra firma.

Our food is good, things are, in general, well prepared, with the exception, that they are sometimes too rich. Our dinners are regular. On the Sab. [*Sabbath*] & Wednes. fresh meat, & sometimes on Mon. Tues. & Fri. baked beans, Sat. salt fish, & Thurs. minced meat, also a pudding each day. We have puddings of rice, bread, flour, Indian meal, & sago. The sea bread is of good quality, & so are the coffee & tea, the butter, cheese & pickles, & the potatoes as good as could be expected for the season. I take a cup of weak coffee with my breakfast, & one of weak tea with my supper, & though most of the water is palatable, I aim to need as little as possible. I have often wished you could know just how we are situated.

May 8. This P.M. Mrs. Hume & I have been making some dried apple pies. It was a relief to do it for exercise. We walk the deck back & forth for exercise every day, some of us jump the rope and practice calisthenics for the same purpose. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] has led our evening devotions twice since I last wrote. He went through the process of getting the longitude from the sun's & altitude today.

May 10. Lat. 7% 57"S. Lon. 31% 40"W. Ther. 82%. Birds are now often seen flying at a little distance. We are near the Brazil Coast & every day brings us nearer. If the wind would permit, our course would be S.E. instead of W. of S.

May 14. Lat. 9% 40"S. 32% 50"W. Last Sat. about sunset an uncommon pitching of the vessel took place, wh. [*which*] the Capt. knew not how to account for as high winds are hardly known in this latitude; but he was sure that there was a blow somewhere in the vicinity, & he felt that it might reach us. The sky was clear, the pitching continued & about midnight all the hands were called on deck. They reefed the sails, the rain fell, the wind blew strong. The ship tossed, & sleep almost forsook us. Mr. & Mrs. Hume are our nearest neighbors, they complained of being drenched by the rain which leaked thro. [*through*] the deck. We did not feel in danger. Storms

will probably be severe as we pass around the cape. The next day, Sab. [*Sabbath*] no preaching – all of us dizzy, & some quite sick. Towards night the sea became more calm. — — Yesterday the windsail was put up. It is five or six yards long of a cylindrical shape, & is made of two breadths of Russia duck cloth. For a yard at the top, it is not sewed together, but is straight. It lets down a stream of fresh air; our state rooms, the cabin, & indeed all between decks are benefited by it.

May 15. An interesting female social prayer meeting in my state room. Miss G. met with us for the first time. We value having her with us. — We have made us some little blank books for translating common phrases into Murathee. My task in this department is three sentences a day. I write them in Eng. [*English*] on one page, & in Murathee on the other. We make some progress, though we often feel vigorous for reading & writing letters, when we do not relish Mahratta. (I suppose in writing letters, I had better spell Mahratta as this is the usual way in Eng., though I find it Murathee in the books from India, & I often write it that way before I think). We were so far west as to fear we should not see any vessels, but to day a sail aho, caught our attention. Our flag was immediately raised, & so was hers. It proved to be a whaler, out 10 months from N. Bedford. Capt. Maxwell. They were more desirous to have communication with our ship, than we with theirs; & they sent one of their boats manned with six men to us. They wished to learn respecting the war of the U.S. Capt. W. gave them a file of papers & they gave him some Liverpool papers of March. They also brought us a half bushel of [potatoes] oranges, & the Capt. gave them a half a barrel of potatoes. We hastened to seal our letters, our company of seven sent off 23. I sent three, one to Mrs. Stickney, one to Mrs. Willard Holmes, & one to Elizabeth Rockwell. The Capt. & crew sent as many more, I presume.

May 17. Lat. 7% S. Almost becalmed – the sea nearly as smooth as glass & the weather very warm. We are near the shoals of Brazil. They sounded last night and found the depth of the water 25 fathoms. They find bottom today. fish of various kinds are sporting in the water. They have been trying to catch some, & I suppose they have put out for bait some two pounds of pork, which the fish have taken without being caught. A shark too, made its appearance a few rods from the ship, it appeared to be of brown color, its only fin of consequence is on its back, it resembled a horn as seen from the ship. The ship's progress the last 24 hours, only 40 miles.

May 18. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] continues to gain strength, & has a good appetite. If the sea should be rough, however, he would be sick. He now studies the Mahratta lessons, & reads considerable, & to day finishes his third letter, all of them short. Kindness, good nature & forebearance characterize all our company; & the officers & crew seem contented & happy. — On Sat. our bedding is carried on deck to be aired, & to day our state rooms have been washed; so you will perceive our health & comfort are consulted. Our cup does indeed overflow with blessings.

May 20. 22%56 S. Lat. 35%30 W. Lon. Yesterday was the Sab. [*Sabbath*] There is not the perceptible difference between it & other days as on land; yet there is a quietness & sacredness in unison with the day. We felt rejoiced to have a still pleasant Sab. [*Sabbath*] Our Bible lesson was instructive. We occupy in reciting from one & a half, to two hours, & spend more time in previously studying it. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] conducted the exercises of public worship for the first time. Christ's interview with Nicodemus, formed the basis of his remarks. — Some of the sailors read their Bible every day, & I doubt not some of them will be benefitted by the efforts made in their behalf. — Venus, the moon, numerous stars & the balmy air conspire to render our evenings delightful.

I have been much amused today in seeing Mother Cary's chickens tipping on the water, then soaring generally near the water. I never see them remain long on the water, hardly a moment at a time. They are about the size of a robin of black, white & chestnut color. Numerous sperm whale birds have been flying around for two days, probably a dead whale or a whale ship is in the vicinity.

May 21. Lat. 24%30" Lon. 34%30". We crossed the Southern Tropic about six o'clock last eve. To day is much cooler, & rain is fast falling. They catch some for washing. An Eng. [*England*] brig from Rio Janiero bound to N.Y. [*New York*] passed us within two rods of our vessel, bound to N.Y. [*New York*] Capt. W. [*Ward*] spoke it with his trumpet & told the Capt. he would give him some papers if he would stop, but the wind was briskly blowing, & they stopped not. I have read H. Newell two days passed. I admire her spirit. Our comforts exceed hers. I fear our gratitude

does not. — You now have three hours more sunlight than we. Our sun sets before ½ past five, & every day diminishes our sun light.
May 22. Not a day passes, but we think of our dear native land, & raise our petitions to our common Preserver for the many dear ones we have left behind. The Lord bless, guide, & keep them all in the way of eternal blessedness. Our country, seen from the point of observation we now occupy, assumes a greatness, a glory, an importance, which I cannot express. Much is seen to excite gratitude & hope, but still there is much corruption. We keep up a little idea of what is going on in our native land. Miss. F. [*Cynthia Farrar*] says she thinks far more of her home in India than in America.
May 23. P.M. A ship has been in sight all day, & all have been busy in getting out letters, hoping to send by her, but now we relinquish the hope, as she is too far off.
May 24. A little discussion upon dress occurred, & it was decided to read Mr. Judson's tract on that subject, & Mrs. Torrey's little book, entitled Ornament. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] read while the ladies sewed.
May 25. Lat. 28%S. Lon. 32%W. Cool & damp, very heavy dews. Sat. my first work after breakfast, is to put everything in order on my premises, i.e. in my state room, & then see that the clothes for the succeeding week are in readiness. I have just finished that work this morn. I take pleasure in doing it. Yesterday Mrs. F. [*French*] & myself made six dried apple pies. This is the fourth time we have made them; twice Mrs. Hume & I, & twice with Mrs. F. [*French*] We partake of them for tea, & they relish well.
May 29. Lat. 35%S. Lon. 20%W. Ther. 66% distance from Salem 7,000 miles. The air [however] & all around is damp, yet the day is pleasant. No fire is kept except for cooking. Miss G. has two soap stones each about the size of a brick. These, after being heated we apply to our feet, & they are really a comfort. By the way, missionaries ought always to take them. It is past seven when the sun rises here, & it disappears before five. Six is my time for rising, besides attending to my morning work, I get some time for reading my bible before breakfast, wh. [*which*] is about 20 min. before eight. Last Sab. [*Sabbath*] the sea was in great commotion, & public worship was attended in the cabin, only one watch was present. Mr. B[*Burgess*]'s remarks from John 3:13, 14 were clear & faithful. Yesterday & the day before very damp, embracing a variety of weather. Our female prayer meetings which are held three evenings each week, increase in interest. Last eve. the season was precious.
May 31. Lat. 37. S. Lon. 14% W. Yesterday an albatross flew several times round our vessel, favoring us with a full view of the largest of aquatic fowls. It is brown upon the back, & almost white below its wings. Its flight is rapid, & graceful. It is remarkable for the length of its wings. It often measures from 9 to 12 ft. from tip to tip, & is about twice the size of a goose. Its flesh is not valued for food, though sailors frequently eat them. We saw many at a distance sometimes sitting in companies on the water, at others soaring aloft. — Cape pigeons begin to be numerous. They are spotted, black & white, about the size of pigeons in New Eng. [*England*] They resemble ducks. One was caught, by getting its wings entangled in some lines thrown out for the purpose. All the fowls we see are webfooted. Very few can raise themselves to fly from a level surface, like the deck, & they all walk clumsily spreading their wings & slapping their webbed feet, but they move elegantly in either water or air.
June 1. Sat. Rough & damp. Wrote & read some in the A.M. after dinner. I was in severe pain. Mrs. Hume very kindly & efficiently nursed me. She is apt, at almost everything. June 4 at night a gale commenced, but was not very powerful till Sab. [*Sabbath*] morn. Then every sail, with one exception was entirely furled, & that was reefed, the helm was made fast, & the vessel was in a state called lying to. Everything at such times must be made fast, or be thrown from side to side. Passengers keep principally in their state rooms. Every few minutes a high sea washes over the ship, & though our vessel is well built, the water found many entrances at such times. The wind continued strong & violent till Mon. A.M. Twice I ascended the stairs which lead from the cabin to the deck, & there gazed at the mountain waves. The view was fearful. Our vessel seemed very small, when compared with them, & as a high sea approaches, it is difficult for one not long used to such scenes not to feel that it will overwhelm us. None of us stayed on deck, everything there was lashed by strong ropes, & the Capt. feared every high sea, that the deck would be swept clear. To see nothing but bare masts & rigging, was desolate. None of us attempted at such times to do much, & though it was the Sab. [*Sabbath*] there was little thinking, reading or praying.

I occupied our upper berth, the lower one was too wet to be occupied. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] had his mattress on the floor, just outside the door of our state room. Considerable of my time was spent, in covering the things that they might not be injured by the salt water which came in every time a wave broke over the deck. When one cloth was thoroughly wet, I furnished another. I had rather a severe headache, but felt that I had much for which to be grateful. Mon. my head pained me still, but about 11, Mr. B. [*Burgess*] came & said I must go up & see the birds. I put on my overshoes, cloak & hood, & went on deck: the wind had subsided, but the sea was still very high, & we were obliged to hold ourselves constantly. Albatrosses, cape pigeons, stormy petrel (alias Mother Carey's chickens) & two other kinds of aquatic fowl were very numerous, & soaring around in every direction. Some were very near the vessel, & they often seated themselves on the water & afforded us much amusement, in seeing them ride the mountain waves. A line with pork on it was put out, in the hope of catching them, but though they were attracted by it, & many pitched near it, & some took hold, yet they all contrived to release themselves before they could be drawn to the vessel. An albatross was drawn several feet, we thought he was secured, but were disappointed when he freed himself, & flew away. A little before noon some of the sails were unfurled, & we were again under way, having been lying to, more than 24 hours.
June 5 Lat. 35 S. Lon. 3% W. The sea is still very high. Every few minutes a large wave dashes over the deck, but the fair wind is driving us rapidly towards our destined port. Around the cape is the region of gales, thunder & lightning, & variable weather. Our Capt. who has been around 23 times, says he dislikes this part of the voyage. I have not felt fear at all. I am assured of the skill & prudence of our Capt. & I have an impression, that some of our company have a work to do in India. I often try to bring myself to view death near, & aim to be ready to welcome it, but have never been disposed to feel, that the deep would prove my grave. — Today we resumed our Mahratta studies, which since Fri. last, we had laid aside. Time seems almost lost in rough weather, as it is more than we can well do, to take care of ourselves & the leaks. My room is yet very damp, & we are anxiously looking for fair weather. Health we consult, & I enjoy it, in general. Gales, & damp, cool weather will tend to make us value, & be grateful for more pleasant circumstances.
June 7. Lat. 36%S. Lon. 5% 15" E. Ther. 55 ½ Last eve a shower accompanied with thunder & lightning occurred, & to day the air is pure & delightful. I have almost continually felt, that gratitude should flow forth for this fine day. Our progress is not so rapid, but the deck is dry, & our mattresses & bedding have been aired, our room is dry again, & how agreeable is our situation compared with what it has been for five days past. The sun rise & the sun set were both beautiful to day; finished reading the 3d vol. of Brit. India. Some part of the volumes are rather dry, yet the mass of the information was interesting; all except Miss F. [*Cynthia Farrar*] read them, & their contents have often been the theme of conversation. To day for the first time washed a few articles off, 5 pints of fresh, hot water only were allowed me, & owing to its being so long in a cask, I suppose it will make suds only with difficulty. Soap, as I rubbed it on the cloth, changed to a brick color. I rinsed in salt water. I had before supposed they would be sticky, if rinsed in s. [*salt*] water, but the steward said that was only the case with flannels. Towels, sheets, etc are very liable to become iron rusted. I have been glad that I took such a quantity of old clothing for the voyage. In addition to what I had laid aside when I arrived in Boston. I found a bundle of articles from the Ips. Sem. [*Ipswich Female Seminary*], & Mr. B. [*Burgess*] found a similar bundle from Andover Theol. Sem. [*Andover Theological Seminary*], forwarded at the suggestion of Prof. Emerson. Clothes become tender, and very yellow by remaining so long without washing. It is economical to be supplied with old clothing for a long voyage.
June 9. Ther. 55% Sab. [*Sabbath*] eve. 6 o'clock. Just about time for the Sab. [*Sabbath*] school in Colebrook. I think of the churches & Sab. [*Sabbath*] privileges of my native land. May they be abundantly accompanied by the Spirit. The weather is so variable, that the Capt. thought it not best to have preaching. This was a disappointment, but it may be for the best. Our Bible lesson was interesting this A.M. & it has been I think a profitable Sab. [*Sabbath*] to me, & I judge to all the miss. [*missionary*] company. Mr. Hume conversed with one watch of the seamen, & found them all ready to admit the truth, & acknowledge duty, though none seem to feel deeply. All have been still.
May 10. Lon. 12% 10 E. Lat. 36% S. Ther. 55% to 59%. I have studied with unusual delight & vigor today. What a great work to learn the languages of nations. We make some progress.

Evening brings us all below this cool weather. We sit around the cabin tables & either write or silently read. The Capt. is one of our number. Miss F. [*Cynthia Farrar*] spends her evenings in her state room, & reads reclining in her berth. I sometimes sit with her. She does not need much done, but I love to sit converse, & sympathize with her.
June 12. Ther. 55% Damp & uncomfortable, so rough that some are sick, & all are affected. Mr. B. [*Burgess*] read another of Wiseman's lectures, while I sewed. Yesterday for the first time, our eyes were feasted with the sight of a whale. Though he shewed himself finely a number of times, I do not know how to describe him. He was but a few rods from the vessel when first seen, & while we were eagerly on the watch to catch further views, he passed to the other side of us. Its color was very dark. Its skin smooth, & it seemed a huge mass moving undaunted & rapidly through the water. We saw from 25 to forty feet of its length, which was probably 50 or 60 feet. The mighty ocean seems a fit residence for him, & his species. From a large fin on its back, it is called fin backed. It is rarely taken as it is fierce & frequently sinks before it can be secured, & yields less oil than other kinds.
"13. Ther. 59% Clear fine air, our bedding on deck for airing. We passed the Cape of Good Hope yesterday & are now in the longitude of Cape Lagullus, 72 days out & are now where Capt. W. [*Ward*] was in his last voyage when 58 days out.
June 17. Lon. 26% E. Lat. 36% S. Ther. 65%. Anniversary of the battle of Bunkerhill. I remember how the cannons are fired in Ips. [*Ipswich*] & other towns in the eastern part of Mass [*Massachusetts*], at the dawn of this morning. — The whole animal economy seems animated & invigorated by the balmy air around us, & the soul partakes of the delight, how inexpressibly delightful would a view of the verdant hills & forests & gardens of home, be for a few hours. The Capt. thinks that while the weather is so unsettled, public worship had better be omitted. The time for our Bible lesson is the only time, which the passengers have the cabin uninterrupted, & it was decided to spend the hour in conversation & prayer, & defer the Bible recitation to the round house in the P.M. It was a precious session, & the same arrangement is to continue till the weather is more favorable. Last Fri. night, we were visited by another gale from the West. It continued 15 hrs., the sails were nearly all reefed, yet we were driven over the mountain waves at the rate of 8 miles an hour. Sat. P.M. the ladies went on deck, the waves presented an appearance similar to one caused by a high wind after a fall of snow. At the head of each wave as it rose, were innumerable drops of water & much vapor, which looked white & moved as snow before the wind from the summit of the drifts. We dined in our state rooms for the first time.
June 18. Yesterday at twelve o'clock, the course of the vessel was turned to the N.E. Now our faces are set towards Bombay, & we anticipate reaching Zanzibar in time to spend Independence, July 4. To day the air is balmy, & delightful. "Every sense & every heart is joy" Though it is winter, to us it seems a spring day. After dinner yesterday as we were singing, as is our practice after dinner, Capt. W. [*Ward*] called our attention to the fishes which were gamboling in the water, astern of us. It was indeed an amusing sight, to me more so than the whale. They were very large, some of them 30 feet long, with great heads. They would leap from a large wave, first throwing their heads, & as these descended into the water their backs. We were glad to see them, but heartily wished them either to stay longer or soon come again.* They were a species of black fish. Muratha & writing letters is my principal business this week, & I may add, that of all the missionaries.
June 21. Lat 31% S. Lon. 34% E. We are having a favorable breeze, & fine weather. Ther. 68% or 69. A little before sunset a shoal of porpoises secured our attention. They passed the ship, often leaping entirely out of the water. The mate tried to harpoon one as they passed the bow, once he succeeded, but before they drew it into the ship, it got loose. — Every thing is pleasant as we could wish in our circumstances. Bedding was again aired to day.
June 23. In our little state room. Past 9 P.M. I seem unwilling to retire while you have so much Sab. [*Sabbath*] I think of you as now in the sanctuary, P.M. service. That the Sab. [*Sabbath*] privileges of my native land may be blessed & sanctified, is a desire, which rises spontaneously as often as I think of you. My mind first recalls those parts I have visited, or where I have friends, & from them extends over the whole country. The temperature & clearness of the atmosphere, with a favorable breeze wafting us four miles an hour, render our outward circumstances agreeable, & what is far more desirable, I think God has been with us by his spirit. This P.M. Mr. Hume preached from Rom. [*Romans*] 3:20. For by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified

in his sight. After being bounded in our prospect by sky & water for 83 days, it was pleasant to see land this morn, which continued in sight till darkness came. The land is in Africa, Cape Corientes, & the coast for many miles below. It is principally sand hills, barren & uninhabited. At Inhambane near Cape C. [*Corientes*] is a Portuguese settlement from which we could perceive ascending smoke. Such an evidence of the presence of our race added interest to the view. We could not but feel for oppressed, degraded Africa. The Portuguese own the coast from Delagoa Bay to Cape Delgado embracing 16% of latitude, & have numerous settlements. The slave trade is carried on more extensively on this coast than in any other part of Africa. Many vessels leave every year laden with slaves, though the traffic is a violation of a treaty between the English & Portuguese. Many are taken to Brazil. It is for the interest of the owners to treat them well on their voyage. The dealers use fast sailing vessels, & have agents in Africa to collect cargoes, & put into port one day, & ship the cargo the same day, at night, to avoid detection. Eng. [*English*] cruisers are constantly on the coast, but few comparatively are detected. Our Capt. thinks the Portuguese on this coast a great curse to Africa, & says they are remarkably destitute of moral principle. He has traded extensively on this coast, at Madagascar, & indeed in all this region. The Portuguese, Spanish & French are all, to some extent, engaged in this smuggling traffic, & some think, U.S. men (Americans) are not entirely free from the imputation of being at present engaged.

I think I must tell you how I am favored in visiting home in my dreams; last night I had a most agreeable visit with mother of several hours. I was fitting to leave, which made us more studious to improve every moment; we were agreed in concluding as we separated, that this was the best visit we ever enjoyed. — I have rode to meeting with you, bid you, & other friends farewell, again & again. I am generally preparing to go. Once the ship put back, & I spent a few hours mostly with father, before we put out again. Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Bannister*] too, I often meet. Sometimes I am procuring articles for use in India. Nothing sad, has with one exception occurred. I mention this because it has been pleasant to me to mingle with you, though on awakening, I am assuread we have been continually receding from you.

June 26. Lat. 20% S. Lon. 37% 38 E. We reentered the Torrid Zone June 24. Thermometer for a few days has been between 73% & 79%. The sunsets in this region present softer, mellower, & more varied tints than I have ever seen before. I have been loath to say they were more beautiful. I have seen such glorious sunsets at home though this is the general opinion of our party, & I felt last night, this is different, & I think superior. — This morning as Mr. B. [*Burgess*] came down from bathing, he said he had seen the moon sink below the horizon, & that the eastern horizon was already resplendent, & that if we could go on deck in 10 min. we might see a beautiful sunrise. I went before that time transpired; as soon as I went Mr. Lovett, first mate said there was a shark. Mrs. F [*French*], & I immediately discovered it. A piece of pork was thrown out, it seized it, though the hook seemed too large to take in, we had a very distinct view. Five little pilot fish hardly as large as trout were with it, sometimes on its back, & then by its side. The pilot fish were prettily girdled with stripes of blue & white the whole length. Its upper side was of chestnut brown, underneath whitish; when dying its color changed to deep brown. Sailors love to kill sharks. This was full grown, weighed 150 pds [*pounds*] or more. Its fins are fleshy, & do not contract. It has one large fin on its back, two of about the same size on its side, & two smaller ones near the tail. We saw its five rows of teeth in the under jaw, & five in the upper – its mouth is of horse shoe shape. Mrs. Hume says its head & mouth are like a tadpoles in shape. The gentlemen took the dimensions; whole length 6 ft. 7 ½ inches. Head 12 ½ in. Body 3 ft. 10 in. tail 21 in. Between eyes 9 inch, width of mouth 8 in. Fin 17 ½ in. long. They save the back bone but the most they give to David Jones as they say when they throw anything overboard. At tea, some of the cooked fish was put upon the table. I tasted it, & had I not known it to be an animal of bad reputation, I might have liked it. None of us ate much of it. However the sailors had one or two good meals from it. In Madagascar & many other parts in this vicinity, they are highly valued as an article of food, the fins particularly. Large quantities of fins are exported to China, & other places.

June 29. Sailed by Mozambique, & so near as to distinguish trees and buildings. Moz. [*Mozambique*] is a small island, the capital of the Portuguese settlements on the coast. The governor general resides here. The sight of land is very pleasant.

June 30. Sab. [*Sabbath*] no public service, as the vessel was rolling very much.

July 1. Progress the last day 202 miles, 20 miles more than any previous day. We hope to see Zanzibar tomorrow. This being the eve of the monthly concert, a little meeting in the cabin. We expect the island of Monfua before morning. It is inhabited by Arabs & is a part of the Sultans dominions.

Zanzibar. July 4. Three Amer. [*American*] vessels are in the port here, & 13 cannons were fired by one at sunrise. 26 at noon by the next, & one at sun set by the third, & in the evening sky rockets were discharged from the flat roof of the Amer. [*American*] consuls house. American flags have been waving all day. We arrived at this port July 2, about noon. We had been sailing in sight of the island for four or five hours. The isl. [*island*] is about 50 miles long, 15 or 20 wide, & 15 from the continent. Its pop. [*population*] is composed of Arabs & African slaves, principally. About 400 Banyan traders, & a class called Soohillas. The pop. [*population*] is estimated to amount to from 125,000 to 150,000, two thirds of whom are slaves. The vegetation is so unlike N.E. & the town, too, that our attention was strongly riveted. Cocoa nut trees were so like the drawings, that we recognized them at once. I wish Martha & Marcus to notice drawings more, they will gain many correct ideas, & increase their enjoyment. The town contains probably from 15 to 40,000 people. The houses line the shore for about 1 ½ miles, & for some distance back into the interior. The better class build of coral rock with which this, & the neighboring islands abound; & cover with chunam. The walls are from one to two & a half feet thick, have few windows, & less window glass. Their stairs & roofs are of the same material. These roofs are flat. Many however, have a thatched roof above, sloping four sides, made by fitting poles, then covering with the cocoa nut leaves. The lower class build of poles, then wall the sides with mud, & thatch the roof. The streets cross each other like the threads in a tangled skein. We walked yesterday through some of them. They are rarely over 10 feet wide. The houses so cover the ground as to leave no room for gardens, & next to none for trees. A few slender cocoa nuts find room. But three white females have visited the isl. [*island*] before us & we are quite a curiosity. The people merely assemble & gaze & occasionally laugh. The first day the gentlemen went on shore with the Capt., & the following day July 3 the ladies went with them, to Mr. Waters' of Salem. He is the Amer. [*American*] consul, & has been here three years. He is pious, & aims to do good to this people. There is also an Eng. [*English*] mercantile house here, so that I suppose there are at this time as many white persons, as ever at one time before. We took a short walk in a cocoa nut grove, saw the cassada growing, also alocs & mango trees, picked several wild flowers. Returned to Mr. Waters' in a boat. His Highness (the Sultan of Muscat or Mascat) as soon as he learned that our vessel had brought to Mr. Waters the tidings of his brothers death, sent assurance of sympathy saying that he would come & see him. In the evening, he came, & we were introduced to his Highness, his eldest son prince Haleed, & two of his officers. His Highness prefers the climate of Zanzibar to that of Muscat. He has made Zanzibar his residence for the last three years, one of his sons being in Muscat. His palace is between two & three miles from town, though he has one nearly completed in town. He comes up, either on horseback, or in a boat. His age is about 54, his size above medium, his beard long & gray. His manners easy & dignified. He is always attended by a retinue, though he is not fond of display & would often be gladly relieved from it, yet it is their custom. He shook hands handsomely & affably with each of us. He is very well versed in the Arabic, but does not speak Eng. [*English*] but by an interpreter. He first said to Mr. W. [*Waters*], God does all, & he does right & good. He inquired respecting the prosperity of our country, of our passage, of our health, & a few other things, & then bidding us good evening, departed. We then took tea at Mr. W. [*Waters*] & after singing & prayers returned to the vessel about nine, so tired that I almost felt that the Arab custom of keeping ladies at home, the best. This morning we went by invitation to Mr. Thorns, the agent of the mercantile house; dined there, ladies never dined with him before, quite a parade. We had a fine view of the town & harbor from the top of his house. The slaves around were amused. A little Arab child of three years was brought up, that we might see how they paint their faces etc. They begin to wear ornaments from infancy — This little child had three strings of beads of various color, material & size upon its neck, bracelet on the wrist & bangles about the feet, & 6 or 7 rings in the ear, extending round the rim of the ear. Some have ornaments as large as a cent, inserted entirely within the lower part of the ear, then of different sizes to the top of the ear. Some have rings in their noses, but this is not common. Slaves have as many ornaments as any, but in general, not so valuable; though the rich slaves <u>wear</u> those that are valuable, though they do not own them.

Slaves are from 7 to 20 dolls. [*dollars*] apiece here. They are sold every day at auction, at five o'clock. They are well fed, & do but little; die off fast, from 7 to 10,000 come here from the continent every year. They wear but little clothing, besides ornaments. They look as if they needed only favorable circumstances to make them valuable, intelligent people. None of the Arabs or Sowalies are slaves. While the gentlemen went out to walk, we remained & were treated with fruits. We are here in the season for oranges, mangoes, plantians, papau & various other fruits. Cocoa nuts are abundant. The exports from this port are gum, copal, frankincense, cloves, & shells. The natives are becoming more industrious. An evident improvement is in progress among them. May the day be hastened when they shall have the light of the gospel. Mr. Waters & Mr. Thorn have spared no pains to make our visit here, profitable & pleasant, & I think it has been so. We have acquired some acquaintances, with this part of the world.
July 9, 1839. Last Sat. we visited by invitation his Highness. The ladies were permitted to enter the harem, & see his daughters. His Highness has been very kind; he sent up a boat manned to take us to his house; he furnished us horses & donkeys to go six miles into the interior & every thing else which would contribute to our comfort, provided refreshments as we went & returned, & presented each of the ladies with a cashmere shawl, worth from 20 to 30 dollars a piece. He is very kind to all our countrymen. We surely feel under obligation to him. He, of his own accord, sends letters for us to his son at Muscat. We leave this place to day in good health & spirits. We feel that soon we shall reach the field of our labors, & shall rejoice to enter it. I did not intend to send this memoranda until I arrived in Bombay, but it accumulated so much that I decided to send it now. I wish it to be preserved, & as neatly as consistent. I have written you, my dear parents, & Martha by mail.
Ever your affectionate daughter, M. [*Mary Grant*] Burgess

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[*Addressed to*] Mr. Elijah Grant
Millbrook
Litchfield Co.
Ct. [*Connecticut*]

<*New*> South Dedham [*Massachusetts*] Feb. 20, 1844.
Tuesday.

My dear Brother,

I have not heard one word concerning your daughter Martha, since I received a letter written partly by her brother Joel at South Hadley [*Massachusetts*], & partly by Miss [*Mary*] Lyon. She had then been confined to her bed six weeks, & her mother had been with her two weeks. I directed my reply to that letter to Miss [*Mary*] Lyon, & requested further information without delay, & also frequently information while she should continue ill. Why no one has written, I cannot conjecture. If the dear child had left "the land of the dying, & gone to the land of the living," surely some one would have communicated to me the fact. With a disease so severe, & so stubborn, she cannot have recovered sufficiently to be removed home in the uncommonly cold weather of this inclement season. Probably your family remains in a measure broken up, while <u>you</u> suffer loneliness & anxiety. No doubt, however, you rejoice in the privilege, which Martha enjoys in being allowed the presence of her mother; as well as the privilege which her mother enjoys in administering to her stricken child.

You may be ready to inquire, why I am again at South Dedham. Perhaps you already know, that Dr. Briggs was attacked last June with profuse & stubborn hemmorrage of the lungs. From the debility consequent, he so far recovered as to be able to attend to his professional business. A slight cough through the summer & autumn was attended by a decay of health, until December 26, after one week confinement to the house, his spirit was released, & his emaciated body, a few days after, consigned to the tomb, then to remain until the morning of the resurrection. In the last week of his life he gave, by will, all his estate to his wife, & made her sole execution. Since his death, debts have been presented to an unexpected amount; & the 6th of March is appointed as time for an auction, in which the house, garden, woodland, & some of the

household furniture is to be sold; -- leaving Mrs. Briggs & her children almost destitute. From a letter, which I received from this, my very dear friend, just before evening last Saturday, I feared she was breaking down under the weight of care, labor & solitude now devolving upon her, & overcoming what I had supposed to be insurmountable obstacles. I yesterday hastened to her dwelling. The Sabbath had been to her a season of precious rest from almost overwhelming cares & labors, & her spirit seemed to have been refreshed by drinking at the fountain of truth. Still she is worn down, & feeble. What she is to do, she knows not. The people throughout the parish are exceedingly kind & sympathizing. <*Both*> Her father, the Rev. Jabez Chickering & her grandfather Rev -- Balch (Mr. C's [*Chickering*] predecessor) each spent a life as past of this church & people. Her father, having ample pecuniary means, gave a library to the parish, & did many benevolent acts suited to promote the intellectual & moral improvement of his own generation, & of their posterity.

On my way to this place I called at Mr. Wm. [*William*] Stickney's 52 Temple St. Boston. They often received a short letter from Mr. Burgess. Under date of last October he says, that it is possible they may see him here in the course of a year. Should he come, he will, of course, bring his little boy, now almost four years old. He speaks of its being the opinion of the mission that he ought to [...] of its being peculiarly trying to him to think of leaving his field of labor among the Mahorattas.

From this, I infer, that the restoration of impaired health must be his object, tho [*though*] he does not specify. -- Dear Mary [*Grant Burgess*] has finished her work, & gone to heaven before us. While our attractions to earth diminish, do our attractions to heaven increase?

I did not know, until I heard at Mr. Stickney's of the failure of Mr. Jonathan Hoyt, & I fear you may have suffered by this event. (He was owing Mr. Stickney six thousand dollars for borrowed money, which was to be paid next March. Mr. S. [*Stickney*] considers Mr. H's [*Hoyt*] house as fraudulent, thinks he is liable to indictment, believes he has funds secreted; -- but has very little hope of receiving his due.) From his having purchased cheese & wool. I fear many around you may suffer -- How is this? -- Is uncle Cowles still near you? How is he?

Wm [*William*] Banister always speaks of you with fraternal affection, & he cherishes the hope that at some future time you may visit us. For some weeks past, he has not enjoyed so high a degree of health as usual, tho [*though*] with care, he attends almost daily to his ordinary business. The health of his eldest daughter is better than it was last winter. She rides to take the air almost daily, & on part to the time is quite comfortable, having the aspect of a person in health. She reads many volumes every month, & writes a good deal. But occasionally she suffers for hours, & some times severely. No day passes without her suffering more or less. His second daughter is not sick, but she is exceedingly slender. -- James Richards our missionary son is in his 17th year. He does not love study well enough to justify our sending him to college. It is his choice to return to the [S.I.?] sooner or later. If his own father, whom we constantly expect from Europe, should decide that he shall follow his inclination to become a farmer, I do not see how we can provide for him the necessary training. My own health is, on the whole better at present than it has been before for seven years. Still I have no capacity for endurance. Overextension when we had company last week

This in brackets is for you <u>only</u>. {confined me mostly to my bed from Friday noon until Sunday morning. -- We have excellent Christian minister, & many steadfast Christians, among us; but we suffer greatly for want of a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

I wrote a few lines to Mr. Pettiborne from Amherst last August. & I have not since heard from him. How is he?

My most affectionate regards to each member of your family, including Joel & John, when you write them. Tell Elizabeth I remember her with much affection. During these seven years, that it has lost me so much suffering to write a letter she has not <u>once</u> written me -- That you, your wife & children may be sustained under present trials, & prepared for whatever God, in his providence, has appointed you is the desire of

yr [*your*] afftc [*affectionate*] sister

Z.P.G Banister.[*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

Ellen continues in the family of David Choate, Esq. (at Essex, five miles from Ipswich. [*Massachusetts*]) & pursues her studies to good advantage. Her present situation is favorable for her health her improvement & her character -- Direct to me at Newburyport

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Lockport, Ill. [*Illinois*] March 1, 1853.

Dear Mother,

Your full & valued letter of Feb. 6. came to hand in due season, & was truly refreshing to us. We were glad to hear that you & father enjoy such comfortable health, & we hope the same favor may long be continued to you. We have been well since I last wrote you with the exception of Willie, who about three weeks since was taken with a kind of fever wh. [*which*] for a few days was pretty violent. He still is not well -- he demands a great deal of attention, & is so worrisome that it is impossible to sleep much while taking care of him nights. Still he is not very sick. Mary has improved a good deal during the past months, & John has continued well, & grows very rapidly. We have not thought it best to send him to school as yet, principally because he seemed too young to mix with the multitude alone, & to take care of himself away from home. He has not made any very considerable advances in learning, though I now <*have*> endeavor to hear him read a little every day, & find he improves rapidly.

It is impossible to tell what course Flora will take the coming season. I think it most probably she will return to Ct. [*Connecticut*] during the summer, but at what time I do not know. Whether she would answer your purpose as help, I cannot tell, but think it likely she would find your work too hard.

You inquire what grows in this country. The general answer is that all cultivated fruits are scarce here Apples, peaches &c. though now gathered on a few farms, yet are not produced to any considerable extent. Besides this country seems to be more liable to early frosts that destroy the blossoms of both apple & peach trees, than Ct. [*Connecticut*] & yet for that very reason it is probably that a fruitful season will be very fruitful. Strawberries grow abundantly here in favorable seasons, so do blackberries, & other wild fruits. If it is in your mind to provide something for our use, the article most desirable will be dried apples.

*I am sorry to hear that Daniel & Marcus are still unsuccessful, though their past history gave us too much reason to expect it. Should their health be continued there is no reason, I think, to expect they will starve, but they may be made to suffer somewhat. A great many people have gone from this place to California, a large number have returned, & are now with us, but quite a number are now there. The greater part of those who have returned did very well there, & their success has added an important element of prosperity to the place. Those who have friends there do not seem to be anxious about them now, any more than if they had removed the same distance to any other part of the world

There is no marked change in our religious affairs since I last wrote. <*Things*> I have ventured to preach against the Spiritual Manifestations [*Spiritualism*] & I think with good effect. A few in this place are determined to trust to them, & I doubt whether there is any care for them, but others now let them entirely alone, & others still are beginning to be satisfied that the whole is untrustworthy. I took for a text Is. [*Isaiah*] 44:25. “That frustrateth the tokens affairs, & marketh <u>diviners</u> mad,” & my <*general*> design, briefly described, was to show that God had pledged himself to render vain & profitless all such things, & to infatuate (make mad) all who trust in them. The week previous to my preaching two men had become insane in Chicago through this delusion, & others were imprisoned for crimes to wh. [*which*] it had led them, & this gave power to what I said, with the daily increasing infatuation of those who still practice it here, is a running commentary on the same point. I think the authority of the Spirits as teachers of theology, & disclosers of the secret of the present or future is at an end here, though it is astonishing what numbers have been disposed to trust in them.

I am inclined to think the wonders of this thing (& wonders there are beyond doubt) are to be explained by <*refer*> supposing the minds & bodies of those present to become highly excited, & “the nervous fluid” (so called because we know not what other name to give it) with wh. [*which*] all are surrounded, or enveloped, does act in accordance with the volitions of those present,

performing strange feats, & sometimes revealing things forgotten, though I am not certain that it ever <*I doubt whether it ever*> does things absolutely unknown to any present. That this is so (in part at least) is evident from the fact that every circle gets just such revelations as it wishes. If <*they*> it is made up of infidels & universalists (as it commonly is) their views are endorsed, if of orthodox people their views are declared correct &c. so that it is probable the answers are the work of their own minds. Still this thought remains; if a state of things can be induced in wh. [*which*] our Spirits <*souls*> may thus make use of "the nervous fluid," why may not that spirit "that goeth about as a roaring lion," make use of the same, & thus actually disclose (when he chooses, & is permitted to do so) the secret? This general position is safely taken viz. that none of the spirits that profess to act ever have any thing to do with the matter, that if there is intelligence in the manifestations (& we cannot deny that there sometimes is) it is mostly <*either*> in the persons who seek such manifestations, & <*perhaps rarely*> possibly sometimes in the angels, principalities, & powers, to whom God hath given liberty to tempt & try the human race, & whose revelations are never to be trusted even when they tell the truth.

Your aff. [*affectionate*] son,
Joel Grant

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Burrsville [*Ohio*], Tues. noon. May 28

My dear Brother,

Mrs. Burr hopes to take me to your house next Friday forenoon. If Mr. B. [*Burr*] should on that day, go out of town with his horse in another direction, it is our purpose to come on Saturday, if the weather & other circumstances do not forbid.

While I deeply sympathize with you in your infirmities & sufferings, I regard your continuance on earth a favor to our world. Those who have been called & justified in accordance with God's plan of saving sinners "are the salt of the earth." Therefore, our world is better for there being in it. When too feeble for continuous that is protracted prayers, you may perhaps sometimes need the prayers of one good man, "Bless my posterity, so long as trees grow & rivers run." You can pray, "Save the souls of my children, & of their descendants for Christ's sake," uttering this prayer from the heart many times in the day, & many times in the night, would not be vain repetition.

For yourself, perhaps you can say as the late Rev. Dr. Goodell said in a letter in 18[6?]7 from Constantinople that he repeated as his own prayer many times in the day & often many times in the night,

"I'm a poor sinner, just
nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my
All in all."

When you may not be able to repeat the whole of the Lord's prayer, you may lift up your soul to God, in the expressions, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Or more briefly you may say, "Father glorify thy name," or simply " Thy will be done."

Stephen adapted the prayer of our Lord in its spirit. Jesus said, "Father into thy hands I commit my spirit. The words of Stephen were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." A single that offered up to God in accordance with his will, & in dependence of his mercy thru' the gift of his Son, has proved to be prevailing prayer. One who had never prayed before his last hour said from his heart "Lord remember me," & his soul was saved.

Much love to Marcus & to Caroline, to Edward & to Jack on his return. In love, your sister,
Z.P. Banister [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

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Care Mrs. C.C. Chrisman
Westchester, Pa. [*Pennsylvania*] Jan. 29, 1866
Morn

My dear Brother,

A letter written by Mr. Phillips on Fri the 26th, mailed the 27th, has brot [*brought*] me tidings of you & yours. The closing scenes of life bring with them sadness to surviving friends. But to the believer, Christ has "abolished death" (Tim [*Timothy*] 1:10) he saith to him, "Because I live, ye shall live also." In the removal from you of your best in friends the companion of your youth, I trust you will recognize the fulfillment of our Savior's promise, Jn [*John*] 14:3 – "I will come again & receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." It is his will, & his prayer, "that they also whom the [Earth?] has has given him be with him where he is, that they may behold his glory." & (Jn. [*John*] 17:24.) Having laid down his life to purchase them, having loved them with an everlasting love, & their having been partakers of eternal life, since they by faith on being born again became partakers of the eternal life which God has given us which life is in his Son as the Fountain & in the believer as united to this Fountain it is his joy to put them in possession of their inheritance, reserved for them at the close of their earthly pilgrimage. – This dear fiend lived here by faith upon the Son of God, & she endured unto the end. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Can we not comfort on another in the conclusive evidence we have that she has already entered in to the rest of & will ever be with our Lord.

After her mortal part shall be consigned, "dust to dust," then will be a desolation in your house, exceeding what you felt while her body lay before you, cold as marble. Do not, my dear brother, allow yourself to regard death as a grim tyrant, a monster, watching for his prey, as the heathens do; but rather think of both soul & body as having been bought by our Redeemer with a price, & each as having their habitation, whether in this world or another, appointed by Him, & cared for by Him as long as each shall exist. Let not the room in which she breathed her last have melancholy associations but recognize <*that*> it as the place where Jesus came to take one of his own, came in love, & in the fulfillment of his own precious promise. There he came, only a little while before he will come again & take you also. In view of the past your heart will perhaps say, "Even so, Father for so it seemed good in thy sight. "The Lord gave & the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." In view of the future, considering that our great High Priest hath by one offering perfected forever them that are sanctified, (or justified), you may say "Come Lord Jesus." One Apostle <*tells*> in speaking to the saints says, The father hath made us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Another says He is able to keep you from falling & to present you before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. Shall we not choose that unto Him that loved us, & washed us from our sins in his own blood there shall be glory forever & ever.

Your son Joel, away at Dr. Well's Bluff in Arkansas, will weep & rejoice <u>for</u> you & himself, tho [*though*] he cannot be <u>with</u> you. You and each bereaved one, can go & tell Jesus. Assure each of your own family & home hold of my deep & tender sympathy, Let us one & all seek to have this event a means of sanctification to ourselves & others, The Lord be with you, my brother, Z.P. Banister [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

Dr. King of Carlisle who preached here yesterday, said that Jesus Christ had purchased our souls by his atonement Jn. [*John*] 1:29. Those who accept his offer, he will receive to himself. Those who reject it he will cast off.

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Newburyport [*Massachusetts*], Feb. 26, 1867

My dear Brother,

It is a fact of tender interest, that I am permitted to write this address. Caroline's letter, received yesterday, leads me to think of you as near the time when Jesus will receive you to himself, cleansed by his blood, bathed in his righteousness, a trophy of divine grace. The salvation of your soul, saved from your sins, will be the means of making known to angels, the manifold wisdom of God. (Eph. [*Ephesians*] 3:10.) <u>Looking unto Jesus</u>, may be our daily motto while we continue at home in the body. May we not on earth, commence the song of heaven, "Unto him that loved us, & washed us from our sins in his own blood, -- to him be glory & dominion forever & ever."

Yesterday I met with some remarks of C.H. Mackintosh, a Scotchman still living, so adapted to my own wants, that I will transcribe a few sentences for you.

"God has taken us up <u>just as we are</u>. He can never make any fresh discovery to cause an alteration in the character & measure of his love. (Jn [*John*] 13:1. Having loved his own wh. [*which*] were in the world, he loved them unto the end. Jn. [*John*] 15:11. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.) God knew all about us. – the very worst, when he manifested his love to us in the gift of his son. He knew what was needed, & he provided it. He knew what was due, & he paid it. He knew what was to be wrought, & he wrought it. His own requirements had to be met, & he met them. It is all his own work. Hence we find him saying to Israel (Ex [*Exodus*] 6:7.8) 'I will bring you in.' – 'I will take you to me.' – 'I will give you the land.' – 'I am Jehovah.' – It was all what he <u>would do</u> founded upon what <u>he was</u>. Until this great truth is fully laid hold of until it enters into the soul in the power of the Holy Ghost, there cannot be settled peace."

My dear brother letting go of every hold you may sink down with the weight of all your infirmities, & all your sins into the arms of Jesus. He is watching, -- that he may do all that for you, & work all that in you, which you need. Is it your choice, that he should have all the glory of your salvation? -- & the glory of the salvation of all your descendents to all your kindred – of all whose bodies & souls he had bought with a price?

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," may be our daily prayer. – thro [*through*] our Father which art in heaven, Save my children, my grand children, & my kindred, for Christs sake.

In sisterly love, yours,

Z.P. Banister [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

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Newburyport [*Massachusetts*], Aug. 27. 1867.

My dear Friends at Millbrook,

The Lord be with you, all & each of you personally. When teachable, we may expect the teachings & power of the Holy Spirit, to attend the providences, that we recognize from the hand of our heavenly Father.

Mrs. [Jemshu?] Grant, the widow of James, since 1826, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. [T.?] Parker June 9, in the 78th year of her age. And now that your father has gone, no one of my brothers or sisters, or their companions is remaining. Your father had long been the only person living that had loved me ever since I was born. This world seems to grow poorer, & heaven richer in loved ones. I would heed the lessons from the Great Teacher & profit by them.

That my own & only brother should have with him in his last days, sons, sons wives, grandsons, all respectful, filial, tender towards him; & this, to with most of them as It must in obedience to our heavenly Father, having a choice to do his will shows the wealth of our heavenly Father is love & applies us.

Dear Abbies letter written at 7 am. Last Saturday came to me at 10 a.m. yesterday. (Mon.) Joel's telegram from Winsted [*Connecticut*], Mon. reached me at 10 ½. Mon. morn & his letter, written Sat. eve stating that his father died that afternoon at 5 o'clock, has this moment, Tues. 10 a.m., arrived. The Lord be praised for his favors general & special to the dear departed one & to you all, to us all. What a blessing that sleep towards the last instead of [. . .] agony, & is it precious to see that expression of "perfect peace" on his countenance, as he sleeps in death. How thrilling must have been his welcome by Jesus as one of his purchased ones, & how satisfying [to] see this Jesus as he is, & to be conformed to his image. To be received by Him whence he is to be forever with him, safe from sin, form evil from even the fear of evil, what must it be, Forever safe! Is all this only just before us? See the hymn, "My God, my portion & my love."

The Lord bless you each one. In sympathy & present in spirit tenderly yours,

Z.P. Banister [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

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Newburyport [*Massachusetts*], Nov. 1, 1865.

My dear Elizabeth,

My own arrangements for your loved ones at Millbrook [*Connecticut*], have been years in advance of your request. We should trust our friends, & trust for our friends. Our heavenly Father loves them infinitely more than we do. How benevolent are his precepts, "Take no thought for the morrow," "Be careful for nothing." That which they mean, may we receive, & obey.

You & I have our lives lengthened from day to day, that we may be humbled & proved, feel our need of Christ, accept of him as <*our*> Savior, lay up our treasure in heaven, & become better prepared for its employments & enjoyments We have here no abiding place. For comfortable shelter, lodgings, food & clothing, for opportunity to show kindness, what occasion we have for gratitude! Of the multitudes that are now before the throne, who came out of great tribulation, & washed their robes & made them white in the blood of the Lamb, which of them looks back with sorrow at the trials appointed on earth for their discipline? -- It is the power of the Holy Spirit, & his indwelling, that we need. Our Savior says, "Ask & ye shall receive." Please look at this & the context.

As I was for some weeks, I could not think of taking a trip to Conn. [*Connecticut*] Now I am so much improved, that I may make you a call about or after the middle of November. I shall be glad to commune with you personally, & with you all at Millbrook [*Connecticut*] face to face. My stay cannot be long.

Give a great deal of love to your father & mother & to Marcus. Our Great Teacher seems to be educating Marcus by special means for what he has in store for him, both in future life here, & for what he will give him to do in heaven. I hope he lays hold of the promise, "My grace is sufficient for you."

Our Heavenly Father can overrule our mistakes for the highest good. Miss Fidelia Fisk, after severe bodily suffering & mental trial on her death bed, was comforted by the thot [*thought*] that God could glorify himself by forgiving her sins, as well as by keeping her from sin.

What a favor that he does not upbraid those who come to him in their deficiency, feeling their need & having their expectation from him. See James 1:5 & the context. Receive these teaching as fr. [*from*] our heavenly Father speaking audibly to you personally. -- The Lord bless thee & keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, & be gracious to thee. The Lord life up his countenance upon thee, & give thee peace.

In long continued love your aunt,
Z.P. Banister. [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

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Newark, N.J. [*New Jersey*] April 7, 1866.

My dear Elizabeth,

Your favor of March 14, is before me. I deeply sympathize in your very heavy trials. It is obvious, that they are occasioned by disease of body, affecting the nervous system & the brain. No pecuniary aid, no arrangement of kindred & friends, not even the presence of filial affection, & unvaried attentions of your children can afford any permanent or essential relief. You need the best professional skill, of some physician, that understands what <*medical*> treatment has relieved others, similarly affected. This is probably your only chance for recovery, entire or partial. Without treatment you must undoubtedly find your difficulties of body & mind increasing.

I am glad your presence & aid have been so great a comfort to your father & mother, & to Caroline. There is perhaps no other condition in which you can be so useful, as the one you are now in at your father's house. Where you in good health, & spirits, it might be as well for your sons to struggle on alone, & by bearing the yoke in their youth, gain strength of character by trying discipline, as other young men have done,

Our heavenly Father who appoints our lot, knows the lessons we need for our highest & best education for our good in this world, & ever so many myriad of ages hence. It is wise for us to receive filially what he appoints for those we love, as well as what he appoints for ourselves, Instead of rebelliously seeking to get rid of trials, we should seek to have them sanctified to us. Our heavenly Father chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. (See Heb. [*Hebrews*] 12.)

It must cost money to you to put yourself on trial of a three month's medical & remedial treatment. If only one chance out of many for recovery or even relief, it is a call to you to appropriate your own funds in this way, How much more to be desired is your delivery from the burdens that press upon your tho'ts [*thoughts*]; & oppress your spirits, <*even*> to the cost of all your pecuniary means even to your last dollar, than any amount of cash in your hand, or in stocks, & your present wretchedness. Let your prayer in this matter be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I enclose a little tract, adapted to your wants & mine. Jesus Christ died, to save sinners from their sins. Will we allow him to save us? I came here yesterday. In the course of this month, I hope to be at Millbrook [*Connecticut*], & see you all. I love each one of you, & I thank Caroline for her letter. In tender sympathy, your aff'te [*affectionate*] aunt, Z.P. Banister, [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

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Chicago Ill. [*Illinois*] May 7, 1866.

Mrs. Elizabeth Burton
Mill Brook Ct. [*Connecticut*]
Dear Sister,

I take my pen to inform you that I am in this place having been released from military service by the muster out of my Regiment some three weeks since. I arrived here three days since, and stop at the Home of the Friendless, an Institution of which Abby has been Matron for about five weeks. The character of the Institution you can infer from its name.*

[*written along side*] * I send you last year's Report, from which if you choose you can learn more (Abby tells me she has sent one--therefore I will not)

She has found the care of it very laborious indeed -- I fear she cannot endure it long.

As my position in the army has <*too*> but recently <*been*> ceased I am not able to state definitely what I shall do. For the present you may address me here.

I <*judge*> fear from what I hear from home that you, dear Sister, do not enjoy so fully as we all ought the comfort of your situation. I do not doubt that there is much, very much, in it that is undesirable, but so there is in everybody's case. "We who have believed" (says the Apostle, Heb. [*Hebrews*] <*3*> 4:3) "do enter into rest" -- not "shall enter," but "do enter." And when I think of the good it was your privilege to do in the last days of our dear Mother's life, and that you still are doing while Father continues -- I cannot feel that you or any one else is warranted to call that a "mistake" that led you into a path where such action is possible. We sometimes it is true are compelled to bear a crop that is really for our good, but which we would no more take up ourselves than a child would choose a whipping. I sometimes both amuse and instruct myself by considering what the world would come to if every man and woman could carry out the programme each lays out. I think the result of Phaeton's experiment in driving his fathers chariot were nothing in comparison.

I should be glad to see you, and impart comfort if I have any you could receive. But it is too doubtful whether I shall be able to visit you, and perhaps even more doubtful whether I could benefit you if I should. I could do little more than tell you to take a trustful view of the present and the future -- as to the past with all its errors and mistakes, and sins "let the dead bury its dead." I know no one can be happy whose happiness is dependent on such a condition as that he shall avoid all mistakes -- The promise respecting the good man "Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down" is worth more than any expectation <*any*> we can indulge that you or I or any body else will do exactly the right thing

Abby joins me in sending love to you and Father, Caroline & Marcus and all the rest -- Direct as below

Your aff. [*affectionate*] brother
Joel Grant
911 Wabash Avenue Chicago Ill

[*written in pencil in another hand*] I meant to write to Sister C. [*Caroline*] to send with this but cannot get time to day. Love to all. aff. [*affectionately*] yr [*your*] sister Abby,

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[*Addressed to*] Mr. John Grant
New-Haven
Conn. [*Connecticut*]

Boston Nov. 2, 1839

Dear Brother;

I am now able to forward the money I borrowed of you, which, though it is <about> all I borrowed, will not I fear be enough to pay your expenses. If this should be the case you must borrow of Wm. [*William*] Gilbert and send it to him as soon as you get home, or perhaps you can be trusted till you can send the money, or perhaps again, you may not be well enough to leave New-Haven [*Connecticut*] at present and you can write to father and have him send you some before you go home.

The only item of news I have is that our ship is to visit New-York before she leaves the country, and it is probable she will make the visit some time next week. She is getting into pretty good trim now, and I suppose we go to New-York principally to take on board Com. Ridgeley, who is to be our commander, and whose dignity might be hurt if <he> we were not obliged to go to him, rather than he to come to us. But whatever the reason may be, I build upon the fact some additional hope that I shall be able to visit home before we go. I think I can make arrangements so that I shall meet the ship at New-York, and while it is going from here there I will go home. If such should be the case I will visit you at New Haven [*Connecticut*] if you are not well enough to <go> meet me at home.

We are making arrangements for our “Mess” as it is called, that is for our boarding establishment. I have paid $70 towards furnishing it with necessary food. I expect the expenses for board will be rather large. If I can get along for $5 per week it is as cheap as I expect. Provisions are quite dear I am told in that part of the world to which we are going. On the whole I think I shall make out to spend my time very agreeably, though I am well satisfied I must look to other sources than my associates for happiness. I must be shut up with 500 or more men, all of them from the lowest ranks of society, a compound of ignorance, indolence and vice. The offices are certainly entitled to rank better, for they are men from the better <*raks*> ranks of society, but their education is not I expect very good, at least not so good as it ought to be, - and their principles such as we might expect from persons who from early childhood have had no religious training, who seldom or never the voice of prayer but daily listen to oaths till they almost become their natural language, such must be my associates, and though I see good evidence that they are desirous to treat me with respect, yet I rejoice that I have always cultivated a habit of seeking my happiness in my own bosom, for now I shall have occasion to look to that source, rather than any other. My situation is not <*to be*> like that of a person who goes to teach school on land for he is situated among a moral & religious people a great portion of whom can agree with him on subjects of a moral nature. But I am not discouraged. No, were it not that I wish to see home once more I would gladly set sail on Monday. I wish to see our vessel “ploughing the foam of the sea with her brazen beak” I long to see her sweeping over the waves in “light majestic beauty” though from her size I should suppose she could never sail very lightly. Still they say she can outsail any ship that was ever built; though one of the first ships built by the United States she is <*one* > the best. There were however two or three frigates built about the same time which are said to be nearly as good. The Brandywine, <*however*> which was built in 1825 cannot hold a candle to the United States, for a few years since they tried their strength by racing together and the United State beat the Brandywine “all hollow” But I am in a hurry, so no more at present from your affectionate brother

Joel Grant.

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Lockport Ill. [*Illinois*] Aug. 15, 1846.

Dear Sister,

We to day received the letter written by yourself Mother, John, and cousin Margaret. The news was on the whole quite as agreeable as we could expect though in many particulars far different from what we <*hoped*> should desire if it were in our power to choose John's fever and Ague is I doubt not much worse than it would be in a fever and ague country, where physicians and almost every individual by virtue of the principle "practice makes perfect", would be able without hesitation to apply appropriate remedies. It is the testimony of every one in this region that a transplanted ague is much worse than one that is a native. By the kindness of God we have as yet been preserved from any thing of the kind whether native or foreign (excepting the billious attack I had in the spring) but now is the season for such things and many around us are more or less affected with them. There have been no severe cases as yet but no one can say how long it wd [*would*] be before there will be.

But I will leave these items for the present, that I may say a few words upon a topic of which you make inquiry viz the views we should take of an over rulling Providence. I can say but few things concerning it and my views you can gather from them

In the first place I would say that the Bible differs from all other books in that in it God is every where acknowledged as the chief agent every where acting. It is he who raises up and casts down. At his pleasure who brings princes to nothing while he places the poor on high. Indeed there is no one thing which characterizes the Bible more than this. Read books of laws as elsewhere found, read history, and you find no such thing, or at best only to a limited extent. And that Bible also testifies most strongly against such as forget this truth. (Deut. [*Deuteronomy*] 8: 10-20) God warns directly those who would be inclined to say <*that the*> "My power and the might of my hand hath gotten me this wealth" and that not merely because it was not true but because such an assertion denied the truth "It is the Lord thy God that giveth the power to get wealth." He warns all these saying "I testify against you that ye shall surly perish."

But let any who can for a moment doubt this read the 107th Psalm where the agency of the Lord is so beautifully described. There it is the Lord who delivered Israel, who rescued the captives, sets free the prisoners, and saved distressed mariners. It was no accidental combination of circumstances, nor yet the wisdom or might of those concerned for these would have been useless unless the Lord had interposed. And how solem as well as instructive is the last verse that Psalm "Whose is <u>wise</u> and will observe these things even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord." This intimating that while the truth was obvious it might easily be lost sight of by the careless & unredeemed . If men will not be wise, if they will not consider these things, then <*must*> may they fail to see the truth with wh. [*which*] the Bible is so full.

But while this is true I still think God never interposes at the present day by any means wh [*which*] counteract or interrupt natural laws. If he did so, if he saved the mariner when tossed by a tempest by sending an angel to bear him up, would it any longer require wisdom or consideration to see the loving kindness of the Lord? No. It would all be as plain as the sun in the heavens. Every thing that is done is so done as not to countervail natural laws, and hence it is some forget the hand that wields those laws as instruments.

Do you ask how this can be done? I answer just recall any events of your life which in your view are important and consider the train of causes that led to them. In every instance it is probable there were many point upon which the whole result depended and concerning which you were in doubt how to act. By the weight of a feather you could be turned one way or another. Now God who sees the end from the beginning might at that moment have interposed and presented in some way the thought that decided the whole matter. All such crises he can render the wisdom of the most profound as worthless as the folly of a child and they shall never know it unless they are "wise and consider." In this way alone (and it is but one of a thousand) our fortunes our lives our happiness lie wholly at his disposal.

Let me relate an instance. A man and his wife now residing in this place were a few years ago at Buffalo designing to come here. They started for the Boat and on their way there the gentleman stepped into a store to purchase some trifling article, and there he met a friend with whom though in great fear that he should miss the boat and in great haste to reach home, he conversed a short time and then hurried to the wharf, when to he was just 1/4 of a minute too late. They were much grieved and disappointed. But hark the result. That boat was the ill fated

Erie, that trip she never finished and but one or two of her hundreds of passengers ever set foot on land again.

Now no philosopher I care not how learned can say or bring the least argument to prove that this event was not controlled by God. In a thousand insensible ways he could distain that or any other man. In a thousand such ways he actually does control us while we know it not.

One thing more. It is impossible for any man to pray to God who denies such a doctrine. For what does he pray? Not for the thing for which he asks for he believes God has nothing to do with it. The Bible then teaches such a doctrine, there is nothing within the whole circle of truth that is more rational, and why should we doubt it. I might write much more but cannot, now, If you continue to have difficulties write me again.

Your aff. brother
Joel.

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[*Addressed to*] Mr. Daniel Grant.

"Oh may thy future hours be given
To peace, to wisdom and to heaven,
Thy hope disdain a mortal birth,
Thy joys ascend above the earth,
Thy steps retrace the path they trod,
Thy heart be fixed alone on God.
So, when the scenes of time shall fade,
And life's frail lamp be dark with shade,
A seraph's voice shall soothe they breast,
And lead you where the weary rest."

Your friend,
Caroline Burr.

Colebrook, Feb. 22, 1837.

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[*Addressed to*] Mr. Daniel Grant
Prairieville
Milwalky [*Milwaukee*] County
Wisconsin Ter.-y. [*Territory*]

Piketon [*Ohio*], Feb. 22, 1846.

Dear Brother Daniel,

I once was informed of your P.O. address, but lost & forgot it, & this must be my excuse for not writing sooner. Is it possible it is almost six years since we last parted? & that we have not exchanged letters since? I can hardly believe it. Since that time, great changes have taken place in our father's family; you have assumed the responsibilities of husband & father; the bodies of our dear sister Mary [*Mary Grant Burgess*] & her little son [*Edwin Burgess*], have been committed to the silent tomb, & our beloved Martha [*Martha Grant*] is still in the furnace of affliction, where she has remained for more than two years. Sister Susan [*Susan Boyd J. Grant*] gave me a pretty full account of her situation but I do not seem to understand much about her symptoms, nor can I, without seeing her, & I do not know when <u>that</u> will be. I believe brother Phelps is about to connect himself with an association at W. Roxbury Mass [*West Roxbury, Massachusetts*], if he has not already done it. I know almost as little of Joel, John & Marcus, as of yourself.

I am anxious to know more of your situation & prospects, both as it respects this world & a future. Horatio Burton a nephew of ours, spent six weeks with us last summer He had spent the preceding winter in Poelloit Wisconsin, with which country he was much pleased. -- he had not heard of you. What is the character of your society? (I trust superior to ours) & your religious privileges? & may I be permitted to ask, <*what*> something of the improvement, you have been enabled to make?

We have had a cold winter for Ohio. thus far & I fear in your climate, you would almost suffer, but I suppose wood is plenty.

Our "barn of a house" was finished, neat & comfortable, in Sept. after you left us, since which time, our family, then three daughters, has been increased by three sons, Ohilander, Edward, & William, who will be 20 months old, March 9th.

Mr. B. [*Burton*] is now wishing to get rid of his farm. He tried hiring for a time & though he had little difficulty with his hands, he wished to try renting. Having built a comfortable hewed log house, he has tried renting his farm to two men heads of families, first, for five years, secondly for three years, but in each case, before one year had half expired, such was the state of feeling between <*the*> us, that it took no small effort to settle it. In the last case wh. [*which*] was last fall, we lost considerable in the settlement. Indeed the older I become, the more I think of the importance of acquiring absolute control over our passions, while young. My little boys are hard to govern. I fear for them, but O for more faith. Every good gift is from above, & with God all things are possible. We have enjoyed more peace in our family for about a year, than I once expected to enjoy in this life. Doubtless all we endure in this life is designed to wean us from the world, & bring us home to God. Strange how slow I have been to learn, for I have had many lessons. I have been a great backslider when shall I return? Never? I cannot think so. O that by the grace of God the time might not be far distant when I shall experience that joy & peace in believing wh. [*which*] the [world?] can neither give nor take away.

Feb. 28. This day is very cold. A heavy snow has fallen wh. [*which*] might be of some advantage to us, if we had sleighs as the ground was hard frozen upon which it fell.

Though Mr. B. [*Burton*] is about <*but*> he has not preached for sometime, he is somewhat indisposed, & so much afraid he shall be sick, as to avoid almost all exposure.

Mary sends her love to her Uncle Daniel & Aunt Caroline.

Your affectionate. sister, Elizabeth Burton. [*Elizabeth Grant Burton*]

Dear sister Caroline [*Caroline Burr Grant*],

Though I suppose I have never seen you I have almost become acquainted, by means of fiends. I know, at least, that your education would make you just such a sister & friend as I should most desire. though I know nothing of your religious sentiments. In my mind cold as my heart is there is nothing that so cements friends hearts together, as true religion. Indeed I am alarmed about myself & my children, (two of whom are quite ill,) my heart is so hard, & my love so cold. Do, sister, write me soon, sister Martha [*Martha Grant*] is sick & cannot write, mother is almost worn out with nursing so that I seldom get much that is calculated to revive my spirits from the east. I seldom attend public worship & never private religious meeting, & can very very seldom meet a christian, with whom I can hold sweet converse. My streams seem almost dry. I have forsaken "the Fountain of living waters, & hewn to my self cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water" Forgive dear sister, this strain into wh. [*which*] I have almost unconsiously broken

Kiss the babe for me, tell me all about her when you write, and believe me

Your affectionate sister

Elizabeth Burton

[*written across side*] Any thing about your New England friend would be very acceptable, If you ever know me, please tell me when & where.

I hope both will [write?] soon. Adieu E.B.

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[*from Austinburg, Ohio, 186-?*]

Dear brother Daniel,

As I am sending home, I enclose a few lines to you. Abbie is pretty well generally, tho' [*though*] she has complained of a lame ancle lately & some head aches. She is better to day. How your family is scattered. No two in a place. And with other news we see in the paper you sent, that you have disposed of the property you bought in Winsted [*Connecticut*]. Have you done it advantageously? & will you now be able to redeem the $600. note you mentioned? Please tell me all about it. I wish to know more of your prosperity & of your adversity. I <*do*> would not buy property if you have to run in debt for it, the yearly interest is such an eating mother [barnowl?] – you stay at father's & help father & [brotheren?]. Better be in no business than a [sinking] business. May there not be an opening where you can labor for a salary, or for regular wages, if you wait awhile?

We hear nothing fr. [*from*] bro. [*brother*] Josh for a long time. Bro. [*brother*] John wrote the last he knew of him, he was in Chicago on government business. We are quite anxious to know more of his plans.

What a gloomy prospect our country now presents. O. that we may all so return, with weeping, mourning, & supplication, to our God, that he may have mercy & restore peace to our once happy but guilty land.

Henry Bowles spent nearly two weeks in Austinburg [*Ohio*], recently. He held a number of meetings here. He does seem to be one of the holiest men I ever knew. He took tea with us, & called several times[.] Aunt Olive & Mr Marshall's family were well as usual when I last heard.

Dear brother, I hope we shall learn how to pray in this day of our sore visitation as we have never done before. What else can we do. "He that knows how to pray has the secret of safety in prosperity & support in adversity." If we preserve this world it proves a fleeting show, but if we "set our affections on things above," if we "lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven" we shall soon experience the glad fruition of all our hopes.

Please write soon & freely. It is dark, I fear you cannot read this

Your aff..te [*affectionate*] sister Elizabeth [*Elizabeth Grant Burton*]

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[*Addressed to*]

Mr. Daniel Grant
Waukesha
Waukesha Co
Wisconsin.

West Avon [*Connecticut*] Feb. 26, 1849.

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

Your letter mailed Feb. 9, was received about three days since, and we were truly glad to hear from you once more. Your letter found us in more than ordinary affliction. I was confined to the house, & mostly to my bed, by a severe ear ache, the result of a cold; and our little boy was afflicted with a very dangerous lung fever. Through God's blessing we are both now better.

Our fathers family is much afflicted this winter, as you have doubtless heard in part, though all are still living. Father & Mother are living entirely alone, & Mother has been so feeble as to be unable to do any thing a considerable part of the winter. John has had another operation for the removal of tumors, through wh. [*which*] he has passed as we hope, safely, though he writes that his back is not healed yet. He has resumed his duties as tutor nevertheless.

Since my wife's recovery from the severe sickness which she passed through last summer she has been gradually improving in health as we hope though there is still much room for improvement.

I think you must feel singular to be left without a house after laboring so long to obtain one. Of course you are the best judge as to what you ought to do, but it seems to me the price for wh. [*which*] you disposed of it <*were*> was less than it was worth by a good many dollars, especially as the pay is not prompt. $220 I should think a low price for a house situated as that was; however, I do not profess to be able to judge.

So it seems you are again without a home, and are somewhat perplexed to be able to tell what you had better do. Probably you will have decided before this reaches you, yet I will venture to say just a few thoughts. As you are out of business at present would it not be as well to try California? According to all accounts the success of those who go there may be presumed to be good, in some cases excellent. It strikes me favorably, if you can get some one to bear your expenses and then divide equitably the results of your labor, inasmuch as that will involve no pecuniary risks. Indeed I suppose it would be impossible for you to go on your own responsibility, as the expense of an outfit would be quite considerable. For a single traveller I find the outfit at Independence Missouri (& it will cost $20 at least to get there, probably more) to be thus stated by Col. [Gilpin?] a man who has been over the whole ground

Riding horse----------$60
Two pack mules---------$120
saddle bridle, & spurs-----12
pack saddles----------8
----------$200.00

Provisions 150 lbs. flour----------$3.00
75 do bacon----------2.00
20 do coffee 1.50 50 sugar 4.00 5.60
Salt pepper vinegar etc.---2.40----------13.00
$213.00

Besides these <*blan*?> he puts down Mackinaw Blankets at from $10 to $16 the pair, & he might have put down many other things so that the expense of an outfit at Independence cannot be assumed to be less than from $250 to $300. He sets down the time necessary as two or three months. But of these things the people of your place know far more than I can possibly If you go I trust you will go comfortably.

There will be many risks to be run, but I think the probabilities are altogether in favor of its doing your health good. You may be sick, you may die, & if you could avoid these things by staying at home, I would advise you by all means, not to go. As it is I am favorably impressed with the idea of your going.

I hope you will be able to see to the forwarding of the money due April 1 from Mahar. I received the $49 of which you write, though I was very sorry you did not send it sooner as I wanted it very much. <*It*> I understand that it was 88 cents more than was then due. If you should be unable to see to the business yourself please to designate some one by name, whom I can make my attorney. I presume it will not be [weeping?] to make an attorney this year but it may be another. Let me know the name of the lawyer who did my business for me when I was there last; his <u>whole</u> name, for he seemed to be a man worthy of confidence. If possible I hope you will forward the payment for this year before you leave

Should you go to California, take with you paper pen & ink and keep a diary of your course and forward it to us as you may have opportunity. I have many things to say, but I have not the leisure to say them now. Let what I have said suffice. Forget not amid all the perplexities with which your path is surrounded, that God sees through them all, and if you commit your way to him he will prepare it for you. “Trust then in the Lord with all thy heart; & lean not to thine own understanding.” (Prov. 3:5)

Your aff. [*affectionate*] brother,
Joel Grant

I hope Daniel will have his Daguereotype taken before he goes to Ca. [*California*]
Abby – [*Abigail Cowles Grant*]

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[*Addressed to*] Mrs. Caroline Grant

Norfolk
Ct. [*Connecticut*]

Hamilton [*California*], Apr. 14, '55

My Dear Wife [*Caroline Burr Grant*],

It is some time since I received the letter containing the news of your fathers [*Ebenezer Burr*] death. I have no excuse for permitting so long a time to pass without writing & I believe It is not best for me to make any calculations about writing often. I wish I was with you to comfort you in your afflictions, but it is not to be you know the true source of comfort. If the Lord spares us a few months longer we shall meet again on earth.

You wish me to come soon as my interests will not be sacrificed here. I will just mention that that time will never come, my worldly interest will be sacrificed when I leave this country, & are now impaired by the fact that this is not my home.

For the first time in my life there is an opportunity now open for me to provide, not only the necessaries of life, but many of its comforts, yet I suppose that I should not be permited this chance if It was my home, & I was so situated as to make it available.

I do not mention this to disharten you but thoug I know it is foolish for me to feel so I am not quite willing you should think I can leave here without a sacrifice when it is not so.

It is not to late yet for matters to take a different turn from what present appearances indicate but it will not be my fault if they do

I have laid your last letter where I can't find it & don't know as I shall answer it as thoroughly as you wish. I think your fathers will is wise <*It is not the*> I do not desire to be enriched by the property of my deceased relatives but our friends must die & their property must pass into other hands & it is propper that it should fall to the legitamate heirs & that they should lookout for it the same as though they had bought it with their own money therefore I must take an interest in such things when it falls to my lot to do so

I have nothing of importance to write and should not have written but for the fact that a long time has passed since I wrote.

I saw J. Allen a few days since he is troubled with the ague some. He told me that Marcus [*Marcus Grant*] was also troubled in the same way I told J. that I should like to have him try to persuade M. [*Marcus Grant*] to go home this spring it will not do for me to meddle with the matter for if I should he will be sure not to go

I will try & give some historical facts relating to Cal. [*California*] to have some thing to write from time to time & first I will hit upon the aboriginals or natives of this country Of their origine history has been deficient but there is reason to suppose that the natives of China and the Pacific Islands carried on a commerce with this continent some 800 years ago & the complexions of the natives is strong proof that they are decendants of those eastern countries or we might here say with more propriety western countries

How their knowledge was lost or how their commerce was alowed to cease must be a matter of speculation

It seems that not more than 25 years ago the indians were pretty numerous in this valley. <*Tthe*> The old sites of indian vilages here shows to some extent that such was the case I saw a statement in a M.ville [*Maryville, California*] paper in 1851 purporting to come from an old Californian He said he traveled through this country from the south part to Oregon in the summer of –4[2?] & returned in –43 When he went up the valley was thickly populated with indians but there was very high water that winter wh. [*which*] caused it to be very unhealthy the following season & great very great numbers died so that when he returned the valey was almost depopulated & dead bodies lay st[. . .]d over the surface of the ground The account I thought was not to be credited & it was but about a year ago that I succeeded in getting any clue to the matter. At last I learnt that at that time or rather 10 years before for it was in –33 instead of –43 the Columbia fur company were trapping here & the indians being troublesome they inoculated two or three with the smallpox & it came near exterminating the whole race but they are fast dwindling away now & the same ratio followed back for 25 years would find a pretty large population

Yours entirely
Daniel Grant

[*some very faint writing in another hand vertically at the top of the page:* Dear Mother, I recd these Sat. last and feel so much relieved. All well here. If Abbie has a first reader & does not need it will you pleas send it.]

Hamilton [*California*], May 2nd, 1855

My Dear Carrie [*Caroline Burr Grant*],

I have done wrong very worng, I do not deserve forgivness. You see by this that more than two weeks hav passed since I wrote the other sheet, but I have suffered a mail to go without it & it was then a long time since I had written.

I am sorry but that does not remedy the evil. I can give no other reason for such conduct that the U.S. surveyors have just passsed through our neighborhood surveying. As was of course expected it caused a gooddeal of excitement, & the excitement must be my only excuse. I did not forget, but by some unaccountable cause I neglected to send the letter.

I cannot now give you any deffinite, or at any certain knowledge about my [preemption?] but shall doubtless be able the next mail or the first of June. Things are favorable. My health pretty good.

There is certainly a difference in my luck from formerly. It is strange that anything beyond my control should shape itself to my advantage, but I will not crow to soon, it may yet be dashed from me, still I am thankfull for present appearances.

Somebody says “never say die” “never dispair” but is a man to endure forever especially when every effort is a perfect failure & only sinks him deeper in the gulf of misery <*an*> Occasional success will enspire hope & if this my last effort in Cal. [*California*] is destined to prove successfull I shall have some reason to hope on but if it fail <u>but it will not fail</u> I will not give up.

“When ruin hangs grim o’er our passion tossed bark,
And the future approaches all cheerless & dark,
Or the past is o’ershadowed by errors & crimes,
Resolve still to conquer & hope better times”

This verse does not all apply to me for just at present the future is not as dark as frequently it is or as it is generally even nor am I aware of any crime that that o’ershadows my path however many errors I may have committed except my neglect to write home which has indeed amounted to a crime.

“When vices allure us or evils assail,
And good resolutions repeatedly fail,
<*Resolutions repe*> Resolve still to conquer & nobly declare
Independence of spirit, & “never despair”.

This verse is very good & applicable to anyone. You wrote me once that brother Ralph [*Ralph E. Burr*] thought me persevereing. I thought then he was not as well acquainted with me as he would be some time. but alas! he was, unless his spirit is making acquaintance without my knowledge but I never thought I was very persevereing yet I now think he had more reason to think so than I thought he had then. But adieu.

Thine, Dear Wife,
Daniel Grant

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Norfolk Ct. [*Connecticut*], May 4, 1856

My dear beloved husband [*Daniel Grant*],

I wrote to you by the last mail (24 Apr) a long letter sympathising with you in your bad feelings & trying to persuade you that there was no occasion for them, & I do sincerely think the

same now & I hope that you will feel that you can come & live here as well as any where & I verily believe that you can better. I hope you have not undertaken anything new, for I do feel as if you have not the health & strength sufficient. you need nursing & kind care & I feel anxious to do it for you my dear Husband. & I am sure the children would do what they could to comfort you.

I wrote to you that Ma had been feeble for some time & that we felt somewhat anxious about her but I did not then anticipate that I should so soon have to write to you that I was motherless.

Yes my dear husband I followed my precious Mother to the grave last Tuesday P.M. April 29. She died on Sat. eve at half past 10 o'clock Apr. 26. – There was an inactive state of the liver connected with irritation of the Stomach & bowels. She failed very rapidly for the last few days. Although the Dr. felt that there was some liability to an unfavorable change in her case, he said he was not looking for it so soon, if at all.

Abbie is now staying with me & in a few weeks, Mother Grant expects to visit to Ohio when Eddie will come here too. & Mary [*Mary Burr Hill*] is now here with her two youngest children to spend some weeks. & then when she leaves, may I not hope to have your Society? or at least before the setting in of another cold winter. I cannot think what excuse you can have for remaining now that your land is sold & your river claim at an end. Hope you & Marcus [*Marcus Grant*] will come together & take care of each other on the journey

Considerable property is left to us, beside any share of the real estate. Ma has given me one half of her property, wh. [*which*] is something as she owned some land here beside the personal property. & that was p[ris]ed after Pas death at about $2000, so I think there is enough here to make us a comfortable home if you should feel like occuping it.

<*I sent out to you*>

Mr. Tichenor says you were mistaken about Mr Barneys paying so much for the Kimbball place says he gave $3300 & $200 for a small piece adjoining, says Mr. B. will give no more than $1000 for ours & I herewith enclose the Quit claim deed wh. [*which*] Mr. T. [*Tichenor*] drew up for you to sign, expecting you will return it soon as you conveniently can, if you do not come yourself & bring it. I also send the directions that he sent about the execution of the deed, wh. [*which*] you will please attend to, as he seems to think it important.

Write to me when I shall look for you.

Your very affectionate wife Caroline [*Caroline Burr Grant*]

Mary [*Mary Burr Hill*] & Abbie send love.

Ma has given one two hundred dollars for being here since came from <Wis?> [*Wisconsin*] beside the wages I have steadily received.

Norfolk [*Connecticut*], May 5th 1856

Dear Brother [*Daniel Grant*]

I wish to address you not only as a brother by the tie of humanity but as a brother through sympathy with one to you the dearest object on earth and I wish to speak to you upon one particular subject and ask you forbearance if anything I should say seems to you more than I have a right to say – C [*Caroline Burr Grant*] has told you of the changes that have taken place of her sorrows, and her hopes, and I have seen through your last letter your failure to realize those fond wishes for which you "have endured" so much and your wife also. Let me entreat you to take one hours calm consideration of the subject of your return home, look upon it in all its bearings, consider that those here now need the comfort of your presence more than ever, and though your lack of sympathy of some of whom you have a right to expect it. You are certain of the sympathy and confidence of others, and above all if any one resolves before God to perform a duty which they have solemnly decided to be a duty they are sure of strength to perform it. Though it require much self sacrifice; and its burdens seem impossible to bear. (My " strength is sufficient for you saith the Lord") ("God is truth") With assurances like these before you let the troubled waters of your soul grow calm, think of the joy of reunion with those you love most, and that more than half our troubles come from anticipation of evil. Decide then and act before the hour of weakness has time to come again and my word for it you will find less to bear and more strength to bear it than you anticipate. Here you will be almost sure of enough of the things of this life for comparative comfort and though you would have to sacrifice much of self in returning be assured that Carrie

[*Caroline Burr Grant*] would have to sacrifice as much in doing that which would be her duty did you positively command but which love for you and her children, and past experience otherwise forbid.

Do not feel that I reproach you in any way my feelings towards you are kindness and nothing else and such they will ever remain. I wish to cheer <*you*> and strengthen you, hoping that the darkness that seems now to oppress you may brighten into day and that the day may soon come when your return shall be light & Joy" to those who fondly look for your coming. Hoping that you will receive this in the spirit in which it is written and write to me if you feel like it. I am

Affectionately your friend Br. [*Brother*] William Hill

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[*Addressed to*] Mrs. Caroline Grant
Millbrook
Conn. [*Connecticut*]
Flemington [*New Jersey*]
Dec. 20, 1861

Dear aunt Carrie [*Caroline Burr Grant*]

I cannot think of much to write; yet I wish to send you a letter so as to get one from you.

I used to help mother [*Mary Burr Hill*] a great deal before our girl came. I dried the dishes, and sometimes washed them. I often made the trundle-bed and set the table and we children almost always put ourselves to bed and <*ourselves*> dressed ourselves in the morning; We often took our bath alone. When Allie [*Alletta Hill*] and I went up to grandmothers and aunts Hates [*Henrietta Hill?*] I got myself and Allie ready without troubling mother at all.

Allie and I have learned that verse you sent us "O that it were my chief delight." I wish you and Eddie [*Edward Grant*] would come again this winter.

Your aff'.ate niece
Mary P.B. Hill.

Please give my love to uncle Daniel

We expected to send Minnie [*Mary P.B. Hill*] letter yesterday with mine but it was not ready and she was not very well at noon and I thought it doubtful whether she would have it ready to day. The winter is here ground partly covered with snow and the ice making slowly. Think that war with Old England will be avoided, and hope that our army with not suffer very much this cold weather I often think of the sufferings of our soldiers, and would like to see the war ended in some way.

Our Sunday school children expect to have a nice time at the Church to morrow. They have a Christmas tree and all the scholars will have something --

Yours in haste
[*Mary Burr Hill*]

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Norfolk [*Connecticut*], May 4, '67

Dear Cos Caroline,

I have concluded we shall probably want all the lard, you have to spare and write, that you may send all, at one time. I commenced school, on Wed. last. My school promises well and is pleasant, if teaching is my calling. the prospect is, that I shall fulfil my mission – but, I feel every day, the need of that 'wisdom which cometh from above', that I may do my work wisely, and well.

Mother is much as usual, not as feeble, as last spring, still, she suffers much from the weariness, always attendant weakness. Hope our dear uncle Grant, is more comfortable, than when I was with you.

How appropriate, and touching seems David's petition, as we watch, day by day, these loved ones, so 'compassed about with infirmities.' 'Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not, when my strength faileth.'

Mr. Saml Shepard, is very feeble, suffering from an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. I believe Dr. does not allow him, to speak loud, at all.

Emma Welch is to be married, on Wed. morning next, at 10 o'clock, in church.

Please say to Marcus, that our stove is very much improved by the new back, it is just right, a perfect fit, we are quite delighted, and bless him, every day, for his kindness.

The memory of my visit, with you all, is very pleasant to me. I am very very glad, and thank you kindly, that you arranged everything so nicely, for my trip to Winsted.

It was really a comfort, and I number it among the special mercies which I would fain gratefully acknowledge.

With kindest love to all,

I am yours truly,
Cos, Margaret.

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Newburyport [*Massachusetts*], Aug. 27, 1867

My dear Caroline & Marcus,

Your kindness, your faithfulness to your aged father & friend, have not been unnoticed by Him, who loved this suffering friend, better than any of us have the power to love. The great question as to a preparation for an exchange of worlds is doubtless occupying the minds of each of us. I make a few extracts from <*th*> a letter of a modern patriarch, who had passed more than half a century in the faithful service of God, & in great usefulness to man <*(for more than half a century.)*>

"When I attempt to think distinctly, of what my views & feelings shall be the moment of his death, I feel lost in the obscurity of the subject. I seem to dread the awful surprize that will burst upon my mind. But my only relief is, that the Great Shepherd, who accompanies his sheep thro' the valley of the shadow of death, will be their guides afterwards, or will furnish them with a convoy of angels. We need not trouble ourselves about the particular circumstances of our future state of existence, if only we are found among the number of Christ's sheep. For all his people he has provided suitable mansions in his Father's house. Some will occupy much higher places than others; but if we are admitted into the very lowest, it will be enough.

I have often resolved to begin to make special preparation for an ascent so certain & so near, but I find I can do nothing towards it by my own exertions. Dying grace is commonly reserved for a dying hour. The best preparation is to be found watching, & actively engaged in our Master's service. In thinking what will make death easy, it has occurred to me, that a lively faith is all that we need. To have a humble, confident trust in Christ, will bear us up, however the waves of Jordan may swell around us. Let us not torment ourselves with unnecessary fears & scruples. We must trust entirely to the mercy of God, & the merit of Christ & if we do so sincerely, we shall be safe."

At the time of exchanging worlds, perhaps your father had no distinct consciousness of leaving this state of being, no consciousness of dying. What must have been his emotions on waking in the likeness of the man Christ Jesus, our Almighty Savior: on first seeing Jesus as he is in his glorified state, conscious of sympathy with him of union with God, of being accepted in the Beloved, of assurance of having communion with Father, Son, & Holy Ghost forever, & of serving & glorifying our Creator, Redeemer & sanctifyer as long as they & he shall exist. Must not this be a heaven worth living for, worth dying for? Unto Him that loved us, & washed us from our sins in his own blood be glory & dominions for ever & ever, Amen,

In tender sympathy, Z.P.B. [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

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[*Addressed to:*] Mrs. Caroline Grant

Flemington
Hunterdon Co.
N. Jersey

Arkansas City June 4 1872

My Dear Wife

It is but few days since I wrote but will write again as yours of May 12 is. rec'd, I am not in connection with any books or papers that give any missionary intelligence and know nothing of the doings in that line except what I can learn without the aid of printing and conducted by government, principally as I understand by the secretary of the interior and wh. is well explained by some lines wh. I read in a news paper recently. The first verse I wrote in my last but will reproduce it. The first verse should be read simply as it is and taken without comment. It expresses the simple truth.

I want to be an Indian
An Arapahoe or Ute
I'm tired of being a white man
An unprotected brute
I want to be an Indian
A ward of the Government
Its the bigist thing in America
Except the President.

The second verse shows how well the business is conducted and there are white men who would like to be Indians for the reasons here given

I want to be an Indian
A warior of the plains
I want to wield a tomahawk
And scoop out people's brains
I want to build a camp fire
On a human beings breast
And watch his writhing agony
With a noble savage zest

The third, fourth and fifth verses may be read same as second. Of course no honest white man wants to be an Indian for these reasons.

3

I want to be an Indian
With tall commanding form
And a lousy U.S. blanket
To protect one from the storm
I want to be an Indian
And learn the scalping art
And then dear Vincent Colyer
Will come and take my part

4

I want to be an Indian
And beg and lie and steal
With that placid sense of safety
A white man never feels
I want to be assured too
That in the worst event
Im a pet of Vincent Colyer
And a ward of Government

5

I want to be an Indian
An Apache or Cheyenne
I want to bid defiance
To the comon laws of man

When I do a bit of arson
Murder tragedy or rape
I want to know I have a friend
At Washington -- Red Tape
6
I want to be an Indian
And have an agent too
One who's honest like the rest
And pure and good and true
So when I do my devilment
He may be there to tell
Vincent Colyer all about it
And Horace G. as well

This sixth verse is a reflection on the agents Who without exception are dishonest. The seventh verse needs no comment.

But alas! I'm not an Indian
And my name is only Bent
So I till the soil by honest toil
And sware I'm content
But still I think an Indian
A ward of Government
Is the bigest thing in America
Except the President

These verses exactly explain the policy of Government toward the Indians and this <*poll*> policy is applawded and sustaned by almost the whole east. They say it is wrong to crowd upon the Indian. Give him the Country to roam over it is his. Let him alone they say. <*have it.*> If this had been the policy in years gone by where would be our country now Why did the Almighty sweep a tribe out of existence by a pestilence just in time to make room for our forefathers on the shores of Mass? and why have the Indians been continually killed off and driven back ever since until</> the white man has nearly the whole country under control and the Indian nearly become extinct. It will be argued that our policy should be more humane as the race becomes less and of course more easily controled

Well let us admit that this is so is it a reason why <*that*> they should be protected in crime? Is it a reason why they should be huddled together in this Territory <*wh*> with the plea that they are to be civilized when they choose to remain on their present reservations where they will be surrounded by whites and <*of*> by civilizing influences?

Most if not all the Indians (all as far as I know) wish if they are to be removed from their present reservations <*choose*> to go farther west but for some reason I cannot understand Gov over rules them in that and we hear the cry there is no west for them. But there is yet a west where there is room where they choose to go and where they can be civilized quicker and easier than to be huddled in this Ter. where most of them will never come if they can possibly avoid it. And better still to let most of them remain where they are. The whole area of the U.S. & Ter. is said to be 3,010,000 sq. miles equivelent to 1928,400,000 acres The population is estimated at 40,000,000 This <*480*> gives 48 acres and a small fraction to each inhabitant of the country; Now why claim for the Indian 200 or 300 acres where there is so little for him and claim that a white child or a married woman shall not have any land. The Indian will not cultivate 10 acres in 1000 while if women and children could have it I have no doubt that in a very short time 300 acres in 1000 would be cultivated. The Indian must have a large amount of land and then fed at government expense and many whites forbidden to get a living at their own expense. What folly. But "so mote it be"

This poem rather waked me up to the Indian policy but I donot expect to bother myself about it. I could not effect anything if I should.

I am going to try yet to get my claim and as I have the Indian policy to fight I am naturally rather sensitive on that point. While waiting to get a foot hold there I propose to take another claim in the state of Kan. not a very good one but the best I know of that is vacant. It has some timber and a fine small stream of durable water. Perhaps I will only enter 40 acres but will see

about that. The price is $2, per acre, I am staying now with a family whose claim joins mine. They have been married little more than a year have a babe. I don't like the little squaller not but what it is pretty but you know I never could bear babies.

The nuptial knot was tied by my own delicate hands while acting as justice of the peace. Tom as I call him will I think fill the place I was anxious for Ed. to fill that is in a measure. Of course he cannot fill the place of a dutiful son. I know nothing of Edward. You inquire about ague. I know of two cases only in this vicinity. They had it last fall and still have it some There is very little of it here

[*written across first page*] Am sorry for your ill health. guess you will have to come here for a cure.

Give my love to Wm. & Mary and the children. Write occasionally
It appears from your statement that you have written a letter I have not rec'd
As Ever Thine
D. Grant [*Daniel Grant*]

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[*Addressed to*] Mrs. Caroline Grant
New Marlboro
Berkshire Co.
Mass. *[Massachusetts]*

[*Printed return address*] RETURN AFTER TEN DAYS TO
<WILLIAM HENRY SMITH,>
<DEAN OF THE COLLEGE OF LAW,>
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.
LINCOLN.

[*Note on envelope*] from Theron Crissey 1892

Lincoln Neb. Jan'y. 24, 1892.

Dear Cousin Caroline:

I heard recently, through a letter from my brother Ralph, of the death of Mr. Grant, and have had it in mind to write you ever since, but this Sabbath afternoon seems to be my first opportunity. I am not surprised to learn of his death, as he seemed feeble, when I saw him last June, and this winter seems to be unusually severe with persons advanced in life, where they have become somewhat enfeebled. I realize somewhat I believe your bereavement and loneliness, now that your companion is gone, to return no more, and that your home must seem quite desolate, if you find yourself there, all alone. As I advance in life I realize much more than formerly the greatness of the loss to the one who remains, when a couple who have been united for many years are separated by death. But there is such a comfort in the thought that the separation is but for a little time. The one who has "passed over unto the other side," has reached the end of his journey, and is at rest, at home. "Tossed no more on life's rough billow,

"All the storms of sorrow fled,
"Death has formed a quiet pillow,
"For the faithful Christian's head,
"Peaceful slumbers, guarding o'er his lowly bed."

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_____

"Fixed in an Eternal State,
"They have done with all below;
"We a little longer wait;
"But how little, none can know."

_____

What a comfort it is, when our friends are removed from us by death, to feel assured that it is well with them; - that they learned the great "lesson of life;" – that they were prepared for the great change, and are at rest.

I know a little of how hard it is to feel resigned to God's will sometimes, when our dearest earthly friends are removed. When my dear sister Olive was taken away, it did seem as though I could not have it so, and that it was a mistake in some way, and wrong, and that it must not be so: - but I have felt comforted many times by the thought that she escaped many of the trials, disappointments and griefs which come to nearly everyone, in one way or another, whose days on earth are lengthened.

May the blessed Comforter, who knows the burden and grief of every heart, be very present to you, dealing tenderly with you, and sustaining you every day and hour, helping you to "lean heavily" upon His sustaining arm.

Did Mr. Grant have a severe sickness at the last, or did he fail gradually? I should be pleased to hear from you and learn the particulars of his death.

I called upon Hattie Burr, Kilburn, thinking she had not heard of Mr. Grant's death, but found that she had seen a notice of it in the Winsted Herald.

She said she had thought of you a great deal since she heard of his death, and would have written you, if her eyes would have permitted it. She wished me to remember her very kindly to you.

Hattie's health is pretty good now, except that her eyes trouble her very much, so that she cannot use glasses at all, and cannot see to read, write or sew. She has a very pleasant home, but there seems to be a serious drawback to her happiness in the trouble with her eyes. Charlie Burr's oldest boy, (Frank Daniel,) boards at Mr. Kilburn's, and is Clerk in a Savings Bank here, of which Mr. Kilburn is a Director. Charlie lives in Gove Co. Kansas. Martha (Burr Stocking) lives now in Creighton, this State. She has a nice family: three boys & three girls. As for myself, I am feeling much better than when I was East, last June.

From Ralph's letter, I judge that there is a very un-usual amount of sickness in Norfolk and vicinity, and he mentioned several deaths there recently. So the old acquaintances and friends are one by being "gathered home." My wife heard quite recently of the death of an Aunt, a sister of her mother, in Boston. She had been in poor health for years, having at times severe attacks of asthma;

I shall hope to hear <*f*>how your son's health is. We heard from him several weeks ago through Dr. Hartwell, who stopped over a day with us on her return to Colorado, and understood from her that he was somewhat improved. Ralph wrote that Mary, Warren's wife, had been quite sick with "la grippe." I have not heard directly from them.

You told me last summer when I saw you where your daughter's home is, but I have forgotten. The thought has been <*possibly*> in my mind that possibly you will go and have your home near or with her.

My letter has reached great length b<*y*>ut I do not seem to have said much. You and Erastus, and Uncle Silas three children are all the cousins I have remaining alive. Albert Norton, William Norton's oldest son (He lives in Waterloo, Iowa,) is only a little younger than I am and always has seemed quite near to me, as have also some other second cousins, especially Halsey Hulburt's children.

I shall hope to hear from you if you have the time and feel able to write. Give kind regards to Edward and his family, as I suppose you see them frequently.

I am Your cousin
Theron [M?]. Crissey.
Lincoln Neb.

Direct, P. O. Drawer 1493.

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[*Addressed to*]

Mrs Caroline B. Grant –
c/o Ewd B. Grant Esq.
Southfield –
Mass. *[Massachusetts]*

5 Forest St.
Oberlin Ohio
Feb. 15th 1892

Dear Aunty:

Have been thinking much of you lately and in Father's letter received this A. M. he writes that you have sold cow and chicken & rented house This last item must be in one sense a blessing, and yet it will make you much work if you have to give possession very soon How I wish it were possible to divide myself into three persons then one part of me would go to you and one part would go to Flemington *[New Jersey]* Allies nurse was obliged to leave having another engagement, and the third part would stay here where I am still needed to look after these patients

My husband did his regular work last week One morning Thurs. I think he felt so much worse that I went for the Dr. When he came he wanted to keep A. in bed that day but finally told him if he would go in a carriage & return in the same way, he might be allowed to do so But it is very hard for him to properly estimate his strength He was in the house four weeks the longest time he was ever away from his classes because of illness Well am glad it did not come last year when I could not have seen him, or done anything for him Mother Wright has been sick six weeks is now able to come down to all her meals gains strength but slowly As for myself am well but of course feel somewhat tired We had a nurse for Mother W. three weeks constantly and the fourth week the nurse was here at night I took all care of A. night and day but he needed but little care at night after first two weeks

I had a sympathetic attack of la grippe Should have been in bed several days if it had been possible The nurse did come down and take care of Albert and me too for two days I was up but not able to do much but I came up again very rapidly. Am very thankful it was so

Mrs Shurtleff was in Sat. eve spoke of writing you within a day or two I do greatly enjoy her friendship

I think I have written you since Uncle's death but have no recollection of what I said I am glad that Providence brought Uncle D. thr[u]' all his wanderings into a quiet home for several years And I am glad too that he is laid to rest in Colebrook I remember the last time I was in Conn. *[Connecticut]* that I saw the beautiful spot where "They who have gone before" were sleeping. It was in such neat order and seemed such a peaceful spot Mary Sage I think took one there

I do hope you can rest some but how can you at Edwards where so many things will walk right into your hands to do But really it is your duty to spare yourself if possible after these weeks of unusual strain. My mind would be easier about you if you were at Abbys tho' I know how you feel about it I suppose, but, dont overdue I do want to see you very much Oh dear me the truth is I do get home sick for my own [Jobber?] sometimes Not that I am not happy I am but I just ache once in a while to talk things over. Dont worry about me one bit They are all just as good to me here as they can be. And I do enjoy and trust my husband more and more

How sorry I am for Emma [Penton?] It does seem dreadful that people should be burned to death as he Alonzo Townsend was. Some ladies from Flem. William H [Fullers?] widow & daughter were at the same hotel that night and barely escaped with their lives I do not remember to have heard a word about Aunt Jane Wallace What do you hear from her Wish you might visit her sometime I send a newspaper with acct. of celebration they gave Almon's Father on his 80th birthday

Do you remember that Saturday was Father's birthday Seventy years and the oldest of the living Hills. I sent him a birthday letter It comes to me that next Monday is your birthday I wish for you years of comfort and quiet happiness It does trouble me that I have had nothing to send you this year Believe me it is not that I do not think of it and long to do it But it has seemed impossible But I love you and shall never forget all the loving kindnesses that have come to me from you Nor do I forget how dearly our Mother loved you and how close and near you were to each other. Oh! I do long so sometimes just to see Mother and hear her speak once more. But she has been spared much that would have been hard for her to bear For that I am thankful Will you be seventy two or three I do not seem to remember just how much older Mother was Now I feel that I must close Give love to Ewd. and [Lucy?] Keep the largest share for your own self

From your loving niece

Mary [P. B Sh.?] Wright

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

Union. N.H.
July 19th 1888.

My dear Mrs. Grant.

Your most welcome letter came to hand to-day, noon. I've been thinking a good deal about you of late, and yesterday you came before me very vividly while alone with God, also your husband and son. my mind went back to last winter when I met your son at your home, and I wondered if he had not yet become a christian. It is sad to think of his suffering and of the afflictions of his nearest and dearest friends on account of his illness. This passage came to me forcibly yesterday, "In all their affliction he was afflicted and the Angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; &c." Isaiah. 63:9.

It was very comforting to me to think that if God sees it best to permit afflictions to come to us to refine and purify and santify us. Still he is with us in those afflictions and is himself afflicted, showing how dear we are to him. Even as the apple of his eye. Yes! "he sits as a refiner and purifier of silver." I've read an illustration of this passage in Malachi. 3.3. The refiner of silver or gold sits watching while it is in process of refining, till he can see his face reflected in it as in a mirrorr. then he know the fire has purged away the dross.

How often I've thought of this when God has sent some severe trial or affliction upon me, that he must see much in me that is like the dross in the lump of gold or silver, and of late I've been made to feel it: for one thing after another has come to lay me low beneath the chastening rod. During the last few months I have been greatly afflicted in my health. I got very much exhausted during Mr [Nute's?] illness and came home in a low state of health my head troubled me, and I was not able to do much then after a few weeks just as I began to gain my usual strength and to feel like myself I had a fall which proved to be a serious injury to my spine. I got upon a chair one night just before retiring, to kill musquitoes on the wall with my slipper and as I was getting down I must have let go the back of the chair too soon it tipped forward and the back of it came with such force against my chest as to cause me to fall backward and the chair followed me. I screamed, but was unable to get up. Mr [Nute?] had just gone to be and jumped and took me up. I could hardly breathe and was so sore for three weeks I could not draw a breath without feeling it hurt me across my chest. Now it has located in the spine of my back opposite and I can assure you I've suffered exceedingly. There is no return of my former local trouble of which I was healed in New. M-- I believe the Lord permitted this to come to me for some wise purpose. I been severely tested you know. Hannah Whitehall Smith says "there are no second causes God's hand is in every event of our lives. If he chose he could so surround us, and envelope us by his presence that nothing could touch us, but he chooses to stand aside to let the trial of affliction come to us." So looking at it in this light whatever he chooses to send us, or permit to come to us he designs for our good, and we should submissively bow beneath the rod, and cheerfully bear the crosses, as our dear saviour bore his cross for us. I have sought thus to do, and to bear patiently all the afflictions that have come to me, feeling that, "He knows best," and I want to be wholly sanctified, and made for the masters use meet.

In relation to your dear son you and others had been praying for him and can you not see, and do you not feel that this is God's way of answering prayer for him? Read Deuteronomy 7.9. He that hath promised is faithful he is not slack concerning his promises

2nd) Our prayers are often answered in a way so different from what we expect that we are surprised. God has heard and treasured up every prayer that has come from his dear Mothers burdened heart, Yes they have come up as sweet incense upon his alter, and every tear which you have shed has been bottled up. Psalms 56.8.

I remember your son said last winter when I told him how you and I had often prayed together for his conversion he said "Well, you say you have prayed for me and that God answers prayer, then why am I not a Christian?" Oh! may he give his heart to Jesus now without further delay. I trust he has, but God alone can assure him of the state of his heart. If he does fully trust in Jesus, the Spirit will witness with his spirit that he is accepted. I will pray for this I am glad you wrote me that so many have been praying for him for when a soul is to be converted I believe God stirs up the

hearts of several to offer prayer. I believe a few hearts have been burdened a long time, and I have felt that God would answer your prayers.
Oh! that my husband would give himself to the Lord. Pray that he may, you and Mr. Grant. I do hope that your son may soon recover and come out a bright decided Christian. July 23. I did not close my letter last Sat. so I will write a few lines today. We just rec- a letter from our Son and wife. they think they will come to N.H. next month, she will visit her folks in Goshen, then come here. Frank will spend the most of his time here with Marrion and Sammie. The committees of both churches have given Frank a call to stay another year if Rev. Mr. [Irvis?] whom they called soon after <*we came*> he resigned does not accept, but Frank has only engaged to supply for awhile till they get some one, he says the spiritual interest is increasing in Riverton. and more are coming out to the pr- meetings and taking part. I have felt that his prayers for that place would be answered in Gods time and way. Mr. Nute's health is pretty good he has not much appetite and is not able to do anything only a few chores, lies down often and feels weak. I have a good girl that I brought from Lynn with me, a Nova. Scotia girl. I hope my health will be better soon. Give our regards to Mr. Grant we should like to see you both. We shall feel anxious to hear how your dear son gets along. I truly <*sympathize*> sympathise with you and Mr. Grant also with your son and family. Please give my love to Mrs. Hyde tell her I Shall not forget how kind she was to make broths for Mr. Nute. My kind remembrances to Amy and all who may inquire. May you have the gifts of the Holy Spirit to sustain you during these trying scenes and the joy of yet seeing your dear boy a consecrated Christian is my earnest prayer.

Yours aff.

(Mrs.) S. F. Nute

P.S. Shall be pleased to hear from you any time, and hope you will inform us soon how your son is. I shall feel very anxious. I know how your hearts are burdened for him, but trust in God. <u>All will be well</u>.. I send this leaflet for your son.

J.W.N.

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