North Whitehall Jan. 6th 1830

Dear Samil,

Your letter of the 13th ult. of 1st instant I received this day. In answer to the subject of the deed I have ascertained that you need not be present at the execution thereof, the purchase will be made subject to the mortgage.

We are all well and hope you may continue to enjoy that blessing. You mention that you know of a place in the city for your sister Nancy I have not had an opportunity to see her, but shall very shortly, when I will write to you whether she is willing to go or not.

Yours etc.

Washington.
Philadelphia Jan 5 25th 1834.

Dear Catharine,

I received your letter by Lambert who arrived home yesterday at 5 o’clock. — I am very glad to hear that Mary is better. — I hope she will soon be so restored to perfect health. Don’t stir up too much, not to talk nor exert herself too much — and not to see too many visitors. I hope the woman is very particular in hardening the clothes, as much depend on good nursing.

From the time you left here until I received Mr. H’s letter I passed many uneasy moments. I am sorry to hear that you had so fatiguing a journey and such unpleasant company. I hope you will make yourself quite easy with regard to one — my health is quite as good as when you left here, — we get along very comfortably. Our family are all in the enjoyment of good health — nothing we cannot be thankful enough for. I am sorry to hear of Mr. Buck’s illness, when you see them remember me to them as also to Mrs. and Mr. Higgin’s. The Music Smith sent their love to Mary and to you. Margaret says she would prefer taking charge of the shops altogether without you would prefer having it again. I expect her to come with us next Sunday.

Mrs. Penrose desires to be remembered to Mary and you. I have not seen Miss Mitchell since you left here. Mr. Theodore took tea with us last evening. He is on the eve of being married to a young lady in Pittsburgh. I suppose by this time you want to hear something about Tom. He is as busy as usual & makes as many visits to the bread basket as ever. Your Aunt Maria and the children are all well and desire to be remembered to you all. Tell Mary I want to see her very much. And I hope the time is not far distant when we shall all meet again. Mr. Wilmer and the children join me in affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Nicholson, Mary, and yourself. I am your affectionate Mother.

P.S. Tell Mr. H. he will please express my regards. As you must consider this as an answer to all of your letters

E. J. Wilmer.
Dear Wife,

I am now going to write a few lines on my own account. In the first place you perceive this is written on a sheet of foolscap paper which will be an excuse for writing any nonsense on it. In the second place look out for the Dutch men at communions: the Jersey Yankees; and the New Yorkers. There is no knowing what my 'ประหยัด' might not do, in your present situation. Cupid can suit his device to all times, seasons, and situations.

Do not think I would distrust your own consummate prudence—but you know circumstances alter easy.

As you might know from Mr's letter we are all well, and should you remain any time I will write you all the news. It is beautiful weather here—and promises to remain so, as do I remain. Yours affectionately,

[Signature]
Philadelphia 25 July 1834

Dear Katherine

Your letter requested me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and to say how gratified we all were at hearing from you. — Thomas, who occupies so prominent a part in your Epistle is much better than when you left him; but Aunt Nancy, as you call her, has been very ill; on Tuesday last she was taken and until a late hour on that night we were in attendance on her; she was in no acute pain as she could well bear under; the Doctor was called in the next day and she now is much better; the rest of us are “So So.” We are much pleased to hear that you enjoy yourself so much, and trust your visit will be for your good. — Nothing new has occurred since your departure in the circle in which we move; there was a great parade on Monday in honour of Lafayette. Many stores were closed and a deal of idle gossiping resounded. Though we shall rejoice to see you yet do not hurry home; give our most affectionate respects to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and to the girls, and believe me dear to be most most affectionate,

John

I forgot to say that your Aunt and her cousin are well. She took tea with us yesterday.
Dear Sis,

It is a long time since we have heard from you. Mr. N wrote to Pa and Lambot but we have not had any returns. George Wharton dined with us last week, and on my enquiring after you all he said he had spent a very pleasant evening with you and had never seen all the family look better. This was all very good, but I would rather have your word for it and not second hand; we are tolerably well at present.

Mr. N has had a very severe time for three weeks back with the tooth-ache. It appeared to be past in the teeth going from one to another, destroying his appetite and depriving him of sleep for nights together. He had one extracted but is occasionally troubled with it on going in the cold. I am still without help; we have used every station to procure it and would give 1 dollar for it but it is all in vain every one in Rahway is above doing house work, and they can get plenty of work at their needle. In five months I have not had more than four weeks help and in that time have had 2 grown girls of the worst character in the place to misapply as much as one of them stayed out all night and told all over town that she lived at the Methodist Ministers. I feel pretty well in the morning but by night I am so tired and have such pains in my back & side I do not know which way to sit or lay. We go on here pretty much as usual.

The society here is usual as kind and affectionate as we
could ask, we have lost an very kind friend. in Mr. Wilson he had the means and the inclination to do more for the preacher than any one else in the society. Mrs. Roy and several of the sisters have presented me with a very pretty silk cloak it is very full having seven breadth in the cloak and cape they had it made and never said anything to me until sister Roy came up to the person why was to make it to measure me.

I was very much astonished to hear of Mr. Rowan's death and still more so to hear that Rebecca was still in Philadelphia; it looks as though her heart had very little to do with her home or her husband. I wish I could look in on you for only one afternoon. I often fancy to myself your respective occupations and wish most earnestly to see you, but I do not expect that enjoyment very soon as I expect to be confined in May and perhaps may never see the city again. There is nothing in the world could give me such heartfelt pleasure as to see you here in the spring as early as it is pleasant and Catherine but I do not want her to come until the summer in the hope that her visit will be so pleasant as to atone for the one last winter. I am and must remain stationary therefore if you want to see me you must all come and and see us. Mr. V. will be in Philadelphia the last of March as conference commences on the last day of the month. how I wish I could come too. I want to see aunt Maria and Hannah very much. I was rejoiced to hear she had escaped the Rheumatism this winter. I must hope I have such a pain in my side
and back I can scarcely sit to finish this scrawl and the potatoes ought to be in for dinner and they are not out of the cellar. We had a letter from Mr. Foggins on Saturday in which he mentions they had a son Charles Williams in October. I was very glad to hear it. Mrs. Blanchard has left us and gone to the Episcopal Church. She told me she had attended all but martyrdom in being connected with the Methodists for the last fifteen years in consequence of their vulgarity (sneeze to her) you will please help this letter to yourself and give my love to Pa and all the family and aunt & Hannah and you or Catherine write soon.

Yours most affectionately
Ab B. Nicholson
Monday June 1836

My dear Sister,

If I were from "home" but for a very short time, I would long to hear of the persons and things connected with theceeding name of "home." And I presume you have already much the same feelings with myself on this matter, "Set down and take pen in hand" (as the school girl phrase it) to write a letter to you. So a letter from home all matrimonial matters are interesting. So like a regular gossip I begin with the marriages. In the first I present you with the names of Mr. Sylvestor D. D. Floyd and Mr. Tom Adams Armstrong!!! of Rayville N.Y.!!! They were married shortly after you left. At the request, and by the authority of nobody knows who, they were married in the Church, at 8 o'clock in the evening. They came in a number of carriages. The bride and 5 bride maids without hats. And their heads and faces dressed as if for ball room. They say that they tried to look it as little as possible, by telling every one they could see to come. So that they had an audience of upwards of 100 persons to witness their puppet show of fortunes. The audience rather noisier than they do in the "pit of a theatre." The person rose, as soon as the bridal party rushed up the middle aisle, performed the ceremony in about a minute, and the "party" rushed their way to the carriages through a dense crowd. They hired Tracre Johnson and his band of "niggers," to serenade them at one o'clock. Their exhibition excited a good deal of laughter and disgust among the more respectable part of the community. Mr. D. D. D., performed the ceremony, he came on from "Carlisle" expressly to do the job. He's doing so has injured him in the opinion of a good many. But as he got a tip of 30 or and all his expenses paid, I suppose he don't care. It's a strange thing to say, it was his dying request that Mr. D. D. should marry him. But unluckily for the young Gentleman's prospects, his father was cut off by the cholera, with hardly an hour notice. So that he had not time to make a "dying speech." Or if he did make a speech on such a subject at such a time, it is to be presumed that he would be more
concerned about the person than the person. But I have wasted too much ink already in this silly affair.

Mr. Hallowell, the Englishman, and a Mr. Gregg, or Soaddy, or some such name, made a splice of it the other evening. Mr. King’s daughter about 15 or 16, acting as bridesmaid to these young people, of 45 and 50. However, everyone is delighted with the match. Pa is incited to death at it. He says that you know the happy bride.

Mrs. Rowan is expected on her by the return of the Longdon Chevey.

Mrs. Reesey is in the City and desires to be affectionately remembered to you and May.

The delegates from General Conference are passing through here. Mrs. Kelly and Mr. Chamberlain were at our house last night. Mrs. Ding in has gone home by the Lakes. Mr. Smith was at our house yesterday. The girls are all well. I saw them the other evening. I took Armstrong there to spend an evening; he was very much pleased with the girls, they would be very glad to hear from you. Ellen Simpson is spending some time with them. Ann is to return with her. Susan has got a beau. At rich parent, I believe he is from Albany. Mr. Hogshead, Hogg killer, or some such name. Very ugly name he has certainly. What kind of weather have you had over there? Here, we have had a cold and rainy spell for a week. The sun has been completely hid for that length of time. I understand that at an election held at the Sunday School, for officers you were unanimously re-elected librarian. I believe I have nearly got through my budget. I hope you will be able to read it. It would be a pity that so much eloquence should be lost. But I have written in such a hurry that I am afraid it will be. Oh! I forgot, there is a letter here for you, from Mr. Nesmith. Mo says, that she would have sent it on, but she thought it probably,
contained nothing of great importance. As she asked Ann Smith
who also received a letter from Mary, and Ann said there was nothing
of importance in either her or Martha Burnetts. It has been
put away in a safe place for you. My desire to be very office
favourably remembered to you and May. And insist that you write
immediately. Father, and brother, cousins, Aunt & Co. &c.
the whole paper — desire to be remembered to Mary and Mrs.
N. and your precious self — as also your affectionate

Brother.

PS. A few days ago I completed
my plate of "President Madison." it is the best plate I
ever engraved. You must not be surprised to see my name
here. Write instantly. Mrs. has been very uneasy at
not hearing from you.
for your answer to our letter. However, circumstances have occurred which render it impossible, the charge of a horse not.

P. Helmee.

John Richardson.

Sacramento, A. S.
Spickley, Dec. 31, 1838.

Dear Catherine,

Time speeds away, away, she is insensibly stealing on, day
weeks, months, years are passing by us. I mean time, I told you nothing
to me it has been a long while, I no longer hear the sweet voices of my
tears, friends, and I feel often that I am a stranger in a strange land, a
pilgrim in the land of Pilgrims. Yet I have met with much kindness;
I have been placed in circumstances such as tested the benevolence of
those around me; I have been sick, and though I missed
care so much my kind mother, and affectionate sisters, who have so
often administered to my wants, I have those around me who
were willing to do all for me, that they knew how whose kindness
I shall always, gratefully remember. Still the thought of home
will come over me in my solitude, I have had but one letter to
inform me of their welfare, since I left them. I will not say
they are forgetful of me, no, I do not think so, I am very ready
to frame excuses, when I begin to be impatient. I am now
very slowly recovering from a severe cold, occasioned by sitting
in a cold room, in order to have a few moments quiet to converse
with home, as I am now doing with you. It seems that I will only
learn wisdom by experience, henceforward, I must wish shorter and
fresher conferences with those I love. But I feel thankful that it is
as well with me as it is. A kind Providence preserved for me
and still watches over me with unnumbered love, I am still the object
of his mercy. I know that even this dispensation has its purpose in much
wisdom. I like to feel that, assured that nothing can befall me, not
even the want of my head to perish, without this knowledge. In many instances
I have felt that my ways were conspicuously marked by the finger of love.
I have gained something by this sickness, I have become acquainted with
some dispositions, and I am indebted for offices of kindness, to those
from whom I expected least, I have learned to love some who were strangers to me. I am very happy here if I could but hear more frequently from home. Indeed, "I have found it good to be here." I have attended the Methodist meeting, they have a congregation, perhaps larger than any other in town. The Sabbath school is considered the largest. I have not yet been at class, owing partly to Miss Grant's absence, afterwards to my own indisposition. Miss G. has given permission to attend my meeting, I may think proper, though there are no Methodists in the house she told me that I should have company whenever I should need any. I thank you Father much for this kindness. I have read it over again, and again, I anticipate again to hear his kind advice, and encouraging voice, in that dear Monday night class. It will be a very great trial to me to attend another. I am in the atmosphere of religion, and the religious advantages which I enjoy at present, tend greatly to reconcile me in my absence from all that I have enjoyed. The school exceeds my expectations. I would consider it a great privilege to go through the course. I have often wished that I had been here some time ago, but the wish is vain, neither would I want to have the ordering of my paths. The most cultivated minds in this seminary are the most devoted to God. We have Sabbath Morning and prayer meeting, in which each young lady in succession as a teacher being present takes the lead. Public service at the new school before tea, one of the teachers, Rev. Edwards on Redemption, accompanying it with such questions as may suggest themselves, so that all must listen attentively and be prepared to answer. After the two hours study of Bible topics, previously selected, we are now in the Revelation, and the lessons are highly interesting; a variety of information is introduced, and investigation is encouraged. Monday, a meeting at half past eight, for any who are seriously disposed, at which one of the teachers presides, this is for exhortation and prayer. Afterwards, the school assembles, and an hour is devoted to the Bible lesson, the same on Wednesday, except that the meeting is divided into select circles of professors only, for conversation and prayer, something like class, we have also family worship every morning and evening, and conversations at meals, in which all must contribute.
...should it would amuse you to see the fruits grow, which a thought suggests itself, on when a question is to be asked. This in the way in which the highest confusion is avoided, these are never during any of the exercises that were heard at the same time. This manner of calling for all our storey very instinctive and improves the memory greatly. By this means it is celebrated in New England. There no letter has from all parts of the land, and from our Insular and Western States. I have seen in the midst of all this height whose spirits are just as bright we have universalists, universalists, and universalists. I have seen the example set them and the interest taken in them. They are sometimes constrained to argue, and every reason there without the exception of some. How can it be otherwise? There is such a good and salutary influence exercised, that even the thoughtless are made to feel that there are finer, nobler objects to demand their attention, than earth’s presumed duties, or its transient work. I have always to see the situation, and the questions which I have must spring from these two heads, I should just entirely unprepared to have any friend of mine in this establishment, such as it is now. We have had quite a merry time lately. I suppose you know all about the New England. I have been spending some unimportant time to enjoy their season of fun and pleasure, looking at others and bringing them their boarding house was quite a scene of festivity, and I believe I have been great harm among the Parkers, and others, and ladies, and ladies and cakes were abundant. All this I should not enjoy, only as I thought to see the happy faces around me, and hear their mirthful voices. Now dear Catherine, do not make any inquiries about yourself. I know nothing of your affairs, though I have so long delayed writing to you. I have not ceased to think of you. Were it not that I am now so occupied you could not hear from me at this time. I do not wish you more in my thoughts. I am assured you, quite as I love my friend. Has been entirely under the care of any of my special provider? You must be quite happy, my mind on this point. Have you heard the latest? I wish you the very of...
Dear Catharine,

I do not wish to commence by apologizing but my time is so completely occupied by my boy that I scarcely have a moment to call my own. I was very glad to hear from you and sat down the next day to answer your letter when Mrs. Robinson's two daughters and Susan Stone from Rahway came to spend several days with us and since then this baby has been quite sick with his teeth and the bowel complaint, he is more trouble and care than ever, and gets up in a moment by any thing and I am in continual fear of a broken back or head. It is one person's work to keep the Partake of Coal and mud out of his mouth and follow him. As I have been out very seldom since my return although my health is improving because Nancy never gets time to attend him and I could not feel safe to him with her if she had any thing to do. I have a stout Mulatto girl engaged for the first of April who I expect will help nurse him. I cannot give up the hope of seeing Ellen here with Mr. H. from Conference. I do think her way would be as clear now as at any other time if she would only think so to do persuade her to and do every thing in your power to facilitate her coming. I shall be more disappointed than I can express if
She allows Mr. Nicholson to return without her. I am looking forward to a visit from you this summer, which I trust will be long and pleasant and from Hannah, give my love to Lambert and tell him that next to seeing him I shall be delighted to hear from him. I should like very much to be in Philadelphia at this time and hear all the news and how the Preachers are disposed of and whether Dr. Sinke is alive yet, but that is impossible. We shall have just moved and I shall have work in abundance. I shall not feel settled until after the New Jersey Conform and we are certain of remaining here provided we especially. To sister and all the family and give my love to Aunt Maria and Hannah.

Yours affectionately,
Mary B. Nicholson

PS I shall send to [illegible] to purchase a shawl for me.
Newark June 14th 1837

My Dear Sister,

We have just received your letter of the 12th in which you mention he will be with us on Monday next and that Ma would not accompany him. I have been looking forward to Ma's paying us a visit this month and then anticipated a good long visit from you afterward, you have never enjoyed yourself when with us in consequence of sick and Ma N and myself earnestly beg and entreat as Ma will not come with you that you will and Ma on your return it is I know a short notice but I should be gratified beyond measure if you would pack up and come with us we are most pleasantly situated my health is good I have a girl I can leave the baby with for a whole day and we will enjoy ourselves as in days of yore if you are not prepared put your things in the trunk and I will help you do every thing and my girl is an unrivalled washer up.

Hence it is now ten & I可根据 the office in order that you may get it tomorrow O! do come if you please and give my love to all the family your affectionately yours,

Mrs. Robinson
Mr. Nicholson still meet Pa and you sit at the point on Monday.
Phila. Octr. 19th 1805
Maj. Mrs. Catherine A. Melvill
37 North Third St.
My dear Sister,

I believe I never wrote but one letter to you in my life and in order that so good a beginning may not stand alone, I address you now.

I had designed to be home yesterday or to-day at the latest. I wish very much to see you all, as well as the great launch." (By the bye what will Philadelphia do now that the "Big Ship," has gone. The "Watt Works" and the "Big Ship," being our two great logs.) But I shall be disappointed owing to a little accident I met with the other afternoon. After writing to Lamberts, I took the letter and rode with it to the Post Office. Going up a by-road, I stopped down to arrange my feet in the stirrup, and inadvertently drew them out. The Horse was going along slowly, and whether an insect stung him or something frightened him I cannot say, but he began plunging and toting his hind feet in the air, and as a consequence, threw me over his head into the road, and gave me a bump with one of his hoofs that just grazed my cheek bone, swelling it considerably, and blackening my eye most beautifully. It was the narrowest escape I ever had. Had the blow diverged an inch either way from the face, it would have pierced my temple, broken my jaw, or blotted out my left eye forever. As I walked up the road, I met a regular procession headed by the Catholic Priest without a hat coming after me, seming that I was regularly "busted." They had reason to be alarmed as but a moment before I had pitched down riding very quietly, and issued a few moments after and they saw the horse galloping past without his "rider." But I was more mortified than hurt.

The good people were amazingly concerned for me, and you would have laughed to have heard the number and variety of prescriptions, hot and cold that were recommended. Some one said a cold iron was good to be applied, and Frank Basker brought a huge iron hammer (one of the cleanest virtues) to apply. I was fearful he was going to dose the other eye the same way in order to produce unity of appearance. However I got off with two or three of "Housewife" lined with the white of eggs, to bandage round the eye, that being Mr. Basker's remedy and when I went to be bed I applied Mr. Dunney's remedy, which was something less than a pound of very fresh butter with all the salt pressed out and bound round the eye. However the swelling has gone down, and though the vein around the eye threatens to change to all the colour of the rainbow before it resumes its natural hue, I got about shooting a green blind over it, made by the kindness of one of the Young Ladies.
I rode out the next day (Saturday), and on Saturday I rode the same horse 81 miles. The last ride was one of the most delightful I ever had. I crossed over to Lumbsville on the Delaware. It is 25 miles above Trenton by water, and about 50 above Philadelphia. The road after leaving Philadelphia-Doyles-town—winds along the Coshkereamination neck, through some of the wildest scenery I ever saw. The hills and rocks being of great height. You would not recognize the "mighty Delaware in the pretty little stream that meanders along here," being used principally to feed the Easton Canal that runs along side of it, the water of the Delaware here varying from 5 to 6 feet. Rather, you would you no think the Jersey up here could bear the same name as the flat sandy tracts of land which site Philadelphia. The scenery on both sides of the river here is most beautiful. On Sunday I rode to New Britain with Mr. Todd and a young lad from the city. We were too late to go to Manheim. The preacher is a young man of good promise; he is a Presbyterian. Tell me that we have a Countryman of ours at our house for a day or two one of the tribe of a "travelling Yankee." He has come on to sell a recipe for making cider. He also conveys in his trunk a variety of Temperance, oblation, and "Seaman's Friend" papers. And also says he is travelling in search of a companion "his" wife. He is a through Yankee, uses wood as oil and been as a razor.

If the blackeyes leave my eye, I will be home in a day or two. I have had a great deal of pleasure, and the people here have treated me much better than I deserve. All of Baker family have gone down to see the launch, but are to be up tomorrow. Give my love to all the family and believe me

[Signature]

[Name]

Wm. of Helme...

P.S. I was very glad to hear from Lambert—his punctuality is worthy of all praise. He committed a "foul" in his letter which would immortalize an Irishman, he tells me there is "No Silver, No! not enough to pay 2 cents for your letter."
Martinszino
Ship Golconda

Dear Sir,

Not having dedicated any of my original productions to you, I have taken the liberty of subscribing this fragment to your ladyship. I wrote a letter to you about 5 months ago from Tuleahuana, which went by the ship N. W. Wint of New Bedford. Tuleahuana is considered one of the best places to re-secure ships on the coast, everything is cheap. Wood and water are easily got. The houses are built of a kind of grass, 3 or 4 stories in the earthquake. The people like all other Spaniards, are very lazy, so that the trade is almost entirely in the hands of Americans and English. I took a ride to the city of Concepcion which is about 2 leagues from Tuleahuana, whilst I was there, which was only a few hours, I stopped at the Libertad de Chile which is the principal hotel in the place, the greater part of the city are now in ruins. I was met up on business for the Captain, who had not much opportunity of seeing anything of the place. After taking my words, where we set sail for the Old Shore Ground, as it is called by the whalemen, this place the name of which is known to the inhabitants is the smallest in the world, 8. 5 S. 10 E. Between 100° 29' 26" to 2° 41' 24" N. it is very much frequented by the whalemen on account of the abundance of sperm whales that frequent it. After we had run out a week, we made the Galapagos Islands, the largest of which is called Charles Island, these islands abound in a very large kind of land turtles called known by the most common name of tortue. They are very arguable eating; whale ships often stop here if take two or three hundred. It seems very curious to me how they can do with
food as long as they sometimes do, instances have occurred where they have done without food for a twelvemonth.

No fresh water can be obtained on any of the group except at Charles Island. This Island is leased by the governor of Guayaquil as a sort of Botany Bay for the malefactor.

Several years ago this island was visited by the government of one American by the name of Furlin, who had served in the American army. The convicts who were sent there, became ill. But after a short residence there, he broke up his establishement and returned to Guayaquil, frightened away, I suppose, by the fleshy fings of Seamen, the other reptile which are incident to a tropical climate, of which Charles Island has its full share. Leaving Charles Island, we steer an Wasterly course, & in a few days arrived at the off. There we had the good fortune to take in a few weeks five whales, which made 2500 cts. of oil. There we cruised for four months & as we had had no fresh provizoons during that time the Easton decided on going into Tombes. We therefore shaped our course for that place. In a short time we dropped anchor.

The town of Tombes is situated on a river of the same name about 2 miles from the sea. The ships anchor in the open sea at the mouth of the river.

After we had lain there for some time, I obtained leave of shore, I started off in the boat at about six in the morning, & was pulled out to the plantation, a distance of about 9 miles, where the boats hired horses for me, & in about ten minutes we had rode up to the town a distance of between 1 & 5 miles. The horses in this country are small, but
but excellent. They are very plentiful, the road to Bombay resembles one of the roads that lead through woods at home.

As I had not been used to riding much horses at first afraid of being thrown, but I managed to keep my seat very well although my horse was not a full gallop all the way. They discipline horses very different here from what they do at home if you wish to go fast all you have to do is to leave the reins d[id] or on the horses neck, if you wish to stop him lift them off. For instance if you wish a horse to go to the right, you must press the reins on the left side of this neck, etc.

When we arrived in town, the horses who had followed us came & took the horses & led them home. The town consists of about 500 houses, which are made mostly of bamboo, the people are very hospitable, I was invited into several of these houses & regaled with fruits. Cock fighting is very common among them at the doors of a great many of their houses, I saw cocks tied by one leg to excitation. It is surprise, some of them are noble fowls, & command from 5 to 8 dollars apiece.

A little circumstance occurred here which gave me no favourable idea of the clergy at all. One on the next morning a short time before I came away I happened to drop in at the old Yankee's house, which was a pleasure, I saw an elderly man come up to the bar & call for his glass of brandy a short time after I went into the Chapel & there I saw this same man officiating at the altar.

They have also a very different way of feeding...
Indeed the keeper of the pulperia told me that it was but a few days before, that the same padre, got so drunk one morning before mass, that two men were obliged to carry him out to the church. Judge for yourself of the state of their religion. After I got tired of looking at the town, I rode down to the beach & went abroad. We took aboard plenty of wood & water, tobacco, mantis, oranges, cocoa, nuts & 80 lbs of sweet potatoes & 1 1/2 sail. I must now give you a little insight into the state of things above, which we left behind. We had 3 officers, 3 boat-stewards, a corporal, 16 men before the most two whom were two Portuguese, 1 Portuguese, one Faulkner, one Padre from Sado island & 1 of the Cook, Steward & cabin Coy.

At Fajal we left the Steward & one hand & ship our Portuguese, which makes us one short off. We then came to the Cape Banks, a boat-steward & 4 hands took a boat & went off now after we strike the Tulechmar we discharge 44/42 fr seaward in whose place we shipped 5 Hanacas & 4 Spaniards & a Cook, Steward & left us 3 hands short yet. As Tombo we left the Steward & a boat-steward, many with 3 hands, the Cook & Cabin Boy, in whose place we shipped a Steward & one small Spanish Boy. You shall not know the cause of it & none many run away &c. now, although it must be self-evident.

At the time I write this letter we are but 2 days from Tombo, & whether we shall get any more men, I don’t know or care. Dear: 327. You must not forget to teach your settler’s little boy that he has an uncle who

Dear:
seen him for sometime but whom hopes to have that pleasure in a couple of years.
I can imagine how you will treat this letter, now after you have read who it is from, you will put on your coat & go down to our house, then you & I will get into the corner under the Yankee clock, & digest it well, then hand it to Bar, who will first wipe his glasses clean & dry, read it, & put it in the mental piece behind the plated candlesticks. I suppose it will remain there till it is again digested.
I wish you to give my best respects to all the folks, tell them to eat plenty of bread & water for me.
You must let him know that if he is not a good boy, I do not mind what Dean tells him, that I will take him to sea with me when I come home.
Give my best respects to your own "Judge" Nance, & especially to Samuel of his side.
I am only sure that this will find you in a good health as I am in at present, which is excellent.

I am & hope to Remain
Your loving & Affectionate Brother
John Wilmer

P.S. Sis,

Good Bye Sis.
Dear Brother

I have not much to say in this letter, except that I am very well, & that I am enjoying myself very much in going down the hill by going skating, etc. When mother sends me up something at Christmas, you will oblige me very much by sending me at the same time the following articles:

1 or 2 Bundles of Quills,
5 or 6 Blank Books,
An inkstand & fixed slate pencils.

I would also wish you would send me up an Elocution Book, but of which I can get my Elocution pieces.
You will please ask father, at the same time to send me up:

1 or 2 Toothbrushes,

Combs.

You will also request my father to send me up a hairbrush mine having been spoiled by being squeezed in my trunk.

By sending me up these few articles, you will save father an expense, which he would have to pay up here, where (I think) these articles are much dearer than in the city.
My dear Brother, I am very sorry for what I did, before I left home, & I hope you in your next letter will forgive me.

I wrote on the other leaf that you would oblige me by asking Father to send me up those articles, but if you request you must not to ask him for I am sure he is displeased with my conduct.

I would as a "Fins" thing askings, request you to send me up some old books which you know wish to read, as I am often troubled with the ennui.

You must not be surprised, if you have to pay postage of one or two cents for this letter, as the companion of mine who has offered to take it, lives again Hensington, if he expects to start for New York on the next morning after he arrives in Philadelphia.

Please give my love to all the family, & believe me

Your affectionate Brother,

A. Wilmor

P. B. Please excuse my writing & don't forget to tell Catharine to send me up something for "Christmas"
My Dear Mother

July 12, 1849

We met with a accident on the Railroad there was a locomotive on the same track I was sick in the night and I seen the incline plane cars on it will you please send me and Danville my son some money I spend mine in buying open and paper and send my love to Emma Grandpa & mother and  when you write a letter to my father send my love to him

When you come out to see us stop at Lewis and come out early so as to stay all day

Yours affectionately

son

Wilmor
Camp Ramsey Sept. 18th 1862.

Dear Mother,

I read your most welcome letter last night. I had been looking for it for some days past; it came very appropriately. I thought several times lately that Mill had probably gone soldiering, at the same time, I felt a little surprised at it. I have no doubt but that he will stand it well, I wish him an early and safe return home to biz; I am glad to hear that all are pretty well and that Mrs. Emma has arrived to the years of majority, a thing that took me considerably aback, we often forget that time does not stop for any other thing. The letter which you enclosed to me was from my friend Lieut. W. R. Jones. Traile & roads Mt. he wants me to join his Corp. if I enlist at all, also to write to him - I have not been well for a week past or I would have written sooner. I have had 2 or 3 Medical Men says an attack of vertigo at the head, accompanied with costiveness ever since our arrival here. I have done no duty for a week, but will resume it in a few days, it is nothing serious at all, merely a bilious attack. So don’t let that worry you at all, I intend tomorrow to get the Cap! to pass me out of the Camp, then I will go to Washington and get a Doctor there to give me a prescription.
As there are no passes given to the City, I must take my chance about the Provost Guard—Our Assist. Surgeon, Mautermann (I think that is his name) is a Roena, upright apothecary, not at all fitted either by nature or by art for the position he holds—he prescribes “cals” to everybody for everything. Let the beggar slide—In a few days I will be all right in a couple of days I think. The Rep. is a good deal troubled about the Bounty, many swear that they will not budge a foot from here till it is paid, on Monday night Col. Ellmaker announced that the Committee would pay us off on Monday, and as we have not seen it yet, the question very pertinently arises what Monday, Echo answers Monday! It does seem too much like trifling with the men to treat us so— I write all of these flaming Circulars for the Corp’s and compose them also, commencing in this strain Attention!!! Members of this Corp’s are hereby notified that all absentees from drill, will be compelled to perform double guard duty, I will them all in pretty much the same strain to suit all old dudes and transgressors—By paying $0.25 to $2 per week we have the Phila. Inquirers supplied us every day about 11 a.m. of the day of issue—our own pays for it conjointly.
We have plenty of news now though that means money is totally played in our midst, and will be till we receive our bounty. The irregularity in our grub still continues, but it will soon be altered for the better I think. Yesterday morning we were ordered to march; did not get off though in consequence of no baggage wagons appearing. Felt rather aught in my head, as if it was made of lead, it was as much as I could do to hold it up, rained in the afternoon and all night; slept tolerably well. Our Company is detached to remain here and guard the Arsenal, while the Res. goes to Fort Monroe, or rather Fort Bunker Hill. A meeting of the officers has just been held about something, and if I can glean any information, I will add it in the P.S. — How does Father make out at the Store without Will? I wish that you would all write to me, as this letter is addressed to all — I write my letters under all possible disadvantages, while wish you it is different, though now you have two gallant Soldiers to write to Will and one — Tell Aunt Marion, Con, Howdie and all the family to please write to me, and to consider my letters as a partnership concern — I will write as soon as I have any news whatever to write about. I was very sorry
As I hear of Mr. Ford’s funeral, I had no idea at all of his death, but so it goes—Please give my love to Aunt Mary in your next letter to her I will write the soon—

Your affectionate Son
Daniel Bleidelman Jr.
Comp. Co. 119th N.Y.V.
Camp Ramsey.
Arsenal Grounds
Washington D.C.
Camp near New Baltimore.

November 12th, 1862.

Dear Father,

Since my hurried scrawl of the 1st inst. I have tried several times to write but have hitherto been unsuccessful as you will see why before I close—but to commence about 11 A.M. Saturday the 1st inst. we marched three miles to the R.R. Depot, and taking a pretty good dinner of ham, bread, & coffee at the "Soldier's Rest" we started about 1 P.M. in the cars. The train was one of 28 cars, so we went very slowly, staying in the cars all night by daybreak we arrived at Frederick Junction 3 miles from Frederick and 21 from Harper's Ferry, Frederick is on a branch road of the Balt. & Ohio R'R. we stopped here and cooked some
coffee, and as we had to wait at
the junction several hours, I took
a walk with a friend, and saw
the old camp ground of Lee's army,
it bore the appearance of being an
immense camp, and then I walked up
a short distance down to the
Monocacy a historical stream now, and
was much pleased with its
quiet beauty, it is quite a shallow
stream, like many a country
creek, unknown till war makes
it famous, like the Rubicon of
Caesar etc... we arrived at Frederick in
about Church time as many of
the bells were ringing at the
time, we thought that the Rev.
was here but they had left
two weeks previous, so we re-
mained waiting for orders all
day, I was much pleased with
the quiet and tidy appearance
of the town, conversing with
some of the people in regard to the Reb occupation, they told me that Jackson and Lee both ordered that any man that stole property from the citizens would be shot, and that several had paid the penalty for stealing—Lee and Jackson were both as plainly dressed as the lowest Reb. The Rebs when buying any article even if under a dollar would throw down a Confederate V never asking for any change. In the afternoon took a walk of two miles out of town in the direction of Harper's Ferry to hear the cannonading at Ansinville (a place which we encamped at afternoons) heard it very distinctly, it sounded like a skirmish which it proved to be, after which returned to our camp in the cars, laying in the
Street, got some coffee at my crust and built a hut out of a board pile, lying outside the care in the street, both Saturday and Sunday were very warm days for the 1st and 2nd of December. Slept very soundly, quite a heavy frost last night Monday was cloudy and rain look a walk and then at 11 A.M. started in the care for Berlin 21 miles distant from Frederick, and 6 miles this side of Harpers Ferry. Arrived there about 3 in the afternoon, and having no transportation (which the Capt. could have had by going 4 miles, and which it was his business to do) we had to turn over all the Corp's stores, Officers' goods, and the young man's privall
cooking apparatus consisting of one frying pan with a handle, one stewing pan with a top to it, a griddiron, toasting fork, spoon with a long handle for cooking, one deep crockery dish, 5 earthen plates etc; very important to me, you see, all these were turned over to the Parrott Marshall at Berlin, we fooled around there till dark when we got 2 days' rations and crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge into Virginia; I should say 2 days' rations of crackers only no meat or coffee, they allow you 12 crackers a day, each cracker square and about the size and weight of soda biscuit, and arguing on these premises if a man has a reasonable appetite it is none too much for a day's ration, but to return after marching three miles over.
one of the hilliest and roughest
roads I ever saw, I encamped
for the first time in the three
years of the war, soldiers
business, and that night
the sacred soil of Virginia
answered me for a bed, knapsack,
for a pillow, and the blue (dark
it happened to be) sky for a canopy.

woke up in the morning pretty
cold and with a small skin
of ice in my canteen, ate my
crackers, (and they had given
beautifully less) and started
on our march, and here
I might say my troubles
began in earnest as you will
see — after marching 5 miles
over the same rough country
without a halt, we stopped
and my uncle became
convincsed by the weight of
his knapsack on his back.
that he was carrying some things that for his comfort had better be dispensed with—so an extra pair of pants, shirt, etc.—were scattered to the winds of heaven, we marched today (Tuesday 14th inst.) 20 miles—you could find rocks in the road from the size of a man’s fist to one weighing tons—so very often you had to pick your way, and all the time marching quick time the Capt. in his anxiety to overtake the Rest. Thought that he would catch up on Wednesday 15th inst. Although the Rest. was three days march ahead of us, what infatuation, I could overlook it, but I had to suffer the consequences of it—Encamped at night in a piece
of mackerel and seal teeth went foraging, I went on my own hook and got apples and potatoes, when the main part of the Com. returned, bring with them 2 splendid shihek and 2 small pipe, your uncle again appeared on the scene of action, there verifying the assertion of Faske in regard to the profit a poor widow woman with 50 children, would make by donating one, my share of the spoils being one hind leg of a sheep, 4 or 5 ribs of one of the pipe, and as I am very fond of tenderloin, I soon found where the animal kept his, and transferred them to my larder. I cooked the pork for supper, for three persons and put the mutton
had in my haversack for the man of tomorrow - after supper built a fire, and slept close together to keep warm. Slept very poorly one of the cold had to get up several times to get warm.

Thursday Nov. 13th.

I had to leave off yesterday afternoons to attend our first battalion drill of two hours. On Sunday, 5th inst. marched very fast today, reached Brooks' Division about noon, was told that our Division was just in front of it - lost the road and had to retrace our steps thereby marching 16 extra miles - kept on till dark and then encamped at Unionville, the scene of the skirmish of Sunday before (which I heard at Frederick) went out foraging with a 30th and 10 men on orders of the Capt. And the fight took place
also several farm houses with wounded Federal and Rebel soldiers used as hospitals, could not get anything foraging except one small chicken and dallah calf, words utterly fail to convey any idea of the utter desolation of these ruined ruins of peculion, visited a good many farm houses, several very large looking Armie camps had no meal, chickens, sheep, corn meal in fact I examined how they kept lvy and dwell together allowed to camp with the above mentioned lvy, and as our crackers gave out last Sunday night, we had to go it on calf—after I turned in I was kept awake by the rain a considerable time—You must recollect that we had no wagon to carry tents or food, so we had to rough it.
Thursday Nov. 6th 1862

The weather got very cold. I met with two gentlemen on the road of our old encampment at Camp Ramsey, and all the grub that I procured was shared by them and vice versa. I don’t know any of the roads which we travelled where they led to or from. Though I asked a good many, halted as usual for the night in a piece of woods, making today about 13 miles.

Our camp was on the top of a high hill making it a very cold place to sleep in, killed a young deer and fried it in my tin pan- like toop all the eggs lacking were bread.

Friday Nov. 14th 1862

Very sorry that it took me three days to write this letter, but it can’t be helped. I have to write in between times we have from 4 to 6 home Battalion drill a day, and I have no candle.
To write with at night so I have to write a running letter—
I am finishing this letter on picket about 3 P.M. 2 miles
from our camp (or as White-
plaine, this morning we had an
inspection of our Brigade by Big
but to return—

Friday Nov. 7th. Coldest day yet
had to get up about a dozen times
last night to get warm, although
I slept with my feet to the fire—
it was told that 5 miles distant
we would get crackers at a
U.S. Depot— but when the 5
miles came up, there was no closer	house to be seen, but a thick
fall of snow was to be felt, very
fine and driving, black to it
like velveteen after marching
about 11 miles from our former
camp (last night) we came
up to Smith's Division at
Whiteplaine, a station on the
Alexandria & Manassas Gap R.R. (13)

About 15 miles south of Manassas and 50 miles from Washington—consisted of a few houses, store, church, got to the camp about noon, and about supper time got a cup of coffee and crackers, which I soon ate, they supplied us with the shelter tent, used by the French army in Algeria, it is in three pieces, each piece is carried by a soldier, and each side of the piece has a row of buttons and button holes, so that you can button it together any way and be right, soon had come up, and turned in still snowing pretty briskly, the camp was situated in a dense piece of woods, but after the army left on Sunday 9th inst, there were very few trees standing, all used for firewood, shortly after arising I read a letter from Father
14) dated Oct. 29 th asking about
my wants, which I will state,
I would like a short thick woolen
scarf for my neck, also a pair of
thick gloves, I have a pair pretty
well worn - also a vest that buttons
up to my neck, it need not be
cloth, any woolen stuff will do;
dark color preferred - how I would
like a tin pot as follows, I suppose
that it will have to be made to order.
Made of black tin to hold a quart
at least or say a quart and a
half to make soup in (use have
to cook altogether for ourselves and)
sidees straight, not shaped sloping
like a quart measure, and a lid
so in it, with a hinge preferred, and
and the, that is the style down here-
also a light frying pan say from
2 to 3 inches deep, with a handle, if
not too heavy - but the handle does
not matter, don't have any spout
put to the tin pot - that is all I
Saturday Nov. 8th. Dull cold day, went out to find my friend Drayl Jones in Croucher's Division, learned that it had gone - returned and our Resr was ordered on picket duty, marched three miles back and was posted in a dense piece of woods, the ground was slippery from the snow, and you were all the time running against bushes and rocks that you could not see - very cold night for one, they gave us no dinner but promised to send us supper, about 8 o'clock, they sent pork and crackers which I was glad to see, fried the pork in my tin pan and ate my crackers, got three home sleep and at daybreak the pickets were called in and marching Knapacke on, all pickets have to carry their Knapack with them not knowing what minute
to the army may move 3 miles back to camp to find our army gone, we brought up the rear of the entire army, and our Comp. (C.) and Comp. B. brought up the rear of the rear with 4 pieces of Artillery.

No rest for the weary so we marched all day Sunday 9th, over 18 miles, was almost done when we arrived at our present camp about 9 P.M. the woods around looked beautiful in the extreme lit up by innumerable camp fires.

Our marching was altogether over the Blue ridge onto, passing Throighfare Gap and several places recently held by the Reb's.

Mind you marching all day without one crumb to eat, then the day's ration cooked them and went to sleep.

Monday Nov. 10th Very warm day the Regt was ordered at sunrise with the Brigade to go out on a
reconnaissance marched back the road we came yesterday about 11 miles, and then drew up in line of battle, two regts on one side of the road, three on the other in fields — artillery (6 pieces in the center) cavalry sent ahead — heard occasional cannonading at a distance. After staying there about an hour they marched us back quick and double-quick time the whole way. I was quite came from my big boots so I had to give out about a mile from camp, on reaching camp learned that I wish half the regt was to be punished for straggling — they need an order declaring that any enlisted officer has a right to shoot a private who falls out from exhaustion who has not a pass from the Dr. How is that always to be had? the position of a private soldier is not an enviable one, but I knew that before I
enlisted and have something to complain of—but will Bill to cease under any circumstances unless Phila. is invaded to go soldiering—my punishment was to go on guard Tuesday 11 inst. very light—was in front of the Cold. tent—I learned that the Regt. has 830 men, and that nearly all the old officers in the device seem to think that it is impossible to end this quarrel by force—many of the other snappers had to cut down trees for 2 days—I got off pretty well although I asked no favor—it is the almost universal impression here among all the officers and soldiers both new and old, and upon mature reflection I have sorrowfully came to the same conclusion—that our leaders are totally unfit for the emergency and that we are unable to put down the Rebellion.
Mr. Clellan being succeeded, and such a long halt being made just as the war advanced on the Rebel army who are not more than 15 miles distant from our camp — this halt being exactly what the Rebels wanted, and they are fortifying their position very likely — the next advance must bring on a terrible battle, and if we are defeated must end the war — a good many Rebel Officers of the old Regt. with whom I have conversed predict a decided defeat to our arms. Jackson is represented to have 60,000 men in our rear, and 80,000 in our front, as it is getting dark I must close now, direction on the next page.

Yours affectionately, Sr —

B. Beidelman Jr.

P.S. I give love to all inquiring friends and please send me some postage
D. Beidelman Jr.
Comp. C. 119th Reg. P.V.
Pratt's Brigade —
Smith's Division
Franklin's Corps
Wayne, Ill., July 9, 1863

Dear Father,

I have just arrived here and am very tired. I have been in the front about 1 1/2 miles from here and my shoes from the marching have entirely worn out. I have just got a pair of boots, they are very hard ones indeed, the only ones I could get. I was very thankful for them. I wish you could only realize what awful marches we have made—had but 2 meals from the 1st Master since Sunday last. Our stove had to be thrown away coming on to the mountains.

I am writing this in Rebel store; he has been robbed of about 10,000 dollars by the Rebels. I have nothing left but some few pards which he had just turned to buy.
The Service I have already seen has completely cured me of any military and I had. I will be greatly glad when I can get home. After the battle which must take place in a day or so, the whole thing will be decided whether it will be necessary to remain the 3 days or not. Lee is completely homeless in victory nothing can save him. He has to turn his army is very strong now. but Meade has also done as great work.

I wish you would send me some money I need it all in small change I had to borrow some from Boss to pay my note.

My troop now is in Carlisle as they been bivouacking in light marching order of my clothing is in pretty hard condition.
but I am perfectly willing to make all the sacrifices of aid the subject is accomplished of thinking those seven
only. They have played everything
million upon millions of property.
Dar about to well to run plants in
good spirit we have marched about
15 mile every day since Saturday.
for Empty Knapsack - [iled and]
Give my love to Mother. I see [ed]
Aunt Mary, I am I feel them all
to unto me. I expect there is a letter
Camp for me now - the 12th mail for me
awake went to the 12th Last night.
Endone paper after we did not see any
people here has not seen one for it while
the 12th mail from here All this money
Direct to
Camp C. P. S. F. M. Peters
affore for Sen.
Waynesboro
the attention of every one.

W. A. C. Newberry, Pa.

Josiah Besore.

An early call is requested of all who stand.

PROPRIETORS AND GUARDIANS, I hereby notify the wants of the people.

PRICES are always and a full assortment of GROceries and all kinds of goods at the

I will take pleasure in showing you my stock, and will offer inducements

HATS, GOWNS, SWARE, &C.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

TOGETHER WITH A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

DRY GOODS.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,

of all kinds and qualities, and at reduced prices.

BROWN WOOLINS, DRESS GOODS,

Curiously selected, none of PRINTS, ranging from 15 to 25 cents.

Among the many classes of goods received, will be found a choice and

the advantages offered by me, cannot be opposed by any of my competitors.

Just received from the late Western Auction Sales, including a full line of

GENERAL STOCK OF GOODS.

I have opened, and am prepared to offer to my friends and the community.
Washington, D.C.
March 19, 1866

D. Poddelman Esq.
My Dear Sir:

I have just sent 9 boxes of books to Phila. Delphias. Will you be good enough to see that they are put in some dry place until I get on? Our other things will get off in a few days.

Will you be good enough to let me know what time we can get into the parsonage and also whether you will look for me to preach next Sunday. I will then, if you desire it, inform you what time to expect us.

Kindest wishes to the Brethren and your family.

Most truly,

Ph. Stadel
Office of
ROBERT LIGGET & CO.
Iron & Steel Merchants,
N. W. cor. of 12th and Market Streets.

Philadelphia, June 3rd, 1873

Friend Howard,

Your note just rec'd am sorry we are disappointed in our boat ride.

I regret that Thursday next can not be available for me as a previous engagement will keep me from going to see the falls Schuylkill; however, the winter hopes to see you soon at 98 Arch and perhaps we may arrange for some evening next week.

Yours,

Craig N. Ligget
Sunday 3/30/73
10 P.M.

Dear Howard,

On looking over the Legal Intelligencer of March 28/73, Sheriff’s Sale (page 98, 4th column, property 92), I find that the Woods Lot, 23rd St. Wside, above Arch is to be sold for taxes by Sheriff at Sale of Monday April 7th, 1873.

Will you please look into the matter tomorrow. The Tax Reck in this matter had but one Bill unpaid.
and that was paid on day of settlement. Ask Mr. List if you shall see Mr. Poulsen about this matter. The claim should be satisfied. I was glad to hear that Warner Reaches turned up--the three cornered or sided ruler will be the next thing unearthed.

Cow was in to see me this afternoon. The "Mustache" has improved greatly. Will Kester send us his new address.

Yours truly, W.S.

H. Burton Beidelman Esq.
1876 - International Exhibition, Philadelphia. - 1876.
Centennial Board of Finance,
2904 Walnut Street.
Philadelphia. Aug 6 1876

Dear Sir,

We find on our subscription book your name for one share of Centennial stock on which no installment appears to have been paid. If this be correct please remit your check to this office to my order for $2, being first installment of $2 for share.

If payment has been made, have the kindness to inform me when and in what bank, and give the number of your stock certificate.

The second installment of $2 for share is due and payable on the first day of September next.

Respectfully yours,

Fred. Franks
Treasurer.

N. Biddleman Eg
Blank No. 1.
THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY,

The rules of this Company require that all messages received for transmission, shall be written on the message blanks of the Company, under and subject to the conditions printed thereon, which conditions have been agreed to by the sender of the following message.

THOS. T. ECKERT, Gen'l Sup't.
NEW YORK.

WILLIAM ORTON, Pres't.

GEO. H. MUMFORD, Sec'y.
NEW YORK.

Dated: Norristown R. D. Sep' ly 1873

Received at S. E. cor. 3d and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia. 2:50 P.M.

To: J. H. F. Muirhead

205 S. 6th St. Pha

Have sent this afternoon

M. M. Messimer

4 Collect a 20

Recd. 2:53 P.M.

9/21/73
M.M. Missimer

Clerk. Office
Norristown Pa.

Rec'd. 2-5-5 P.M.

4/3/5

9/12/73
DIRECT WIRES

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Dated

Received at

TO:

RE:

This Message just received at the Office of the
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY,
No. 602 Chestnut Street,
Where any reply should be sent.

Direct Wires.
Little Rock
Nov 23rd 1872

Dear Howard,

It was a rainy night so none of us ventured out to church, so I thought I would write a letter to you asking about those cliffs for Father are they finished and how much more they I want to know because if you should pray for the breaking them up it would not be my fault to him
as it never late now, please drop them and give to Father from one on Christmas. I am sorry you had trouble about them, but very much obliged to you for attending to it for me. We are having very charming and happy times here. I hardly and money as he had. Wilmer says he ought as well be at home all the time, for any business requiring his presence at the store. Do you still like milk and cheese as much as ever?
or in the cold weather harder than the warm; we have not had many more than four real cold days this fall - it has been and is still very warm violets are in full bloom in the garden. Nettie is perfectly well again and as fall and full of mischief as she can be. She talks about Dan - Pa - Dan - Ma and Aunt Howard - very often she and her Papa are out or in every night. Lamene as well and getting along nicely in his lessons. He
is a much better behavior than when in Phila. We have been trained in again the ladies & gentlemen of the Episcopal church. I have had private theatricals and "The Jolly Pug washer" to raise money towards building a church. They have had them in St. Clara House made over $500. The first night there was not heard since. Webster says he would go to the worldly theater but not to a religious one. Please give love to Father, Mother and all at home. Faithfully yours.
Little Rock
Dec. 14th 1878

Dear Howard,

I received your letter and am glad that the letters are finished but sorry to have troubled you about them. I enclose an amount due you and would like you on Christmas morning to give them to Father with my love.

We have not had any real cold weather yet, but for the last ten days there have had rain yesterday. The sun
Emma and I have never found any love in one another and she could not love him.

We know that I have been well and I am well and I am well.

I am glad to hear that you all are well.

Please have a happy New Year. The year of our Jubilee.

Hope anyone get back to school and work.
came out again and saw a
my welcome sight to every
one for all were so tired of
rain and mud—it was
very rainy all during the rain
thermometer 70° but since it
has cleared it is cooler.
I wish you could see
Nettie how fat and well
she looks and she is
so full of cunning little ways
she is now sitting in her
little rocking chair reading
a letter I wish you could
hear the long string of words
very few of which any one
can understand.
And a very Merry Christmas to you all. I hope you all have a wonderful holiday and spend it with family and friends.

Buddie gave me a letter from home. He said he hoped she had a good time. I hope so too.

I must go now. Have a happy New Year. I love you all.

Yours truly,

Amie Bishop.
C.H. & H.P. Muirhead,
Conveyancers and Real Estate Brokers,
205 South Sixth Street,
Philadelphia.

January 1874.

Dear Reid,

You will please find enclosed Five Hundred Dollars for my salary Ending January 31, 1874, and fifteen Cents for Balance due from dinner today.

Yours Truly,

L.L. Congnest

for Oak Street

to H.R. Berdtman Esq.

Osw.
Please acknowledge receipt of James Oblige Yms.

P.L. Comyns
Douglasville Aug 18. 1874

My dear Sir

Your despatch also the Cigars for all which I am duly thankful. I guess I shall trouble you again but not this week for it is so damp up here that you can't keep Cigars long without them spoiling. My dear boy the book was read O.K. and I assume so am I am very much obliged to you. The 5 Cigars came O.K. What kind are they? They smell good.
and I anticipate a good deal of pleasure in smoking them. My throat got out of order the other day and I tried in vain to fix it and had it all bundled up to send to you to have fixed when I made up my mind to regulate it or burst it and after 2½ hours hard work I succeeded in getting it all right. Things go slow up here another is nothing on the face of the earth to do except smoke or chew, I haven't done much of the latter this summer and feel better for it. Glad you are busy.
and hope you will make your everlasti{cql:is_deliberate} fortune this year. The family have all recovered from their accident except the D&H who is still confined to his room. He is afraid to venture on his foot and I guess he won't come into his old ways until they come in for good.

Geo S. D&H was up here on Sunday. Said he had seen you on Saturday and that you were looking well. My dear boy don't erill too much of that Bug juice. It won't do you any good and if Effie was to hear of it it might do you
a powerful sight of ham.

Please remember me to all of your family. I suppose the little niece is OK. I still lives out Wallace St.

Have you found out the name of that young lady on 17 St yet.

If you happen to see any of our family, remember me to them.

I guess Marna + Maggie will be home next Monday.

Thanks for your letter. Kindness, old boy + May I live to pay it. Yours faithfully.

[Signature]

P.S. Congregate
Sunday Evening
Douglassville Aug. 30 1874

My Dear Sir:
I am here again.
OK. Will did not come up with me when I came he gave it up at the 11th hour. It seems dull as the dence up here today after being in town for a few hours. I dreamed about you last night that you had. I'm place when getting about 12:30 I hope it may come true don't you. The weather is nice and cool.
today. I detect this kind of paper but as my honored father sent it I have nothing to do but use it. It looks like boardinghouse. Coffee. I enclose $2.00 which is all the spare Cash I have just now. I will settle for these tickets when I come home if that will suit you. Will you please get me the 2 worth of those Cigars & Ether mail or Express them up. I wish you were here to enjoy the dullness with me. I have been telling them all about Freemasons until I have talked myself hoarse and have given up.
Some old fellow had the jim jams in the car coming up last night. By six he did kick up the dance and was going to demolish me but I put my hand on him and shoved him into a seat he didn't want to get there, but stayed after he once got down. Write us when you ship the cigars so that I can get ready for them. Yours. Fraternally

[Signature]

[Address]

[City, State]
P.S. Give my kind regards to your family and if there is anything I can do for you let me know.

I don't feel worth a cent and how wearied my jaws trying to get them to masticate a piece of beefsteak. I guess they had been running skatola by on the hills until he was all muscle. How goes it at Business don't you wish you had a million?

I do.

TLQ
P. S. Parsons,
Washington, D.C.

Oct 21st, 1905

Mr. P. L. Couquelet
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sir:

Your letter received, and was, as per our talk, satisfactorily provided. The deal goes through, Mr. Downing came out to my place Tuesday morning, spent one day in woods looking over the timber, satisfied himself in that length of time as to the quantity of timber. He stated to me, that he found it just as I represented it, even said much more timber than he expected to see, yet he did not see half the timber, he agrees with me,
...
That whatever is done must be done at once in securing this timber. I am very sorry that you could not come down yourself, as I could of talked more fully and explained the whole situation better to you, as your expert timber man.

Mr. Downing has examined a part of this timber and agrees with me that my judgment is sound as to quantity of timber. You have seen a letter from Mr. Pope whose judgment I am sure you do not doubt, stating that my judgment has never been at fault buying standing timber for them, with these facts before...
Dear [Name],

I hope this letter finds you well. I am writing to you to express my concerns and to seek your advice on a matter that has been weighing on my mind.

I am facing a difficult decision and I need your wisdom to guide me. I am unsure of the right path to take and I am feeling overwhelmed. I appreciate your patience and understanding as I navigate through this challenge.

I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours truly,

[Your Name]
P. S. Parsons,

Washington, D.C.

you, I believe that you feel, that
I could buy this timber as cheap
and as quick, as any one that
you could send. If you conclude
to take up this proposition, I would
propose to you, that you empower
me with the authority and the means
to enter the field and commence buying
at once, I will not charge any-
thing for my services, but will do it
as cheap as it can be done, with
only the necessary expenses of fixing
up papers, etc. You secure a lawyer
down here, to represent you and act
under my advice and suggestions.
I do not especially want this job,
buying the timber, would prefer
your own business, only the time is not sufficient to have men going and making reports. I make this suggestion in order to save time and expense. I am on the ground and know the people and the situation can buy quicker and buy it as cheap and with less expense than any man that you can send who would write you daily, could get your advice by wire daily, if it was necessary, I could keep you posted as to all my movements. I am very deeply interested in this matter, would be very glad of your earliest convenience so I would know...
...unfortunately my sister and I will have to stay here for another year. The war has...
S. S. Parsons,

Washington, N. C.

what to depend on; as I have started in with you, I would be very glad if you could see your way clear to putting this proposition through at once. I certainly know it would be a profitable deal for you. I am sure that I would put forth my best efforts to make it so.

Yours truly,

P. S. Parsons

Dr. W.

You had better call on me

I am here at once

about this. Sure you

back to your home in June.
Once again in joyful rapture he his native vale beheld,
For the love long years had fostered whispered still of faith unquelled,
    Spite of silence,
    Hapless silence,
That the timid tongue had spelled.

And his boat shot swiftly onward; well the rowers plied their oar,
Till a heavy tolling reached them from the church-tower on the shore;
And a solemn train of barges slowly wound their pensive way
Through the hushed waves that glittered o'er their image in the bay;
    And the silence,
    Listening silence,
Dimmed the splendor of the day.

O'er the barge that now drew nearer countless virgin lilies wept,
Telling that some white-souled maiden in the snowy bower slept.
Dumb he stood, and gazed in terror on the shroud and lilies sweet,
And a dread foreboding filled him, and his heart forgot to beat;
    And in silence,
    Deathlike silence,
Fell he at the boatman's feet.

So the parish-people told me; and as years went rolling by
Oft they saw him sadly staring on the flaming sunset sky;
Watched the purple-stained Yokul, half in joy and half in pain,
As if hoped he there to see her coming back to earth again;
    Mourned his silence,
    Fateful silence,
That had rent two lives atwain.

Till at length one Sabbath morning—deep-voiced church-bells shook the air—
While in festal garb the church-folk wandered to their house of prayer,
Reached their ears a hollow thunder from the glaciers overhead,
And huge blocks of ice came crashing downward to the river's bed,
    And in silence,
    Wrathful silence,
Down the seething stream they sped.

Ah, the breathless hush that followed! for amid the icy waste
They a human shape discerned, madly, as by demons chased,
Up the crystal ledges climbing, pausing now where ice-walls screen
From the blast, then upward springing o'er abyss and dread ravine,
    Until silence,
    Glittering silence,
Reigned amid the icebergs' sheen.

They have searched for him, they told me, sought him far and sought him near:
Ne'er a trace was found to tell them of his grave so lone and drear;
But the legend goes that angels swift the shining ether clove,
And with them his youth's beloved bore him up to God above,
    Where shall silence,
    Deepest silence,
Never sunder hearts that love.

Hjalmar Hjarth Boyesen.
THACKERAY'S "GRAY FRIARS."

There is an eloquent passage in one of Victor Hugo's novels in which the writer affectionately apostrophizes the Paris of his youth—those quaint old streets of the Quartier Latin so redolent of the happy associations which cling to the springtide of life. Were Thackeray living now, he would, we fancy, experience emotions very similar to those of his French confrère should he try to find his beloved "Gray Friars," which lives enshrined in the most pathetic scene he ever penned, and is ever and anon coming before us in the pages of his several stories. It is but a few years since the author of Vanity Fair passed away, yet already Gray Friars' surroundings are no longer those with which he was familiar.

Descending Holborn Hill five years ago, you found yourself, when at the foot of that celebrated thoroughfare, at Snow Hill, just at that point where the words, "Here he is, father!" struck upon the parental ears of Mr. Squeers as his son and heir manfully "went for" Smike. Turning to the left, instead of proceeding up Newgate street, a circuitous street took you to Smithfield, so long associated with stakes and steaks. Thence, when half-way through the forest of pens, you turned sharp off to the left, and then, after another hundred yards by a turn to the right, found yourself in a long narrow lane, called Charter-House lane. This brought you presently to some iron gates admitting you to a quaint and not very mathematical quadrangle, such as you would never have dreamed of stumbling upon there. This is Charter-House Square, which, still intensely respectable, was once eminently fashionable. At one corner of it is a little recess known as Rutland Square; for on this site once stood the abode of the dukes of that ilk, and near to it is a stately mansion with a high pitched roof which was in days long gone the residence of the Venetian ambassador. A garden occupies the centre of the square. Everything is neat, orderly and severely dull, the most dissipated tenants of the square being boarding-house keepers of a highly sedate description. The secret of all this tremendous respectability is to be found in the contiguousity to the Charter-House itself, a portion of whose buildings abut on the square, which, with many of the streets adjoining, belongs to this wealthy institution. Four years ago the place was so secluded that a stranger to London might have walked around the spot a dozen times without suspecting its existence, and living in one of its comfortable old mansions supposed himself in the cathedral close of a provincial city. The entrance to the Charter-House itself is under an archway through venerable oaken portals, which are said—and there seems no reason to question the statement—to be the identical gates of the monastery which occupied the ground in the time of Henry VIII. This monastery had been a religious house of the Carthusians.* The order first came to England in 1180, and was seated at a place called Witham Priory in Somersets, to this day known as Charter-House Witham. There Henry II. founded and endowed a monastery. The London branch of the establishment at Witham was founded by Sir Walter de Manni, seigneur de Manni in Cambrai, France, who was made a knight of the Garter by Edward III., in reward for gallant services. Manni founded the house in pious commemoration of a decimating pestilence, on which occasion not fewer than fifty thousand persons are said to have been buried within the thirteen acres which he bought and enclosed and a gentle eminence known as the "hill" in the play-ground, separating

*The original seat of the Carthusian order was a Chartreux in Dauphiny, where it was founded by Saint Bruno.
†Witham, which is not far from Fonthill, became in 1763 the property of Alderman Beckford, the millionaire father of the celebrated author of Vathek.
She, the fair and gladsome maiden, raised her head and called his name:
He was deep-eyed, light and slender, shy of mien and slight of frame.
Like a laughing brook she skippéd to and fro along the strand;
He was grave, like nodding fern-leaf, gently by the breezes fanned,
Which in silence,
Pensive silence,
Grows upon the brooklet's sand.

"Ragnas," said she, "when God's angels visit will this world of ours,
They descend, so mother told me, on the Yokul's shining towers.
Now, if I should die, then promise thou wilt climb the peaks of ice,
And my hand I'll reach to help thee up to God's bright paradise."

But in silence,
Wondering silence,
Gazed he in her innocent eyes.

It was summer: thrush and linnet sung their gladsome summer-lay;
Through the fir trees' cooling vista rose the cataract's white spray;
And the light blue smoke of even o'er the darksome forests fell—
Rose and lingered like a lover loath to bid his love farewell;
And in silence,
Wistful silence,
Shed its peace o'er sunlit dell.

On the pleasant hillside sat they, where the silvery birches grow,
And th' eternal sun of midnight bathed them in its fitful glow—
She a maid of eighteen summers, fresh and fair as Norway's spring;
Tall and dark-browed he, like pine-woods in whose gloom the Hulders* sing,
When in silence,
Deep-toned silence,
Night lets droop her dusky wing.

It was now that he must leave her, and the waves and tempest breast:
Heavy-hearted sat they, gazing on the Yokul's flaming crest;
And she spoke: "O Ragnas, never, while you airy peak shall gleam
O'er our home, shall I forget thee or our childhood's blissful dream,
Until silence,
Death and silence,
Freeze my heart and memory's stream."

Up he sprang; and boldly looked he toward the midnight-lighted west,
Seized her white, soft hand and pressed it closely to his throbbing breast,
And the love his childhood fostered, and in youth made warm his blood,
Trembled on his lips as trembles bursting flower in freezing bud:
Ah, but silence,
Fateful silence,
Held the mighty feeling's flood.

Years had passed with autumn's splendor, like a glistening shower of gems;
Doubly rich the sunlight streamèd from the Yokul's diadems;

* The Hulder is the spirit of the forest, and is represented as a virgin of wonderful beauty. She plays her
loor, a long birch-bark horn, at evening, and is the protecting genius of the cattle.
viciously snapping her eyes, "I like it, I like it! I wish I could think of something else to do."

In the middle of Peter's croaking of "Poor Yarico," to show her how Catalani sang it on the London boards, she jumped up and went to the window. People were coming home from prayer-meeting, husbands and wives together.

"I suppose every woman must marry, father?" she said.

Peter looked doubtfully at her over his spectacles, opened his mouth and shut it once or twice. "I judge that is the highest lot for a woman," he said slowly, "to be the wife of a good man."

"A good man? Oh yes, good enough!" and with that she flung herself down on the floor, and, putting her head on Peter's knee, cried as if her heart would break. For Kitty was never in the habit of carrying her pain off into solitary places: when she cried it must be with her head on somebody's knee.

This chapter of Catharine's history every wise-awake young woman among our readers has doubtless finished for herself: she knows the closing-in process by which society, expediency, pro-

pinquity, even moral obligations, hedge many a man and woman and drive them into marriage.

In the weeks that followed she saw but one path open to her: in it lay her work for Christ and her woman's birthright to be a wife and mother (for Kitty, ever since she was a baby nursing dolls, had meant to be both).

She spent most of her time shut up with her Bible and hymn-book, sometimes praying over them, sometimes sticking in her forefinger and opening at chance verses to try her fortune about this affair. During this time she was usually unnaturally humble and meek, but there were days when her temper was intolerable.

"Don't come complaining to me," said Peter testily to her mother. "The child's a good child enough. But when you force her to stretch her heart over three hundred vicious little imps, no wonder it breaks."

"Kitty's a free agent," she replied calmly.

Kitty was a free agent, and at the end of two weeks she accepted Mr. Muller.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

[to be continued.]

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THE GLACIERS OF PARADISE.

SPRING is waking, and the Yokul lifts on high his glittering shield,
Far and wide in sunny splendor gleams the ice-engirdled field,
And the swelling freshet murmurs gay spring-ditties as it flows,
Till its noisy life it mingles in the ocean's grand repose;

And in silence,
Dream-fraught silence,
O'er its course the billows close.

On the strand they gayly played, where the trembling birch trees grow,
Children both with golden ringlets and with cheeks like maiden snow,
Wherein blushed fresh spring-like roses—blushed and hid, and blushed again,
While they plucked the shining pebbles, smooth-worn by the stormy main;

And in silence,
Rippling silence,
Chants the sea its old refrain.
A Stated Meeting of the CRESCENT BOAT CLUB will be held at the Boat House, on Monday Evening, 29 inst., at 8 o'clock.

PROPOSITIONS FOR ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP.

Edw. Harrison
W. M. Horrill
Henry N. Cotton
J. A. Staley

The amount of your indebtedness to the Club is

Dues, $6.00
Fines, $4

25 cents fine for non-attendance at any Stated Meeting.
50 " " " Adjourned or Special Meeting.

Fred. Young Sec'y.
Dear Howard,

If you note enclos[ing] a Co[ntent]t[er] of [was] duly received. According to the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided, all right but next time don't glue it in the CORNER for it sticks very hard. It is with much Honor I subscribe myself yours truly.

[Signature]

To Howard Burton Beideman