

Letters from 1810 – 1835 Bates family

1810

(this is to Mary Williamson from her sister)

Malone, May 20, 1810

Dear Sister. I once more improve this opportunity to write to so near a friend. What pleasure fills my mind while engaged in so delightful an employment[sic] how is my heart transported with the idea of conveying intelligence to an affectionate sister, but oh how much more pleasure I should take in conversing with you face to face but when I shall I don't no [sic] but I hope the time will come when you will come and make me a long visit. I think you would like the place here very well. The ladies are very agreeable and are very dressy. I think they dress as well here as they do in Woodstock. I keep as good company as any in the town, and I feel as contented as I could expect to considering I am so far off my relations. I wish it was my portion to live near my friends but since it is so that I can't, I mean to make myself as contented as I can, but oh my dear sister I wish you lived here this summer. You would have a good chance to keep school and have grate [sic] wages and all the money. Oh my sister I wish I could receive a letter from you. I want to hear from you often and all the rest of the family. Tell them they must write every opportunity. I had a good opportunity to write to you and I thought I would improve it. I thought you would like to hear from us every opportunity. I and all my family enjoy very good health and I hope you and all the family enjoy the same blessing. Tell mother I want to see her more and more every day. Oh how I want to come to your house tomorrow and see you all. O Hannah, you must git [sic] so as to write to me by next winter. I should be glad to see some of your writing. I suppose that my mother has received a letter from me by Will Paddock. I have had a letter from mother Child and another from mother Smith which I was very glad to receive but I have not had any from you. You must write to me whether you have heard from my brothers lately. You must give my love to all my friends [sic] to Pomfret and Woodstock and my duty to my parents. So I must come to a close by signing myself

Your affectionate,
Sister Asenath Child

(to Mary Williamson from her sister-in-law, wife of her brother William Durkee Williamson)

Bangor, May 23, 1810 {To Mary Williamson in Woodstock, VT}

My dear Mary,

I write not merely to fulfill engagements. The moments I assure you which I spend I writing to you are indeed golden moments. For, separated from the immediate smiles or parental affection and the social endearments of a sister's love, some of my greatest joys are in perusing letters from my dear kindreds. I often visit you in the midnight hour of slumber but awake disappointed, awake with these thoughts – perhaps we shall never meet again! O Mary! How uncertain, how fleeting is life and its enjoyments. We have heard of a great number of deaths in Amherst but few names are mentioned. Will you be so obliging as to inform us who they are? Whom we shall see no more in life? You mentioned the dejected spirits of my Aunt. In her troubles my anxiety for that afflicted woman are great. You will afford me all the intelligence respecting her and my mother which you are able to learn? We would ask you to visit us this summer. Brother tells me he shall visit Vermont ere long and shall calculate to have you return with him. Our good Uncle and Aunt at Hallowell would heartily greet your arrival. Do not disappoint my fond expectation of once more conversing with a female relative. We feel not a little lonesome since our brother went to Kennebeck. We miss him exceedingly; though we have had two boarders, a young lady and a young doctor, since he left us. I have heard much of your talents as a school-dame and that you possess many amicable accomplishments. May you continue to bloom in the virtues of life and scatter pleasure among your friends! May you fill the bosom of your declining parents with joy and satisfaction! And experience Christian peace of mind yourself! I think much of our parents, particularly at this season of the year when every old complaint seems to return with fresh strength but

our prayers to heaven are for their long life and happy days. I want to talk on a topic delicate, indeed, but interesting. Many are probably your admirers. Some can sing, others dance, others chit-chat charmingly, some are handsome, others dressy, but each unworthy of a female's esteem. Give them all, Mary. Choose the man of principle, the man of real sense, the man of religion. Riches may be acquired but a silly man is always a boy—Pardon me, my dear.

Present my dutiful regards to our parents, esteem to our brother. And accept of a great deal of love yourself.

Jemima M. Williamson

P/S/ Tell Sally and Hannah that Caroline is very rude, always upon the spring, is very fond of little folks and they must come and learn her how to talk. WE all want to see them very much.

(to Mary Williamson from her brother William)

Thursday, May 24, 1810

Dear Sister,

I have little to add to the epistle already penned except that we are all in the smiles and enjoyments of good health. We have too long delayed writing since receiving your last; but my being at court and other pressing avocations we plead in excuse. I should be happy to see you here but our social society is not altogether captivating to girls, there being too many old people. There are consequently no families of young people. The folks here are mostly middle-aged.

I have written lately to Sister Childs and to brother Joseph. I have some time since written to Doctor Parsons and every day expect an answer. But we have heard nothing of the deaths, marriages and other changes in Amherst this full year or ore. We wish you to be more particular. The health, prosperity and happiness of our parents I want to have specially mentioned in every letter.

From your affectionate brother,

Wm. D. Williamson

N.B. Direct the letters to me as postmaster as you did at first, then they will come free.

(to Mary Williamson from her brother Joseph)

Burlington, VT., June 24, 1810

Dear Sister, I this time address a few sentiments to yourself, presuming you will pardon my neglect of it until now as no convenient opportunity for writing you as formerly appeared. The moments which are devoted to writing to friend and dear relative I deem not misspent. It is not only satisfaction to pour out our thoughts to each other but tends to keep alive the natural affections and bring to recollection the happy scenes which are fled.

Be assured, Mary, that I am not forgetful of you and my heart is not insensible of your ??? As I learn your health is ill I feel not a little concerned in respect to your situation, knowing your constitution to be naturally feeble. You will doubtless take means to restore your health as you estimate it above all earthly blessings. I imagine your school last winter was injurious to your constitution and I fear this summer's employment will be detrimental to your health.

I am sensible it is your active and a very proper one to adorn your character with education, virtue and gracefulness and, perhaps to render you distinguished by industry and usefulness. Do not, however, let those kind of ambitions extend so far or your exertions be so great as to injure your health in the sweet morn of life.

The letter together with the money enclosed in it which I received by the hand of Mr. Smith, was very acceptable though the letter itself rather indicated unprosperous times with father. I feel very sorry for these unfavorable times as it respects property but I feel more particularly concerned about father's health as he informs me in his letter "he has worked himself clear down." I would therefore again express my desire that he would not labor too hard nor exert himself beyond his strength.

As for news, I have none worthy of communication at present.
This is from your affectionate brother,
J. Williamson

1814

May 30, 1814 {*Mary Bates Rhodes, who initially typed these letters in 1944, writes that the following "seems to be a fragment preserved from a letter. The date was on the outside. There is no address nor signature."*}

When we are pleased to express friendship towards a person, it signifies that we have very excellent ideas of their virtue and place unlimited confidence in their honor. "Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart towards the merit we esteem and produces a mutual inclination between the persons to promote each other's virtue and happiness." We should please the person well, and when we find our hearts are one, agree to abide till death! There is no fear of its existing to excess, the only danger is its decay. What greater gift in this life than a discreet and loving friend! It warms the passions, animates the soul and drives the gloom of the mind away!

The sky is not serene, it is rainy; and melancholy – has spread itself o'er my mind. But as I am studying the cure of diseases, I think I can determine what would prove present relief!

The person whom I would chose to be my friend should be this: an agreeable, genteel and peaceable character, truth and good humor flowing in his eyes, his lips like the olive leaf ever speaking peace and a fond sincerity manifested in all his actions. He would never give offence nor would he suffer himself ever to be offended; would love his enemies, forgive them with a generous heart, and take delight in serving his fellow creatures! Above all, religion should be deeply rooted in his mind.

I wish it might be your better fortune to share in such a happy lot!

I will tell you, Mary, what it is – nothing will ease the mind so quick as to be perfectly supplied with all we stand in need of; thousands die for want of mental exercise. (*Junia asks - is this perhaps a love letter from Roswell to Mary Williamson? – see below*)

(*note from Betsy: from Mary to Roswell Bates, her future husband*)

Saturday, Woodstock, June 5, 1814 (To Dr. Roswell Bates)

My Friend,

Thinking it would be some gratification to you and feeling a little in the spirit of writing, I am prompted to comply with your request.

It is thought a delicate thing for a female pen to address one of the opposite sex, and truly it is if the most sincere regard is not professed. This, you will know that I trust you as my confident friend and you have liberty thus to do.

Your description of a chosen friend is exactly what my taste and judgment would prefer. I have ever thought a person of piety and true religion would be all that, if heaven had bestowed upon them pleasing manners and good abilities! I don't know but it would be wrong to doubt that that heart which has yet been found true and sincere will answer the description when they know what would be desirable in one.

No friendship or union so permanent and durable as that which our Lord admits and approves of. He being our friend will cause others to be friendly and cause our enemies to be a peace with us.

I think I feel at this time an unshaken confidence in the Lord, have a hearty desire to please him and can say with David "if I prefer not thee above my chief joy, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." I would ever desire to realize that every blessing flows from his hand and render him due praise and gratitude for favors as I receive them

Let us be holy, trust ourselves wholly in him, yield willing obedience to him, that we may have hearts ready to receive him at his second coming.

I wish you much peace of mind, rejoice in your happiness, would be glad to lessen all your sorrows with a sympathizing [sic] spirit. M.W. To Dr. Roswell Bates

August 10, 1814

(Second half of a letter)

...soon elapse. I feel no small anxiety to cease accumulating expense and to commence lucrative employment. When I shall commence in practice of law, should I live to be admitted to the bar, remains yet to be known. As times now are the prospects for young practitioners are not very flattering. I hope the war will ere long be brought to an honorable issue. My days, I devote to reading and some of the evenings I spend in visiting. Young people are, however, not numerous and literary companions are few. As far as I am acquainted, I am very well pleased with the people.

The ladies very frequently inquire after you, always speaking both of your piety and your sensibility in the most respectful terms. Among these an old lady Carr, Mrs. Looms, Mrs. Fiske (formerly Miss Rebecca McGraw) and Miss Page, sister to Mrs. Dutton. These ladies, I presume, would be very happy to see you in this place.

Mr. Looms and wife are now on a journey to the westward. They have been gone about six weeks and are not expected to return till the first of Oct. During his absence, though we have had a meeting each Sabbath, we have not had steady preaching. There is somewhat of a reformation among the Methodists in this and the neighboring towns. A few Sabbaths since, a man in this town was baptized by sprinkling at the water edge. The converts, however are not yet very numerous. There is no preaching here of the proper Christian religion, though there are several of Elder Smith's Heralds taken in the back country.

This place has considerably altered since you left it—a new and elegant court-house erected and furnished adds much to the beauty of the place. Br. Wm. has repaired and painted his house and built a dooryard fence which is also painted. He now has the most pleasant and slightly situation of any one in town.

As the mail is momentarily expected I must draw to a close.

Wishing you prosperity in this life and happiness forever more.

Adieu,

Joseph Williamson

Thursday, August 18, 1814

Dear Sister, [*To Mary Williamson*]

As I have read the foregoing letter, I need not repeat its contents. Nor can I add much. Since it was written the mail has arrived which brought a letter from Bro. George, under date of Aug. 8. It informed us their health but communicated nothing new. Little Caroline and Harriet go to school. We hope you are happy in life and prosperous. I often think of the many lively Christians which your social society and neighborhood contain, the animating conversation held at our house on the eve previous to our departure. No matter whether of Greek or Barbarian, bond or free. Pray write me in confidence how our honored parents agree in respect to religious points of disagreement and let us fast and pray for their mutual happiness and mutual enjoyments in matters of religion. But I must stop. Give them the heartfelt tributes of gratitude and love, so richly due them from me. Be life unto us a preparation day for eternity. Let us live Christian and we shall cheerfully stop behind the veil when time with us shall be no more!

My dear sister, farewell.

Wm. D. Williamson

Dartmouth University, October 30, 1814

My dear Sister, [*from Roswell to Mary Williamson?*]

I can receive no greater joy while I am absent from you than to take my ink and paper and write to one with whom I have held sweet converse.

“Those blissful hours have slipped away

When weeks and months seemed but a day.”

I called at the post office this morning expecting a letter from you but there was none. I think the letter I wrote you could not have been miscarried. The mail will come in again next Tuesday. I shall inquire again.

With regard to my health, my friend, I recovered from my short illness immediately after I wrote you, but I must say it is the hardest exercise I ever performed to see and hear the lectures. I hear attentively, look continually, and exert my abilities to understand and retain; it wears my flesh away. My exercise, however, is not quite enough. I wish I could ride three miles every day. We have sometimes three, sometimes four lectures a day, each about 1 ¼ hours long.

Dr. Perkins told me he was going to Woodstock, Esq Marsh's, yesterday or today. Which daughter is sick? Who is her physician? Write me if you please.

I have nothing new that would be pleasing for you to hear. I hope I make a profitable improvement. All things go very well but I shall rejoice when I am at liberty again. That fondness which I ever had for the society of friends at present must be denied. The meaning of what I wish to convey to you in short is this—at times I am very lonesome!

Last Saturday, 4 o'clock p.m. I walked 5 miles to Dr. J. Hayzen. Sunday, Sister Thomas came. You may conclude I was glad to see them all. I inquired of Sister Thomas if she had seen you. She told me Posey said you testified of Christ in meeting and sang the figtree hymn. It gave me pleasure to hear from you. It is now 12 o'clock. I must go to meeting this afternoon. 2 p.m. This minute find I can send this letter by a son of Mr. Roby, going directly to Dr. Galllop's.

I think you will read it tomorrow evening. I shall also write to Bro??

For the want of being among friends, I have to mend my own stockings. My washing is done very well.

Mary, if anyone wishes to see me and will let me know it, I can ride to Woodstock in 2 ½ hours some Saturday P.M. and return Monday morning before 9 easily. The cost of a horse will be 75 cents but sixpence more than my board would be to tarry. The bell is now ringing but I believe I shall not go to meeting. Two of my roommates go to Lebanon Saturdays, Mr. Paddock and Barrett. I am now in my chamber alone; here I can read the Bible, kneel in secret prayer and take the comfort of reflection. Last night I dreamed that I hauled a drowning man out of the water. He was dead but lived again. Objects which make the deepest impression on my mind I seldom ever dream of.

When my cloth at Mr. Denison's is done, you will inform me and perhaps I may ride to Woodstock some Saturday, be measured for some garments and have them made while I tarry here [?].

The common people and finally all in this Plain live on the student money, and well they may. Mr. Roby gives 15 shillings per bushel for wheat. All the cider I drink costs 10 cents per quart and I assure you I drink but little!

Concerning my literary exercise: we hear lectures one day, the next day we have to answer their questions, which is no less than telling it all back again! – then hear some more. Last evening I puzzled my brain by putting together the 9 carpal or very small bones right in the wrist. I succeeded in about one half hour. When I took them from Dr. Perkins I did not know which wrist they were, whether the right or left. Some could and some could not do it.

We have an anatomical lecturing room in the third story where Perkins and Mussey lecture on anatomy and theory and practice of physic, and another room below for chemistry. Our chemical experiments! I cannot give you any idea of them – they are very (?) wonderful and sublime! They are enough to convince the atheist that there is a God; they show the properties and laws of matter, as you may suppose from the following words of our lecture. When he has performed some wonderful and entertaining experiments – “There can be no law without a lawgiver; if such be the laws of matter, what must be the law-giver? Where is he? We cannot see him now, but there is only a curtain between. Soon the curtain will be dropt and he will appear to us all and then we shall all see him in the grandour [sic] of a God!” This struck a solemn awe on every face.

I pray God that you and I may become more and more acquainted with the laws of this law-giver; that when the curtain drops we may not only see him but be like him – Amen!

You may have another letter to read in two weeks from today.
My kindest respects to your honorable parents, Sarah, etc.
Yours very affectionately,
Roswell Bates

P.S. You may read my brother's letter and write me if he receives it or if you have seen him. R.B.

Woodstock, October 31, 1814 (*from Mary Williamson to Roswell Bates*)

My Friend,

Exquisite pleasure next to seeing you, I experience in reading some ideas conveyed from you in writing. (especially when no bad news are conveyed).

When I returned from school tonight, to my joy and surprise, I was told there was a letter left for me, they supposed written by you. I hurried to snatch by perusing, its contents. I was some fearful I should hear you was sick at first, but those fears were soon banished after reading a few lines. I was surprised to hear you had not received my letter written Friday eve, for I sent it Saturday noon some time before the stage came in.

I cannot tell you who Susan Arnold's physician is for I have not heard. Your brother has not been here. Don't know of any opportunity to send your letter to him but perhaps one will present itself.

You write if anyone wishes to see you, you can ride here in a short time. Come, my dear, and you will find one, if no more, who wishes much to see you.

I suppose your cloth is come by this. I have not inquired, however. I will write when I know that it is.

I have not seen the bearer of your letters but I am told he will be here tomorrow to carry an answer back to you. They were brought very nice.

Elder John Rand is in town, preached at the court-house last Sunday. For news, young Mr. Paddock has been here and tarried a night.

Yours,

Mary Williamson

Woodstock, Wednesday eve, 10 o'clock, November 9, 1814 (*from Mary to Roswell*)

Dear friend,

Yesterday your father was here to inquire for your horse, said if it was here upon expense, he wished to take her away. We told him we supposed she was not, that you wished him not to take her if he did not need her to use. Consequently, he did not.

We inquired after his family and he said Louisa was quite sick, said the disease she had formally been afflicted with had returned in consequence of her taking cold and besides she had some fever. He sent for Dr. Denison and he said she had a slow fever, but he had not opinion of the afore-named doctor he said, therefore was going after another man. He wanted you should see her, wished I should write to you how she was and if you could conveniently come home he would be glad. For the same cause, I now write.

Last Sunday evening after you went from here, I felt very lonesome together with a fearful anxiety for your safe arrival to Hanover. It was so dark in the evening. I was afraid some accident had befallen you on your way – hope not.

Brother Paine is some better today, I hear Sister Hazen is the mother of a daughter, two weeks old. Mrs. Hutchinson, Esq' Enos, Mary Churchill were here this afternoon to tea and informed us that Hulda Sage was going to join hands with Mr. Crosby, the minister of Charleston next Monday. He is a widower, has one child. Mr. Stephen Paddock has bought Capt' David Thomas's farm here, today drew writings. Elder J. Thomson preached extremely well last Sunday, his hearers say.

I called yesterday and took your cloth from Mr. Denison's. The color pleases me much; it is fulled [sic] very thick but perhaps you will like it as well. I have not measured it.

I have read the chapters along and take peculiar delight in it because it seems like mingling our ideas for the time together. I need not tell you a letter from you would be agreeable soon, for you know it would, my friend! Forget me not,

Yours in sincerity,

Mary Williamson

I had almost forgotten to tell you I am very healthy, likewise the family.

Randolph, Vt., November 14, 1814

Dear Brother,

We received your letters last Tuesday and were pleased to hear that you enjoyed good health. We are all well here except myself. I have had the slow fever. Dr. Edson has been here twice. It is about three weeks since I was first taken, am better now so that I can write. Uncle Quartus Lee is now here from the westward. He has married Jere Clark's widow, daughter of Mr. John Kidder of Braintree [VT]. She has a farm joining Uncle Lee's of 100 acres. He likes it there very well, says it is a fine country but he cannot say a word about your going over. He expects the move his family over next spring. He will be at Hartland tomorrow night. Father has been down, called at Woodstock to see about your horse. He brought your letters from there. Peter has not been down I don't think he will be till winter. Eunice spent three weeks in Brookfield. She is now at home. We are all about the same that we were when you went from here. It is not any more sickly than it was then. James Washburn's wife and Betty Carpenter are just gone with the consumption.

Roswell, if you can read this, it will be as much as I expect. I write in haste. It is now Sunday morning. I want Peter should carry this when he goes to meeting. I would have written before if I had had paper. Don't let this be seen by anybody. We shall write again when we have any opportunity.

We are some concerned about you for fear you will get sick. Peter is going. I must conclude my letter

Your sister, Louisa Bates

1815

Randolph, VT January 18, 1815 (*about 30 miles from Hanover, NH*) (*to Mary from Roswell*)

Dear Friend,

When I came from Woodstock to my father's, the thought of going so far off as Danville [*about 55 miles north of Woodstock*] to live entirely among strangers, so much expense for board, etc., I felt some degree of melancholy. We talked the matter over and it rather seemed like "going from home." We thought Randolph afforded as good a chance. My father thought Pomfret, my brother thought here or Woodstock or Pomfret better than to go so far off, and finally, really to take the matter in hand, I could not make it seem so pleasing as I could wish. However, seeing there had been so much said I was determined on going, praying that God would direct my mind.

Thursday I and my brother set off. We carried all my little goods – which consisted of clothes, books and medicine. Friday we arrived safely there. It was however a dreary journey and the snowdrifts were very bad to the north, snow 3 ½ feet deep. So far from friends – all were strangers – it seemed to me I had gone wrong, gone from home. When I considered the cost of my living, no business at present (however I was requested to visit a very respectable man while I was there. I visited him. He had two other physicians but I did not see them. I think the man must die of pleurisy). When I considered how much cheaper I might live at Randolph, on the whole we thought the plan equally as good, knowing also how much it would please our parents if I could live there and, finally considering everything, I was determined to return to Randolph. My brother thought it best. I told my father when I went away, I guesses I should return. He expected it. Saturday night, 6 o'clock we arrived at home.

I have had a good journey; am glad I went for now it is done with! I informed the people in Randolph I thought I should come there. Tomorrow I shall go and see Dr. Bissell and I think now I shall

engage a place to board and go right on, perhaps Tuesday. If however, I should feel my mind to be bound as much as it was at Danville and shall believe it will not do, I know of nowhere else to go but to Pomfret. If neither of these is the place for me, I know not where it is.

If tomorrow I should think it best not to stop at Randolph, I shall see Pomfret this week. I most think now that Randolph is the place but it won't do to tarry here unless I find it best. I hope I shall have that wisdom given me which it is so profitable to possess.

If I tarry here you shall have a letter by mail or otherwise by Sunday. I think I shall determine this tomorrow. I will stay if I think it will possibly do. The people yesterday rather encouraged me. What they will do tomorrow, I cannot tell. If I do not conclude to stay I think I will be at your house Wednesday night. This I think is the sum of what I have to write.

My health is good. I don't know whether my brother (who will carry this) will go to your house or not. If he does, please to write a word. I want to inquire after your sister Child, your health, your pinion concerning this matter, Pomfret, etc.

Tell Posey Thomas, Mrs. Kidder cannot possibly carry her to N.(?) Concerning any other chance, I know of none.

Your affectionate friend,

Roswell Bates

P.S. Mary, the days are evil, poverty abounds, we must show ourselves friendly but I hardly think it is your duty to take York bills on your school bill. You were to have the money and York bills are not worth as much as money by 12 or 15 percent.

I should be glad if I could enjoy your company this evening. If you are lonesome and low in spirits you know how to pity a friend. Yet I realize it is good to pray, have faith and be of good cheer. R.

Randolph, VT., January 26, 1815

Dear Friend,

I conclude if you received my letter of the 22nd inst., you are anxious to hear how the matter has turned. Monday I conversed with Dr. Bissell. His only reply was, "you have my consent entirely." His spirit appeared unfriendly, quite so, but it was just as I and all other expected. I came to Mr. Holmes' tavern engaged my board and housekeeping – board at \$2 per week. I have a room and wood. I find my candles, bed and washing. My horse at \$1 per week. Tuesday 24, I began. First day sold 4 shillings worth of itch ointment. Yesterday I had two patients at the house, today one. I will not name my bill.

I have a very pleasant chamber, agreeably situated. I am in hopes by a common blessing from God to succeed. It will, however, be hard at first at best.

My mind is in tolerable good cheer, for I have determined by grace not to be disappointed if I do the best I can, let fortune turn as it will. Today I called at Sister Williams. She and Laura are well; tarried but few minutes' promised to call again. "{Several pages are torn out}"

...

Mrs. Denison was here on a visit at Esq. Chans. She slipped and broke her thy [sic].

Evening: My patient whom I bled today has called again, just gone. He is threatened with fever, I believe. – is a scholar at the Academy.

Mary, though it is very cold tonight, I am well supplied. Here I sit by my fire, my room is quite warm. I have a large pile of wood and chips in the corner; have watered my horse and fed it; have therefore nothing to do but write to you; have just taken supper, previous to which, Mrs. Holmes brought in a bowl of how sour punch.

I could wish, my dear, you were here by the warm fireside, then what I am writing would not be written, but since the time is not yet that we may enjoy each other's constancy, I count it joy to write you.

With regard to Mr. Child and wife, I rather think they have not yet come. If they have, you must write me and I will go and see you all. I shall much expect to see them when they do come to Woodstock. Tomorrow I shall call at the post office and get them to convey any letters to me as soon as they can.

The state puts by here two nights in the week. (Parts destroyed).

...

I can ride to Woodstock in four hours! I hope it will please the Lord that I may prosper and continue here – I will finish my letter tomorrow – a gentleman has called in---

Friday morn, 27th. The gentleman who called last evening wanted to have both his great toenails torn out by the roots. They grow all over his toes. He thinks he shall have it done tomorrow.

A student boarding here is threatened much with a fever. He has called on me etc. – will finish this to-night.

5 o'clock, p.m. today I have been to my father's. My brother got home last night—told me he had not had time to go to your house. Our people are well. While I was gone a young man from (?), being here is taken sick like pleurisy; he is now sweating. I think I shall have to attend to him a little. The student is comfortable of physic, but not well.

I shall expect a letter Tuesday. I shall not go to Woodstock, perhaps, till Mr. Child arrives. If you write when to come, name the day, for if I tarry here I think it will not be best to visit you more than one day.

The stage has come.

Roswell Bates

Tuesday, February 7, 1815 (*to Roswell*)

Dear Sir:

I am in great haste and can only write to acquaint you of the arrival of Mr. Childs and wife and they wish to see you if you can come down tomorrow or nesxt day after, which will be Thursday. If you cannot come so soon, come sometime this week and you will see them.

Yours, M. Williamson

Excuse this scribble!

Gardiner [ME], February 10th, 1815

Dear Sister,

I hope you will pardon my long delay in answering your welcome letter of 23rd Sept. Since residing in this place I have found it not convenient writing often to my relations. This opportunity is eagerly embraced and this evening shall be devoted to filling this sheet with the language and sentiments of my heart. [*Parts omitted as they contain the same sentiments already often expressed*].

The bearer of this letter is a citizen of this town. He expects to go directly to Woodstock. I shall solicit him to go to our father's and tarry with you till you shall be able to make him a bearer of a letter or letters back. His name is Sterne whom I would introduce to your hospitality and friendship and request that you would treat him with respect and attention.

Those articles of clothing you and our parents were pleased to send have all reached me and for them I give you and them my hearty thanks. I have now on a pair of the stockings and a piece of the shirting. It was my own and the opinion of my friends that the woolen cloth, though very nice for home-made, was not quite fine enough for a student of law in this country. My aunt has therefore exchanged it for cassimere[sic] but would get no more than nine shillings per yard for it. In your letter you suggested you thought it was worth II/6. I ought am willing to give you what it cost you though it has turned to me at a less value. I had contemplated including in this letter a note as you requested, but the price of the cloth being unsettled, and not knowing how you wish the note to run, I have chosen to postpone it until George or myself go to Vermont which I trust will be during the approaching Spring or Summer. In my circumstances, it would be imprudent to give a note payable on demand. When the arrangement shall be made, the note shall be antedated so as to draw interest from the time of receiving the cloth. Rest assured, I shall consider myself under the most sacred (?) obligation to discharge the debt as soon as my circumstances will permit.

This village is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Kennebec, four miles south of Hallowell and 7 from Augusta. I find some respectable agreeable society, especially Mr. Allen and his lady. A minister from Boston for two Sabbaths has supplied the pulpit of the church and delivered some very able

discourses. I go a-visiting occasionally and make my studies my prime object. Though diligent, I often think I make slow progress in the knowledge of the law which is termed "the gathered wisdom of a thousand years."

The period now is not far distant when I hope to transact business for myself since I expect to be admitted to the bar as soon as the first of next November. What place I shall then select for my residence I am totally undetermined. The prospect is not good anywhere. Indeed it will grow more and more dubious so long as the war continues and with it its concomitant evils-burdens of taxes, waste of property and poverty of the people. When peace, commerce, and prosperity will again visit the nation is yet in the cabinet of futurity. No one can more sincerely wish for this than myself. No one's future welfare more depends on such an event than mine.

Do you wish for my prosperity? My anxiety for your welfare and felicity is not less earnest and sincere. Here permit me to congratulate you on your near approach to the connubial state. I would not thus congratulate you did I not entertain a favorable opinion of the young gentleman with whom you are about to form this connexion [sic]. I consider him a man of respectability and talents and I presume skillful in his profession. My personal acquaintance with Dr. Bates, I regret to say, is small, having spent only one evening in his company. Though his profession, as well as that of law, is crowded, yet if he has made a good judicious selection of a place for his profession, I see nothing in the way of at least a competency of this world's goods. Your brothers take a deep interest in your future prosperity. May all our hopes and anticipations be fully realized! May you see and enjoy many good and prosperous days in this life and die in hopes of a blessed immortality!

It is pretty certain that George or myself or both shall visit during the spring or summer. G. Is certainly anxious to visit you and makes, I believe, some calculation on it. Nothing but want of cash and common prosperity shall prevent my journeying to Vermont between this and August even though I have no other means than my feet which brought me down here. Indeed, I have great hopes that the period is not far distant when I shall once more see home and enjoy the society of my friends. I shall then have many interesting stories to relate. Many incidents I shall relate about the war which was carried on even at our very door here in Bangor.

The favor Bro. Geo. Has requested in his letter I also solicit. That is that your or some of the family would write particulars about our good father's circumstances and also how you individually prosper. Do our honored parents enjoy good health? Do they enjoy contentment and serenity of mind? When have you heard from Sister Childs? How are her prospects and what are her circumstances? How does Sister Sarah enjoy herself? She is a girl of an amiable disposition and fine abilities. I hope she keeps good company. She must write often and much. How you enjoy your health and how you progress in the business which must at this time necessarily occupy your attention would not be less interesting to me to learn. I wish little Hannah (whom, destitute of a father, I shall always pity) may be content and happy.

Please remember me to the family And now having covered this sheet with ideas, and it being late in the evening, I would affectionately bid you good-night.

Joseph Williamson

(To Miss Mary Williamson, Woodstock, Vt.)

Letters to Mary Williamson Bates (wife of Dr. Roswell Bates, my great-great grandfather) from her sister, Sarah Williamson, and from her mother, Mary Williamson. 1815.

Mary has recently been married to Roswell and is living in French Mills, New York. Sarah writes about other news from home, and asks, on April 13, 1815:

April 13, 1815

Woodstock, April 13th, 1815

Dear Sister,

We received your very good and entertaining letter a week ago yesterday which we read with eagerness and pleasure, for you cannot imagine how anxious we were about you and with what joy we learned about your prosperity, always feeling interested in your welfare and felicity.

Today is Thanksgiving here and I suppose it is with you. I have been to meeting. Heard a very good sermon from these words, "The Lord hath not dealt so with any nation, and for his judgments they have not known them: Have just taken a very good supper, which you would have enjoyed. Wish you could have come and eat with us as we are very lonely.

Last week we received a very affecting letter from Bro. William. In it he expressed a great deal of thankfulness for the blessing of peace. He wrote that there seemed to be some awakening in that place and eight had joined the church and Jemima was very thoughtful. He said that he had received a letter from Joseph which said our friends were well at Pittston. I think he will be very much surprised to hear of your marriage but he will hear of it soon for mother has written to William. I sent a letter to you by Stephen Paddock that Joseph sent you but you wrote nothing about it, so I suppose you have not had it. You wrote nothing about your quilting your bed-quilts so we thought you had not quilted them. I wish you had some of our flax to spin for I am sure you are not hurried with work. I have not wove any yet but I have spun 33 double skeins of linen and 78 skeins of tow. I think we get along with our work very well.

I have not visited any where [sic] but once since you went away and that was to Mr. Hutchinson's and attended one very good ball at the south village. My gallant was your much esteemed Hosen – went in the afternoon and six couples went from the green.

I would inform you now about the folks here. All the people that

I will now tell you the marriages. Frederick is married – three weeks after you were. Also Harriet Swan is married. She don't keep house. Lieu. Barknapp is courting Priscilla Howland. I don't think of any more now.

O Mary, how do you get along with your work? With your washing? When you have no more furniture, it seems as if you would suffer if you did not get some more. I dreamed the other night that I went up to live with you and it was such an unpleasant place that I was dreadful homesick, but I hope it is contrary to what I dreamed!

You cannot think how lonely it is this spring, not a brother nor a sister to say a word to or go anywhere with! But I hope Joseph will come home and stay two or three months – but, oh, how disappointed he will be not seeing you. Don't you wish you were at home here as you were last spring with your name Mary Williamson? Or do you like your new name and home much better?

I think must leave writing as it is almost night and I must leave room for mother. Please to give my love to the doctor and tell him I should be glad to have a letter from him. The next letter you write you must write to me and do write soon!

I will bid you adieu after wishing you the best of heaven's blessings.

I still remain,

Your affectionate sister,
Sarah Williamson

Mary's Mother adds these words to Sarah's letter:

Dear Mary, Do you enjoy good health this spring, are you contented, are you prosperous, do you enjoy that peace in y our mind which will make us happy in all circumstances in life, have you found any religious people near you, is there any in that place that love our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ? I hope there is. Do you have any meetings to attend on the Sabbath? I hope that if there is not , that you and your husband will use all your influence to have meetings, and I hope you will ever be careful to keep the Sabbath holy; for if you do not I fear you will not prosper for you know the command says "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." I write more particular for if all your neighbors work on the Sabbath, I fear it will draw you into a snare but you must watch and pray against it. I also will pray for you and may you and your husband be the means of doing much good to the souls and bodies of your fellow creatures! I know God has given you talents for such a work. Do be faithful.

I suppose by this time you know something about your neighbors. Are they kind and obliging? I hope you will find some good mothers and friends for I am sure you will need them. After we heard you had commenced housekeeping, I thought how many things you would want to borrow and how you would hate to ask strangers for things which you could do without. I said, when cooking for the Thanksgiving, "I don't know what Polly will do without milk." I wished I could send you some for there is nothing I am so concerned about as your not having milk. I hope you will have opportunity to send for a cow before long and if you can I will promise we will send you a good one.

As to news, I have not much to communicate. However the deaths that will be striking to you—Capt. Tripp, Esq Bida Smith of Pomfret and Mr. Jacob Bates' widow—all of a fever. Mr. Sylvanus Bates has moved into the house where Gaius Paddock lately lived. Now keeps tavern.

I must break off about these things and tell you about our work. The day you went away, before we had done up the work and put things in order there came a gentleman and his wife and dined and stayed to tea. We was hindered almost all that day but in the evening we tried to cut our link meat and pursued the business till we had done but we kept having company so I did not know when we would ever get our spinning done and tried to hire a girl but could not. Work never looked like such a burden as now. But I thought we would try to do what we could ourselves. I kept Hannah home from school a fortnight or three weeks before school was done so she spun what she could. So when More was out we had sixty skeins of linen and sixty-three skeins of tow. I have spun forty skeins of linen myself and feel very well yet. I have new strength given me every day, for which I desire ever to thank God.

I must close and subscribe myself

Your affectionate mother,

M. Williamson

Give my love to the doctor. Tell him I remember him with affection. Wish I had room to write to him. I am glad to hear that he prospers so well.

I have not wrote now all I want to. Adieu

There is one thing more. I got the money for keeping Volney and with this payed Hall three dollars which was all I could pay. And one more I should mention; that is Amaziah Richmond and the family have called upon us twice for what they say you owe them which they say is fifty cents.

Letter from Eunice Bates to her brother, Roswell and to his wife, Mary Williamson.
June 28, 1815, from Randolph VT.

Dear Brother and Sister,

After a long time I retire to write. We have received both of your letters which gave us great satisfaction. We are all in good health. Times have altered with us. Peter is married to Miss—whom do you think it may be? – Prudence Carpenter! Was married last Sunday night and moved here yesterday.

It has been a very healthy time here you left. Not one has died. Aunt Clarrisy Goodwill is dead. Mr. Goodwill writes after an illness of about thirty-six hours of the lockjaw she expired in death. After she was speechless she wrote over two sheets of paper. What she wrote he does not write. But he writes that one hour before she died Uncle Quarters Lee got there with his family. She does not know him and he says this was a solemn meting. He had four children, the youngest forty-six days. Polly Lee is keeping house for him. Bradley Lee is with him and still continues his letters to Lucy Child.

Oh, Roswell, how I long to see you. Much we think and say about you both. I wish I could come and see how you and Mary look in your small house; I often think how you used to come riding up to the door and how pleased we were. But that is past. Prudence is here, how it seems.

Mother has made you a nice cheese. We calculate to make you something, perhaps a little full cloth...Father says you may put your pig which you wrote about and consume it all before you come down and he will give you a pig.

You wrote the idea of your coming down in the winter with your little Mary horse and cutter. Oh, the pleasing idea! I can see you! May we all be alive and well. You have heard of Aunt Bates' death. She said in sickness, oh, that I could see Roswell Bates."

I hope you are contented with your situation. You wrote that you are among thousands of strangers which caused us anxious feeling.

Eunice Bates

And this letter, also dated June 28, 1815, was sent to Roswell with the letter from Eunice. It is from another sister, Louisa.

While I sit down to address you, dear brother and sister, my mind is affected with tenderness toward you. Roswell, how much I do want to see you! The time you have been absent seems long. Mama often tells what she means to have for you next winter when you come down—if we should live to see that happy hour. When I think of your coming, it seems as if I could not wait for your coming. Great is our anxiety for your health and prosperity. Sister Mary, you wished us to write our concerns. I don't think of anything ore than Eunice has written. You don't know how rejoiced we were to read your first letter. We was quite discouraged, did not know but you had forgotten us.

We have not heard from your father's family since you was here. I guess Father will go down next fall if not before...I have written more than I thought I should when I began. I have a very sore thumb, hurt it with a butcher knife-right hand one- a week ago. It is very weak, can hardly use the pen. Can it be possible this letter will ever reach your h and! I hope it will.

I am affectionately yours,

Louisa

Peter Bates, brother of Roswell, writes on July 9, 1815 from Randolph, VT.

Dear Brother, I now sit down to inform you that we are all well and have been ever since we saw you. I can likewise inform you that I am married to Prudence Carpenter and have moved home. Had no wedding—or not much of any. I again take satisfaction in living. Prudence is agreeable to me though she often makes me think of Betsey, so much so that I almost speak the name before I think. The name of Betsey yet sounds near and dear to me. I have not yet forgotten her. Mr. Hebard's people are not perfectly well pleased with my choice. Our folks were very much pleased with Prudence. We were married on Sabbath Eve, June 25 by Mr. Eastman. Prudence and Emilia P. Clement are as great friends as ever. She says John Wilson is going to have Emilia. They will be married next fall. They sent work to Prudence that if they could hear when her wedding was to be, they would come whether they had an invitation or not, and Prudence would come to theirs the same way and Prudence wrote and they accordingly came and stayed at Mr. Carpenter's over into the next day and we four took a ride over to the east branch to see an animal that weighed over 6000 lbs., 4 ft. high and thirteen feet around his body and 20 ft. in length from the end of his tail to the end of his trunk. His foot as big around as the bottom of a large water-pail, two tusks as much as 6 inches long and not a hair on him. He was of a dog color or something the color of a negro. It was an elephant. The next day but one we moved home. I have bought me another colt. Gave one hundred dollars. I have the same I had last winter for my stock: 2 horses, 2 oxen, three cows, 2 two-year old heifers and 3 calves. Oh, yes, pigs. That is all. I have bought Eratus Martin's interval, ten acres, gave for it One hundred dollars. I have a good hand to work for me this summer. His name is Harold Tracy, a boy that Mr. John Griswold brought up. I have to work hard to do my own work and what makes it harder for me, I am the fire constable of the town and have considerable to do in that line.

No more news around here than what is common among men and their deaths. Aunt Clarissy Goodwill is no more. James Washburn's wife is gone home. She that was Asuba Alexander is thought to be in a consumption. She has come home to her father's to be doctored. Uncle Sylvanus was at our house

lately and said Capt. Williamson's family were all well. No news from Woodstock. Grandsir and maam have just gone from our house. They tell of nothing new to Hartland. Dr. Page, one of your old classmates at Woodstock, is dead--- died of a fever very suddenly.

July 10th

Father and mother are now gone to Barnard quarterly meeting. We have received your letters and it gives us joy to hear of your prosperity and we do sincerely hope that you may continue in the way of well-doing. We are much obliged to Mary for what she has written. I have felt concerned for her for fear she would see hard times but I hope there is for her better things. You must be careful how you manage in your practice in charging and to much conversation for I notice a steady manlike development in all things makes the man. I have thought I should come up thee next winter, God Willing, but whether I shall or not I do not know. At any rate I shall not until after you come down.

I enjoy pretty good health. That bunch upon my chin has got to be as big as a chestnut, is not sore but a little. I have been to Dr. ?? and he tells me it is a species of wen, that there is matter in it. He can open it and put in some powders that will cleanse it out and it will get well.

Prudence refuses to write a line but sends her compliments to brother Roswell and her sister Mary. We all hope to see you both next winter. Prudence takes it quite hard that she could not see sister Mary last winter when you moved up but I so excused the matter that she was satisfied. We expect to send our letter by Cornelius Lyman. He talks of moving to Potsdam and we expect him to start today.

The season is very good about here. Grain of all kinds is very good so far.

When Aunt Bates died she left a little babe but three weeks old. It was then sent down to Uncle Thomas's. They kept it til it was five months old then sent the little boy to our house. Here it is yet and here we expect it will be.

You must overlook the incorrectness of this letter. It is done in a hurry. We shall earnestly look for you and Mary down in the winter. Our father and mother say they would be glad to write if they could. They feel strong desires for your welfare and health. Father petitions most fervently for you and for us all.

James Brown has been here from the army and made it his home. Had considerable money and was very free with it---stayed about twelve days and then started for Boston to go to sea.

You must not forget to write every chance. We all send our compliments and so farewell.

Peter and Prudence Bates to Roswell and Mary Bates

Randolph, July 27, 1815

Dear and distant brother and sister,

This on Friday morn, I sit down to write you. We are all in good health at this time. What can I write you? You wished me to write the particulars. I wrote you a letter in June and sent it by mail. I expect you have gotten it but think possibly you have not. (Eunice here repeats the family news recorded in the letter above referred to).

Oh, dear Brother, how anxious we are to see you. We have received your nice letters. The last one we got in eight days after it was written. The other evening, reading the paper, I found a letter for father. It gave me great uneasiness. I thought it might be sickness. Louisa went early next morning and got it. It was from James Brown. He has been here this summer and gave Louisa and I about eight dollars in money. Has gone to Boston. Mr. Clement and wife visited here last Saturday. He read your letter to Peter. While reading, the tears fell from his eyes. He will write you by Mr. Lyman the bearer of this letter and some thinks he shall go and see you this fall.

Roswell, don't be so anxious for this life as to injure your health. You have not a strong constitution. We feel some concern about you.

We are here at home just as we were when you left. It has been a very healthy time. Not one died this summer. I have nothing more to write..Aunt Hibbard is well and in good spirits. M. Hibbard's family are as usual. Times have not altered with any of us. Mr. Carpenter has sold his farm. Expects to move off

next winter. I think he will not move very far from the place. I went to ?? yesterday and got me a green hat. Gave \$2.00 Mother says that when we have a letter from you it seems like a visit.

Eunice Bates

From William D. Williamson to "Brother and Sister" – Dr. Roswell Bates and Mary Williamson
Bangor, Maine

July 31, 1815

Dear Brother and Sister, we thank you for the affectionate letter you wrote us some time ago and hope the intervention of two or three courts and other pressing avocations will plead in excuse for this delay of an answer. Settling in life is to young folks a critical and important period. We are glad to see in you such evidences of courage, fortitude and enterprize [sic]; though it would have been matter of joy could you have done as well in the vicinity of Woodstock. We feel interested in your welfare and in your present hopeful prospects. Indeed, we think much of your situation. Once we were in a land of strangers and I was myself setting out in a profession at as great a remove from kindred and as short of property as you. We think you and Sister Childs and husband will have many affectionate and happy interviews together, though living some miles apart. We want to hear particulars as to their pecuniary circumstances and prospects. Is my sister happy with her second husband? Are they in comfortable and prosperous circumstances? Does she enjoy the Christian's hope and the believer's faith? Tell her and her husband we send them pledges of our best affection and assure them we will answer any letter they will wrote. On the receipt of this, I expect you will write to me more at length and give particulars as to the Doctor's practice and prospects. Altho' you may find yourselves in straightened circumstances, suffer me to advise you to live in fashion, to frequent the best society, to reduce to practical life the liberal and fine arts which are the essence of a learned profession, and to exhibit that intermixture of consistant [sic], sedate and cheerful deportment which will cause others to take notice of you that you have been with Jesus. I trust you will be found daily at the domestic altar offering the morning and evening oblation as sweet odors, acceptable to God. Then may the Holy Spirit "as a dove from paradise" descend unto you with the best of Heaven's blessings. You say you are contented. I am glad! Sweet Seraph of Contentment, be ever my sister's and her husband's companion! You speak of good society—I hope you have the society of saints!

Bro' Joseph has now gone to Woodstock. Bro' George (the captain lately chosen) expects to visit us in August, to visit Woodstock in October and both to return in company to Maine.

From George I had a letter dated 9th of July. Joseph expects to be admitted to the bar in November next. He has the reputation of being an excellent scholar. He is as yet undetermined where he shall settle—perhaps in this county or most probably somewhere in Maine.

In the course of six months past, a considerable reformation has taken place in this village and twenty or more have been hopefully converted. My dear Mary, you know we were anxious for this when you were here with us. Come, then, let us present to the God our Savior, a tribute of sincere thanksgiving for his having thus granted a supplicated mercy. She has occasional doubts and fears, still she hopes in the One who is altogether lovely – being desirous of more faith and love toward God, her Savior. She has not yet joined the church.

Through divine goodness, we are in prosperous circumstances and, except Mrs. Williamson, who is somewhat out of health, we are all well.

I am seriously thinking and hoping, if our lives and those of our honorable parents are continued three or four years, we may all meet at their house once more in life. My idea is to have an appointment made some months or a year beforehand for all to meet at Woodstock, perhaps three years from the ensuing September.

I don't know that I can write anything further that would be worth reading. The health of the people in these parts is uncommonly good; the season promises an abundant harvest. Peace has given to business and enterprise fresh life.

Before I close I would remind you that this is my birthday. I am now six and thirty years of age. I have passed through infancy and the limit of middle age and become enrolled amongst the hoary heads. My days are probably more than half past. Yes, I shall die! Alas! To how little purpose have I lived! May the residue of the days I have to tabernacle in the flesh be better improved. May we all ripen for a glorious immortality!

“On Jesus’ bosom may we rest,
Divinely loved, divinely blessed,
And spend an whole eternity
In loftiest praise, O God, to thee!”

Farewell,
Wm. D. Williamson

Doct. Roswell Bates and wife.

P.S. Mrs. Williamson sends much love to you and Sister Childs – hopes you will see her soon.

Woodstock, VT

August 8, 1815

Dear Mary,

Once more I have been welcomed at the mansion of our parents’. Nor was my return after two years absence less gratifying to me than to kindreds [sic] and friends. My journey hither was long and tedious, having been ten days on the water, and travelled from Boston here through midsummer’s burning sun and the hottest of weather.

I left our relations in Maine in health. I have been at home more than three weeks and meant ere this to have written you but some visiting together with other avocations have given me no leisure.

As you will expect this letter to contain considerable news, I will begin in order to give a detail. First as to Maine. Bro. Wm. D. continues to prosper and, I am happy to say, adds to his reputation as a lawyer as well as to his pecuniary interest. He has more than his proportion of business among his brother attorneys and argues many cases in court. Last spring he was duly nominated and was a candidate for the senate of this commonwealth; though he had probably 2000 votes he did not succeed, there having been no choice by the people. I doubt not but he will be run next year as there certainly is a majority of Republicans in the senatorial districts.

Last winter I boarded at our uncle Ebenezer’s in Pittston and read law in the village of Gardiner the other side of the river. This place I left in June and travelled through Wiscusset, Waldoboro, Camden to Bangor, from which last place I sailed for Boston. Bro. Geo. Still boards with Uncle and in the summer works on his land. He has no house but has built him a barn. There is no prospect of his being married at present. Last spring at the election of officers in the militia, company of Pittston he was chosen captain. This promotion from the ranks over the ensign to captaincy shows the high esteem in which he is holden [sic] by the company. He was highly gratified with the honor and such is his ambition that no pains will be spared requisite to an acquaintance with his duty, nor expense withholden [sic] to equip himself with an elegant uniform. After the fall trainings, he expects to journey to Vermont. We shall look for him here the last of Sept. and we calculate on returning to Maine together in Oct.

Our uncle and aunt live in the same parsimonious way, making federal politics their theme and money their god. It is just to observe, however, that the old people possess many worthy qualities. They also talk of breaking up housekeeping for awhile [sic] and of taking a journey to New York and Vermont.

Since you left Bangor, old Capt. Hammond, his son Charles, Mrs. Billings and the Barker’s youngest sister (whose name I do not recollect) have died; the first, spring before last, and the others last spring. Dr. Fisk is married to Martha Mc? And Nat. Harlow Jr. to a girl in Newburyport. The large court-house in Bangor is completed and supplied with a new bell, a donation to the town from Buzzy of Boston.

We have annually in Bangor two terms of the court of common pleas. At the last April term, John Barker at the complaint of Wm. Emerson, was indicted [sic] and tried for fraud. The charge was drawing out a certain quantity of brandy from a cask which he (Barker) had in his keeping belonging to Emerson and putting in the same quantity of water. This was a serious trial and placed Wm. D. in an unpleasant situation as his official duty required him to appear and argue in behalf of the state against Barker, his townsman and neighbor (for you will recollect he lives in the house lately occupied by old Mr. Dudley). He however conducted the cause with such candor, deliberation and ability as neither to give offence to the respondent nor step aside from his duty. Barker was acquitted, though the opinion of many is that he is guilty.

When I left Bangor a court of inquiry appointed by Gov. Strong and composed of three generals was sitting and trying Brig. General Blake for his conduct at the head of the militia at Hampden last fall at the time the enemy ascended the Penobscot. The object of this court is to inquire into the expediency of calling a court-martial. It drew together in Bangor a considerable crowd of spectators. The trial excited considerable interest. Lawyers Dutton, McGaw and Leonard counsel for Blake and Wm. D. and Gilman for the government as complainants. Some of the charges against the General are his neglect to call out the militia when he was informed of the approach of the enemy, his neglect and refusal to erect any fortification or breast-work, his surrendering unnecessarily a great number of citizens and himself among others. The charges were penned by Bro. William.

Lawyer S.K. Whiting has moved to Portland and James Carn is representative elect to congress. Sally Crosby is married to a Mr. Dudley and Mary Kinsley is at school in Boston. Your friends in Maine often make mention of you.

Now as to Woodstock: When I arrived in town, I found the house undergoing a thorough repair. The family occupied the corn-house principally and the furniture was in the wood-house and barn. Two or three days, however, after my arrival the rooms were so finished that we moved back into the house. The chimney has been taken down and two stacks erected which do not occupy half the space of the old one. The partition walls have also been demolished and the house contains four square rooms below with the stairs in the front entry. The kitchen and one front room are, with a trifling exception, finished. The other front room, where the bed-room used to be, is partly finished but little is done to the square room back of it. The outside is partly covered anew and the whole roof shingled. The front now contains nine windows. All is planned with our father's good taste and nicety. The house is already much more handsome, comfortable and convenient than it was before. We expect the workmen back after haying to finish at least all below except the back square room. They will probably do something to the chambers. All this turmoil of business has made the tasks of our parents extremely hard and laborious. They have borne the fatigue, however, much better than could have been expected. Having hired no girl, mother has labored beyond her strength and although her work is not so great and fatiguing as it was, yet I fear she will soon have to yield as she appears rather weak and feeble. Father has the summer past enjoyed very good health but is now not very well. The cold which he took last week in a shower while at work on his hay threatened to throw him into a fever. He is now so much better as to be able to do some work and is in a fair way to recover. Our parents both enjoy as good health as could reasonably be expected from their age and constant round of labor. Father employs Frederick and has had considerable additional help during his haying which he has now finished. Sarah is a girl of fine manners and disposition. She is also industrious and performs whatever she undertakes with the greatest taste and ingenuity. We want very much her society in Maine. Little Hannah is healthy and grows fat. She is very anxious to see you and "her ma." She attends school taught by Lucy Perry.

About three or four weeks since, Elder Plumer made his appearance in this town after an absence of about two years. He has been married to a widow who accompanied him here. After continuing here long enough to preach two Sabbaths, he and his wife departed for Hallowell, Maine, where he expects to preach. I never recollect hearing him preach better than this last time. He also sang some new hymns which truly were charming and heavenly! Seldom if ever was there seen before at meeting such a vast concourse of people. As not nearly all could get into the court-house, he preached by the window so that those in and out doors could hear him. He did not visit us as every weekday, I believe, he preached in

some adjacent town. During his absence he has been in eleven different states. Mrs. Gallup heard him preach. The rest of the family, I believe did not. – certainly not all of them and both Sabbaths. The breach between him and that family remains unhealed.

About four or five weeks since, Dr. Asa Paine died of a fever at Dr. Gallup's and was buried in this burial yard. In the death of this young man society is deprived of one of its useful members and his connexions [sic] mourn the loss of a valuable friend and companion. He had almost completed his professional studies. Old Mr. Holton is dead and was buried last Sunday. Ballard Dana is married to Harriet Swan. Colonel Bana (?) of Pomfret has purchased Samuel Hutchinson's farm and a farm of Dr. Gallup, a little this side the turnpike gate. On the latter farm he and family live. Edson has sold the brick store to Dr. Gallup and is now trading in co-partnership with Dunshaw in the store opposite Taylor's. Scivus Gallup and father are trading in the brick store. Harriet G. is a gay girl and always attends the parties of young people. Mr. Stephen Paddock has purchased Capt. David and Thomas Gardiner's farm for \$1,700 and lives on it. The former have moved to Stow. No small event could occur more gratifying to our parents than Mr. P's removal into this neighborhood. There are no better neighbors or more industrious people than Mr. Paddock and his wife. Indeed, this purchase was made at the instance and request of our father. And it has happily proved not less to the interest of Mr. P. than gratifying to himself.

During my abode here I shall spend the principal part of my time in Hutchinson's office. When I first had this visit in contemplation I expected to see you at home and anticipated a great pleasure from your company. But alas! How melancholy the idea of returning to that distant country without seeing you! Your marriage was sudden and your removal to that far country quite unexpected. I hope and doubt not that this removal is for the better; yet had Bro. Wm. and I been present, I think we should have persuaded the doctor to have moved East instead of West. A physician of a little more than ordinary skill would do well in Bangor since Dr. Martin has left the place. Of this class, as near as I can learn, is Dr. Bates. I want much to see you and Sister Child, and although the distance is so great as to preclude a journey to your country at the present time, yet I hope the period is not very far distant when I shall see you all. I expect to tarry in town until the first of Oct. and to be admitted to the bar in Nov. What place I shall select for my future residence I have not yet determined, probably some town in the county of Hancock or Washington.

Give my respects to Dr. B. and tell him a letter would be acceptable. You must not neglect writing. If you think an answer to this will reach me before my departure, don't fail to write. Remember all letters addressed to Wm. In Bangor, go free of postage. All the family send quantum of love, etc.

Now may you in health and prosperity long live and finally enjoy a blessed eternity!

I am very sincerely and affectionately

Yours as ever,

Jos. Williamson

Mrs. Mary Bates.

PS Mother requests me to inform you that your sheets and pillow-cases are woven and whitened and that your table-linen is now whitening. Sarah requests that if any opportunity should present, you would purchase her a bear-skin for a muff.

If you have any opportunity, I wish you would send this letter to Sister Child as all it contains will be interesting to her as well as to you. J.S.

Mrs. Bates to Mrs. Child

To weaving 22 yards cloth ad 12 ½	2/8 I	
Miss B. By making your shirts and 1 yd?		Cr. 2.00
Mrs. B. to I9? Filling		50
Mrs. B. To spinning 2 p. cotton	37	
To whitening 12 ½ yards at 4		<u>50</u>

Mr. Child to cash	Balance	0
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1816

Bangor, Sund' Evening, 15th Jan'y, 1816

(To Mary and Roswell)

Dear Brother and Sister:

Your letter from Woodstock was received per last mail. I congratulate you in the bosom of friends and relations, tho' ere this shall reach you, I suppose you will have returned to your home in New York. It is indeed very much to be regretted that we, one after the other, visit our parents and then return without meeting or welcoming each other under the same hospitable and parental roof. It is nevertheless a source of great consolation that we have parents whom we can visit. I hope their lives may be prolonged and that the time is not far distant when we shall all see each other face to face.

I think you have been uncommonly fortunate in the selection of your place of residence. It seems you live in a flourishing village, that the doctor has a great and increasing practice for his standing and that your circumstances are highly flattering. From the information I have obtained, I have the highest opinion of the Doctor's professional knowledge. You have been successful the performance of those critical operations, which require the greatest skill and experience. To inspire our employers with confidence in our skill or, in a word, to have the name of being eminent in our profession, is an object greatly to be desired. It is worth a life of hard toil and study. But "to pass commodiously through this life" how many shrink from honest toil how few attain to eminence!

I hope your medical and surgical skill will in future be instrumental in the preservation of many patients' lives and at the close of the year which has already commenced, you will have increased in wealth, reputation and in people's affections.

I thank the Doctor for the trouble he was at in procuring from Mr. Chapin the certificate desired, although it came too late. I had however others sufficient to answer my purpose.

At the court which terminated its session last week, I was admitted as attorney and took the oath required by law. I have long been doubting in what part of Maine I should establish myself, but as at present advised, I shall go to Belfast. This place lies about forty miles below here on a bay of the same name, near the mouth of this (Penobscot) river. The town for size and trade would well compare with Bangor. It is a flourishing village and although it is sufficiently supplied with lawyers, yet I hope to get my share of business. Some advantages I hope to derive from being in the same county with Wm. D. We may in many particulars mutually assist each other. Two terms of the court annually I shall attend at Bangor. It is expected that some day this week, Bro' Wm. will accompany me there, when I shall open my office. From the long stagnation of commerce in this eastern country, the business of our profession is at present dull. My prospects, therefore, are by no means flattering.

At our last court which sat in this town, Bro' Wm. had the management of a considerable number of causes which went to the jury. He advocated them with ability and a most uniform success. In short, as a lawyer he ranks "above the average level of the great."

The subject of the separation of Me. from Mass. and its formation into a new state now agitates the people in this quarter. The public news-prints in the Province teem with pieces generally in favor of the measure. In the paper published in this town, appeared a series numbers written by Bro' Wm. D. The last paper contained the 18th number. The matter itself and the style in which it is written do honor to its author. He has a few more numbers to give. In addition to this and I have each week furnished the columns with more or less of my composition. As to the subject of Maine becoming an independent, we

heartily wish to witness such an event for abundant reasons [and hope the] subject will again come up before the legislature now in session.

I attended meeting today and though the weather is exceedingly cold, the seats were filled. Mr. Loomis, who preached, is really considered a man of shining talents and genuine piety.

I think of but little to communicate very interesting or amusing. After I get settled in business, I will write you again. I am in tolerable health except that at present I am greatly afflicted with the tooth-ache. I often think of you and Mrs. Child's family and, in imagination see your part of the country, your dwellings, and fire-sides. I hope one day I shall see you all.

It being late in the evening, I bid you all an affectionate adieu.

Joseph Williamson

Doctor R. and Mrs. M. Bates

Bangor, Monday, Jan. 16, 1816

Dear Brother and Sister,

We are, through Providential goodness, all in good health. We have little that is interesting of a temporal nature to communicate in addition to what is already communicated.

On the first Sabbath of December, Mrs. W. joined herself to the household of faith and became a member of the same church with myself. She seems to live by faith and not by sight. Such have been her excuses and experiences as to give her a goodly share of others' charity. I hope we shall hold out to the end and finally meet with Moses and the prophets in the regions of the blessed to part no more.

Impart assurances of our particular affection to sister Childs and her husband and children and believe me

With purest attachment,

Yours—

Wm. D. Williamson

Randolph, Feb. 11, 1816

Affectionate Brother and Sister,

Four weeks ago yesterday you left Randolph. We were very much concerned about you but did not think of your having so bad a journey. Peter had a safe return home. Since then Sidney has been very sick. Dr. Edson has visited him three times. We did not think the little child could live many hours, but he is getting better fast.

Father came home yesterday with your two cows--has marked on each left horn R.B. Mr. Clark says he will be pretty faithful with them. I hope he will, they are likely cows.

Father did not find Mr. Williamson at home. They were gone to Amherst. Sarah was well. (News of neighbors follows).

Peter says he was very much disappointed in York state. He liked the country much better than he expected, says you live in a fine place with some good inhabitants and thinks you may do well. This is very pleasing to us.

I shall write you soon again but must put this by till tomorrow. It grows dark.

Good morning, Roswell and Mary. We all arise in good health and spirits. Father is going to Brookfield to drive your cows and I am going to washing. My pen is the poorest tool I ever tried to write with—Roswell, I am assured you cannot call this a blank! I can no more, so goodbye,

Eunice

Roswell and Mary Bates

Roswell, I have forgotten to tell you that Mr. Carpenter's family have all got the measles.

(Addenda)

Roswell, Father has been and taken the horns off your brindle cow for she was very cross.

(On the same sheet, from Peter)

Well Brother and Sister, I can inform you that I got home well and found all well but Billings Carpenter he was sick with the measles, had them on the way from Boston and has given them to all around that never had them. Prudence never had them!

My journey home was harder for my horses than going up on account of going on the ice so much but they have got over it now. Horning will inform you how well I got along. I have a good opinion of that man. Present my respects to him.

I met with a considerable loss while I was gone. That brown colt of mine Father tied with too long a halter and he got hung in it, choked to death, worth about twenty-five dollars that's all.

So fare you well!

Peter

(Inscribed on back in Roswell Bates' hand-writing, "After helping me move.")

Randolph, Vt., March 1816

[note- this letter is dated March, but no date, next letter was added from Louisa to this one, but is dated March 9 – which does not make sense if Eunice returned March 25]

Dear Brother and Sister,

We have received your letters which were pleasing to us. I have been to Hartland and spent five weeks, had a very agreeable visit. The knight [sic] I came home, which I think was the twenty-fifth of March, the family were all well. In the evening after we had retired to bed, Peter was coughing and something gave way in his stomach. The blood run out of his mouth and nose. Nearly a pint. We gave him salt and water but did not stop it. He sprang out of bed which stopped it. Fithes (?) went after Dr. Edson. He has not bled so freely since but has once or twice spit blood. He has applied to Dr. Bissell. He ways his situation is rather difficult. He never saw many like him. He has drawn a blister on his stomach. He is quite unwell but keeps about. His complaint is wholly at his stomach. He will write a letter to you very soon and will perhaps write the particulars more than I can.

The rest of the family are well. It has been very healthy since you left here but some have died. Mrs. Jacob Carpenter, old Mrs. Washburn, Capt. Samuel ?'s wife, Mrs. James Pike have all died – Nothing more do I think of at present.

Sister Mary you wrote in your letter to me some concerning my coming up with my brother the ensuing year if I was not otherwise engaged. I think there is little possibility of my coming into any engagement therefore it would be very pleasing to go and spend the year with you.

Prue, Louisa and I are a-spinning like ? Father is sugaring. So you see life goes on. I think much of you both and was pleased to hear your ? reached you safely. I have everything to do and can not write more but shall write soon again. I have no other way to transfer this but by mail. I hope it will reach you safely.

This is from your affectionate sister,

Eunice Bates

Randolph, March 9, 1816 [This is added to the letter by Eunice of same date.]

Affectionate Brother and Sister,

I cannot let this letter go without writing a few lines. I have been reading what Eunice has written and find that she has not written all that you will wish to hear. She has forgotten to write that Aunt Roxy has parted with her dear little son. Pa Hebard is dead. He was sick with the measles and died with rattles Feb. 29. Alfred is yet living but very low indeed. Lycia was married last week to Mr. Simon booth. He has taken a farm in Sharon, calculates to move in a few days. Emma is well and at home, I believe. I received a letter from Polly Lee Feb. last. They were all well. Johnson Goodwill was about marrying Ruth Tiffany. I have heard since that he is married. She wrote that Capt. Goodwill was just gone with the consumption. She wished me to give her respects to you and said that she had not forgotten you, also would be glad to receive a letter from you. I have not written to her since but shall at the first opportunity.

Sister Mary do write when you have the opportunity. I hope we shall live and see each other again.

E. Louisa Bates

Roswell, I have this moment heard of the death of one Mr. Harrington. He was married to Polly Cobb the first day of March...Peter says he will write you very soon. If he does not, I shall if he is any more unwell. He does not complain of pain in his stomach so much as he does of weakness and being stopped up. He has not done much work but has been as well as usual. Perhaps you may judge his condition as well as I can.

Eunice

Woodstock, May 21, 1816

Dear Mary,

We received a letter from the Dr. since your cows got there and was glad to hear that your health was better than it was when at Woodstock, but I was sorry to hear that Hannah was going to stay with you this summer. I have tryed [sic] to write to you ever since we received your letter. We understood by your letter that Hannah was not to live with you this summer. We expected that she would go and make her mother a good long visit and then return and live with you this winter. The Dr. wrote that her mother refused to pay him for carrying her up there. I don't know what that means maybe you did. She might think it might be one offset the one against the other. Let that be as it may I hope there will be no difficulty for you sisters sprang from one family nurtured by the same parents and have our affections and prayers for your spiritual and temporal interests. I hope you all mean to do that which is just and equal. I hope she will conclude to stay with you some part of the time for I feel uneasy to have you stay alone so much as I suppose you have to. I wish I could step in and see you for I often visit and envisage your habitation.

Oh you cannot think how we want to see you. I want to see how you manage your affairs. Do your cows give milk well? Do you have you put up your curtains and quilted any or all of your bed-quilts? Sally and I often say we wonder what Polly is doing today but we can't know it in Amherst. I will tell you some of the particulars. The first day that we journeyed we arrived at Walpole, visited at Cousin Henry Fosters was received very cordially and Cousin Hooper and his wife came there in the evening and visited us and made us promise to visit them on our return. We went the next day to Barniston and the next day we called on Deacon (T) at Montague. They appeared very glad to see us and we stayed there and dined. They appeared much interested in Wm. and Jemimas welfare was much rejoiced to hear that Jemima was converted. We then set out for Amherst, found poor sleighing. We got within four hours of Amherst meetinghouse then got a carriage and animal to Dr. Parsons between sundown and dark. I found the family exceedingly glad to see me. I could not have had more attention paid me if I had visited my parents. They inquired with affection about all our children was glad to hear they were all so respectable and doing so well. Particularly they inquired about Mary, how she had married. I gave a very favorable account which I could do with a clear conscience.

The next day after our arrival Dr. Parsons and wife went with us to Mrs. Montagues, had a pleasing interview. Next day after that visited Mrs. Dickinson and she was as glad as I expected which was glad enough. Mrs. Warner came there in the afternoon to see me. We staid [sic] there but five days made several calls and all the visits we could. Dr. Parsons and wife visited with us three times. I did not make half the visits I wanted to. I was sent for to several places but could visit hardly any of them that sent for me but the best of all was to see Dr. Parsons and the people in Amherst so much engaged in religion. There was no especial reformation there but there were some under conviction and several that had been converted. Lately there seemed to be a longing for the Savior to come that way. I don't know but there being such an extraordinary reformation at Old Hadley might have had some affect [sic] on their minds. I hardly ever heard of such a time almost all business was suspended and most all their conversation was what they should do to be saved. Young people would pray before ministers, strangers or any people no matter who, for they felt the Spirit of the Lord and when they do there is liberty. Since my return I have heard there is one hundred and forty that have joined [sic] the church, above ninety one day and at Amherst twenty-five in Dr. Parsons parish and about fifty in Mr. Jenkins parish and it is a wonderful time down in many of their towns. In one town—I cannot remember the name of it – there was a prayer meeting appointed at sunrise and more than one hundred people attended. The Lord is doing great things for Zion. I pray that he might remember the place where you live and pour out his Holy spirit. I hope the Lord will hear your prayer for I dare say you do pray for the peace of Jerusalem. I never give up but pray day and night and I believe the Lord will hear and be interested for his people. Don't you have preaching there yet? I often think of you especially on the Sabbath. I hope the time is not far distant when you will be blessed with religious society and the ordinances of God's house. I suppose you feel as the psalmist expresses himself my soul longeth yea even panteth for the courts of the Lord, my heart and flesh cry out for the Living God. Well these are good desires. Hold fast that which is good, Let no man take thy crown, be patterns of good works in a crooked and perverse nation, and may your good example provoke very many to good works.

As to news I have none only there have been a number converted in this town this spring. I will try to remember their names. The first was Samuel Bennet's wife; the next was Beason Simmons and wife; the next Betsey Willard; old Mr. Carpenter; one or two of Mr. Gilbert's daughters; Nabby Nye – she is since deceased dyed in strong faith. Frederick Ransom; a Mr. Pratt; Frederick Mather Esq., since deceased; Prudence Cox. I know you will be glad to hear such good news. Oh that the number might greatly increase!

As to our healths [sic] they are very good excepting colds. I have had a dredful [sic] cold in my head for more than four weeks. I think sometimes it is better but your father and myself feel almost worn out with hard labor. When he is very tired he says he will sell his farm at any rate but I tell him I cannot bar to have him sell and go where I can never see my girls again. I don't mean to let him sell if I can help it but you know he will do as he pleases. For me at any rate I hope to come and see you and Asenath next winter I contemplate considerable happiness in visiting you and seeing what neighbors you have and what people you live among but more especially in your conversation. I must write but little more because of leaving room for another hand but one thing I must mention. Tom Paddock is to be married to the amiable Mrs. Eunice Ripleys daughter of the late Mr. Josiah Ripley. Believe you will be put to it to find out all the words for I have a poor pen and this is the third time that I have set down to write. I have many things to attend to for you know I am poorly off for help. Have wove but one short peace [sic] this spring. We want Hannah to help in the (?) and wind quills (?) but I must close hoping you will write soon. Except [sic] this as a fresh token of affection and love from your mother.

Mary Williamson

My dear children for the love I have for you and for your welfare I want to write a few lines which it may be pleasing to you we have received a letter lately from Joseph and he is well and is situated in a town called Belfast 33 miles from Williams on the same river and about a days ride from George. He thinks his brother is prospering no doubt but William is elected senator to the assembly at Boston but we shall soon know for I expect that he will soon write to us. I have no more news than your mother has

wrote. I want you to write soon and inform me about (?) Smith losing his oldest daughter with sickness when they were moving up to Asenath. I understand that Hannah don't live with you, if she don't you must be paid for carrying her up. The spring is very cold and backward. We are all in helth [sic] but myself I have been so sick as to have a doctor but now am better. I must stop writing subscribing myself your affectionate father,

George Williamson

P.S. Please to give my love to the doctor. Tell him I thank him for the good letter he wrote us. Sally says she wants to write a whole long letter to you next. She also sends her love to you and so does Verona King.

(To Mrs. Mary Williamson Bates)

Randolph, June 26, 1816

Brother and Sister,

We received your two letters yesterday. You seem very anxious to hear from us. Peter is better, has been getting better this four weeks, until last Saturday which was a very hot day he went away on some business which rather overcame him and he has not been so well since. The warm weather agrees with him. He is better in warm weather than in cold. He says he will write in this letter. I think he will write more particulars than I can.

It has been a very backward spring here, very cold weather. Grain and small corn is very scarce and none to be bought. We have a plenty at present. Father is as well as usual, works all the time. Roswell, Louisa and I calculate to take Uncle Eliphalet Bates' wool to work up this fall. We shall make it all in full cloth to sell. Now, if you wish us to make you cloth for great-coat we will. We wish you to write the particulars about it, the color or dressing and how much. Mary, we have made twenty yards of table linen this summer. I conclude that you have considerable to do. You wrote that you are not hearty. Mother says she thinks you both strive too hard for the things of the world. She had rather you would enjoy your health rather than prosperity if you can have but one. I hope to see you next winter. How pleasing it will be! But considering all things are uncertain, uncertain this will be, yet I anticipate much on seeing one of you. Oh, could I expend one hour on you, I could tell you more than I can write in two!

Roswell, Thomas Russell, the gentleman that you saw at our house with Martha Cotton is expecting to have ? very soon. So you see what crooked sticks our girls get. Sally Rice will soon marry a widower which you are not acquainted with whose name is Brooks. Eunice Hibbard is teaching this school. Aunt Hibbard and family are well. Mrs. Carpenter's eye is rather better. She says she breaks a little blister of water every morning but does not do anything more for it. Mr. Clement lives with Dan Moulton. A horse kicked him on the head yesterday, tore the skin very bad, but did not hurt the brain. The rest of the people are all in good health. Not any sickness. R. I cannot write more at this time. I have a great deal to do and expect to visit this afternoon. It is quite rainy.

Eunice Bates to Roswell and Mary Bates

(There follows a long letter from Peter telling of his illness, not interesting after all these years.
— MBR)

June 20, 1816

I cannot let this letter go and not write in it. Peter has not written his present symptoms. This Jesuits' bark and columbo he has this day gotten of Dr. Bissell. Could I commit it to the flames quickly, I would do so for his good. For the satisfaction of your mind—his complaints are not so shiftty now as they have been. He has a little pain in the side, sometimes in the arm or head, a weakness in the stomach and sometimes a little pain there. Seldom coughs, if he does quite loose. Perhaps you may know his condition from this better than we do. Father says he is better, says he looks better. His diet is such as you have written. Our folks say nothing about your coming down. Act your pleasure. He says he would go and see you if the ways were not so bad and the times so hard. He is not well enough to go alone. He calculates to go to Capt. Williamson's Monday, from there to Hartland. We shall persuade him to go to Dr. Gallup's.

He is better today than yesterday. He rode four miles today to the doctor's. Told him to be careful not to tire himself.

It is now ten o'clock in the evening. All have retired. The warm weather agrees with Peter. He wanted me to continue his letter. He could write no more. Possibly this is the last. If he appears to fall or get no better, I will write again in two weeks from this day and if he gets better I will write in three weeks and subscribe to forward immediately.

Eunice

Randolph, July 25, 1816 (to *Roswell and Mary Bates*)

My children, I went yesterday to Mr. Jacob Bobbit's and got your letter. Was glad to hear from you. We are well here. Peter I think is better. I have no idea that he has got the consumption. He has carried on his farming business trading and the like. He has not lost much flesh, has but little cough. My circumstances are as good as ever at present. We have sufficient grain for some time, make butter and cheese as usual. Some of our neighbors are entirely without and one to be had. Some live without and the best prospect of harvest that ever was known. The first of July the frost came and cut corn close to the ground. Hurt early rye in some places. I have not a vine living. Our biggest corn by the barn is not a foot high. I have three acres of wheat and rye that looks quite well, also oats and flax. The season is quite mid and dry. Have as many apples as ever though very dry here. There is no probability that I can furnish you with any provisions this year. I do not know how corn is at Woodstock but I expect better than it is here. It is the most remarkable season that ever was known. We have been visited with snow, hail, and frost all summer. People in general seem to be awakened. Fasts often. We had a solemn meeting at Dan Sutton's yesterday. Lilly of Bethel baptized. Elder Putnam preached. It becomes us to fast and trust in God. His promises are sure.

May the peace of God abide in your hearts and may you be enabled by the Grace of God to endure every trial and affliction here with calm submission that you may be of that number that have washed their robes in the Blood of Christ and sit down with those that have gone before in his Kingdom in Heaven.

In haste, Your affectionate father,
Joseph Bates

Randolph, July 25, 1816

Dear Brother and Sister,

Agreeable to what I wrote in my last, I once more write. Nothing has transpired new. We all live here at home, have a great deal of work to do. Very cold day today. Wind blows. It is very healthy. Steven Edson has been very dangerously ill but gotten better. Yesterday after reading your letter, we went and picked out wool to comb for Mary a gown. This morn I took it to Mrs. Carpenter to comb it. There is no one who combs besides within three miles. She may possibly disappoint us. We shall make it in a piece with Louisa's. Your great coat we shall make after your directions as good as we can make, cloth to make it large. Some fine flannel, some coarse for blankets if you wish. What will be the price I cannot tell. Woolen cloth is so thick and heavy. Some pay out of the store. Perhaps we shall, like goods come very cheap there. Factory cloths and yarn are very dear and scarce here. What or how much I cannot tell at present. We must pay the money for dressing.

I do not know whether I shall get silk or bombazine for me a gown. Silk is very cheap. If I get silk, I think I shall choose black. Mother would like a dark-colored calico for a gown, black and white would suit as any other colors. Do not get any of these until you receive another letter. We may change our minds but shall still like some of these things. You write factory-cloth is plenty. You had better get a supply. It is growing very scarce in this country.

I cannot write more particulars about these things before Sept. or Oct.

Sister Mary, we have made you a nice cheese. Eight cows in it. Shall dry you some apples and do all we can. Peter has been to your father's. They are well. He has walked down to M. Carpenter's. People say he looks better. He is, I think. Dr. Bissell does not do much for him. Gives him gum, takes a little wine.

Farewell,
Eunice Bates

Randolph, July 25, 1816

My dear and affectionate Brother and sister,

Father brought your letter home yesterday. Peter read it aloud to us. It drew tears from our eyes. Little did we think when you were here last winter of writing to you on this occasion but we know not what changes may take place with us all in the course of another year or possibly before we shall see you again. Peter's health is almost the same, not any poorer that we can perceive. Dr. Bissell recommends it to him not to do much but ride all he can and not tire himself. Warm weather agrees with him much better than cold. It is cold tonight. Looks likely for a frost. I write in such haste that I fear you cannot read what I have already written. It is already dark.

Friday morning

I will write a few more words now. It is very pleasant this morning, not any frost last night. Prudy is here with me in the south room. Says she would write but thinks we write so often that you would not have time to read it if she should, but sends her best love and respects to you both. Roswell, I think of you a great deal, how you used to be at home with us. But it never will be so again. If we can see you a short time once a year it is as often as we can expect. But I hope you and Mary enjoy yourselves well. Very likely you do though you are among new acquaintances far from all your old acquaintances and relations.

I hardly know how to stop but my pen is so poor I cannot write and no knife to mend one.

Father would have written himself but thought he could not see to write so that you could read it.

L.B (Louisa Bates)

(The three following letters were on one sheet of paper. MBR)

Randolph, Oct. 21, 1816

Beloved Brother and Sister,

I retire once more to my room to write. Since I wrote you last several have died. Mary Niles came home from Canada two months ago. She was then sick with consumption. She died last week Thursday being perfectly resigned. John Niles and family, Mac Dougal and family are now at John Mourtown's a-going to the Ohio. Lenard Ainsworth's wife has died of the consumption. On the eight day of the month, Capt. Benj. Edgerton with another man was copping down a large tree when a dry limb fell from the top and hit the back of his head which gave him the fatal blow. Dr. Perkins was then in town. He trepanned him, took out two large pieces of bone. He lived three days in great distress and died. He was buried in the Masonic Order. A great many people attended. Betsy French, daughter of Col French, died last Thursday of the fever. I think you recollect her, a fine girl. Her mother and John's wife are very sick. The most of our people are generally healthy. Asia Taylor, I understand, is dead. Martin Flint is apt to lose both of his eyes. Has an inflammation on the eye, a swelling. Prudy has not been hearty since you was here last winter, but has been able to do her work. About three weeks ago was taken quite ill. Dr. Edson came and puked and bleed [sic] her. She had a severe pain in the head and side. I took care of her a few days. She has gotten better. She looks pale and poor. The rest of our family are well. Peter is quite smart. Roswell, we have gotten your great-coat cloth. It made a good piece of cloth but our clothiers cannot dress it til we have rain. They have no water to full it with. We shall have it light drab which is the most fashionable color. Sister Mary, we are now making you a worsted gown. Can have it colored any time, and have made you a few yards of flannel which is soft and fine. Roswell, if you can get mother a calico

or a good bombasette for a gown cheaper or better than you can the money you may. Louisa and I shall have to pay the money for same things this winter. It is hard times here. Nothing rained. We had not an ear of corn. Potatoes and everything are very high.

I have written so far and not a word to the little boy – dear little nephew. Is he still alive and well? Could I see him, how I would kiss him! I shall make him a little present. Father and mother want to see him. Roswell we all expect you down this winter. Do not fail to come. Bring garden seeds of all kinds, cucumber, squash, punkins [sic] or any others. We dry apples this fall. Raised some but not a garden seed got ripe in town.

I have lived with Aunt Hibbard four weeks this fall. Her little boy is a week younger than yours. Sydney is playing about. He is a great, hearty child.

Home Hendue has moved to York State without any property. Mr. Cement has absconded. I must drop my pen.

Roswell, the letter that you wrote to me some time this summer, I have not gotten. A lady of the same name took it from the office. I never understood about the letter until we had received the next one. I thought not best to get it and pay the postage. I therefore wish you to write another letter. I was very anxious to see that. I thought it might be something particular to me. Write what you did in that, please.

Peter wishes to write in this letter.

Eunice Bates.

Randolph, Oct. 21, 1816

Dear and distant Brother and Sister,

I don't know but you think strange of my not writing more but do excuse me. It is not that I don't want to. Eunice chooses to write every time. She and peter have written everything that can be thought of your dear little Franklin~! How much I want to see him! I know he is handsome if he looks as Eunice did. I have just been writing a very lengthy letter to wealthy Clark. Julia Lee is now at Aunt Hibbard's. She will visit about here a short time and then return to Hartland.

I received a very lengthy letter from our distant cousin, Polly Lee. They were all well when she wrote.

Do write the first opportunity. Write when you will come down if you come.

Louisa Bates

(Note from Mary Bates Rhodes: Sheridan Franklin was my grandparents' eldest child. My father, Charles Carroll, was the youngest.)

Randolph, Oct. 22, 1816 (to Brother Roswell and Sister Mary)

Once more, my only brother and distant sister, I am able to inform you that through the mercy of God I am yet a little better. My rite [sic] side appears to be well. My left side has not gotten much better yet. A little kind of gouty pain is hanging around, sometimes better, sometimes worse. I take your ? yet and that is all besides wine and bark brandy and milk. On the while, I continue to get along slowly. I shall not write much for I suppose Eunice has wrote everything and it hurts me to write even yet. If I should get well, I have given up the idea of getting a load to bring you for the season has been such that I could scarcely get a load in all Randolph. It never has rained much till now. Severn months tonight since I have done a single chore.

We all want to see you both, likewise the little boy. No news. I have put off the black horses. Sold mine for 130 dollars, good pay, part cash and the rest in neat stock. Swapt [sic] father's for a nice mare. Got \$15 to boot I laid out a hundred and five dollars in neat stock and got a better horse than mine was. Our span looks as much alike as the black ones did. Both five years old, sound, dark bay. If you did not live more than 1—miles from here and there was no lake to cross, I would take my horse and ride over to see you etc.

A long list of deaths, Eunice has wrote. Capt. Benj. Edgerton, as Eunice has mentioned, was killed by the fall of a tree. Dr. Smith himself had left town, 10 or 20 minutes before the fatal blow. They

run a horse after him. He took out 6 or 7 pieces of broken boan [sic] without cutting any more than the skin and found it so broken he gave him up. Asa Taylor died in a fit. He was as well as ever til that evening he went into a fit, came out and went immediately into another, so on til he died. Wm. Tarbox is very low. Rindy Carpenter was baptized last Sunday by Elder Putnam, a Christian preacher. The reformatting in Braintree still increases. I have written more lengthy than I meant to. I conclude.

Farewell. Peter Bates

1817

Randolph, April 27, 1817

Distant and only brother and beloved sister,

We have but partially heard from you since you left here and it caused me melancholy reflections after Prudy and I left you at our father's house to think that for one whole year past we had not seen you and how long before we should again see you I could not tell.

We went to Chichester in New Hampshire and there found Prudy's uncle Josiah Carpenter and family all well and enjoying peace and plenty. They appeared to be glad to see us. I was then not quite so well as usual on account of a bad cold but they nursed me up and I soon got over it. We stated from there the Thursday after the snow storm which was the worst driving and drifting I ever saw. We had stayed three three days. Two men with their shovels went to help us out to the turnpike which was only about a half mile. We made but little shift and was three hours in getting out and found the turnpike not much better. Were there days in getting to Hartland, could not get along as fast as the horses could walk had the road been good all the way. I did not worry but took it firm and easy. My health was good as usual. Found all well at Hartland. Stayed at Grandsire's and in the neighborhood three days then went to Bridgewater one day and night. All well there. Then went home and found all well there. I saw none of Capt. Williamson's folks but heard at Woodstock they were well. Our folks told us you started Sunday morning before the snow. It began Monday morning where I was. We knew how to pity you on your journey. I saw Leonard Edson and he told me he saw you just before you got to the Lake, had broke your cutter – (?) and had hard work getting along. He had a piece of rope that you tied on your cutter (?) and so you went on.

That is the last we heard from you and we are very anxious.

No news in particular; are all in good health. My own health improves daily so much so that I can help with the work. Harvey Cobb works for me this summer and one Zephaniah English, about 19 years of age.

(unclear) – I must now close for I guess there is as much written as you can afford to read. Do write as often as you can. The letter you wrote to me is the only one we have received. since you went from here. Mother says you must tell of the welfare of the boy. We shall write again before many weeks, I guess.

Louisa Bates

Randolph Vt., May 10, 1817

Dear brother and sister,

Three months time has elapsed since you left us that Sunday morning. Our people all went to meeting but myself. It was a pleasant but solitary day for me. But oh, the distressing storm that came on Monday! We feared and trembled for you but how much it distressed you we know not. We have not heard a word since Mr. Edson saw you in that situation. Have inquired for letters but found none. I expect you have written to us.

We are all in usual health. OPeter has gone to Woodstock today. Mother is to M. Hibbard's on a visit. Father is plowing and we a-spinning. So you see we go on It is cold for the season. Water froze hard last night. Mrs. Carpenter has mov away north of Chelsea and John Edson lives down here.

It grows dark. I drop my pen.

May 10 – Good morning! Peter came home last evening tarried at Capt. Williamson's the knight [sic] before. They were all well. Brought your letter to Louisa and told the particulars of Mary's letter to her mother. Oh, sister, I could not help shedding tears to think that you and my brother were so far off and among such people. I wish I could see you awhile – I am just now seized with a toothache. I cannot write.

Eunice Bates

Dear brother and sister. After the above superscription, I will put in a word to let you know I am at home. Roswell and Mary, how do you enjoy yourselves? I suppose it is rather difficult times with you as it is with every body else. But there is so many about here so much poorer than we are, we don't complain any.

Peter Bates (?)

May 11 The folks all to meeting but Prudy, Sidney and myself. Reformation seems to die away about here. The season is the most flourishing that it has been for a number of years. Grain is very scarce and hard to get. Hay very short. Some cattle have died for the want of it. We have got ours through very well. Have bought some hay since you were here, \$15 a ton. Calves and lambs all came well, have lost none. Spring's work is all done but planting. I am not quite as well as I am sometimes, lungs very weak, my whole body also – sometimes up, sometimes down but on the whole I think I gain a little, but whether I ever gain my health again the Lord only knows. I put my trust in him.

John etc. (?) Moulton have broke [sic] but they payed [sic] me all they owed. My butter and cheese I took back. I am calculating to wait on them and their father to Chelsea tomorrow to gaol. He was their bondsman, in Boston. Boston debts went up to collect. I have one execution against them of \$330 which I levied on all the movable property I could find owned by them in order to submit another in my hands of \$400, for which they are a-going to gaol and get heard. That will give them a longer time to run. I guess they will clear out at last and save the old property for they have a great deal due to them but whether they will be able to carry on trade or not is uncertain in my opinion. The town gave me the 2nd constable's berth and as my health is so that I can ride about, it is of some profit to me. The first execution I mentioned against the Moultons, I expect they will get the money to pay so their property will not be sold at the (port?) as they told me.

I write very halting for my hand trembles so and I can't write at all without. So you see I don't write very well. Prudy is on the bed asleep. Her head aches but she is as plump as a biscuit. She lets me send her love to you all.

Well, sister Mary, is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the little boy? I hope that you can say it is. Louisa is wanting to write so I must close and giver her room.

Peter Bates

Our cousin Betsy Cobb died of the consumption not long since as we lea.....??

Woodstock, Vt. August 16, 1817

Dear children,

We received your very good and welcome letter that we had long waited for, bearing date July 19 and 23. We was [sic] very glad to hear of your health and prosperity. I was very glad to hear that you was so blessed and prospered in taking off that man's arm but I was sorry to hear that your son was so sick but I hope that ere this time he enjoys the smiles of health. I almost see him in imagination playing about his parents. And do you daily see the openings and enlargements of his mind? Do you promise yourselves great comfort and satisfaction is seeing him grow up like a cedar, in seeing him beloved by his God, beloved by all his acquaintances, a pillar in the house of God for him, for wisdom to enable you to bring him up in the fear of the Lord. Give him a kiss for me and tell him I want to see him. I am sorry you think you cannot come and see us next winter. Do come and tell me more what to do.

I thank you for the powder you sent me and all the advice you gave me. You guessed well about my feelings. My victuals [sic] is apt to stay hard in my stomach. I am very apt to be sick so that I can hardly relish anything. My joints grow out of shape. I cannot shut either of my fore fingers, the joint of my middle finger is very much swollen and has been for more than three months. My fingers will swell up in a single night and never go down again. I have tried most everything and bathed my joints with the many things, have been bled and six blisters have been (?) these mornings but don't think (?) did me any good. I used to ride and thought that made my joints more limber, but now I cannot ride any more at present for we have lost our valuable mare and your father feels very poor, thinks he shall not own a horse again very soon.

As to the season, it is very promising at this time. Our hay comes in very well. Our English grain looks well, corn is much better than we expected. Don't expect a great crop but hope to have some. We have hired a man one month, hope to hire some by the day. We still have that boy which lived here last winter. Your father would have done haying this week but we have had frequent rains so that there could be but little hay made.

Mary, do write soon. You cannot think how I want to see you. What wouldn't I give if I could hobble over to your house and hear you talk. It seems as if would exhilarate my spirits when I feel discouraged, but I have no child that I can go in and see. But I hope I have children that can pray for me and that is a great comfort. I hope you will ever remember me at the throne of grace. I have reason for thankfulness that my nose is so much better than it was when you was at our house. I heard from your brothers at the eastward not long since. They were well when Wm. wrote. I wish you would come in this afternoon and drink tea with us. I have got a veal (?) made, baked in the oven and some sweet cake. Sally and I say sometimes how we wish you could come and see us. We often talk about you and the doctor and the little boy. One thing more, Capt. Thomas' wife has joined the pilgrims (?) – a people that came from Canada. They wear strange hats, both men and women and a piece of bear-skin about their waists. Also (?) Ball and his wife and two of their children. They sprinkle ashes over their heads and walk with two staffs but I can't tell you half they do. Come and see them.

I am your ever affectionate mother, Mary Williamson.

P.S. I wish I could get away from my work and rest my joints but as long as I am where I am I can't help trying to do something. I must tell you one thing more. I expected to go to Whitehall to see my parents this fall. I hoped a journey would do me good; but now our horse is dead, I don't expect to go, so you see I am disappointed. I wish I could tell you all I have undergone especially about seeing a physician but Dr. Records doctors me now. Oh, I hope some means may be blessed for my restoration! I mean to get as many of the things that Dr. Bates ordered as I can for I believe he understands my case.

Randolph, Vt. Sept. 12, 1817

To Doctor Roswell Bates, Fort Covington, New York

Once more, my dear Brother and Sister, I write being under great obligation for not writing before. But excuse me for I have many excuses. We are all in usual health at this time. Prudy has a fine little boy, nine weeks old tomorrow – a very large hearty child. He at first weighed 10 pounds and now as much as 14. I think he looks like Prudy and Billings Carpenter. They have not named him yet. I took care of her while sick and did her housework about two months. She was confined to her room about a month but is quite ? Peter has done some work on his farm this summer. He writes [sic] around serving Rits [Rights/Writs] a great deal. So much sewing has never been done before as now and money is very scarce.

You wished us to write about all the particulars. I will try. It is remarkable healthy at this time. Dr. Edson writes a little now and then Homes. Dr. Bissell came down last May to get his pay of N. Nourton for doctoring his arm last winter. He said he could not get enough to pay. Peter Fish has lost his oldest son. The fever first seen in the marrow of his leg. Bassett was first sent for and then Dr. Smith of Hanover. He came twice only. The first time he operated on him. He made three holes in the bone to the marrow. He and Dr. Bassett opened it seven times. He was sick five weeks in the greatest distress all the

time. It seemed like the boy you doctored last spring. At the time of Dr. Smith's being here he was called upon to take off a young man's foot. I cannot write to you much prosperity nor adversity. Phineas Moulton has moved home to his father's. John has flashed out and very [sic] much involved his father. Mr. Booth and his wife Lydia Hibbard have moved home to his father's. Daniel Stors has moved back to the widow Stors. He is settling Col. Stors' estate.

Sept. 13.

Dear Brother, Peter and Prudence have just started for Washington to her father's. How it would please me to have you and Mary here today but that cannot be. How I want to see little Sheridan does he look as pretty as he did last winter? I expect he is prattling about the house.

Roswell, I suppose it is difficult times where you were better contented. Father enters the room. He says, "tell Roswell that my affairs remain about the same as ever" – his health good, his English grain very good and a very good garden crop, corn very backward but if frost holds he shall have considerable. But people here have been much distressed—the most serving and going to jail that ever I knew! Elder Martin was here. He wished him to remember him to you. He says where conferences yet held, people escaped the same.

Farewell. The Lord will not withhold any good thing from them that love him. The above from your dear father. Roswell as I wrote in the above, it is difficult times with you, it is somewhat so with us you will naturally judge. Louisa and I have to work for all we have which is little but I consider any situation preferable to many who are in more affluent circumstances which bring scandals upon them. I could name five in this town of girls you are not acquainted with.

It has been remarkably warm for the season but it is quite cool today. Aunt Sally Lee has been up here this summer. She expects to go and live with Wealthy next winter. Roswell, you wrote you did not expect to come down this winter but we shall expect you. I wish Peter or father could go and see you this fall but they cannot. Peter has spoke about going and carrying Prudy and I next winter and I wish he would but it is not likely he will. Sister Mary we have not forgotten to mark one of our cheeses M.B. We made more this summer than we did in all our lives. We have made but little cloth. Polly Carpenter lives with Prudy now. We have no less than five women folks inside here. I want to hear from you. Are you any more hearty? How does my little nephew do? Mother says to tell Mary she must make Roswell take more of the little boy for Peter does his.

Farewell, Roswell and Mary Bates

Eunice Bates

Sept. 18

Good morning It is very pleasant and warm this morning. Peter came home last night. We very soon expect Uncle Elihu Lee and wife, Uncle Quartus Lee and his wife.

Eunice

Monday afternoon,

Dear Brother and Sister, I must write a few lines to inform you I am well and am going to Uncle Hebard's tonight to start two or three weeks spinning. They are well there, I believe. Respecting that cambric which you spoke of letting me have when you were here, I have now a different calculation about it if it would suit you as well to let me have check for aprons and will let you have cloth for one if it would suit –blue and white. If you can do this in your way without disobliging you, I should be very glad. I wish you to let me know in your next letter – I have not much time to write, if I had I should write more.

Adieu, my dear and distant Brother and Sister,

Louisa Bates

I wish I could reduce this letter to half the bigness.

Belfast, Maine, 30th December, 1820 (*from brother Joseph to Mary*)

Dear Mary,

Your good letter of the 19th Aug. has been too long unanswered. I can only offer multiplicity of business and the performance of a journey as an apology for its neglect. The welfare and prosperity of my relations is a subject nearest by heart and it afforded me the utmost satisfaction to be informed of the continued prosperity with which you have been blessed since you entered the connubial state. May the lives of you and yours long be precious in the sight of Him to whom we are indebted for every thing we possess.

The skill and professional knowledge of your husband I have ever thought to be such as to place him in the front rank of the profession. It will, as it has done, ever give him an extensive and lucrative practice. He has done well as to property and I presume equally well as to reputation. Your section of the country is new and prosperous and you will grow with its growth and increase with its strength.

I have been in this place almost five years, during which time I have found a handsome and growing practice. Have found it necessary to pay the closest and most unremitting attention to my business and have relaxed but little for pleasure or amusement. Last June the governor and council for the state of Maine gave me a commission as county attorney for the county of Hancock which I still hold. The emoluments of this office are from \$150 to \$200 per annum and it does not interfere with my other practice. I have held the commission of justice of the peace for nearly two years. I have boarded at the tavern in the middle of the village ever since I have been established in business at \$3 per week. Having it in contemplation at no very distant day to take to myself a wife, I last summer purchased me a house for which I gave \$1200 and since put up an addition and have made repairs which have cost me \$600. I have always determined never to get married till I had things suited to my taste and ambition, and shall soon have my house finished in that condition. As soon as it is completed, I shall be married. Permit me to say that my intended possess more than an ordinary share of beauty and is highly esteemed in the first circles of the place.

Belfast is a thriving town, having an elegant meeting-house and bell with a settled minister of the first-talent. The society is fashionable and indeed the best I ever associated with. On the whole, I have had no cause to regret having established myself in this place. So much for myself!

Bro. Wm. has increased in wealth and reputation since your visit to Maine and, in fact, is one of the most popular men in this section of the country. For four years in succession he has been a distinguished member of the Massachusetts senate and as soon as the separation of Maine took place, he was elected to the senate of the new state and is now president of that board. This is the second office in the state government, as in case of the death or resignation of the governor, the president of the senate is by the constitution, governor of the state ex officio. Last November he was nominated and supported for representative to congress but owing to scattered votes no choice was affected. The 22nd of the next is appointed for a second trial. Of 1300 votes he had rising 600 and there is little doubt that he will be chosen next time as he obtained more than double the number of votes of any other person voted for. I was in Pitston last June and Uncle and Aunt having gone to Connecticut to live, Geo. Was left in quiet possession of the whole with his wife. They have a handsome house and live in fashion. Indeed, since he has married, "all old things are done away and all things have become new."

Summer before last, Sarah spent several months in Bangor and Belfast. We parted with her with reluctance. She was much esteemed in both places. Had she been free from any engagement, I doubt not I could have procured for her as smart a husband as Dr. P. I suppose she is now in Woodstock preparing to be married, but whether she and her doctor will finally settle in Maine, I do not know. I was glad to hear that our cousins are doing well, but if Joseph Paddock is "a great lawyer", then the Ethiopian can change his skin.

Please to remember me to Mr. Parkhurst and tell him I look for eminent men in his class, which was considered superior as to talents as well as to members. We have the satisfaction of knowing that two out of our class who graduated in our college are already members of the grand council of our nation and make highly reputable figures in that body. I hope and expect to hear of more eminent men from that university. I have not seen any of my classmates since I came from college and know but little about them

or any other of my collegiate acquaintances. Tell Mr. P. that a letter to me touching them and his own situation would be acceptable.

I have not visited Woodstock these five years and I cannot think of this long and unpardonable absence without the deepest regret. Two summer's past I set times to journey thither but found it so difficult to leave my office that the winters approached before I could find any opportunity to leave home. How swift the time has elapsed since I left my paternal abode and cast "a long and lingering look" on the pleasant town of Woodstock! Is it possible that your oldest child is four years old? We shall soon be old like our parents who have gone before us. I want much to see you and sister Asenith. To your habitations are my thoughts frequently turned. When I shall have the pleasure of seeing you I cannot presume to say. Till that time, be assured it will be a pleasure to correspond.

Wishing you all the happiness this world affords, I bid you adieu,
Joseph Williamson

Remember me to Sister Aseneth and family and tell them to write. This letter is addressed to the doctor as well as to yourself.

1822

City of Washington, Jan'y 21, 1822

To Dr. Bates and wife

Dear Brother and Sister:

I left my family and home on the last day of November. I had letters lately which state that Mrs. W. and the children are well and that the good Providence of God smiles upon them. Letters travel from Bangor to this city – a distance of about 750 miles – in 9 or 10 days.

Since I have been here I have generally enjoyed the blessings of good health and good spirits. The weather is now smokey and mild. We have had one little flurry of snow which melted almost as fast as it fell and was soon gone – not a flake is to be seen now. We have had cold nights but water within doors has frozen very little indeed. So mild is the climate here!

Legislation, though not new to me, occasions much anxiety and irksomeness. Our house of representatives is composed of members assembled from all parts of a wide-spread empire, embracing various interests both local and political – members powerful and popular at home and able and learned elsewhere. State pride and jealousy not infrequently show themselves in the great hall and hence it is not strange that the dispatch of business should not be rapid. The different subjects are parceled out to committees who, after a thorough investigation, make written reports, holding sessions in their respective rooms from 10 to 12 each day. At twelve we have prayers. The speaker then takes the chair and calls the house to order. The journal of the preceding day is read, then the speaker calls on each state by name for petitions, next for reports from standing and select committees. Motions and resolutions follow and then debates and speeches on proposed laws. The house adjourns at three P.M. After that we dine.

Such is the routine of business both in the senate and the house. An elegant flag is always flying from the top of the Capitol when Congress is in session. There are galleries for spectators in both the Senate and Representative Halls which have numerous gentlemen and ladies in them: which Halls themselves are very splendid. The steps into them are formed of white marble. Over the door, facing the speaker's chair, is a figure of a young lady standing in a cradle with a book in her hand, all of the most beautiful marble. She is emblematical [sic] of the United States. "Uncle Sam's" palace, too, is very grand. The edifice has eight or ten chimneys and an elegant inside. Indeed, Uncle Sam's business is all on a large scale. In his navy-yard they make anchors and chain-cables for his largest ships. The Capitol library contains about 10,00 volumes. There are several foreign ambassadors, ministers and consuls resident in this city. W. De Neuville, the French envoy (a French baron) and his lady I have met several times. They speak pretty good English. The English minister, the right honorable M. Canning, has no wife. Those who appear in the greatest style are the President of the United States, the secretaries of State,

War, Treasury and the Navy and the Attorney-General, who constitute the navy board, each with a salary of \$3,500 a year. Indeed our government is already expensive. There are lots of clerks and understrappers, very few of whom have less than \$1,000 annual salary.

The ladies here are gay but not handsome; polite but, I am told, not very well informed – none over 25 years until married!

It is supposed Congress will sit ‘til May. Of the subjects under consideration from time to time, the newspapers will inform you.

Since I saw you, my dear Sister, we have passed through various scenes, perilous as well as prosperous. But He who superintends and controls the destinies of men has been pleased to look in mercy on us, who are in the vast dominions of his universe little more than the dust of the balance. You as well as I are located, perhaps for life, with various connexions [sic] and dependences to attach us to our homes. I hope your prospects are brilliant and your souls blessed. Good society and hearty friends, health life and religious comforts ought to make us happy. I trust you will give me the particulars of your circumstances and your family as I shall ever take great interest in your welfare.

I don’t know that I can add anything of interest to what I have said in relation to my family. You know what strong attachments bind me and the other part of myself together. She has all the cares of a family on her this winter—a heavy weight. You have ere this been especially informed, no doubt, that our honorable parents are about to leave Woodstock for an abode at Bangor. I hope this removal of theirs will prove to be of Divine appointment. May they enjoy the remains of life! Certain it is, their remove to the grave cannot be very far in the future.

But I must now take my leave of you. Shall thee eyes of mine never behold my dear sister’s face again? Never, never see her beloved husband? And children? Truly, trying is the thought! May we be useful here and when we die, may Christ say to each of our souls, “this day shalt thou be with me in paradise.”

My dear and affectionate brother and sister! Farewell.

Wm. D. Williamson

See <http://maineencyclopedia.com/williamson-william-d/>

City of Washington, March 17, 1822

Dear Brother and Sister,

Your affectionate and interesting letter reached me this day and has been perused with much pleasure. My attachments to my brothers and sisters are like the cords of life which keep the soul within its earthly tenement. These kindreds [sic] who know me best never distrust the sincerity and strength of my affection. All their joys and all their sorrows, I consider as identified as my own.

If they are prosperous, I lift my heart to heaven and smile. If they are afflicted I bleed. I have mournful tidings to communicate – our brother Joseph’s wife is no more. She dropped away very suddenly on the evening of February 7 reclining in her chair while her husband stepped to call the physician. A short year ago she was a bride, now no longer even a companion of the living. She was tall, straight, well-favored and beloved. My brother in his letter to me says, “Whither soever I go, her image is continually in mind. My house, which I had fitted to her taste is melancholy as the tomb. The sight of her garments makes my heart bleed afresh. In short I am overwhelmed with grief and I know not whither to fly for consolement [sic]!”

Unhappy man! In spirit and in truth, I condole and sympathize with him. God has separated lover and friend into darkness and God only can comfort!

Our parents have arrived safely in Bangor. Nothing very remarkable took place on their journey. They are now with my brother Joseph on a visit. Brother George did not go after them. He could not conveniently leave home.

I have now been absent from my family about three months – two and a half, having left Bangor the 29th of November – a long absence, indeed. I hope to get home in five or six weeks from this time. I

usually hear from my beloved wife and children every week – they think I tarry long. We have a great many subjects of a public nature yet to consider. It is proposed that our government acknowledge the sovereignty of certain South American provinces, and I am of opinion it will be done, tho' the Spanish minister plenipotentiary here resident will do what he can to prevent it. There is a project on the tapis too, for the American Republic to occupy and fortify the region contiguous to the Columbia River on the northwest coast. I know your representative Walworth very well.

I hope to hear from you again before I leave here. I expect letters from all my much loved sisters and their husbands. I am now in much haste and must stop short with an affectionate farewell.

Wm. D. Williamson

City of Washington, Dec. 10, 1822

Dear Brother and Sister:

I bade farewell to my family at home more than four weeks ago. Our mother had been ill of extreme debility for three or four weeks prior: when I parted with her she was amending slowly and a letter received last Sunday strengthens my hope that she will recover. She is now at my house and will take charge of my family as soon as she shall have become able, assisted by one or two good girls. Grief has sat heavily on her heart since the death of our honorable father, so soon after that of my other self. But her religion seems to convert the deepened shadows of trouble into the light of morning. I conceive she is fast ripening for a better and brighter world where sorrow and sighing shall flee away. I have lately had a letter from Brother Joseph. He is doing well. He is a justice of the peace, state's attorney for his county and has lately been appointed post-master in his town. Brother George is also doing well, being, as I believe, one of the selectmen of the town. I should be heartily glad to see all my sisters with their husbands once at Bangor. I rejoice much in their successes in their secular pursuits and in their respectability and influence in society -- a visit from them would be truly welcome.

As legislators, we have just lighted the lamp of business and it is hoped that that unruly member, the tongue, will do less and the faculty of reason do more than the last winter. Considerable has been done to our splendid capitol since the last session. A stupendous dome is resting on the center building. It is visited fair days by numerous ladies as there [are] many wives and belles from different parts the Union—"the fine ladies of the court."

The continual depredations by pirates in the West Indian Seas is a subject of moment—has been heretofore the particular consideration of gov't; still piracies are multiplied. Another topic of quite a different nature is who shall next fill the presidential chair. Most probable four candidates will have electoral votes: viz. Adams, Crawford, Calhoun and Clay. Of course, there will be no choice by the electors[,] and the House two years from next March must elect the president.

Our standing with foreign nations is very good if we except Spain, her government being a little affronted that we have acknowledged the independence of her South American colonies.

Although I have very many correspondents, I mean to write each of my sisters and their respective husbands while here and hope for immediate answers.

I am with great respect yours affectionately,

Wm. D. Williamson

1823

City of Washington, Feb. 8th, 1823

Dear Brother and Sister:

"Your interesting letter of the 15th ult. Has come safely to hand. I rejoice much in the prosperity and respectability of my kindred and friends. As I have never seen you or my brother Childs, an interview would gratify the feelings of curiosity as well as of affection. My sisters are smart and ambitious and I think they make amiable and affectionate wives. Yours is very tender-hearted and is naturally endowed

with a very good mind. Her cough fills me with concern for your sake and that of your children particularly as well as ours. I hope her life and health will be precious in the sight of God for many years yet to come. "You have heard of my anguish but the one-half has not been—cannot be told you, much less realized by any other than mine. Think of my dear little family at home without a parent – their dear mother an inhabitant of the cold and mournful tomb, never, never to return. Still forbid that I should murmur or mourn inordinately. While she lived, with me I fully believe that her God converted her soul. And, my dear sister, you will not forget the special season we, while you were at my house, devoted to religious exercises on her account. With her all is well now, and through faith I believe that the blessed Jesus whom I would serve has still in store for me and mine much good. I would not forget his loving kindness to me as it has been very great hitherto in life.

Our revered mother was so well as to be able to write a short letter under dates of the 22nd ult. She is gradually recovering strength. I hope she will become smart when the spring approaches. Bro' George has lately been to Bangor, and has taken home with him my second daughter Harriet to stay at Pittston till my return. He is doing well and living happily. Bro' Joseph, bereaved as I am, is rather a melancholy man but he is in society a popular man and in secular concerns a prosperous man. I have had only lately a letter from our Aunt Williamson of Brooklyn which left them well. Three weeks from the day after to-morrow congress will rise. We meet at twelve, sit until four, then adjourn and dine. Members are very different in their character: some constantly in their seats; others walking about in the Hall or perched on others' seats; a third class not a little absent. And as to orators—a few speak often and thus render themselves cheap as any jew's-harp; many never speak, hence we know very little of the depths and heights of their minds; while others speak occasionally much to the point and command complete attention. Northern members are generally cool reasoners; the Southern, born under a hotter sun, show more fire and fluency. The next President is the great topic and it is in truth an important subject as he has when in the chair an immense power and patronage. Elevated to the head of millions by free suffrage, his influence is great indeed.

My best and most affectionate respects to brothers and sisters in your vicinity and S. Smith.

I am most heartily and affectionately your brother

Wm. D. Williamson

P.S. As to what is due Hannah Smith on our father's estate – he caused an account to be stated on paper before he left Vermont which was not afterwards altered. A copy has, or will be, sent to her and to her mother. I would assure them that there need be no hard thoughts on their part as respects me for I am determined ample justice shall be done. For orphan children my feelings are sufficiently tender.

Write to me at Bangor upon the privilege of franking and as the letter can go free to me thirty days after the 3rd of March.

Belfast, Sunday, Sept. 1, 1823

Dear Brother and Sister,

Yours to Wm. D. and myself of the 6th inst. Was not received till yesterday,. Accompanying yours was one from Bro. George, dated the 16th and I am happy to say that our mother continues on the mending way. She says it is to be hoped that she will be able to return to Bangor about the tenth of the next month.

Now for an apology for not meeting you at Pittston. I had previously information that our mother's case was not such as absolutely require my visit at that time and I was apprehensive that the time was approaching when a sense of duty would compel me to go and perform the last office of kindness to an affectionate parent. Indeed such was the case at that time that my visit would rather have been a burden to our brother without any particular comfort or satisfaction to yourselves. Besides I could have been much more useful to her by rendering other acts of kindness than by a visit at that time. Add to this, the fires on the surrounding hills were raging and threatening to envelope our village in flames. One afternoon and only a while night I with others were in the field in a cloud of smoke and endeavoring to

stop the progress of the fire. A brisk wind was in the meantime blowing from the woods towards the town. In Wiscasset some buildings were burnt and some lives lost. Last of all, I saved my things at a final departure, which, allow me to say, would have been painful to my heart.

These circumstances I know you will consider a sufficient exercise and will not attribute the neglect to any want of affection. I wrote Bro. George and you but he informed me in his letter that unfortunately my communications did not reach him till the afternoon of your departure.

Be assured that your visit, short as it was, was peculiarly and gratifying to my wishes; and indeed, I cannot describe the lonely and melancholy day of your departure.

There was one lately dear to me who if living would have enjoyed with me this rich repast, the society of my friends, and would have contributed much in sustaining me in their absence. These and a thousand emotions rushed into my mind and filled me with sensibilities too big for utterance.

You will recollect that I told you, you would be pleased with Bro. Wm's wife. By your letter I am not disappointed. For my own part, I think her one of the most accomplished women of the age. Indeed, such was her reputation at the metropolis of the union and such it is in Vermont and Maine. I am enamoured [sic] with her taste and manners. Your visit in Bangor was particularly pleasant and from our brother's letter to me (whose opinion of Dr. Bates, if I were to give it to you, would be considered flattery) was not less so to him and family. For myself, I am sorry I could not accommodate you better and persuade you to stay longer. Some of the ladies called the days of your absence to see my sister and Col. Lowe (?) was about to make a party and invite you there Monday evening.

Permit me to add that although I was not there to bid you a final adieu, yet my best wishes accompanied you on your journey home where I hope you have safely arrived and are now in the enjoyment of your young family and friends.

With the most unfeigned affection, I am your brother,
Joseph Williamson

Bangor, Nov. 1, 1823

Dear Brother and Sister,

Your very interesting communication of Oct. 6th reached us only a day or two since. To have enjoyed your visit and journey, to have come and returned in safety, to have found your children in health and all other things well are particulars which require our united thankfulness to our divine Preserver. All at our house enjoyed your visit very much: we heartily thank you for it. Surely that affection must be great and sincere which can induce kindreds to take so long, so arduous, so expensive a journey to see us! "Ah! When shall we all meet again?" is an anxious thought which often touches the finest sensibilities of my heart. So uncertain is life, so sure is each of us to be ere long the pale victim of death! May we have grace and godliness so that we can with a smile bid all earth's scenes and sceneries farewell!

As it is not healthful in your vicinity and as Dr. Paddock has been sick, we are fully aware of your accumulated professional business on your return home. Probably you will never allow you self to think any more of Bangor as a place of residence. Happy for Dr. P. and dear Sister (?) that you providentially returned at a moment so big with importance to them! How soul-comforting to be instrumental in doing good to others! Our sympathies for them both are vivid and hearty. But they are sympathies mixed with joy and smiles that he lives. May this peculiar Providence enable them to cast themselves unreservedly upon the mercies of a living God! And may they have the imperishable gift of living grace! Assure them of our affectionate attachment to them and of the deep interest we take in their welfare. You made but little mention of Bro. and Sister Childs and Hannah. We hope they are all in good health and we presume that they are else you would have been more particular. We expect you will write us what is considered best to do with our estate at Woodstock. The money due Sister Childs and kindred Hannah must come out of the estate at Woodstock. Let us have all your opinions on the subject.

We are in usual health. Mrs. W. much as when you were here – always smart, you know and good company tough not always well. She and Sister I. Maria are much pleased with you both and we should all delight to have you near us. Our honored mother is here now in tolerable health. As she has written you so lately and so fully she will write nothing now but will expect an answer as soon as a letter

can go and another return. She is making calculations to visit her daughters and their husbands during the ensuing winter provided Mr. Childs will meet her in Woodstock and from thence carry her amongst our kindreds. It is not unreasonable that she and her daughters should be mutually anxious to see one another after the trials and changes that they have experienced in the last few years.

There will be, I trust, an abundance of property to pay debts, to discharge the dues to H. Smith and to support our mother well while she lives. Should she go I will, with my brothers, do what we can to furnish her with supplies for her journey. As Mr. Childs can perhaps leave home as well as either of her daughters' husbands, will you on receipt of this ascertain and inform me if he will come with a sleigh to Woodstock and take our mother there and if so will he be there by the 20th or 25th of January?

Urge this time because she must perform the residue of her journey on Feb. 7th after a short visit at Woodstock and because the sleighing would be unsafe by the last of February. I intend Bro. Geo. To go with her to Woodstock and there to make arrangements for the sale of the farm.

Business in this little village is pretty lively. We have lately had bountiful rains, the weather is now very cold for the season. Under the smiles of divine Providence I am able to assure you of usual prosperity and success on my part during the season past—have, as you know, become interested in the bank and was on the 6th of Oct. chosen! I believe by unanimous vote (my own excepted) president. I have been engaged in issuing a new impress of bills and have signed between 20 and 30 thousand dollars.

We have lately had a term of supreme court in this town, in which I had a good share of business. Night before last, returned from Castine, having been down to attend the same court there. My fair Eve went with me was pleased with Brushport (?) and especially with Castine. We met Bro. Joseph there, indeed we put up at the same house and at his hand received your late letters to us. He is in good health and is doing a good share of professional business – though none of us is doing very much that way.

Having been absent several winters past, I expect quietude at home during the ensuing one, though I do not feel so antiquated as to say I may not yet take another turn into political life. But tho' it captivates many an eye, it still has its evils. "Even diamonds have flaws and roses have thorns" and every medal its reverse. In public life, real friends are like ghosts and apparitions – often mentioned but what very few ever saw. Yet nothing to my mind is so honorable as an old friendship: no politics so sound as those of good principles. A candidate for an elective office will see his own picture drawn in the darkest and brightest colors. Hence it is one way of knowing one's self. But I have neither time nor room to enlarge upon this subject now and while I leave room for the pen of another, I bid you a most cordial and affectionate farewell

Wm. D. Williamson

Dear Friends,

I very much regret that it so happens that this is the only opportunity I shall have for writing you within a few days for at this time I am not in a writing mood and my spirits are not up to the usual tone. I have so many avocations, my family so large and my health so slender that I at times despair of ever feeling that quietude and bodily strength that I was formerly accustomed to. This affects my spirits and exercises the little stock of patience I possess so that I am incapable of contributing by my society to the happiness of those around me or to distant friends by letter. I would wish you were neighbors to us for I fancy I might derive much enjoyment from intercourse with you and I judge from the pleasure experienced and enjoyed while you were here. I feel extremely anxious about Sister Mary's health – fear if her labors are not lessened she will eventually feel the consequences. As for my good friend (yourself, Doctor) I think I should be in a more cheerful frame of mind were you in hearing of my voice. You are so good a comforter, so kind a friend and so resolute a physician that things and anticipated distresses would appear less in prospect. My husband confines himself so much to business that I hardly see him but at meals. When he is near or present I am not so likely to relapse into my melancholy mood. I must have room to say one word to you. I must therefore reluctantly say farewell, wishing you all the joys incident to this mortal life and.....[not sure who this is from]

Belfast, Nov. 8, 1823

Dear Brother and Sister,

As I write in my wrapper, you will excuse it if I am short and concise. Indeed, until you answer my long letter, I shall not feel bound to write at great length.

We may congratulate each other on the favorable state of our dear mother's health. She is inclined to visit you the ensuing winter, and we are disposed to assist her on her journey in the manner proposed by Bro. Wm. D. Her time must be divided amongst her children in the manner best calculated for her happiness. When I get married, I hope to have her a long time with me.

Wm. D. is president and one of the directors of Bangor Bank and both of us are stockholders.

I am much more engaged than when you were in town in my professional business.

Tell Sarah I shall expect an account of her as soon as her husband and health will permit. Give my love to her and family, also to Cousin Hannah and believe me,

Yours with affection,

Joseph Williamson

1824

Bangor, Jan. 7th, 1824

Dear Brother and Sister Bates:

Altho' I am hurried by domestic avocations and have on hand other unanswered letters, I can not allow this opportunity to pass without first writing you a line to convince you that my remembrance of you is still affectionate. We were gratified with Dr. Bates' letter but regretted to hear that he has suffered from illness of late. We hope the anxiety sister Mary must have felt at that time had no unfavorable affect [sic] upon her health. We are anxious to hear particularly respecting her and shall hope to immediately on mother's arrival there is not before. I cannot feel reconciled to part with sister Mary so soon after knowing her; but as I know how delicate her state of health has been and still is, I cannot but have some fears that she may not recover or regain her former health. But we commend her to an unerring Providence and whatever be his will, we hope to acquiesce without a murmur.

Mother will give you particulars with regard to my health and that of the family. We hope the journey may be conducive to her health though at this season of the year, we have but little expectation that it will improve. If it holds as good and firm as it is now, we ought to be thankful.

I hope her visit may be productive of much happiness both to herself and daughters.

You must excuse me if I write you but a short letter this time as my engagements at present call loudly for my attention. Do let me hear from you soon and believe me,

Your affectionate sister

Susan D. Williamson

Belfast 16th Feb'y 1824

Dear Brother and Sister,

Your very interesting letter of the 30th of November would not have been so long unanswered but for my absence on a journey. I now address you both as your interests are one and a man and his wife, both in a legal as well as moral point of view, are one person. I believe the gratification derived from your last summer's visit was reciprocal and I often reflect on it as one of the most pleasant portions of my life. Indeed, from my lonely situation I the more needed and appreciated this visit from my friends. May we yet have many interchanges of social visits notwithstanding the distance of a few hundred miles!

The doctor's suggestions in regard to my forming a new connection were rational and pertinent and I thank him for his good wishes. I had however previously engaged myself to a Miss Cross of Newburyport. I often regret that it was not so ordered that you should have been introduced to an acquaintance with her when you were all in town and I do not know whether you ever saw her. I have been twice to her father's and find her of highly reputable connexions [sic]. Her father is a man of

wealth, said to be worth \$15,000 and I have no doubt he will give her a handsome portion at the marriage. As to the young lady – She is about twenty-four, of elegant form and is said by some to have some beauty. In size and manners she would compare with Goe. Barker's wife of Bangor. Having been brought up in fashionable society, and having had all the advantage of education that money could buy with a disposition and capacity to improve them, it would not be too much to say that her education and accomplishments are of the first order, far superior to that of any girl brought up in the section of the country. Added to these are an amiable disposition and pleasant and prepossessing manners. I trust she will take a high rank in society and I know my friends would be well pleased with her and it would be exceedingly gratifying to her and myself if my sisters were in a situation to become speedily and intimately acquainted with her. An acquaintance with them I know would soon ripen into a solid and lasting friendship. I can at present only tell her about my New York relations. The last of May or forepart of June when the ground will be settled, is appointed to celebrate the nuptials. My house will then be ready and I hope to have all things in order.

Respecting Miss White, I am not insensible of her sterling worth, the dignity of her manner, etc. But the real truth was I could not fancy her and had no inclination to have her. This, I suppose, has disappointed Bro. Wm. and his wife (to say nothing about the young lady herself) and even I myself was disappointed, she not proving to be what I hoped to find. It is but justice, however to observe that neither Bro. Wm. nor his wife have ever manifested towards me the least hard thoughts for the course I have pursued; but on the contrary I have received many hearty letters from him even congratulating me on my choice. My intended and Miss W. are very unlike each other in their stature, manners and looks; yet after all, my friends and acquaintances with the former may consider me injudicious in my choice, so different are our tastes.

But enough of this subject with which I fear you are already disgusted and will condemn me for my egotism if not for my vanity. Let the long distance by which we are separated be my apology.

I received a letter from our honored mother this morning, dated 16th of Jan'y, announcing her safe arrival in Woodstock, waiting for Dr. Paddock. If she reaches Ft. Covington before this, give my love to her and tell her that I intend writing her either by this or next mail.

I feel very anxious to hear from Sister Mary on account of her delicate health and hope you will write me on receipt of this. Give my love to Sisters Sarah and tell her she owes me a letter and remember me to your children and believe me

Yours in heart,

Joseph Williamson

1825

Belfast, Dec. 13, 1825

Dear Mother,

Your daughter-in-law, Caroline, has repeatedly reminded me that I had not answered your last good letter. Indeed, I myself had intended to be more prompt in my answer when I received it. This mode of correspondence by mail is so cheap and expeditious that I often resolve not to be dilatory in answering the communications of my friends. Nothing but the claims that my clients have upon me makes me fail of carrying these resolutions into effect, especially in regard to one so near as a mother and only surviving parent. You may be assured, my dear mother, that I feel the strongest solicitude for you when I consider your advanced age and feeble state of health. Every letter from Ft. Covington I open with a tremulous hand and find relief from my fears only from the good news it contains. May any other news than that of your life health and comfort and of my other friends in New York yet be far distant.

It was particularly gratifying again to receive a letter penned with your own hand. Bro. George has spent a night with us since his return. It would have broken my heart had I known your suffering at the time. Had I known it, oh, how would I in imagination have visited your bedside and craved to administer to your relief! Caroline often joins with me in saying we hope you may again visit Maine. I

think I have before informed you that she has no mother. From the account I have given of you, she thinks she should be pleased with you and should profit by an acquaintance with you. She is not a professor of religion nor particularly pious but was brought up to frequent the house of public worship and is fond of religious instruction. If your life and health should be prolonged another season, should you not like to visit us? If so, ways and means can easily be devised for your journey hither.

Rev. Mr. Frothingham has moved below us since you were here and is our neighbor in whose presence we constantly are. He is certainly a faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, though I do not know that it will ever be said that he has had many souls as seals of his ministry etc.

Bro. George is well and I believe that his wife has quite recovered her health. From Wm. D. I had a letter principally on business this morning which left them well. Popular and executive favors seem to be showered down upon him in generous profusion; and he scarcely serves out the term of one office before another is offered at his hands. He was last week appointed sheriff of the county of Penobscot by the governor and counsel of the state, which, however he has made up his mind fully not to accept. We shall expect him and his family to visit us the first of sleighing. Tell Sarah her letter will be duly answered. To her and to all the rest of my friends, give my cordial love and believe me

With the truest affection,

Yours Joseph Williamson

Dear Madam,

My husband has left this blank for me to fill and now I hardly know how to excuse myself for never having addressed you before. I can only plead an awkwardness in addressing a person whom I have never seen and on whom I would wish to make a good impression – and one too on whom I would willingly hope to have some claim for affection, which I would most heartily reciprocate. We often talk about you and our conversations always end with a regret that you are so far away from us as to prevent my becoming personally acquainted with you. My husband has already taught me to love you, indeed how can it be otherwise when I hear him speak of you by the endearing name of mother, and when I know, too, that some of your sweetest and most shared affections must rest with mine on the same object. May not I then too call you mother and share in your kind affections and prayers? I need not tell you that my connection with your son has been productive of much happiness to both of us – although I am far removed from an affectionate father and brothers and sisters whom I fervently love. Yet still I find in my husband's affections a talisman for the absence of them all! But to you who know his character so well, this may appear superfluous, for he has often told me that long ago you prophesied that he would make a good husband from his character as a son.

With affectionate feeling permit me to subscribe myself,

Your daughter,

C.C. Williamson

1826

Bangor, Dec. 21, 1826

Dear Brother [to Roswell Bates],

Your letter has been perused with much concern. It is certainly a remarkable Providence that your dear wife survived such a serious illness. The rapidity of her pulse and the quantity of blood let are both fearful circumstances. But she lived because God was with you and her and blessed means. His mercies are very great and the manipulation of them to you both is very striking. Oh! It was soul-comforting to see her so resigned, so tranquil and happy when almost in the icy arms of death. But it rives the heart to part with such friends. My full soul overflows with sympathies when I think of you. Again and again my bosom friend has left me; with both I went down to the gates of death—and then we bade the long farewell! But I trust yours still lives -- a kind husband's treasure and the children's comfort. Yes, and may she live many years and praise and enjoy her dear Savior! May we all meet again where parting is never

known and friendships are divine! I never was so truly anxious to see you both and also the children, and our honored and dear mother. I have visited you all so often since the receipt of your letter that I only wonder that I have not ere this taken horse and carriage and found your dwelling. It would be among the heartfelt joys of life to meet again. I would try very hard to see you next fall if life and health be continued and God be willing and assisting. Allow my dear mother to have the first place in my affections, then I would affectionately mention my Sister Childs – one well acquainted with trials. Still she has, I trust, the consolation of a believer, while she has an amiable daughter whom I have seen and a good husband whom I have not seen but wish to see. Your wife and Sister Sarah, the younger members of our dear father's family, have been blessed with good minds and amiable dispositions – and good husbands! Depend upon it an interview with you all would be a rich treat. May God Almighty make you all happy in time and eternity!

Your practice in the profession seems to be extensive and lucrative and experience and success will extend it more and more. I wish you had stated if you still hold the commission of common pleas judge. I hope you and Brother Paddock are mutual assistants in the profession. This cause of accouchement, "five" at a birth is going the rounds in the newspapers and gives his name an extensive circulation. I never heard the like before.

As respects us in this end of the earth, we are by the divine blessing in health and sufficiency. Mrs. W. is an excellent companion and housewife. She does her duty well among the children and is respected in society. Caroline is at home attending to history and thinks she is a smart girl. The other four all go to school. William reads Latin, Greek and some French and appears to be a good scholar. Benjamin, Mrs. W's son, is still with us. His uncle pays me \$2 per week for his board—he may or may not go to college. I am not elected to congress- there is no choice.

[A part of the letter is torn and as it is about politics it would probably have been interesting.
MBR]

And shall I say further? To talk of times, name friends, and relate incidents the paper would fail me. Frequent inquiry is made after the health of my mother, her sisters of the church seem to remember her with affection. Some arrangements if she lives must be made for her return. When she must sleep in the cold grave, May it be beside him who was the husband of her youth and they who lived together so long must rest together till the great resurrection. I mean shortly to write to her and state the account agreeably to her request and send her some money. And though my balance against the estate is now more than \$175, she shall not want while I can help her. Excuse this hasty letter and accept assurances of my high consideration and respect.

Obediently, etc.

Wm. D. Williamson

1827

Ft. Covington, NY 21st August, 1827

Dear Sheridan,

We are all very well. Your mam came home by Dr.? and George came with her, is at Dct. Smiths at Bombay. He and Doct. Smith came here to see me operate for cataracts in the blind man's eye from Cornwell. I operated last Saturday. The eye is doing well.

Louisa has gone to her Aunt Child's, went yesterday.

Mears' father is here and Mears is going home not to return, I understand. I have no news about either of the schools. Mrs. Caldwell's husband has married another wife at Rochester. She feels very bad but says he has another wife living before he married her, which makes three wives. Thomas Senna has been very sick again but is getting better. Mrs. Crisbey was a little sick. I visited her also Mrs. Parkhurst and Mrs. Congdon. They are about well.

Your brother William often mentions Sheridan. He is hearty and happy. Eats roast corn, etc.

Ma is quite hearty. It did her good to journey. Mrs. Blasdell, Munson and Emerson are in the office. Bud (?) is not come.

Today, Aunt Child, Sarah, Hannah visit us. Caroline Sinclair lives with us.

I hope you are well and I am sure you are contented. Be good, be wise, remember parents' instructions. And I rejoice that you live with such good people as Esq. Miller and Mrs. Miller. Hear their council and be careful to obey them.

Affectionately, farewell,
Roswell Bates

Dear Son,

We often mention you and Frederick. Your absence from the table and elsewhere makes it seem quite lonesome. You don't know, dear son, the anxiety of your parents to have you do well. Improve all your time to some profit to yourself and others. Be always obliging to your school-mates and friends as far as you can without injuring yourself. The Holy Bible says "As you would that others do to you, do ye even so to them." Attend meeting constantly and remember the text and some heads of discourse to write to me. I don't know but you had better buy a Bible of Esq. Miller. I want you to read in the bible every opportunity you have especially on the Sabbath and don't forget to pray in secret every day that your sins may be forgiven and that God would keep you from doing any evil and from having any wrong spirit.

Finally, do well, fear God and walk in Wisdom's ways.

I found your pen knife in the cupboard upstairs.

Give my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, love to Miss Margaret and Frederick. Wm. says when will Sheridan and Frederick come back and he plays harness up and go to Plattsburg every day.

As soon, Sheridan, as you receive this letter you must sit right down and write an answer. Tell Frederick I want him to write too.

Your affectionate Mother B. [*note: Sheridan is 11 years old - must be away at school*]

Plattsburg, Sept. 4, 1827

Dear Father and Mother,

Now I think I will write you a letter. I had wrote you a part of a letter but now I write another and I will put them on this letter. After Frederick and I left you we went to Mr. Millers. Then I went to school the school being so new to me that I did not get but six lines in the virgil. Fryday [sic] 10, Saturday 5 Monday 12. Mr. Touquet died in the morning Tuesday and school kept but half day he was buried in afternoon. Wedns' twenty-one Thursday 15 Friday 20 Saturday 24. I am very well contented I have no homesick feelings. I am in good health and all Mr. Millers family. Frederick sends his love to little William and I want to see him. I attend the bible class I like it very much. It is not like yours. Mr. Chase writes down a question about Christ or God and names some cap. Or verse where we can find it and wishes us to find more if we can. The first question I received was Doth God know the hearts of all men, the 2d When where and of whom was Christ born. Some are easy and he puts no place where they can find them so it was with my first one it was easy for me to find it. I have made a little book to write down the answers. The people are building a new wharf. The end of the first letter.

I forgot to mention one thing that is Mr. Miller bought a penknife for one and 6, a quire of paper for 25 cents, the sixpence left from the knife I kept to spend.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were very well pleased to hear that Geo. Beckworth went home with you. The scholars use me well. They are not as rude as I expected. Mr. Prescott has twelve latin scholars. I am alone in my virgil. The vacation is this week I have got to the two hundred and sixth line. I try to get as much as I can but Master says I will not get through any quicker. I do not loiter in the streets. I think I will buy a pocket Bible. There are none now but Mr. Miller expects some soon. We keep on in exodus reading. I wish you in your next letter to send me the pen knife for the knife that I bought is a very poor one.

I suppose you cannot read half of the letter. I think it is the poorest writing I have ever written. I wish you to write to me every chance you can get. I have met with no accident [sic]/ Fruits are getting ripe. I could read both letters.

Your Son

Sheridan E. F. Bates

Plattsburg Sept. 13, 1827

Dear Mother,

Mr. Butler has been to Vermont and now is on his way home. He stopped here one night. Mr. Miller wished me to write a few lines home. We are all well. I wrote you a letter but had not a good pen. I hope you will write me a letter soon. During the vacation [sic] I got 40 lines a day through the first book. I have no news to mention. I have seen both the bible class is very pleasing to me. My last question was The parable of the good household Matt. 13. Fred and I went to his Uncle Platts and had a feast of pears. Four deaths this week. I wish very much for my penknife. Send it.

Your Son,

Sheridan E.F. Bates

Plattsburg Sept. 20, 1827

I received both letters and was very well pleased that you corrected mine. Tell Grandma etc. I have no news to write that would be interesting to them. My first letter was very bad. My knife would not mend a pen therefore you must excuse me. Master Miller has no boarders except a little girl. Tell Wm. I think of him very often and I suppose he is earnest in his training and if I was home I would fix his drum. My writine book is made like the others. I write most generally before noon 2 pages. It has been very dry here. All of the family are well. Mrs. Miller thinks it is well for Hariet Goldsmith. I think you would feel pleased and so I am about the bible Class. I think Mr. and Mrs. Miller are very good people and I feel pleased. Mr. (?) marriage is very pleasing.

Your Son,

Sheridan E.F. Bates

Dear Father,

Thank you for sending my penknife and in good order. You mention sharpening only on leather there is no whet stone here so I am obliged to. Your ox yoke I never lent and I do not know where it is. I am sorry if you have lost it. I have bought a bible and a very nice one for six shillings. It is of great use to me for the bible class. My general studies are sixteen lines a day in the virgil and parsing in English and spelling in the Dictionary. Master thinks he will put me at 30 in the 2nd book etc. I have not been homesick. The books are handy for me. The letter I wrote last I wrote while they were eating breakfast. I was in such a hurry I could not think of half I wanted to write. I hope some of my relations would write to me if they would I would write back to them with pleasure. I have everything I had when I left home except the come and Ma did you pay the sixpence to Mr. Hammond which was forgotten coming. When Vesta goes home will you mention it to her. I am pleased with Master Noys in school. I got and recited during the vacation 48 lines in the virgil. The school began Wednesday the vacation was one week and two days. During that time Fred and I went up to Isac [sic] Platts and eat a feast of pears, etc.

Your Son, Sheridan E.F. Bates

Dear Cozen,

A word or two to Hannah. I think I will mention your name although I have nothing to write. It would be very pleasing to receive a word or to [sic] from you. I attend school steady and get along very smooth in latin. I like to study it here. Mr. Prescot has about a hundred or so scholars in both rooms. Give my love to all. You must write when Ma does.

Your Cozen, Sheridan E.F. Bates

Dear Mr. Bates Thursday, Sept. 20th 1827

Sheridan handed me his letter requesting me to write in it. I have nothing new or interesting to write. He appears quite contented, his health has been very good and he seems to be pleased with his progress in his studies and school. He says he would not wish to go home if it were merely his being deprived attending the bible class. I think it is very interesting and it seems to have engaged his attention very much. We hear often from Caroline. She is quite contented and enjoys herself much better than she anticipated. Mrs. Whitcomb opened her school today. She did not return as soon as was expected and was not ready to commence until today. Yesterday and today it has been very rainy. We have wanted it very much for some time – blessings innumerable continue to flow in upon us, still we remain cold and insensible—every thing of a religious nature is very low. I sometimes feel that this is indeed given over, that our departures have been so great and our insensibilities such that we shall have left the stage before there can be an alteration in the habits and feelings of this place. We have looked and still do too much to ourselves without placing our dependence on Him who is able to do for us. I would not have you think I mean that means are not necessary—it is the want of them and of proper reliance upon our Heavenly Father. Remember us in your prayers, my dear friend, and believe me

Your affectionate friend,
Margaret

Mrs. M. Bates

Remember me affectionately to any who may inquire after me. Miss Miller wishes to be remembered to Mrs. Crosby and wishes to know how she is when you write again.

Miss Miller

I wish you to read Louisa's ticket.

Ft. Covington, Sept. 25, 1827

Dear Son,

I did not know till this morning that Col. Sanburn was going to Plattsburgh. I have to say I suppose you got the letter and knife by Mr. Crosby. Your mother is pretty well. Louisa is at home. Maria went up to Mr. Child's last week and brought Louisa and Caroline Childs home. Wm. D. is well, pretty and fat. You don't know how he trains at muster-time. The three go to school to Munson. He keeps it in the upper room of the school-house, began yesterday.

It is very health. We hear nothing from your Uncle William. Gramdman is to Mr. Child's It is very muddy here.

If I go to Burlington, Perhaps it will be next week but it is doubtful. I shant go at all unless it is dry and pleasant weather.

I hope your health is good. If not you must write me.

R. Bates

Ft. Covington, Sept. 1827

Dear Son,

We received both of your letters and were pleased that you wrote so well but some of your words were misspelled. You must be very careful about your spelling. And you forgot to mention your grandma, Aunt Sarah and sister Louisa in your letter. Louisa is at your Aunt Child's yet. I intend to go up after her the first pleasant day. Our family is quite small. I only Munson boards with us now. We miss you about the house very much. Your brother Wm. D. has been what he calls a training man all this week. He says, "If Sheridan was here he would fix my drum."

Mr. Crosby is going to New York, going to stay two months. Mr. Robings is quite sick of a fever, has not kept school for more than a week. Your grandpa Bates has been here and stayed three days. He inquired about Sheridan, wants you should do well, to study and to be good. Cozen Hannah says we must try to give you a chance to be a scholar.

Have you attended to writing any? You did not write.

Dr. Stevenson and baby (or lady/) made us a visit last week. Their eldest, they say, is in Canada studying the French language. It has been very rainy the last few days. I have a bad cold. Except for that we are all well. I have no news to write to you, my son.

Tell Mr. Miller, Harriet Goldsmith thinks she shall go to Potsdam to school and Nancy Hundson is going with her.

We feel pleased to have you attend the Bible class, hope you will learn a great deal by it. Be not afraid of making confidants of Mr. and Mrs. Miller and ask their advice when you need it. Never go out without their leave. Be careful not to give offense to old or young. If you should accidentally, ask their pardon.

We shall always remember Frederick with affection. My prayer is that you and he may both become followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Seek first the kingdom of God and all other things necessary will be added to you. Oh, that my life may be spared to see you pillars in the Church of God – ornaments to society and a blessing to your friends!

The next opportunity I mean to write to Miss Margaret. Tell her I thank her for letter, wish her to be so kind as to write again. Mr. Pamerly's marriage seems to gain the approbation of everyone. May God bless her in her undertaking.

Give my respects to the family and all who inquire,

Your affectionate Mother,

Mary Bates

Dear Son,

In the days of infancy you were ever with us. We dreamed of future years when you would be gone from us, but alas! Little did we realize the time would be so short. And your absence now of a few weeks calls forth the tenderest parental emotions for the welfare of our first-born.

But how different the circumstances of your separation from those attending the separation of many parents and children—you in health, surrounded with valuable friends, informing your tender mind, getting an education, living in a popular town where you enjoy many privileges, while other boys are doomed to slavery, obscurity and ignorance. Oh, my son, how many of your age and of riper years can say "I wish I enjoyed the privileges you possess!"

Parents are fond of their children. None can tell the anxiety they feel for their children. If parents every pray, they will pray God to keep their tender offspring. And if a child is disobedient, dissipated, unlikely, unmanly and ungodly, it will often bring a kind father or a tender mother with sorrow to the grave.

I have, I trust, a thankful heart to God that he gave me an opportunity to acquire a decent education. I trust in god for any attainments you may make that shall be of use to you and enable you to do good, if your days are prolonged, when you become a man.

Know, then, thy Father's God, my son in youth'

Receive thy Savior, trust the words of truth"

Call on his name that he will keep you in life, lengthen out your days, give you an understanding and make you one of his children.

So, my son, you see a parent's concern for an absent child.

Monday morn, Sept. 17

What I wrote before was last evening. I have sharpened your penknife. You must sharpen it only on leather if it gets dull. You must not cut a dry quill with it, it is not hard enough. I send it in this letter.

Sheridan, did you ever find my ox-yoke? Or do you know where it is?

You must be careful about spelling in your letters. You spelled "scholar" - This is not right. Your letters were much better than I expected you could write; the language and composition were very good.

Give my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Miller and all the family. Respects to Mr. Prescott.

It is possible I may see you in October, perhaps I may go to Burlington.

Buy a Bible of Esq. Miller Learn to write. Write at every opportunity.

Your affectionate father,

R. Bates

Place your words in a proper position in your superscription on the back of your letters.

Ft. Covington, Sept. 29, 1827

Sheridan,

I wrote you by Col. Sanburn. I presume you got the letter. He will be at home perhaps tonight. I expect one from you. I now have an opportunity to write by Mr. Tanner. No news. We are in good health. The body of the meeting house was raised yesterday. Will be finished today. I shall get you a pair of boots. Your mother says she has some woolen shirts for you. It is yet quite uncertain whether I go to Burlington. If not, we shall by some opportunity send them. We have not heard from you since we sent your knife. If you want any article of clothing or whatever, write us about it.

This makes two letters this week.

Affectionately,

Roswell Bates

October 1827

To Margaret

Dear Friend:

I remember I promised to write to you the next opportunity. My mind is a very unfruitful field or I might introduce some subject that might entertain you. But oh, my leanness! My leanness! Our heavenly father by his Apostle says ye shall not abide in the vine except ye bear fruit and let your fruit be until holiness. The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, long-suffering, meekness, patience, etc. but, alas! How little do these things abound in me! The commands of the Lord are exceeding broad. They reach to the thoughts and intents of the heart. How need we to watch and to put on the whole armour of God and having done all to stand having the loins (of your mind girt [sic] about with truth, keeping a continual warfare with the world, the flesh and satin [sic]. Dear sister in the Lord, there is a good work for us to do to keep ourselves in the love of God. Oh, let us pray often for God to assist us and may we study to show ourselves approved until him who is our rock and support. We re exhorted to "rejoice ever more, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks for this is the will of God concerning you."

The professed followers of Jesus here seem to have a sense of their dependence on God and for the most part we have good conference meetings yet we have reason to think we greatly lack somehow, our prayers for the outpouring of the Spirit here would be heard. We can sympathize with you in mourning for our own sinfulness and the abomination of our land. O that it may one day be said, where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.

Your mother inquired about Mrs. Crosby. Her health has been very poor ever since she returned from Presbytery but of late she expresses great peace in believing and seems much engaged in the important cause of religion.

Mr. Family's marriage seems to please the people of Malone very much. His children have been afflicted with sickness considerably since she came there. She renders herself very useful in the place she is in and it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.

I want to see your mother. I shall ever remember hers and your kindness to me last winter. I am glad Sheridan is so pleased with the Bible Class. I hope he will be a good boy as Frederick was.

Mary Bates, your friend

To Mr. Frederick Miller

Dear Frederick,

You are often inquired after here and Wm. always says when he wants to see Sheridan he wants to see Frederick too. Father Bates' people think that Frederick was a remarkably pleasant youth. Sidney says he wants to see you. Now if you would be wise, seek for that good part in Jesus which shall not be taken from you. Give my respects to your father and mother. Tell them we must claim a visit from them this ensuing winter. Remember me to all your brothers and sister.

Your friend,

M. Bates

Oct. 21st, 1827

Dear Sheridan,

It is about 8 weeks since you went from home. I have thought I should go out to see you but shall not go. It is very difficult leaving home though not sickly. I expect your mother has written most that will be news. (She wrote before me). Sheridan, Leslie Russell was admitted at the last Court as a lawyer. Has joined Mr. Hascall in company to practice law. So you see how well a young man can prosper if he is steady in his habits, correct in his morals and sober and studious. What a fine young man he is! How much his parents dote upon him! We feel very anxious for your welfare. We hope you are steady, manly, honest, sober, virtuous and good. A dissipated youth will surely wish to repent when it is forever too late. Remember God sees you and will bring you into judgment for every wicked work. We do not forget our first born in our prayers. We trust you also pray. Realize the blessing you now enjoy of getting an education. How many young lament that they have no opportunity to get learning, or if they had that they foolishly miss improve it. Many youths become brutes, ruin their health and lose their souls by not regarding their steps. The fondest father, the ten dearest mother would rather follow a beloved son to the grave than see him ruin himself as many young men do. Sheridan, be wise and may God bless you and make you a useful and wise young man.

Affectionately, farewell

Roswell Bates

Dear Son,

We received your letter by General Sanburn. Are happy to hear you are so well and interested and happy. Dear child, don't forget the numberless blessings which you daily [sic] receive from God, from him to whom you owe your breath and life. Do you pray and give thanks to your Savior in secret? I hope you do. I am glad you feel so interested in the bible Class. I hope you will treasure up many good things that you will never forget. You have a price given into your hands to get wisdom. Pray improve it. Watch over yourself that you think no evil nor do anything wrong.

Constable two weeks since and Cornelia A. Childs were here. They both go to school to Mr. Munson and your little brother Wm. too. Wm. has learned all his letters and reads in "ba." Louisa studies grammar and writes.

Your cousin Hannah H. has a fine daughter a little more than a fortnight ago.

Mr. Robins has not been able to keep school any since the next week after you left home.

Mr. Wallis has not quite finished his house yet. I went to Malone a week ago, left Tuesday with your pa when he went to Court. Had a good visit at your grandpa's, stayed most a week. Things go on as usual at home and at Dr. Paddock's. Steward Mears has returned and goes to school to Munson. James Briggs expects to keep school this winter. It is warm and rainy for the time of year. I want to send you

some flannel shirts. It is remarkably health but one death since you left home. That was one you did not know.

I will leave room for Louisa to write a word.
Your affectionate Mother B.

Dear Brother,

I thank you for that little letter your wrote to me. When I can write as nice I will write to you.
Louisa Bates

Sheridan,

We have had a long letter from your uncle, Bates, Randolph. They are in health and prosperity, will not visit us next winter. We have not heard from your uncle Wm. D. since you went from home. It is too late for him to visit us this year. I shall send your boots the first opportunity. Do you need anything besides? Write us soon. If no chance, write by mail when you receive this.

Louisa learns to write at school. Wm. goes steadily, reads in b a g , is very playful and healthy, calls your name often, says when Sheridan comes home he wants his new jacket and trowsers [sic].

R.B.

(This letter was written to "Master Sheridan C.F. Bates, Care of Esq. E. Miller, Plattsburg,N.Y., Dated Oct. 1827).

Nov. 5th, 1827

Sheridan,

I received your letter by Mrs. Culver. Was very glad to hear from you and Esq. Miller's people. You did well in getting a pair of shoes. I should have sent your boots if I had found a convenient opportunity. I now send them and two woolen shirts and a pair of stockings by Mr. Seymour. He will have them at Fouquett's. Your mom says you must take off the collars when the shirts are washed or ???.

We have no correct measure for the boots. The stockings will full up.

I am in great haste. We have no news. Mr. Blaisdell begins the district school to-day. Monson is done. Perhaps Mr. Roberts will teach the upper school. Mr. Crosby preached here yesterday. His family are well. I know nothing of his calculations except what was in the news-paper.

Wm. has got almost to Ca???

I shall go after you if the sleighing is good, probably in about four weeks. Write a soon as you get this by mail so I may know if you get it.

There will be nothing to pay for your things at Fouquett's. I hope the boots will suit. Be a good scholar. Learn to write. Don't wet your feet. Keep warm.

R. Bates

Sheridan C.F. Bates Care of Esq. Miller Plattsburgh. By Mr. Seymour

November 19th, 1827

Dear Father,

I feel very happy to receive two letters one at the post office and one in a bundle at Foquets. It was only by chance that I got there by chance Mr. Chase called in here this evening and told me that there was a bundle at Mr. Foquets and a letter at the post office. It is pretty dark but I go over it is about three quarters of a mile and get it and then over to the postoffice [sic] and get them. I am glad to hear of Leslie Russell and wish I was as smart. I am making great progress in my studies. I should like very much to stay here during the winter but you must come and see me. I think it would be an injury to me to take me away. Master wishes me to board with him.

Dear Mother,

We are all pretty well. Mr. Miller has had a sore foot but it is better. Fred has had the rheumatism, etc. The Bible class is changed. They have gotten books 12 cents each. I attend (I am very happy to learn that my dear brother learns to read so fast and hope he will prosper in it.) I wish Hannah much pleasure with her daughter. What's its name? I should like to see home very much. Fred and I send our love to Stewart Mears. I hope James Briggs will prosper in his school. It is cold. I received 2 shirts, a pair of stockings and boots and letter in the bundle and in the postoffice.

My clothes are all sufficient for use. My boots are just right.

Dear Sister,

I received your letter and pleased to think you had courage to write. Sheridan E.F. Bates

I have written this letter fast as I could.

Nov. 26, 1827

Dear Sheridan,

We received your letter by Mrs. Culver. I soon wrote you again by Mr. Seymour who was going to New York. We sent by him to be left at Fouquette's a small bundle containing a pair of boots, some stockings and flannel shirts for you. A letter in the bundle for you also a letter Mr. Seymour took in his pocket for you. Have you received them? I requested you to write me by mail as soon as you received them that we need not feel uneasy. We have had no letter by mail or otherwise since.

I charged Mr. Seymour not to forget and carry the whole with him to N. York. He will return very soon. If you have not got these articles ask Esq. Miller to be so kind as to go to Fouquette's and see about it. If Mr. Seymour forgot he will have them on his way home. He knows who they are for. But I expect you got them and will dismiss the subject.

If you have behaved as well as Frederick did while he was here, it is all we could ask and think Mr. Miller's people by this time set much store by you, for surely to us Frederick seemed much like a son. I shall go after you the very first good sleighing. We have had none yet. We have now about three inches of snow.

We are in usual good health. No particular news. Write a few lines by the bearer who puts up at Mr. Crudy's. There are two or three of them after Mr. Hitchcock's goods. If there comes a little more snow here, I shall immediately go after you. Write or get Miss Margaret to write a line by the bearer.

Regards to the family.

1828

Bangor, April 13, 1828

Honored and dear mother,

At this time I write with pen dipped in grief, not because I am the guilty cause of wounding the bosom of my mother or causing the vitals of affection to bleed. No, but because when the vine is smitten the branches must weep and wither. As children, we must necessarily partake with a much loved parent largely in every pain and pleasure, every sorrow and joy. Are tears her repast and affliction her lot, and I not be afflicted? Certainly never! Be assured that the report you mentioned as coming to your ears has given me great pain, not in consequence of the least truth in it, for I never was accused of intemperance in meat nor drink. I am free from that sin and no story, no suspicion of the kind has ever so much as been sent into circulation hereabouts. This, the viperous tongue of slander with us has not attempted. But I am grieved that some demon should be permitted to forge lies of such crimson malignity and then to bind them flaming upon the heart of the best of mothers. May God forbid that I do anything to wound her feelings, to dishonor myself or my family, and to injure the cause I have long professed to love! It is true I

have been called to discharge the duties of several relations. I have ben tried in the furnace of affliction and I have ben again and again slandered without a cause. But all things shall work together for good for them that love God. We cannot expect to travel through a rugged world to heaven on a carpet of silk. I am aware I have both ardent, fast friends and bitter enemies. Sometimes envy is enraged, where it sees friendship toward us warm and devoted. To blow one's own trumpet of fame is vain and foolish – still by the favor of Divine Providence, I am holding the office of Judge of Probate for my county, a justice of Peace thro' the state, a Notary Public, at the last annual town meeting moderator, and two years ago or more was without my request appointed sheriff of this county – which office I declined accepting. Would not all this be strange if (Wm. J.W. or Mrs. J.W.) were a companion of drunkards.

But truth and duty require me to state some parts which I will correctly and shortly repeat, as I related to you in the letter you did not receive. A year ago last summer I was the Republican candidate for Congress. Sam Call, editor of the B. Register, printed in this village, slandered me and abused me outrageously—still a large plurality of votes was given me – more than any other, but no choice was made there being several candidates. I then declined another run. In the meantime, Call, a highway surveyor finding me regardless of all he printed in the paper, ordered the laborers to plough and make a ditch along close to my front door and office. This being against law, I forbade him proceeding in the business, and took a stick to stop the oxen, which he seized and endeavored to wrest it from my hands – a period of not more than five minutes ensued, when my wife requested me to go into the house—and I left the ground and he made his ditch – which, however, the selectmen immediately in writing ordered to be filled. The court was then in session. He ran off and complained to the grand jury – an indictment was found-against me. I stood on my defense. This jury was out all night, and could not agree, though all were for acquitting except three. The jury in the second trial at the next court were together till midnight when one of the jurors was taken in a fit and fell from his seat and they all separated and the prosecution was given over and abandoned, there being only two against me and the in my favor. The church then took the business in hand and required me to make a public acknowledgement in the meeting-house. This I have declined to do because I had broken no law of society or of the land, Call having been found to be the aggressor. In each trial, there was on the jury a member of the Church and they were both in favor of acquittal. I acknowledged to the Church that I was in a passion, I was exceedingly sorry and asked their forgiveness. But no, because I declined making a public confession, the Church has suspended me from the Communion! I am not yet restored, though about half the male members are in favor of restoration. The opponents are unfortunately my political foes – such as Deacon Adams, George and John Barker, T. Bartlett, etc. it is thought they are not entirely free from prejudice.

This is a fair, unvarnished statement of facts. My feelings in this affair have suffered excessively. I have ever endeavored to keep a close walk with God and a conscience void of offence. I know what heart-relentings [sic] are. I think I ardently love the blessed Savior and his religion and am often refreshed by the dews of divine grace. I am sure I have been persecuted. But if we would walk godly in Christ Jesus, we must suffer persecution. The present revival has softened, I am told, in some places my opposing brethren's feelings. Pure brotherly love as taught by our Lord, will in lively exercise cure all. Dear mother, pray for me – my brothers and sisters, too. I never wished to see them and you more than now. I thank Sister Mary for her good letter. I intended to have written to her in this letter but the story related has prevented.

I am your dutiful and affectionate son,
Wm. D. Williamson
To Mrs. Mary Williamson, Ft. Covington, NY

Belfast, May 12, 1828
Dear Sister,

Your and your husband's letter announcing the heart-rending condition of our dear mother is just received. Tho' from her age and general feeble health, I ought to have been prepared for such news, I find it takes deep hold of my feelings and totally unmans me for my ordinary business. As long however as

there is life there is hope and I cannot but hope she will yet survive altho it would appear from Dr. B's letter that nothing short of a miracle can raise her.

By the same mail I received a letter from Dr. Paddock, dated two days earlier. He was not so despairing of her recovery. I shall now await the arrival of every mail with breathless anxiety and in the meantime be agitated by hopes and fears. Yet while I am now writing, she may not be in the land of the living. O! How many thoughts and emotions now rush upon me! How I regret that I could not have visited her and administered the little comfort that my presence could afford her! But I must adjust myself to the painful thought that I may never behold her face again!

I have written to Brother Geo. By this day's mail I shall forward the letter to Bro. Wm. D. tomorrow. I regret to hear of your feeble state of health – hope you will be better on the return of summer.

My family are quite well. Our little girl, now over 20 months old, is a little plaything. We often tell her about her N.Y. relations and she has long been able to speak the name of her “grandma.” She has no grandmother on her mother's side and I always felt a strong desire for them to see each other, especially as she is her name-sake. That gratification shall I never enjoy!

My wife heartily sympathizes with me in this affliction and could not read your letter without gushes of tears. She, too, was anticipating seeing our mother at not distant day and promised herself much satisfaction from such an acquaintance.

Remember us both to you husband and family and say to Dr. Paddock that his letter is duly received.

In haste but with unabated affection,
Your brother,
Joseph Williamson
(to Mrs. Mary Bates)

Belfast, July 17, 1828

Mr. Roswell Bates,

Dear Sir,

I inclose [sic] the letter to our dear mother. Wm. has made a proposition to meet her at Woodstock. Hope her health will be such as to spend the residue of her days with us.

I cannot express the relief the last letter under her own hand afforded us after her dangerous illness. My great anxiety is that she may survive till I can see her once more. I wrote asking information from you of the distances, manner of journeying, etc. to region. But I cannot, after all, promise with any degree of certainty a journey thither during the season, the state of the courts and my family being such as to render it next to impossible to leave home. We have just closed the sup. Court in this place. We have one term of court next week, another in August and a third in September.

Give my love to all and believe me with true affection,
Joseph Williamson

Belfast, Aug. 19, 1828

Dear Sir,

The receipt of mother's letter dated the first of this month has given me great trouble and anxiety about your wife. She wrote that she was at that date at the point of death but communicated no particulars.

Do write on the receipt of this.

In haste,
Joseph Williamson

Belfast, Sept. 24, 1828

Dear Sir,

The death of your dear wife, tho' not altogether unexpected, was extremely affecting. The short letters previously received from mother led us to suppose that her case was dangerous and in some measure prepared our minds for the melancholy tidings your last letter contained. But I found, after all, that my hopes were far greater than my fears; and from the lapse of time after the note of hers I began to reason myself into the hope that the beloved partner of your bosom was yet alive and I thought I should again behold the face of a beloved sister. The event has opened another wound in our family which will never be healed! The recollections of our childhood and the disappointed hopes of one day visiting her in the bosom of her family continually occupy my mind and weigh heavily upon my heart I know her feeble constitution and consequent precarious hold she had on life but I by no means anticipated the event. I know that others of a like feeble health had lived for years and had been a blessing to their families and friends even to old age. I hoped that she might also have been continued.

I most sincerely condone [?] with you in your affliction. None but those who lose a companion can describe the heart-rending feelings you endure and even they cannot describe the keen anguish, the solitary hours, the empty void, and the impenetrable gloom with which everything is shrouded in such an event! And you look around on your young family thus early bereft of a tender mother, I know your heart bleeds at every pore. Who shall give them a mother's instruction? Who shall impart to them that care which only a mother can bestow? Who shall, in short, protect those buds and hopes but a mother? But I may be opening the wounds of your heart afresh and add new pangs to your grief and I will forbear.

The deceased was a woman of uncommon firmness and strength of mind. The great duties of life which she marked out in her mind she scrupulously adhered to. She possessed a fine understanding and an amiable and benevolent heart. She allowed no consideration to shake her faith or carry her from the line of her duty. These were some of the leading traits in her character and for which I have often heard others say she was distinguished. You yourself know her deep piety and her worth. While it is to be regretted that she could not have been spared, it is a source of consolation to her friends that she has left such a character behind and so bright an example for her offspring to imitate.

The sad news I lost no time in communicating to Bro. George and I inclosed [sic] your letter to William by the earliest mail. I have this day received a letter from our honored and beloved mother dated Sept. 5th and it was particularly consoling after this bereavement to know that her health was so good. Please to say to her that her letter shall soon have an answer.

I want very much to see you and your children who I am assured are promising. Give my own love and that of my wife to all and believe me

Affectionately yours,
Joseph Williamson

Bangor, Nov. 14, 1828

Dear Sir:

Your affecting and interesting letter has been often read since received and I have as often determined immediately to answer it. But I am a feeble mortal to administer consolation. I can feel for you, yes with a heart that bleeds when in mind I visit you. I know what anguish your soul is subject to when you see the little motherless children playful, beautiful, insensible of their irreparable loss and think that the hand that fed them and the bosom that loved them is cold in death, and the tongue that taught them and prayed for them is silent in the grave. Alas! These thoughts bring to mind former scenes but too powerfully – scenes which have cost me many a tear. But our Divine Lord who was never known to laugh was often seen to weep; he is kindred to us according to the flesh; he has connected earth with heaven; he pities those who love him with healing, heavenly sympathy. Mary, your dear wife and my affectionate sister, was always amiable, possessed fine sense and was well beloved in her father's house and by all her acquaintances, so far as I ever heard by the church of Christ and, what is infinitely more by her dear Savior also. While she spent a part of a year at my house we had a season of secret prayer for my first beloved wife, them without any hope in Christ, that she might in heart find and embrace him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. It was a season long to be remembered—and now both, I trust, are in a

world where pain and parting are never known! Perhaps that will make them sing glory the sweeter! I have long thought Sister Mary to have been a very lively Christian. And I know therefore that her society to her husband and instructions to her children are the more ?? But have you not for years observed in her the grace of progressive sanctification? Have not the fair fruits of righteousness been manifestly ripening? If then she was prepared for the upper Paradise, for the immediate presence of the great Immanual [sic], the Regent of Heaven itself and for the raptures of immortals there, oh you to pray for the spirit of acquiescence in the divine dealings; - for though the lover and friend is separated into darkness to us, it is a pillar (?) of uncommon light to her. Would you not even leave your dear children and be with her if god should call you also? I know this is a hard question, for if one be willing to die yet to leave the little, wistful pledges of mutual affection to take their devious courses thro' life s a thought which must pull us back again to earth. May you have the wisdom of God to guide you, the grace of God to comfort you, and your children be rich blessings to you and the Church of Christ. I thank you for the particulars you were pleased to give me of her sickness, the state of her mind and her last expressions. It was a blessing to live with such an one, but infinitely greater to die such an one! Carefully shall these memorials of her be preserved till that great change when I shall hopefully see her once more, never, never to part!

Farewell,

W.D. Williamson

Nov. 14, 1828

To my honored Mother, I desire from my full heart to say something. Thro' what a variety of trying scenes you have in your life been called to pass! A husband and three children have been wrested from your affections; but you have had the melancholy consolation of seeing them in their last moments of life, of hearing their testimony of Jesus and following their precious remains to the house appointed for all living. Nor have you been called to mourn these bereavements without a hope of their better state. If there be indeed joy in Heaven amongst the heavenly hosts, over one that repents may not the spirit of our dear Mary have been hailed by these of her father, her brother, her sister and the wives of unworthy me, and they have bid her welcome with more exalted notes of praise to him - their Redeemer? Grace, (?) eternity and glory are mighty themes! But I must change the subject so far as to thank you for the very acceptable letters you have written me since your sickness. I feel for you in particular in the death of our dear Mary. I wish I could administer to you a drop of comfort. Do you still think of coming to Bangor next winter! If so, I should be glad to know it soon that I might make arrangements; for though my connection with the Bangor Bank has occasioned a loss of about two thousand dollars to me, which has drained me of money, I am still disposed to aid your coming if you so wish, though I have to borrow the money to do it. I have not been out of this county this year, therefore you mistook when you supposed I was about visiting Judge White's family last summer. I have never been there since you were here. Let me know what you necessities are as to money etc. Please write soon.

I am most obediently -

Wm. Williamson

P.S. Please give me a particular account of your children especially little Wm. D. Make my most affectionate respects to my dear sisters and their husbands. I think I never wanted to visit a place so much as I do your portion of the country. By the blessing of God, my Mrs. W., self and child are in health. William thinks of going to college next fall. Harriet has been in school this summer. Caroline was married with W. N. Haynes about two months ago and has gone to housekeeping. W.N. is a lawyer settled in this town and editor of a paper called The "Gazette Republican." He is a very zealous advocate for the (?) of Gen. Jackson. One reason for delaying to write you is this—last Saturday I closed two terms of the courts—of about four weeks.

Belfast, Nov. 17, 1828

Dear Sir (to Roswell Bates),

It was my intention to have written at some length in this envelope, but the way is closed and I have time to say but little. We are anxious to be informed whether it would be practicable to transport our mother to Maine the ensuing winter. To defray her past expenses and those to come, we rely on the proceeds of our late father's farm of which Bro. George has the care. Did we not rely on this fund we should transmit now by mail – I will write bro. George whether he has or will visit Woodstock for the purpose of receiving payment. In the meantime we hope she will have the comforts of life.

In haste but sincerely yours,
Joseph Williamson

1829

Potsdam, March 28, 1829

Dear Friend,

I received the two papers with much pleasure. The piece on child-bed fever we consider very good and I have no doubt they will have the effect of arousing the importance of immediate attention to that most alarming malady particularly the well informed and those that are not determined that they will not receive information (and such you know there are). (Medical recipes follow)

There is young widow of I should think about thirty-two. I think she would suit you. If you could bargain with her she would undoubtedly make you a very happy help-mate. It is Mrs. Sackrider. I do not know as she wants a husband. I suppose, however, that most of the widows do. She keeps a boarding-house here. A woman of first-rate talents and very good –looking. She has, by the way, three children.

You will please write me. I never begrudge paying postage and I should be glad to receive newspapers at any time.

Yours most respectfully,
J.R. Munson

Potsdam, Aug. 12, 1829

Dear Friend (First part of letter omitted, being mere formal apologies.)

I have attended two cases of puerperal fever successfully, the only cases of the kind I have ever had to deal with, one while MacChesney was gone to New York, the other since his return. The first I bled about three times, in all about 70 oz. of blood were abstracted. Gave very large doses of calsudorific(?). Kept up a constant cathartic effect during the excitement. The patient though very sick recovered. She was attacked after three days of rather tedious labor, the first indication of which was the breaking of the membranes and consequent loss of the water. Labor continued, though not hard 24 hours. Child born at seven months gone. Living. Weighed 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds with all its clothes on. Is growing well. On the attack of the fever the patient had hard pain in the region of the uterus and extreme tenderness on pressure, pulse 120 in a minute.

The other patient was female, bled twice in all, about thirty ounces, pulse 130. Very small and feeble. Treatment as the other. Though they are mending, yet they both occasionally have a return of the pain in the region of the uterus. This pain continued to return 'til I applied blisters to the region which effectually removed it. They are now in good health. These cases were both since I received the Franklin Republican which you sent. It was of much use to me. I should consider it a favor if you would send me up a paper occasionally. We have no paper printed here now.

You have three or four students, I understand. Briggs, I hear, has gone to read with you. That I think cannot be any credit to Paddock's tutor-ship. I do not wonder, however, at the preference, though Dr. P. should do according to the best of his ability. Paddock, I understand, is expected to take a wife soon. I suppose you think some of it as you have a family and it is much more pleasant to have them all at home, and though you now can have them all at home, yet it is better to have a companion and one who will take more interest in the management and concern of the family than the mere love of gain will induce. And the best wish I can make you is that you shall get one so intelligent, so rational in all things

and so amiable as Mrs. Bates was, the recollection of whose goodness of heart I shall ever carry with me to my grave.

Miss Harriet[sic] Goldsmith is here from your place to attend the Academy. Henry Clark's folks are all well. – his youngest child has had a case of the dysentery but has recovered. Clark has bought out that share of the Plattsburg and Ogdensburg line of stage from Canton to Bangor. He soon expects to move to Canton with his family.

My health is remarkably good. Am able to attend to all the cases in the line. You will please write me.

I remain your most affectionate friend,
I.S. Munson

1831

Feb. 15, 1831

My dear Son, (to Roswell Bates)

As I cannot bear to think that all correspondence is at an end forever with your wife's brothers, I thought I would write to you once more to let you know that we have not forgotten you. I often think of the many pleasant hours I have spent by your fireside, but they are passed by and gone never to return. Oh, I am ready to say, oh that it was with us as in months when the candle of the Lord shone round my head, when my children were about me! I mean my daughters. Although it is more than two years since Polly died, yet it comes as fresh oftentimes into my mind as if it were last week. I shall mourn for my beloved daughters as long as I live. Though their brothers mourn for them, yet they cannot feel like parents. I often think if their father was living I would have one to mourn with me that could feel the stroke! But now I am a mournful widow, have buried half the children that ever I had. But let me not dwell too long on my troubles tho' I cannot overcome them. But I think sometimes it will not be long before I shall be called out of time into an never-ending eternity, and if prepared I shall meet my dear children in a far happier state than any there can be in this world of sorrow May I ever be giving all diligence to make my calling sure and election safe for the salvation that is brought unto us—that denying ungodliness and every worldly lust, I should live soberly and righteously and godly, looking for that blessed hope and glorious appearing of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ that when he shall appear I may be like him for I shall see him as he is. I must ask you if you make progress in the divine life, if you get the victory over the world, if you come off conqueror over all your spiritual enemies and so run as to obtain the victory? If you do, I say I wish you godspeed! I want to see your children! Do tell them about me! Don't let them forget me while I live! I should mention first that I want to see you. Why cannot you come and bring Sheridan? We should all be very glad to receive you. Do write and tell me how the children grow and every thing that is interesting! – especially how religion flourishes – whether the two churches have united together and how the state of religion is at French Mills. – whether Mr. Savage gives as good satisfaction as when I was there?

As to my health, it has been much better since I came down here. I stay some of my time with William and some of my time with George and the rest with Joseph. My daughters are very kind to me. My daughters-in-law are as kind to me as if I was their own mother. They do all in their power to make me comfortable. So I have no reason to complain. My religious privileges are very great while here for which I am thankful. Oh, may I make a wise improvement of these and all other of the mercys [sic] that I received may it ripen for me for a happy state beyond the grave!

I know not what more to write that would be interesting. I must therefore come to a close, wishing you happiness in the conjugal state.

I must subscribe myself,
Your affectionate mother,
Mary Williamson

Please give my love to Mrs. Bates and all the children, and accept the same yourself.

Bangor, Feb. 16, 1831

My dear sir, (to Roswell Bates)

Though death has made breaches in our family connections, the relationship between us who survive has not changed. You will look upon the poor children, the fruits of the marriage with our dear sister, as not only kindred but dear to us. May you have great consolation in them! May they all be ornaments to society. May they all be impressed with the divine image of their Lord who was according to the flesh once a babe in Bethlehem. Their mother was a loved sister or ours, never to be forgotten. We hope you are happy in the present marriage union. What we have learned of the lady's worth and accomplishments has given quite favorable impressions. We hope you are prosperous as a bountiful Providence enables us to speak of ourselves. My only son is in college, my other is now with us and the health of my family good.

Accept these few lines as a testimony of my respect and friendship, and believe me heartily yours till death.

Wm. D. Williamson

Randolph, June 19th, 1831

Brother Roswell,

On the 12th I rec'd two letters from you, one dated Feb. 17, the other the 20th of May, and one from father dated May 29. It gave me pleasure to hear that you were all well as I had not heard a word from you since last fall except I rec'd a single newspaper from you sometime in the winter. I cannot learn from any of your letters that you received mine of November last as you make no mention of it. I then wrote with particular reference to your demand for money, wishing of you to get along if possible without calling on me as I thought as I had suffered so much from the freshet which was not less than \$500 in everything, and asking if you could not to write me that I might know for a certainty. But I have not had heard a word from you til now except from the paper last winter which gave me some relief in my mind to hear of the termination of the Paddock case.

Now, which way, or where to get the money I know not. At this time of year there is no money stirring among us in this place, none that I can hire, nothing that I can sell til produce turns late in the fall. We cannot tell future events. It has turned out bad. My two journeys to French Mills and the little I paid father took a pretty good hole out of it and the freshet stripped me of what I could have raised besides the damage to my farm. I lost my whole year withal my hired help. I lost all my hay on the interval (and it was all to hay and corn) I cut only about five tons on the hill for all my cattle. I had to sell such as would for half price and buy hay or starve my cattle through the winter. I don't know what more to do. You shall have the money this fall if I have to sell the farm to get it and I cannot say before. It was a poor plan, my getting Wiley here. He lived with me a little over a year. It was impossible for me to pay him as much as he wanted. Irish men want to be in their own company, are easily taken up with new plans. Wm. Alburt (Irish) flattered him up to go and live with him and I let im go. I can hire cheaper. Jimmie lives with me. He is bound and a good boy. We all like him and William is bound to Uncle Thomas and he is a good boy. It was a long time before I could settle with Wiley. We at last did settle and passed receipts.

We are all well – a healthy time here. Roswell, come and see us. You know nothing about us, the freshet tore us all to pieces on the branch. Stability is destroyed and no prospect of anything being built. Tell father Maj. Ford died about a month after the freshet, not worth one dollar. It was a finishing stroke to Deacon Salisbury. His farm was tore all to pieces. John Moulton, I consider worth nothing at all.

(A number of deaths follow)

Zion languishes –nothing but Jacksonians, Clayisms and – what is the meanest of all, Anti-isms.

I am all alone, Roswell. I have but one brother and one sister. How much satisfaction I should take if I was so situated that I could call and see you all once in a while --Father and mother too -- I want to see them. Tell father to take his horse and wagon and fetch mother down here when it's convenient and make us a visit – go home again, no set time.

I have heard from Hartland, all well though Grandsire is almost or quite helpless – Hiram Bass's wife of Braintree died last night—she that was Rebecka Herrick – child-bed.

Prudy and children send compliments ti Sister Phoebe and children.

No more,

P. Bates

[Footnote from Wikipedia: The term *freshet* is most commonly used to describe a spring thaw resulting from snow and ice melt in rivers located in the northern latitudes of North America, particularly Canada, where rivers are frozen each winter and thaw during the spring. A spring freshet can sometimes last several weeks on large river systems, resulting in significant inundation of flood plains as the snow pack melts in the river's catchment area. Spring freshets associated with thaw events are sometimes accompanied by ice jams which can cause flash floods.]

Randolph, Nov. 27th, 1831

To Roswell Bates, Ft. Covington, N.Y.

Dear Brother,

I received your letter dated Nov. 7th on the 17th, likewise one from father and family dated Nov. 15th mailed from Malone and informing us all was well. We heard on the 24th a strange and uncertain rumor which was this. Eliphalet was at Washington or Chelsea, Monday the 21st and thee saw a young man who arrived at that place from Malone (I did not learn his name) who said that an old Mr. Bates of Malone was riding in his wagon [sic] down a hill, the horse's back-sgtraps gave way and let the wagon upon the horse which frightened him to a run. Mr. Bates jumped out and broke both of his legs. They sent to French Mills for his son a doctor who went there in haste and other doctors with him, but before they got there Mr. Bates was dead. The young man was at work on the road. Uncle E. did not ask the man when this happened and this is all we know of this story. All this may be, we hope it is, a mistake but fear it may be confirmed by letter soon.

We are all well – no news. Mrs. English is dead. The reformation rather subsides, I fear, but the Lord is yet good and his mercy endures. Roswell, respecting the oil: it is worth \$1 per gallon barrel. I am, or shall be, able to make out pretty much all that money for you but how to get it to you I do not know. I can make out \$150 now. I am engaged in going to Boston this winter if my health will allow. I shall look for some chance to send it to you. Sherman feels thankful for your kind offer, but I cannot spare him, he is our mainstay. I have lately written a lengthy letter to father and have now nothing new to write.

Peter Bates

1832

Burlington, Vt. 27th Dec. 1832

Dear Sir:

I can easily imagine how great must be your surprise on receiving at this late day a reply to your favor of the wed of Sept. Long before this you must have given me up as a poor correspondent, at least, if not as something worse.

Although I have in fact no sufficient excuse for this long silence, yet my own duty to myself and a proper respect to you demand of me the following statement of the facts of the case.

When your account of an operation performed for the removal of the thyroid gland was first received it would have been acknowledged promptly but for a slight indisposition which made writing a difficult sort of work. The proper time for acknowledgment thus passed by. I was at that time exceedingly busy and proposed to myself to let the letter lie till such time as I should speak of the disease of this gland. Before that time came I found that I must take care of my health – must do as little labor as possible and scarcely wrote a letter for two months, more or less. And in this way the time kept passing

by and your letter remained unanswered. When the proper time for doing anything is allowed to pass, you well know how apt we are to postpone it indefinitely.

I am much interested in the case and related it to the medical class. I inferred that the operation was successful and that the patient is now living although I say nothing on that point. If the patient died in consequence of the operation, either directly or indirectly, I should be very glad to know it. It certainly was a very formidable operation and one which I should be loath to undertake. Still the condition of the patient fully justified the attempt and the operation certainly reflects great credit on the surgeon.

Most respectfully your obedient servant,
Ben. Lincoln

[Footnote: Benjamin [Lincoln], born 1802; was without doubt the man who conferred the greatest distinction upon the town of Dennysville; from his father he inherited a love of nature, a zest of life, and a buoyant spirit; from his mother he derived a sensitive spirit, an unselfish and philanthropic sentiment, and the capacity for speculative and abstract thought. He graduated at Bowdoin College in his twentieth year; spent five years in the study of medicine, and commenced practice in the city of Boston in the autumn of 1827. The following year, having accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures at the University of Burlington, Vermont, on anatomy and physiology, he was elected to the professorship there of those branches of science, and took up his residence in that town, acquiring at once a high reputation also as a practicing physician. He died in 1835, at the early age of thirty-two. – from http://dunhamwilcox.net/me/me_bio_lincoln.htm]

1834

Goffstown, NH, March 23, 1834

To: Mr. John Stark, Ft. Covington, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

We received your letter a few days since and by my sister's request, I answer it in her words. "I have carefully perused your statements and compared them with my own feelings. Think the description you give of the hip-disease compares with my case. I will now simply answer your questions. I have always been able to roll the lame knee in and out nearly as much as the other, to bend the knee entirely back and as far forward as the contracted state of the muscles underneath will allow. To press hard on the bone which you have described outside of the thigh produces no more pain than the said pressure would halfway down the thigh. There is an inward soreness and heat about the hip joint which any slight motion irritates. When the thigh is straight with the body, for another to press hard and quick on the knee upward produces no unusual pain. To press hard on the groin backward hurts deep in. The hip is very much drawn forward. This bone which you mention outside of the thigh is considerably further from the center of the body than the bone in the other thigh. I cannot define the exact place of pain in my back. The whole seems to be affected as high as the top of the hips. I have a great deal of pain in both of the hip joints which come on to the back. The pain in my back does not appear to be deep but has as much internal heat about it as if something hot was constantly applied. To sit up hurts the bottom of the back bone sometimes more than it does at others. It does not hurt to press anywhere on the back except after a violent attack or pain. If I remain comfortable a few days the pain leaves the back. I cannot now bear my weight on what I call the well limb without seriously affecting the hip joint of that side where it comes onto the back.

I cannot tell you on which side of the thigh the pain runs down to the knee. It is very painful on all sides from the hip to the toes and is continually growing worse. I have frequently cold chills running across my back and down to the feet which are succeeded by a very unnatural heat over the whole frame more particularly in the afternoon.

We would acknowledge to you our gratitude for the terms on which you offer to come and should you now think it worth while [sic] we wish you to come without delay. All I have done for me now is a

caustic issue four or five inches in circumference. Dr. Renton, my attending physician, has visited me but twice since last Sept., once since my brother left here.

Yours with respect,

M. Stark by R. Stark

The issue is made back of the bone on the thigh and a little below. The occasion why I direct this letter to you is we wish to have it thought if Dr. Bates should come, you sent him without our knowledge.

R. Stark

Sept. 10, 1834

(To Sheridan who has just gone to Burlington College)

Dear Sheridan,

I rec'd your letter tonight's mail, dated Sept. 3. I have just put up a bed, pillows, straw bed-tick, ? coverlet, sheets etc. but Cleveland says stage will ask \$15 for carrying and he fears will leave it at Chateaugay; but Daniel ? goes to Plattsburg to-morrow [sic] or next day. I shall probably get him to carry it. Directed to Capt. D. Lyon's boat. I shall pay fare to Plattsburg, you will pay boat fare. Gore is going south Saturday stage. You can see him on the boat and possibly your box with him. I operated for the hare lip. It is well. Last Saturday I amputated Mr. Furman's leg. It is doing well. Dr. Green of Rutland, Dr. Clark of Canton and our doctors were present. The limb was off and dressed in fourteen minutes. I think he will recover.

It has been general training to-day[sic]. S. Thorndyke has returned. I shall be at Furman's Saturday to dress the stump, was there yesterday and dressed it.

We are quite well. It is now ten o'clock, evening. I saw by Mrs. Weed going south to-morrow's stage. You must write me more. Where do you board? What do you pay? How did you pass the examinations? In what class are you? Who teaches? Are all the professors there? Is Lincoln dead? Are doctors thick? What do they say about another? Have you any lectures? How many scholars? How many in your class? Is Bissell there? What is he? How did you get ahead on first arrival? Whom did you see first and were they glad to see you? Who examined you, how much and how long and in what?

It is possible or Gore will not go so soon but look for them. The box shall be there as soon as possible. It is my long box in the office chamber, quite full. Cleveland fears the stage would leave it at Chateaugay for sake of room. It may be on some other boat than Lyon's. Your name is written on the wood with pen and ink. A letter tucked into the side before I knew of Mrs. Wood's going. I carried the box down, put it into the stage, brought it back again when I learned the Russell and Gore were going... Stam and Stiles board here. Take a good time and write me lengthily. Farewell,

R. Bates

Ft. Covington, Sept. 12, Friday Evening.

Sheridan,

I wrote you by Mr. Mead two days ago but as Mr. Gore is going and probably will see you, he can hand this to you.

I have nothing new. Shall go to Malone to-morrow to dress Forman's limb. A blind woman has just come into the village from Odgensburg to see if I can help her. I fear no help. Mrs. Foster is very sick of puerperal fever. Symptoms a little better to-day. I doctor her. Mr. Foster is almost distracted about her. Whiting is getting better. James Phelps has moved into the big house. Mr. Branch and wife just gone to-night for the west --- to Hogsburg to-night. They were misused here very much by the Corporation, they think. I think it probable.

Sheridan, do you know anything about the office key? Where it is, has been, or may be? When, where did you see it? -- in the house or in the office?

I am directed to say, put your top sheet for the under one every next week. Can we send you anything more? If so, mention it. I am depending on a long letter soon. Seems to me Peter will not be here

from Randolph for now is quite time to come before corn harvest. Make inquiries about doctors. See if it will amount to anything.

It is late. I must stop and send this to Mr. Gore.

Farewell,

R. Bates

Maria and Louisa are in the other room. They say give their love to Sheridan. Bill is sleepy but must carry this. Monday, Sept. 14 – Mr. Gore did not go to-morrow's stage. I'm afraid you will never get your box. Forman is doing well. Write if you have not done so. Keep that box for a woodbox. R.B.

Ft. Covington, Sept. 22, 1834

Dear Sheridan,

I rec'd yours, dated 13th ins., last evening. Concerning A. Lincoln as I expected, he will never be back...I almost wish you had gone direct to Middlebury from here. They are so particular at Burlington, they injure their school. Not enough graduates to publish their commencement! Coburn such a wonderful scholar! The only graduate that year—no wonder he was the best! I.L. ? studied at home, entered sophomore, graduated in three years, kept school half the time. It looks to me like straining at a gnat. Money is quite an object with them. I have just been reading their college laws. They say if your bonds are not executed in three weeks, you must pay for one year. If you enjoy the privileges and pay five and that if you enjoy the privileges you must pay for a year whether you stay or not. (page 6) Do you have to pay room rent in college? Do they think you will not keep school this time? I wonder if in college boys keep school winters? And if you do (and you must) they will keep you back freshman till next commencement?

Parkhurst, Jo Williamson, Russel were not so kept back and I can tell Burlington College they are not thought to be as superior abroad in the world as they think themselves to be.

My mind is that unless you are settled a sophomore and can keep school next winter and rise to junior next commencement—my mine is, I say, I wish you were at Middlebury. Money! I can not get it. It is not to be obtained by wishing and your professors ought to know it.

(ineligible passage) They will put away more money than we can get. I fear you will not have enough money now to pay up to the end of June. I do not complain of paying half of the first year, freshman. (See pay-laws) I do not understand them, no more than the rest of community do (?) What do they mean? They say you need not study all 4 divisions of literature, yet examine you deeply in all. You say it is a strange thing to enter sophomore at Burlington. Wonderful! It is not strange at all so to enter elsewhere. They spoil their school with such notions.

I have executed the bond which is right enough. Now you must not give it to the college till you make up your mind about staying. I shall not advise for I can't tell. Could you go to Middlebury and not make them mad? And, if you returned, not be put back?

Your laws say (p. 6) every member must pay for one year then, p. 17, if a student be dismissed, pay for the term. Could you stay at B. till next spring then go to Middlebury with propriety? You had better write to ??? at Middlebury. I will inquire about him of Uncle Pete. He will be here to-day, I expect.

All I ask is that you keep school every winter and graduate in three years. If there is not much probability of that at B., I think you might at Middlebury. I will write more after I see Peter. Oh, I like your club boarding. You must go through as cheap as possible or not at all. Parkhurst paid at 37 cts per week on bread and milk. (illegible passage) Poor Sutton must study until he was crazy and yet no honor from the school. There is no one in (?) before they begin to study a profession. College is only a beginning...

Postage on your letter only 1 2. How does your money hold out? If you must have more, send me word before fall-crossing the Lake. Get a school in Vermont if you can. Send word about clothing, mittens, stocking, etc. so as to save money...Catherine set out for the west. I had to pay her 6 shillings cash a week. I owe her now about 30 ? cash. Peter has not come.

Wednesday, the 24th. To Sheridan F. Bates, College, Burlington by Mr. Stone

I have read your letter again. It seems Beman(?) is determined to keep you back. Tell him you must teach school every winter and graduate in three years. Others have always done so. (A number of undecipherable names follow of those who accomplished this) Every college student does except at Burlington and there they have had no graduates but Mather and Calkins this long time.

If you find them fair and if you are sure of ? Sophomore this year and think you, without doubt, will rise Junior next year, after teaching school, then stay. If you believe not, perhaps you had better go to Middlebury, see President Bates, tell him all about it. Tell him you went to B. first because of eligibility. [This evidently means accessibility or convenience. MBR] I saw him last year. Told him so myself. He will remember it. He told me I had a cousin there. He is clever.

Benedict told of your "present imperfect state." You are farther advanced in everything in college studies than ever Maynard was and he graduated at Middlebury.

Keep blank till you determine. You will not trot home after, therefore expenses will not be much more. And one year is a good deal to lose.

5 o'clock, P.M. Peter, his wife, Sherman, Betsy and Joseph have come, inquired for you but could not find you. He says you wrote him "Rutland County." Not so – "Orange County." But he got the letter just as well. He says Bates' name is Sylvanus, is at Middlebury now, a fine young man. You must write to him if you don't go. Peter will cross in Capt. Lyon's boat about next Thursday, not before, perhaps not till Friday. You must meet them. Guide them to a cheap, good tavern. They will stay all night to see you. Father and mother are here. If Mr. Stone (?) can tell, write to me by him. We are well. Father is getting better as to sickness.

Fare thee well. I must close so as to visit. I mean to see if it is not best and proper to get this school for you on account of board. Peter mentioned your inquiry about school not flattering.

R. Bates

Keep this as a confidential letter.

Ft. Covington, Oct. 19, 1834

Sheridan,

I rec'd your letter by Mr. Wolffe – was pleased to hear you saw your Uncle, Aunt and Cousins [sic]. Have not heard from them nor your since.

Last Tuesday, I went to court, returned last evening 9 Saturday). Friends in Malone all well. Mr. (?) and Mr. Gillett, M.C. made each a fine speech in a Jackson caucus – two hours each. (?) read his letter to the Federal Whigs. They were mad that he should expose them. They have put up Haskell (?) for Assembly, N.B. (?) for county clerk, Bradish for senator at Albany. We have put up Ben. Clark for Assembly, John H. Hasell (?) for county clerk, Samuel Young for senator, Gillett for congress. They put Dr. Smith of Ogdensburg for congress because they knew they could not (? Hascall will beat Clark, Mather is uncertain.

School. None in the Academy. Our trustees are Flandes, Congdon, Danforth. They would like to hire you but are afraid, therefore they will not. Over the river, Stark, Christopher Briggs, M. Mellin want a cheap man, cannot give me encouragement. Dr. Morse of Chateaugay wanted to get Sidney B. – would give 14 for four months. Sidney engaged before in Malone, same terms, 22 days per month. I wrote to Dr. Morse, shall have an answer to-morrow I expect. I offered you to him for \$15 per month, four months, told him where you were. A large district a good one – gave \$15 last year. But Sidney thinks probably they have engaged before now. (Four miles this side the corners). I had quite as life you would keep in Vermont if I knew you would not fail in getting a good school. Get one if you can. If I find a chance I shall write immediately by mail, even then you need not come if you can do as well there. I shan't engage until I write about and have your return answer. I think Burlington the best college and am wishing you to remain. You will have more business, feel more confidence in the world not so bashful among the smart men of the age. It will forward you in a smart society. Nor am I anxious you should graduate till three

years from next commencement unless it comes along easy. One thing must be done. You must keep school considerable to get money. If it keeps you back a year, never mind. You will be learning, are young enough. Quite as well to keep school all you can. You will get along easier, if it should make it longer. I send \$20 – can not make it \$54 the first term. But money you must have. The only questions – you must teach school to get it, as times are. I want Louisa to be with you a quarter if there is a good female school. That will take money. Do you want anything from home? – stockings, homemade pantaloons, blue pieces of your pantaloons for patches, flannel, shirts, mittens, or what? Write Barker that we have to save expense.

Storm and Stiles are with us but Sprague is moving his family to Vergennes. Everybody talks of coming here to doctor, even old Dr. Panca for he does nothing at Malone.

Is Burlington worth my thinking about? Letchworth and Manning have dissolved. Letchworth talks of going to Maine to look. Manning and Raymond trade. Marse is no man- plenty here. Times no harder, not much better. I continue to have eye-cases, poor people with nothing. Mrs. Foster is recovered – pays my first tax. Marsy gets drunk. You can read our petition at your printing office – St. Lawrence Republican and The Northern Spectator. Jackson is “go-ahead.”

We should be very glad to see you but as you are doing belter there we are content. Be wise, my son. Improve your better opportunity. The young chaps here, your mates, think you have a good chance – better than is in their power. Indeed you have. I once dreamed for such a chance for me but never had it. In 1806-07, I was uncommonly anxious to go to Burlington College but could not receive the blessing. Don't be in too much haste. Take care of your health, walk, exercise, methodize your time. What class is Bissell in this year? Have you a senior and junior class? How many in each? How often do you speak publicly? What societies in college? What is meant in the college exposition pamphlet by Divisions of English, Languages, Mathematics, and being set to different scholar? I presume you study all these alike, if not to which division do you belong?

Sunday, P.M. Returned from meeting. When you write to your uncle, say that you have heard from us as I shall not write until I have heard from them, perhaps.

You will do well perhaps to write me this week. I don't know then (?) will return. It will probably be next week, Saturday. His team is to go to Portland I think. You might inquire of the captain for him next week Wednesday or Thursday evening boat. You know the captain always has all his passengers names. Inquire for Mr. Safford if you go down to the boat. He will tell you what (?) he stops if asked. I go back to Malone tomorrow morn, stay till Tuesday or Wednesday, court not risen. It will come to something - \$200.

Who do you hear preach? Who are your best scholars? Can many learn easier than yourself? You must begin school soon – four or five months if you can.

You will get this Tuesday a.m. or Wednesday. Mr. Safford has business with Mr. Orvis, Burlington. Will cross in the Winooski and take the southern boat 3 hours later.

If I get a letter from Dr. Morse in tomorrow's mail, I shall write to them same eveing.

Affectionately goodbye,

R. Bates

(A very poorly written letter from little William follows signed Wm. D. Bates.)

I repeat, unless you now know of as good a chance, you had better come. Flanders says he has talked with Seymour, Meeker (?) and most every body. They all say hire you. Bidwell is at Castleton. I had a letter from him. He may teach over the river. Don't my son, let this chance go for an uncertain one. This is sure and I think you will like to see home before you well can if you don't come this winter. Board at home, study in the office is better than at Chateaugay for \$16. What you learn by keeping school abroad will not be much. Write in 24 hours after getting this. Be careful, save your money.

Maria says you had better come home. I shall not call your board over 50 cents per week, therefore you would have to get in Vermont \$16 or \$17 per month in order to do as well as you can here. R.B.

P.S. I have just heard that our trustees have agreed to give you \$18 per month and want you – say they have inquired of everybody and wish you to keep here. Old Mr. Bidwell has since I offered you, offered Bidwell at \$20. The trustees say they would have you as him. They want four or five months to cover last Monday in Nov. or first Monday in Dec. unless you now know of as good a chance you had better come. All cash. I promised you would write me this week. You will have chance to teach abroad later, can study better here, and Jo. Flanders is anxious you should come.

I shall engage El. Safford to get Mr. Orvis on the Port North to send you this letter, saying it contains money. You must inform him that you have received in immediately on its receipt.

Cornelia grow, is fat and large, talks all the time. I Briggs quarreled with Dr. (?) said (?) left him but is in Canada yet, not doing much.

I feel a little anxious about your getting a school. It is about time to see to it or to know about your coming here.

Ft. Covington, 10 Nov., 1834

Dear Sheridan,

This day, Mr. Flanders said to me he would like you to begin school about the 20th day of Nov. so that it might and before bad going on March. We looked in the almanac, find the 24th is Monday. I agreed I would write you and you would be here the 24th. You will of course be here the 22d. The south boat is so late in at Plattsburg that the stage does not start early—waits for the boat, but, fearing it might miss, perhaps you had better cross in the Wincoski Thursday – just as you please. If so, sleep in Plattsburg, far better the next day.

Judge Spencer is quite sick with fever. I have just removed the cataract of an eye – a very unfavorable case. I expect no sight.

Is there a skillful popular doctor in B? I know Moody and old Dr. Pomeroy. If I were there could I go far ahead? Does the town grow larger? Is Dr. Lincoln dead? I believe you might broach the subject to Prof. Benedict. Say to him I could well have surgery and theory and practice. Who do people in towns back call on for council? I know of none. Stone says it would be old Dr. Pomeroy. I see no forward physician there.

Call on Dr. Moody – ask him if he has I could not agree to practice together. I know him – a man of small abilities, I thought. A clever man; he is rich by marriage. Dr. Monson (?) attended lectures with Marsh in Hanover a few years ago. Inquire if they mean to get up the medical school – see if they care anything about it. Do the professors feel any interest in that school? Talk with Marsh.

We are well, getting over bad colds. I go to Malone to-morrow, one day. --court business. Mr. Orvis went last Saturday to Massena, expect him home again to-night.

Inquire at (?) if any late medical books? – not that I shall buy, but you can ask for the sake of talk. Take care of your bed. It will be safe perhaps to make it up and leave it. – mice might do it harm. Inquire what is best, what the usual way. Pat your bill, take a receipt. Prepare your course for the winter study. Bring your books. Leave your room clean, neat, gentlemanly-like. Perhaps you will return not so soon after G. wood.

I think of nothing further.

Farewell,

R. Bates

Hanover, Nov. 13, 1834

Dr. Bates,

Dear Sir:

I again take my pen in hand to inform you of Dr. Mussey's opinion respecting your case of thyroid tumors. I have not had a convenient time to mention it to him until to-day. I related the case to him and remembered your request, etc. He says he recollects you and sends his compliments—made inquiries as to your situation, etc. But as to your case he is quite incredulous. Don't believe that you removed the gland or at any rate the whole of it – says he never did. Says he would be grateful to receive

from you a statement relative to the case & operation. He inquired particularly if you had published it in any medical journal. As to this I could not answer, but hope that if you have not, you will do so at the first opportunity as I have no doubt that it is a case of sufficient interest and importance to attract no small degree of attention among the “big-bugs” of the country and do no small credit to yourself as an operator. However of the expediency of the measure you know best.

Now I shall tell you what I think it will be in your interest to do. As soon as you receive this, just fix out a statement of the case, and if you think it necessary, you might obtain a statement from the physicians who witnessed the operation stating that the thing was actually done without any deception or mistake and forward it to Dr. Mussey before the close of the term. I shall probably remain here about two weeks longer.

Why don't your brother Paddock do something about his wonderful case (five children) Dr. Mussey once before the class this fall undertook to tell something about such a case. He believed it occurred in York State, St. Lawrence Co., but was not certain. Now you know such a case is (at least as far as I have read) an unprecedented one. Velspeau in his work on obstetrics mentions one case of four at a birth as the greatest number that occurred in 224,569 births—says nothing of five ever having been known to happen. If I were you I would write Dr. Mussey about Dr. P's case too.

I wrote you about a week ago which you have probably received before this time.

With the assurance of sincere respect,

I remain yours, etc.

S.L. Childs

Plagued poor pen!!

Burlington, November 16, 1834

Sheridan F. Bates,

We were all well pleased with our visit with you at Burlington. We arrived safely home the second day after we left you and found all well. We were glad to get home. Immediately attended to getting a school for you, found some encouragement but, being called upon to move a family from Whitehall to New York, before I had sufficient information to write you and when I returned I started the next day for Boston which deprived me of the opportunity of writing until I got home. I then found your letter of the 29th or Oct. which closed the business. Sherman got your letter likewise of Oct. 16 and 24. Our district hired early for \$12 per month, three and ½ months, over the branch in W. Washburn's district they moved slow, but had about concluded to write you they would give \$15 per month for three months and they are some disappointed. I think however you have done better. We would have been pleased to have you come in our neighborhood. Your name stands very far here and probably it will turn to your advantage if you should live to come here another year.

Your Aunt and Cousins all send compliments.

This from your uncle and well wisher,

Peter Bates

1835

Randolph, April 5, 1835

I shall begin my account at your house where after making a good visit we left those friends we so much think of and for whom we have so much anxiety, but thanks to God, our anxiety is in part relieved with the hope that they are found walking in the truth. Thursday we left you and made our first stop at Robert's, Chateaugay (Four Corners) later from there to Fryes' (the gate) and stayed there all night – a good tavern. Friday, Banker's first stop then to Keyesville, there bated at Roger's tavern on the hill – the only mean place we found on any journey. Our bill was a little more than twice as much as at any other place - got to Port Kent one and a half hours before the boat. Paid Capt. Lyon \$2.50 for our passage to Burlington. 7 o'clock met Sheridan. It was quite dark. He inquired who we were, made himself known to

us and we were glad to see him but oh – how altered a man! He led us to a good tavern – Hart’s Green Mountain House. Had a good time with Sheridan – much pleased with his person, his treatment and college entertainment in the museum, etc. which was a great curiosity to our children. Saturday we left him. Before we got to Waterbury it began to rain. We had to stop at Hawley’s til the next day, Sunday, weather good. Went to Montpelier, bought a breakfast for all, horses oated and all was not as much as our bill at Keyesville for oats and tea only. Got home about sunset, found all well and we were glad we did not go to Canada. Work much behind, had to take hold and work hard a few days and then to Whitehall with Dea. Salisbury and family – himself, wife and 12 children. Left them on board the packet-boat in good spirits, well dressed and about \$300 in money and cash property. I got 27 bbls. Flour and got home in just weeks from the Saturday after we left your house. The Monday following I started with a 6-horse load for Boston, had a pretty good journey. Since we left you I have been 6 times to Boston, a hard winter’s work. Mother I have walked beside those bay horses since you saw them better than 2100 miles and they look as well now as then, and it all don’t come to much more than my out-go at home.

Prudy has not done anything for three months. The 12th of January we had a fine son born strong and healthy. When 2 months old it was very sick and we thought it could not live for a number of days (erysipelas) and had Dr. Denison. It has got well. The last of February and first of March, Joseph had the lung fever – the sicket person I ever saw, that got well. Out of his head for days at the time. Clarissa and John Carpenter’s widow attended upon him. All the time the watchers nights had to hold him in bed and hold the clothes on. All the time he talked—would I hollow to pa -- the (?) are getting on to me. I had to order them off, sit up sharp and tell them to get away. He would call for Azre and Marshall. “Help!” he would say....”Let me go, I say! I am going to the spring. Pa send Sherman home to get the horse and cutter. I am so tired! I can’t get home! Sir, may I go out?-- the calves want water.” All manner of ideas and something to say about everything he ever knew about. I was at home. It so happened that I was at home at the time of all our sickness. We are not blessed with comfortable health.

Hay is uncommonly scarce and dear of course. I am hoping to get along without buying. Corn came in well, potatoes likewise. Nothing of consequence respecting us more than I have written. It has been sickly about here – many deaths. (a list of deaths and sicknesses follows). Father, by some traveler or in some other way we have heard that you have been very sick of inflammation on the brain. We have not given much credit to the story as we have not had a letter. We have a little Indian boy with us, 8 years old, given me bt a tavern-keeper in Sharon in Vermont from Blackhawk tribe – a pretty good boy, we like him. He and another boy were given to the tavern-keeper by their father, a travelling Indian. The tavern-keeper did not want them both and gave me one.

This letter is for all and to all. I am rather unwell and cannot write more. Our Indian boy’s name is Joseph Benjamin Ockum. It is said his father was educated at Dartmouth College. Our little boy we have named after our departed little Charles Carroll.

Farewell,
P. Bates

Monday morning.

Dear Aunt,

As Pa has left a little scrap of paper, I set down to write a few lines to you. I must first tell you about my little brother. He is the prettiest child I ever saw. Grandpa and Grandma, how I wish you could see him! We talk and think much about the visit we made you last fall. We had a good journey – were glad to get home. Mother’s health was quite good til December. Since then she has been confined to her room most of the time. She is now comfortable about the house. I have not been to school this winter, think of attending this summer. Tell Cousin Louisa I often think of her, should like her company. Mother, Sherman and Joseph send their love to all. I would write more but am in a great hurry. Pa has just started for Boston.

Betsy E. Bates

Ft. Covington, 16th April, 1835

My Son, (to Sheridan at Burlington College)

Since you left all things are as they were. The health of our family is good –neighbors well. Messrs Stiles and Stone are with us. Carroll and Cornelia go to school. No one engaged yet in summer district school – nothing done about collecting winter wages. \$45 public money not handed to me yet.

I have not heard from Emerson since he sent the ton (?) though I wrote him not long ago. I received your letter of March in nine days from date. Spencer has the P. office. Frank is here yet, down at Safford's, they say.

Hannah Hitchcock and family intend going to Maine last of May. She said they must call and see you as they pass – go by land.

Silas Briggs and Luther Stark are building a factory up at Luther Danforth's mill – Bidwell is to marry Laura Parkhurst soon, so said. Practice in Moira. I think of nothing else for news. Oh, Charlotte Clark is married to Syprian Morgan. His name and conduct remind me of my duty to you. I charge you for your peace of mind forever – shun vice. Let his fate be a beacon of warning to you. Always think before you act or speak and keep your conscience clear. Perhaps I have not talked formerly enough to you about propriety of conduct, the importance of good behavior – on it depends everything. Ruin is in the way of the unwise. You have gone from home, none to watch for your good – take care of your steps. Make yourself your own guide. Don't let your present enviable condition in life be nearly lost, grow up into wisdom and manhood alike. Thus much of my best wishes.

How are you situated? How do you board? What are your expenses? Where did you stop the first week? Did you leave anything? Have you got acquainted with any? With Dr. Moody? Have learnt anything of the medical department? Ever broached the subject to anyone? Does it look like staying at b. until you get through? What is your station as to years? Is Bissell there? Any left? Any new ones? Write to Middlebury – Sylvanus (is it?) Bates or write to President Bates, asking if such a one is in college – you may as well write as Foster.

What becomes of Lincoln's Anatomical Preparations? Plates and some of his Preparations, (fine) I wish I had. I saw some of the nerves- painted a little I think, very nice. Are they to be sold? Inquire of Benedict. Go to southside of Medical building and see his little botanic garden. Is it run to unwelcome visitors – weeds?

17th Friday. Rec'd \$47 public money and tax-bill.

It is extremely cold. I think you must stir about to find wood.

To-morrow's stage, Mr. Stiles sets off for New York. I send your coat in a brown paper, directed to Sheridan Bates, Burlington College in care of Thomas. I shall send nothing but sealing-wax as he will carry it in his trunk—does not know what route he will take. Perhaps he will not cross the lake. If not will leave the coat at Plattsburg with orders to send it. If good crossing, he probably will cross and take stages in Vermont to Albany. He supposes the boats do not run yet on account of ice. Maybe if he does not cross the coat will be left at Port North or on some crossing boat. But I shall wrap it well and write in two or three places your name so it can't get lost on the way to Boston. I did not know it till afterwards.

Stiles goes to Malone now. Your mother says she will write next time. Maria and Louisa would write a letter not but Stiles goes too soon. He will take much pains to get the coat to you. If you think best we will get and send you a Spencer of brown linen to study in your room. You will wear out your surtout quick.

With love, farewell,
Roswell Bates

Ft. Covington, May 18, 1835

To Sheridan Bates

I have the pleasure, dear Sheridan, of acknowledging the reception of a timely letter from you. I would not have you suppose that the delay in answering arises in the least from disinterestedness in you. No, I shall ever esteem it a privilege to write often. Week after passed after the receipt of yours which came safe to hand after it was set this way, in which I designed writing. But you are well aware that my

mind and hands are full, constantly employed in caring for those around me. I felt very unpleasant after you left on account of the ice. Four days after you left, Mr. Rayment told me there was no crossing and he was obliged to walk across and leave his trunk behind. Knowing your anxiety to reach Burlington, we had reason to fear you would be venturesome, but you said you mean to go safe. I have one request to make – that you go not to the Lake to bathe. Perhaps you will think this is one of mother's whims surely, but you must pardon my folly for my mind when retiring at night wanders to Burlington and inquires whether Sheridan is in the lake or college. I have lately heard of such an instance where a lovely youth left his home and his mother, knowing him to be very fond of bathing, requested him not to go into the river. He promised that he would not but in three years after he left home he was brought back a corpse. It was in Troy.

Dear Sheridan, do not mistake my meaning. We feel deeply for your interest. We hope God will give you a long life and that you prove a blessing to your friends. Do not forget to pray to him and to love him. Remember what God says about those that call upon his name. Do not let your studies absorb all your thoughts. I have a little book I should like to send you called Fireside Piety. Do not forget us and to pray for us. Cornelia and Carroll go to school. Carroll's health is better. C.M. often tells where "Sdie" has gone. She has not got acquainted with Sidney yet. We regret the loss of Mrs. Hitchcock's company. Was she in good spirits when you saw her? We shall never see her again.

I have given up all hope of ever moving from this place. I expect to live and die here. But it is of little importance where we live if we live to God so that we may look to Heaven for our eternal home.

Your pa has commenced working in the garden, says he knows nothing of how to make it and thinks it will not be made much. The front yard is very pretty. I have procured a small locust tree from Seymore. Mr. Safford has appointed a prayer meeting every evening at eight o'clock at the Baptist house....Brother Tilness has been building a factory at L. Danforth mill....Very healthy spring. We should be extremely happy to see you here at Commencement...Your pa hurries me...My Love!

Do write and tell me how you enjoy your mind and you shall have the feeble prayers of your mother who wishes to do you all the good she can.

So adieu.

Phoebe Bates

Do you see any chance for Louisa to go to school? I should be glad to send her somewhere. She is losing all her time for school. If there is a school there, encourage your pa to send her. I don't suppose she would ever ask for herself so I petition for her.

Ft. Covington, May 18, 1835

Dear Son:

Mr. Storm goes to New York to-night. He will not stop at Burlington but you may see him.

At home: Carroll and Cornelia go to school – no district school, no academy. Farming: have plowed up most of the heather piece. Cleared off all the sugar bush. Some wheat. Jemmy ran away. I have let his lot for 40 bu. of potatoes.

Gardening: Mostly spaded – peas, lettuce, onions, red currants, gooseberries. Apple trees, cherries, etc. well pruned. – that is, trimmed. Have a French boy by the month. Think I shall plant the orchard with corn. Hay not so scarce here as elsewhere. I have $\frac{3}{4}$ ton now.

Health. Very healthy. I am doctoring Isaac Fiske. Mr. King is here at Cleveland's with partially blind eyes. I am doctoring him. I was at court last of April. Father was down and around, seemed quite comfortable. Had rec'd a letter from Peter. They were tolerable well. He wrote of seeing you at Burlington—has been to Boston six times since he was here.

Did you see Harmon Letchworth and family? They have gone to Bangor – house looks lonesome. She was quite out of health. Wm. Childs has gone with them. They said they would see you.

Frank and Is are here yet. – doing nothing. Cleveland is in the Phelps house – temperance.

Mr. Furman has a new one horse wagon for me. I will send for it this week. Luther Stark and Sidney Briggs here in Savage's house. New factory up at Danforth's.

Your mother and Sidney will write the rest of the news if any. I rec'd your letter for Louisa. School-money is all (? I can't send any now but shall have some better chance and will send before you need. What further do you know about a medical school? Have you particular knowledge of cost of board at Schenectady? What will board be there at the cheapest? If you remain at B., after commencement will you be wholly senior or half as now?

Has young Bannister eased up on math? Who are your best juniors? Do they know anything of me as to teaching and what? Who could I write to or to on one? Have you written to Sidney Bates, Middlebury? What does he say? Do you write to Uncle Peter? Any thought of visiting there?

How is your health? How do you prosper? Any good acquaintances? Where is Bissell? What do you have to buy? Anything you need from home – bedding, towels, clothing? We have got no thaw, weather is cold yet.

Let me give advice: Be manly, behave well Oh, what does not depend on behavior! - comfort, respectability, character, future prospects and happiness. Learn men and manners from every day's experience. Look well to your behavior. Exercise, be religious. Call often at the bpats (??). You may see someone you know. Do not confine your mind and time wholly to studies.

“Ten hours out of twenty-four's enough. The rest improve

Six hours to sleep, to law's grave study six,

Four hours in prayer, the rest to (?) fix.”

Or better:

“Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven

Ten to the world allot and all to Heaven.”

I have written enough, being in haste – Mr. Stone says he will probably stay one day in Burlington returning, at Mr. Orvis's – shall return week after next, later than Tuesday. Write by him. Write beforehand on account of the Plattsburg stage. Unless it will hinder his but one day, he will not stop at B. You see that comes Wednesday. If he comes Thursday he will not stop.

I stop that Louisa and mother may have the pen.

Goodbye. Affectionately,

R. Bates

Evening, 8 o'clock. Open my letter for I have this moment rec'd yours by mail. You speak small of your college doings – is it so small and yet so costly? \$41 yes, 50 gone so soon and not yet 3 months from home! Concerning leaving for Schenectady: If there is no prospect in surgery and the college thus, you may leave, but remember you must teach school much or have no cash. I am quite surprised at your expenditure of \$52 so soon. Where did it go? I shall now send twenty dollars and shall send more before you will be destitute. But what will become of Louisa's share? If you go to Schenectady, you will have to purchase all new books which will increase your bill wonderfully next fall. Clark may, I fear will, decide you because he wishes you to go. Learn more about it. Get the college bills, books of study, board-bill, etc. and write me about it.

From B. to Randolph will cost \$3.75, thence to Whitehall, \$4.00, thence to Saratoga (with lodging at Whitehall) \$3.10, thence to Schenectady \$3.00 – in all \$13.75 – as cheap as you can go. You must count the cost and think of it more before you make up your mind.

After all, Mr. Stone does not go till Weds. Stage.

Your mother says she has written about Louisa going to B. to school Write me – is there a good school for her, what terms? Where could she board respectably, for how much? – a guest or so.

Sheridan, inquire at the bookstore if they have the following works: Ask the lowest prices at cash and write me the several prices:

1. Cooper's Medical Dictionary

2. Copland's Medical Dictionary or

a. Dictionary of Practical Medicine by James Copland – latest work, complete.

3. Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine by John Forbes, Alexander Tweedy and John Conelly – a late work also

May 20. Stone and Orvis go to-night. I send \$20, current money. Sidney went to Malone this noon after my wagon [sic], has come with it – a very clever wagon – pays up for Furman – Father is helping make soap – comfortable. Orvis will stop at B. and deliver a packet. Our plum trees whiten fast to-day.

Wednesday, June 10, 1830. Ft. Covington
Sheridan,

We received yours by Mr. Stone gladly. If I should have the means, possibly Louisa may go to B. School one-quarter next term. Probably I shall not have the means for should you go to Schenectady it will be a 50 or 75% addition to your bills. I am not certain that it is wise for you to try to go. Could I write to President Nott about it to advantage, I wonder? I had just as life as not. If you go from B. it would be of no use for me to think of that plan. They won't like your remove. I shall not write to Prof. Wheeler or Prof. B. anything about the thing. If I were to see them, I might mention it, but to make a kind of application on paper and be rejected would not suit very well.

There will probably be no (?) school this fall. Father is here, quite comfortable. Father says "tell Sheridan that I am here considerably well. I recollect that last year you told me this is the last work that ever I shall do in this garden." The garden looks nice, well pruned, alleys well laid. ??? Mr. King is still here. Eyes a little better but bad yet.

A girl from Middlebury has written me about her eyes. I have written perhaps she can come out here.

I shall send money before you will want. Write what you need of clothing, etc. Books? You have some here that you may need.

Farewell,

R. Bates

Ft. Covington, 8th July, 1835

I rec'd your letter by Mr. Safford to-day – yours of July 4. Willard Parke starts right off for Burlington immediately.

You talk of so much money. I cannot get it. You must stop thinking of spending so much even if it drives you out of college and brings you home to work. \$166 dollars in ten months!—4 at home!

I have no process or means of sending you the money you ask for. It is not possible. Louisa works at spinning wool for your sake—has no means of going to Burlington to school. I have fifty dollars only by me and I don't know when I shall get another int. Amos Emerson sends me none, perhaps he will this month. That is all I can calculate upon.

You must quit the thought of Schenectady. It will cost you \$200 the first year. You can not do it. B. College is good enough. You desired it rather than Middlebury however they were so thorough. You must get a school after commencement if you can; if not, as soon as you can. Suppose it takes five years – better than not go through. But I do know that I can't find you more than \$45 or 50 before next January and with this you cannot go to Schenectady. I labor. Your mother works hard. Louisa works hard. I can't, I don't send the three little ones to school I cannot pay such bills for them this summer. I have them study some at home.

I send fifteen dollars now. Will send some more when I have a good chance. But I do know I cannot let you have over 50 in all this year, 1835.

Your bills are reckoned at \$100 a year – 116 gone in less than ten months! If that is the way, quit B., come home and get ready to go to Middlebury. Or go to Randolph at commencement, get a school or return to B. Give up Schenectady entirely. I say you cannot go to it. Money cannot be had – sell all I have and it would not buy it.

I am not disposed to blame you, my son, but as money can't be had to half such amount, you must calculate accordingly. I thought if 100 lasted a year, your being out 4 months should reduce that a little and you could get along but you must teach school and earn what you can. I am sure you must give

up Schenectady, study this year, keep school and be a year longer. Be patient. Mr. King (?) owes me a little and would be glad to let me have shoes or boots. What you need there I can get and send out by Wood's conveyance. How are your pantaloons? My black ones are too small for me, perhaps they would do you. They are yet not worn. You will have to get clothes at home therefore you must send word in season what you want, fine homemade we can get after it is made. Write me what you want for commencement, first Wednesday in August. I shall send more money before that time.

Now Louisa stays home for want of money. We have discharged our boarders on the ground that we made nothing by boarding at the price. Provisions are higher.

Our garden looks well. Your mother makes a little cheese. We have 16 lambs, 36 sheep in all, very healthy.

Jo. Flanders is here yet. It is quite hard times. Your lot is far better than any young man's in this town, though you have to stop and work. Sidney has gone home to help them hoe corn, will come back next week. I go to Court to-morrow – three days.

Ayers White keeps our district school, ten dollars a month and boarded. He thinks this is doing well. Put yourself up to teach if any chance. I have never thought it possible for you to go to Schenectady since you first wrote about it. Young Clark would be of no honor nor use to you there. He has been dealt with there for striking with ?. You would have to keep school all the time if you went there, therefore it would not be so good a place as B. To go there and get settled would cost twice the money I could get years to come. Give it up. Be contented. Don't be discouraged, don't be downhearted, be patient. If it takes so much money, take a longer time and earn a part. You will do better than others. I must close in the greatest haste. Write soon behave well, get enough to eat and that is good enough.

Farewell,

R. Bates

Ft. Covington, July 14. 1835

My Son –

I have just been talking with a Mr. Lyman (?brother) who resides at Middlebury, Vt. He says you would feel much at home and well pleased with the society there. Scholars most all keep school four months in the winter and never think of losing any time. All eaten up. (Schenectady you must have done with). Now commencement at Middlebury is two weeks after Burlington. Let me advise you. I will suggest a plan. Calculate (if you do not like Burlington nor wish to stay or if you cannot step into Union wholly and graduate in two years with keeping school four months each winter) to go to Middlebury a day or two before their commencement, get acquainted with Pres. B. and my cousin. Go with him on foot to Randolph, 30 or 35 miles on over Hancock Mountain into Brainton. He will be glad to see you and have your company visit them with him, perhaps go to Hartland, Uncle Lee's, ?? Go to Windsor. Call at old uncle Paddock's in Woodstock. Stay all night. Go to Elder ?'s on the green. Tell her who your mother was and she will be very glad to see you. Inquire for Dr. Gaunt, introducing yourself to him. He will be pleased with it. Come back to Randolph, get over to Middlebury and stay there. This route will cost you but little, say 3 deollars in all to go frolm B. to Hartland and back to Middlebury. Money you cannot have, money I cannot get even if I should offer my farm for it. Why must you walk and not ride stage? It will not do. You will have to quit college and come home and study if you pay out money so, 129 dollars already! Where is money coming from? Louisa feels bad that you spend so much. I cannot imagine what it is for. I wish you to write me your bill of items, \$129 in ? months!!

But to return. Leave your trunk in B. or if you think of changing leave it at Middlebury. Take a budget on your cane. Write to young Bates immediately. Speak of this plan. Inquire if he will like it and fall in with it.

I walked from Northfield to Randolph once in a day from keeping school. I walked from Hartland in a day when I was 12 years old. I was not in college. Remember the young man Fletcher you have heard me speak of, who lodged at Randolph??? ...to go through college. He went through. Stop paying out money so fast by one-third. Or you cannot go through college.

If the fore-going plan don't suit circumstances, walk to R. through Montpelier or get a private ride. Send your trunk by sage or take your budget and leave your trunk. Buy a piece of green flannel. Make a bag like mine. You can do it yourself. Stitch on a black ribbon. On top run in a string – a good traveling-bag. Or if your clothes are worn, come home ????... and I will meet you at Widdow Robbert's at the Alvord place, four miles this side of their gate with my wagon by your writing exactly what day you will be there. You must learn to walk. Dr. John Brush of Edinburgh walked because he was poor, sixty miles in one day, spent 20 cents. Your uncle Joseph walked from Woodstock to Maine 300 miles after he had carried a budget on his cane. This way of going through college or getting along is better than no way. It is the way of most young men, yet some of you college students will quit college for want of cash because they have not energy enough to take this prudent course. You probably can't get a school till winter. Sheridan, if you had said you would need 129 dollar by this time and would want more before commencement last year when you first went to B., I should have told you, give it up, stay here and study. Let the name of college go. Such a sum these times makes my family poor. We feel it like a deep wound. I dare not, I do not, spend a cent. Perfectly healthy here. My trade is almost good for nothing. Children all at home because I cannot pay their schooling. I teach them in the office myself. Yet if you will take such a cheap course I will help you through. Otherwise I can't. We turned away our hired girl because of poverty.

Can't you go wholly on ? at Burlington when you have paid your money to that? Standing! (?) Rather strange to tax you for what they do not give you.

Mid. Are building another building. Not soon enough. Scholars have to room out. A good sign. 150 students now. Board, \$1.25; \$137. \$150 per week. But in clubs 75 to 83 cents a week. So a Mr. Nichols of that place tells me. Nichols is a tanner, owns a building on the bridge which he rents; some of the rooms to students, \$12 a room for the year.

Now, Sheridan this the conclusion of the whole matter. If B. will not let you into Junior after receiving pay to that term, or if you cannot graduate in two years and keep school 4 months winters – if you are of this opinion go to Mid. As I before said and see or write to President Bates or at least to young Bates immediately. You have got to know so if you go you can take an honorable discharge. You need not say certainly to B. when you are going. But think you better not leave if you can go through in two years. The name is all you get at B. as much as elsewhere. Young Seymore got through, has almost got through his profession, so his brother says. I request Seymore to see you if convenient and talk with you about Middlebury. He says you would like the college and plan and, what I think is of great consequent, you would end in two years. Just as well as ten! You might even study here in my office as well as in any college till next year.

If you ever have your trunk carried in the stage without you, see first what they ask. They ask high if no passenger, unless you first make a bargain. Your long box and all your bedding would go free to Mid. If you ride? Perhaps not. You might pack up all and go to M. first and then come ack and take all???. Catch a cart or wagon and ride a little now and then. I say again, quit B., go to M. if you can't get through at B. in two years or even if it's doubtful. Mid. Is most of a college abroad, is much more thought of B. has never sent out any great men or but very few smart ones. Mid. Has sent out many great ones, S. Wright etc. and many, many smart ones.

There you can get through. You must take out for a school in time. Write me about shoes, boots, clothes, etc. Buy books at second hand if you can and buy none that you do not absolutely need in college. Be much more humble, much more patient and wear your very poorest clothing every day. Lamenting that you could not go to the mountains and to the Lake – this is not going through college! And boys that do it will have to quit college for want of money yet. Presidents and professors may go but they could not while they were poor students. I want you to go through college but you must take a lesson in the way it is possible for you to go through. Why, when you have got a profession, money you will find will come very hard. You will have to calculate on a small allowance for a few years.

You say you have to be trudging around while in college. I think you misjudge! Not willing to teach school. You have got above your condition and exercise no patience. How many smart young men “trudge around,” keep school, go through college with no help. You are trying to be too much while it

will be of no use to you only present enjoyment. You have forgotten your penury. \$1000 will not get you through your profession in that way. \$15 to pay tuition at B.,! \$15 to go to Schenectady, \$20 tickets there - \$50 before you spend a day at Schenectady! Get you a little village school if you can at \$10 a month and board. Ayers White has done so, is doing the best of my one on the place.

Farewell, R. Bates

Middlebury College, Saturday eve, 7 o'clock, Sept. 17, 1835

Dear Folks, (To R. Bates and family)

The church bell has rung and I am seated by my window alone, preparing this dispatch. For the sake of order and conciseness, I will endeavor to place the following letter before you in the form of a journal.

After leaving home, I walked a good portion of the day on account of the heaviness of the road and the heat of the day.

12M. Wednesday, arrived at Constable, told Dr. Darling I would teach his school five months at fifteen dollars a month. He said he would employ me if Esq. Horton and Judge Langdon would assent, took me to Esq. H's. I finally told them I would agree implicitly to whatever bargain they might make with father. I do not think I can do better. They have had other applicants.

2 ;.m. One of the most remarkable events in my history occurred – which was no less than the opening of Maria's package of bread and butter, etc.

4 o'clock. Martin stopped in Chateaugay grist mill, I walked on and waited at the corners till 5 o'clock. Gave directions to the driver and Roberts about my luggage and started on foot.

5 o'clock. Took tea on dry cakes and cold water by the roadside. Growing dark

5 ½ time A.M. Thursday – Paid my eight cents and again set one foot before the other and measured the distance through the woods to Aunt Anna's – found no wolves, wolverines, catamounts, deer or such like abroad.

7 ½ of the watch – after having rested an hour and broken fast on the remainder of the previous night's repast, I renewed with full vigor the journey of the day, but, sad to relate, when the Sun also renewed his daily journey with full vigor, I poor worm I felt my nerves relax, my feeble shoulder-blades yawned and my feet scorched my boots, while I came well nigh to evaporation. So I made a full halt and turned in at Ransome's about 9 o'clock a.m.

12 of the watch. M. Stage arrives with eleven passengers and one to carry makes twelve aboard. Took a deck passage and crowned the whole.

2 p.m. Rode under the gate and barely saved my buttons.

2 ¾ o'clock. Paid my fare \$1.35 and mounted aloft to play the pilot again.

4 o'clock. Descended in haste from my proud eminence, down the back side and delivered the vial, sound to Keyes, took a dollar, returned the quarter, mounted and rode a few yards. "Top, driver," said I "I've dropped a dollar!" "Have you?: said he, "well pick it up!" – so I did in less than no time and springing p behind, roared lustily, "Go ahead!"

4 ¾ Stage stopped at Banker's (deceased) I hopped off, picked some apples growing in the road. "Ready?" sprang up – "Heave ahead, driver, steamboat ahoy!"

6 o'clock. Plattsburg. Entered a grocery, purchased six cents worth of gingerbread and boiled cider. Scampered off to the wharf. "All aboard!" is the captain's cry and the gallant Winooski skims the wave. In the course of the evening I ate a few pears, pulled a pillow from a berth which I pressed to a settee while I enjoyed myself in the dominions of Somnus and at nine o'ck we arrived at gay, busy I shun the coaches, omnibuses, etc. but stop to the nearest tavern on my own hook and save my quarter. The clerk tells me he notifies the stage to call for me in the morning (customary). Pay eighteen cents for lodging and save the other sixpence.

4, 4 ½ 5 o'clock. Other stages one after another call for passengers but mine has gone without me. Agent sends word the stage was full and if I will wait till next morning, my fare will be only one dollar. Not at all disappointed, steer for college – plenty of invitations for breakfast, dinner tea, and bed! Am at

my post at the tavern Sat. morning 4 o'clock. Stage calls and I am wheeled away to college! Fine ride for a dollar.

II of the watch a.m. – am left at my own door, to be sure with baggage in hand and \$29.31 in pocket.

9 o'clock Saturday. My room is trimmed, garnished and swept. My personal and real wealth is arranged in the best order. I have worked from eleven o'clock as I have seen my mother. Finally I have trimmed my lamp (a dim and flickering thing as you may judge by the ill-wrought lines) I have moreover written a letter and am now going to bed. So, good-night! May blessings attend you all while I shall remember you with affection and trust that you will care for me.

Yours truly,

Sheridan F. Bates

Haerford, Queeche Village Vt.

September 21, 1835

Dr. Bates,

Dear Sir,

Your letter of May 19th came safe to hand a short time before I left Woodstock. It should have been answered before this time, I acknowledge, but as excuses rarely amount to anything more than to make room for others, perhaps it will be sufficient to say that so long as you are so kind as to favor me by writing, I will apologize for past negligence and endeavor to be more punctual in future.

Dr. Mussey I have not seen to converse with since last fall – consequently cannot inform you whether he received your letter or not. Your letter did not reach me in season to afford me an opportunity to make us of it in making my dissertation. I finally concluded to write on croup.

Dr. Parker inquired particularly respecting your operation and its success in Mrs. Follett's case. Watts said he had seen Dr. Motto of New York attempt it twice, I think, but did not succeed in either case and declared he would never try it again.

I am much pleased to learn of your success in curing eyes. In a few years your place will perhaps have an infirmary, Medical School and all that sort of thing. I have been expecting to see your name announced as a professor in the school at Burlington. What is the reason you did not get in there? You could have done so I am confident. The pecuniary advantage to be derived however, from the office, I presume would be no inducement for you to accept the appointment were it offered. But the situation as a stepping-stone to some other and better one would be an object worth looking at etc.

Between you and I, you are much better qualified for a professor (that is in my humble opinion) than a certain lecturer on Materia Medica, obstetrics, etc. not far distant from Woodstock. Yet so it is in this little world of ours that high pretensions are often taken for knowledge and pompous, big-sounding words are looked upon by the gaping, wondering multitude as the climax of wisdom. The day is past when unassuming worth would be searched out and elevated to places of emolument and honor and when officious egotists would have been permitted "to see just as well a little further off." The other of things is now reversed. We see a perfect demonstration of this fact in the movement of political affairs in our own country – as well as in the other matters to which I have referred. But as I did not intend to theorize or moralize on the subject, "I will quit that and pass on" as old Doc. used to say in his sermons.

Dr. Gallup left Woodstock for Boston last spring- it is reported that he has a work on theory and practice in publication, whether true or not, I do not know. I am of the opinion from all I can learn that the other professors have not used the old man just right respecting the school at Woodstock. I guess it would have been better to have kept him in the school, or at least, have retained his influence and good will for it. Woodstock is a pleasant place for a school and on the whole, we had a good course of lectures there last spring—would have been more profitable than the course we had at Hanover last fall if the professors had all been there at the commencement of the term. And as it was, I should, were I to attend again, go to Woodstock in preference to Hanover. Dr. Childs, although not as learned a man as Dr. Oliver, possesses more originality and is on the whole, I think, a more profitable instructor. Of the other professors I believe you have my opinion in my last letter.

I sent you a catalogue from Woodstock and believe I mentioned in it that my intention was to graduate at the close of the term. The degree of M.D. was conferred by President Bates of Middlebury. We had a fine time commencement day – an address by President Bates and also one by Professor Palmer, both very good. After I took my sheepskin, I spent two or three weeks among friends in Hartland concluding where to locate etc. And as a result, as you see, I thought to take up a residence in this place called Queeche Village in the town of Hartford, the place where Elijah Alexander commenced business and part of the ground was formerly old Dr. Alexander's ride. For nearly twenty years past, Dr. Carter, brother to him who wrote Letters from Europe, (H.H. Carter) has been a good physician here and gained the confidence of his employers very generally, but his health is now poor, probably cannot continue to do business much longer, and is willing on terms that have been pretty well agreed by us that I shall take his work. In fact there seems to have been something providential in my getting to business here. For three or four weeks after I came, there was not a sick person to be heard of and Dr. C. having no business, left here to make a journey to Saratoga, N.Y. for his health. Two days after he left there commenced the most sickly time that has been experienced in this vicinity for many years. This gave me a good introduction into business – so much so that I prescribed for as many as fifty or sixty patients on the course of five or six weeks, lost none – and, in conclusion of these great stories, have since the 22d of July charged \$200. You needn't say anything about this for it is too good luck to hold out long. Anyhow, I intend to be careful and do the best I can. How long I shall remain here, I cannot now determine – shall hold on here at any rate until I can better myself. My ride takes in my old neighborhood.

Sheridan called on me a short time since, was extremely please to see him. Our friends I this vicinity are all well. Write me soon. Give my respects to your folks.

S.L. Childs

Ft. Covington, Sept. 29

Dear Sheridan, (at Burlington)

Am just going to Malone with Uncle Bates. I rec'd your letter in the ? postage. Glad to see it. We have had a good visitor. Peter missed you. He says you must get Mr. Bissell to "cook" with Jonah Washburn of Randolph, West village, about a school – better than his district. Perhaps Bill may want it himself. Jonah is his cousin.

How are you now situated? What your standing? What your decision about remaining in B? Have you enough bedding? Anymore articles from home needed? Must I send you more money? If you need write.

Dr. Sprague is moving to Dor??Has gone himself. Family going soon. All well here. Sherman is a fine young fellow, wears well. I advised Peter to drive next morning down through the town to see Barkington.

Tuesday, thirtieth. At Malone. Have all just been to the poorhouse. Now for dinner, then we go home Peter for ? We went to Lee Furman's yesterday. He was sitting in his chair in the bedroom, doing well. They all wish you had been here but they wish Sherman had as good a chance as you. Sherman is a fine, fine boy. All highly esteem him. Our Academy is demised! I saw Mr. ? Wood yesterday. Said he had sent Geo. A box, not knowing that you had one till theirs was boxed up. Have you learned any more about Middlebury? Are you settled in your mind? Can you teach school and rise to Junior next year? You must teach school as long as you can. Write me soon and particularly about a school prospect. Need I try to get one of our schools that you might board at home? Goodbye. Sidney says he has written,

R. Bates

Oct. 1, 1835

Dear Father and all,

Time has flown swiftly and many weeks have passed since you heard from me by letter.

Since you heard from me I have had quite an opportunity to add quite an amount to my little stock of knowledge of human nature and to my little experience in the world.

Since you saw me I have spent five months in Burlington College pursuing the studies of Latin and Greek eloquence and rhetoric and Prof. Ben's mathematics! I have dissolved my connection with the university. I asked a certificate and dismissal of Prex. Wheeler, took up my bonds and receipts from Prof. Benedict and bade goodbye to Burlington. After arranging my baggage, I walked off with J.P. Goodrich from Malone, who is a freshman here. I stopped at Dr. Spragues' in Vergennes and made a thorough examination of the city. Arrived at Middlebury, we slept at Goodrich's uncle's. After breakfast, called on Sylvanus, found him more than I expected. Studied a fortnight, was examined, admitted to the long wished for Junior work and attended commencement. Thank fate that I belong to the junior class without any ifs or provisos! Walked and rode to Randolph with uncle Elif. and spent the vacation without any alloy mingled with my happiness. I made many acquaintances there. Emily clement (Mrs. Edson) told me to mention her name. Aunt Prudy's father has experienced religion and lamented that he once turned you out of doors. Randolph Academy begins to flourish again. Wm. Bissell is courting Miss Martha Moulton (daughter of Phi.) a fine handsome and accomplished girl. Aunt Prudy and I question whether he gets her. Betsy and I were with her frequently as also Bissell and i. I believe Bissell is afraid she will get married before he is ready and it almost ruins his studies. He is a B.U.U.M..

I started alone for Hartland on foot but was overtaken in Bethel City by George Bates and thereafter rode mostly. Went to Woodstock, saw Elder Hayzen who, seeing me with Oliver Paddock, came into the road bareheaded to speak with me. I had previously seen his wife but he wasn't at home. I went to Cushion's. Called on John Moulton who with Sam Ford his son-in-law lives at Woodstock. His wife (Polly Rice) told me to tell you she is grandmother.

Dr. Gallup has moved from Woodstock but I cannot tell where. I was told he did not go on account of trouble by any means. I went to Queechy Village (Hartford) found Seth L. Childs a practicing physician doing well, in very high spirits, says he has done more during the six months of his abode there than you did all the time he studied with you. Wonders now how you ever got along. The former doctor at Q.V. is going to die. Child's good fortune lies in that.

I travelled all over Hartland, found cousins everywhere and home anywhere. Aunt Bryant, Uncle Lee, Is and Bets, Elias Bates, Sidney's brother Dunstan, Sister cotton and a power of Bateses too numerous to mention. I admired the country, noticed the old cream-colored meeting-house and especially the tall apple trees where long ago an old house stood in which, I conclude you were born and your grandfather died. Hartland Center is no longer there; it seemed to be the most lonesome place I saw anywhere. The old meeting-house is out of use and a large new one is built farther south at the four corners. I passed on to Windsor, noted the famed Connecticut river, found at home Geo. Warman who you may mention to Stone. He returns no more to Burlington. He waited upon me with considerable politeness into Everett's celebrated garden and other places. Went to the state' prison and was sown all about. Tom Emerson's house is the most elegant I ever saw. I took my leave well repaid "for a visit to Windsor Street," and returned home to Randolph. While at Ran, I studied some, fished in the ranch more – caught trout and helped Joseph trap muskrats. And went about and made visits most of all!

Randolph meeting-house looks ancient. I attended a four days meeting there. Finally I went up to Brookfield to see Uncle Tom Bates and folks. And now I must return to Mid.

Uncle Peter has been to Whitehall all summer, every week. Sherman and I made out another team and steered for Whitehall – passed through Rutland and Castleton, arrived in two days. After helping them load, I took passage for Shoreham on the Franklin from thence I walked here. Middlebury College is as different from that of Burlington as you can imagine. I am much happier in the society of the students here than there. We had a brilliant and attractive exhibition of the Philomathean Society last Wednesday in which my chum had a part. Since the term commenced I have been studying philosophy, chemistry (large works), conic sections and Latin history. I find myself equal to my classmates but I am discouraged about writing, composition and speaking. For a whole year I could gain no influence in Burlington and now I am just beginning here. To write well and speak well are the great means by which students attract notice and it is so long since I have attended to these exercises much that I am as a novice. My Sophomore exercise at Burl. and the manner in which my piece was criticized have put me all out of conceit with myself. Unless a student begins with his class he sees no chance to initiate himself among

them and his energy decays. He becomes languid and indifferent. My spirits are low. I aspire to no eminence and I have my doubts whether I had not better get a living up by the sweat of my brow than try to live by intellectual exertions. Sometimes I lament that I could not enter college a freshman – again I have hopes that it is not necessary to shine in college in order to shine afterwards. I can't write all I feel. My disposition is happy enough. I like my chum – I like everybody and am content with everything. I never feel poor and never shall. I meet with nothing that displeases me whatever but my own useless self. What use am I to the world or to myself? I am not glad that I was ever born!

Were it not that so favorable an opportunity present, I should scarcely wish to write home but now you may prepare for fresh demands. Seymour thinks he will stop for 2 or 3 days. If you wish to send me anything for economy's sake, I would gladly receive the Northern Traveller and Webster's Dictionary. I have none. I think I must have a winter vest – perhaps you will buy a good one and if you wish me to take your black pantaloons they are none too large. If I can have 15 or 20 dollars, I shall not be obliged to become indebted to anyone, otherwise I cannot pay twelve weeks board. I paid for conic sections, \$5 for philosophy (natural and mechanical) and \$4 for chemistry second hand. I have \$8 or nine yet. My travelling expenses from Burlington (including the freight of my baggage here) all over the state has cost me this vacation \$5.59. I bought a pair of shoes at \$2.50.

N.B. If you can send any or all of these, I will use them becomingly, viz. "the Northern Traveller," Webster's Dictionary, a winter vest, black pantaloons, a pair of suspenders, money and a host of letters, "describin' things" – how the Academy flourishes, how about Elder Safford, Foster, the "boys and girls." (By the by, I frequently see Mary Seymour). And withal give a copious description of the many miseries of my wretched old home.

So goodnight to you all,
S.F. Bates

October 9, 1835 (??)

Dear Father,

Though you have been waiting a letter from me some time in vain, I suppose you will not cease waiting until you get one. I know of no immediate benefit that will arise from my writing but write mostly for the purpose of satisfying the anxious minds of friends.

With regard to Seymour's loss of valise, I consider it one of those unavoidable accidents to which we are all exposed, perhaps one amongst a hundred others which ought to have been avoided. He got off from the coach in the street, could not get his luggage, told the driver to hold on to it. The driver did hold on but to the wrong valise. So ours was not taken in a rogue style. Seymour has taken every caution that you would, as far as I can see. He took the valise that was left, has it, found two shirts only in it, no name on anything, shirts not the finest; has the names of all the passengers in the Chateaugay stage, searched both steamboats, gave directions to Foquet, went to Whitehall, gave directions to Johnson (steamboat house) and says he will find it even at the cost of a hundred dollars. He has gone to New York now on business, returns in one week.

I have not taken a school yet, hope to get one over the mountain through the aid of Childs and Sylvanus who is teaching an extensive family school in Hartford near Childs (Queechy village). I wrote to C. when S. went, have not heard since.

A word about Middlebury College. I sent you a catalogue, did you get it? (Did you ever find the medical notice of Burlington?) By the catalogue you find we have 40 freshmen, 58 sophs and I learn there are only 21 Fresh in U.V.M. I know there are only 21 Juniors left remaining there from a class of 48. Sorry! Sorry!

Prex Bates is equal to Wheeler. Hough hardly equal to Torrey. Fowler is certainly not to be compared to Benedict and Turner can't hold a candle to young Benedict. Benedict would scratch his eyes out in two minutes.

We have two tutors one of whom (Cutis?) is as powerful a young man as can be found. Preaches in one of the neighboring towns, acts as chaplain to the regiment etc. – is highly esteemed, perhaps I

never saw a man more worthily. The other was voted out of college the other day by the Freshmen, but upon some eloquent remarks by Dr. Bates, they voted him back again.

The faculty of Burlington (?) are men and my opinion that there are no better faculty in the country increases as I become more informed.

Professor Turner gives lectures on Natural Philosophy (mechanics) –sometimes very good but with all his advantages in apparatus he is dreadful awkward in experiments.

Also Fowler lectures on Chemistry – abundance of apparatus, 4 large galvanic troughs which one day melted copper and gold, making a blaze too bright to be endured by the eyes. Yes, gold blazes. I received a shock which wilted or withered my arms completely. He lectured on oxygen this afternoon but wonderful poor! I remember seeing far better experiments performed by J.M. Briggs.

The new steeple coll. Building is completed outside, is beautiful, grand four stories. It is one of the grandest building I have ever seen. It has an observatory above the belfry. It is situated directly south of this building and one to correspond not yet erected.

I am boarded in a happy place, over the creek, for 7 shillings (Vermont) per week. Enjoy myself and exercise all patience. Middlebury is a religious place – good for me! Jedediah Burchard commences a protracted meeting here on Thursday.

Let us accept the world as it comes but never trust to fortune!

Sheridan Bates

Ft. Covington, October 23, 1835 ?

Sheridan,

I suppose you have got my letter and \$20 sent by Mr. Safford. Left with Mr. Orves, Burlington. I received yours by Allen Orvis. He boards with us. My communication about schools may have put you in a bad predicament. \$18 here is as good as \$16 near Burlington. Expenses home and back are something but studying in one place (the office) will enable you to keep near your class in college. If you get \$16 or \$17 and board about you can study none. But if you could get 16 near B. or 16 or 17 near Randolph west Branch Village, you might call it about as well. Peter's district is small, not in any village. I think Wm. Wahsburn's district is Uncle Eliphalet's (?) – south of the village, is it not? – the village is best. Now before you get this, I shall hear from you. I will keep your letter ten days before I give our trustees an answer, if you wish, and you may look around. Do better if you can (I think \$15 in ? is not quite as good.) You may not have yet heard from Randolph. When you do if you can do as well, clear as much, you may ct at your pleasure. And our trustees will be quiet till you write again. Say I hear from you by the 10th or 12th of Nov. But if all chances there fail, I shall hold on to this without fail.

I rec'd a letter from you this Friday night, of course shall not hear now until Monday. Monday or Tuesday perhaps you will get this. In making up your mind what is best, you see it will cost you to come and go about ten dollars. But you can study much better here and if you go to Randolph it will cost nearly the same therefore to do as well there, you ought to board in one place to study some and get \$16. \$15 is not enough. I don't see how you board much. You will wear out less clothes and get mended if at home. But to conclude. I will give you time to think further. Look around, search, before I bind you here – yet I will keep the chance here. In Chateaugay they wrote me they wanted you. They would give \$12. I offered you first for 15. At Moira they wrote they about depend on you for \$14. I wrote they can't have you. So you see I have three schools. Bidwell, I think, will teach over the river here. Stiles, Stone, Orvis board here. Ma well. Gets along well. I have as doctors: Pomeroy, Stratton, Chamberlain, Moody, Cobb and Marsh from Woodstock, Pardee in ? If a smart young man from Boston would teach Anatomy next fall, I would teach surgery, some one theory and practice –and we might have a Medical School. Suppose I should write to Benedict about it? Would anyone in Burlington teach Theory and Practice? Is there anyone who would wish to teach Surgery so I would not get the chance? I think not!

Farewell,

R. Bates

[Mary writes: He is evidently thinking of opening a Medical School in Burlington, taking his pupils with him.]

Middlebury, Nov. 12, 1835 Thursday

Dear father,

As I have an opportunity to send a line, I improve it in order to let you know that I cannot obtain a school over the mountain. Until this moment, I almost despaired of getting one at all and was about to write this letter to have you get one for me.

I stopped, however, to see a senior just now who had a school for me and had even sent to let me know it. It is at Enosburgh, 70 miles north from here. He taught it last winter and was carried to and brought from the place some distance by the district. They will give fifteen dollars in cash, per month (four weeks) for three months and may want me another month if I am willing.

Mr. Peet, the senior, says I will be happily situated.

I wrote a letter last Monday. You have received it I presume. You could not get a better school for me.

With haste,

Farewell,

Sheridan

Middlebury, Nov. 24, 1835

My dear parents,

It is now evening. I have now upwards of thirty dollars in my pocket and my lesson in my head, and do "conceive myself quite lucky" that I may now write a letter to my home. This afternoon, that longed for, vexatious valise arrived and S.F.B. is "glad in his heart," as Homer says. You at home may now rest assured that I enjoy every convenience. I trust that I was not at all impatient under my suspense and fear. I strove to say nothing but tonight must confess I trembled with gratification and gladness. The letters were perused with all the eagerness of letters fresh from the pen. Some time ago I wrote you a letter by mail and one by favor. In the latter I informed you that I had taken a school at Enosburgh in the north of the state at fifteen dollars per month for three months. These letters have been received, I presume, before this time. I have received two letters from you, both concerning the lost valise. I have been some little in hope you would send for me to take a school for a longer time somewhere near home. I leave Middlebury next week Thursday.

I am happy to inform my parents that I consider my change of situation one of the most fortunate events of my life. At B. I was indeed secluded from the world. I must say I think I was imposed upon by the college who wished to make me a freshman.

I was hindered from growing by the grace of God – for it was necessary to lend a helping hand to such a person as myself in order that I might improve and advance in religion; but that helping hand was not given until I came here. Immediately upon my coming here I was associated with pious young men of my own age and if I would pretend to be a follower of the cross I was obliged to take hold of Christian duties. I thank my God that I have learned to have confidence in holy exercises before others.

Shall I give my friends some account of a protracted meeting now holden in this place under the guidance of Rev. W. Burchard? The pastor of the congregational church is Mr. Merrill who has preached to the people thirty years—was a classmate with Daniel Webster and took the valedictory. He is cunning, has by degrees drawn the people into a calm but strong desire to have Burchard preach to them, and B. has come, has preached now nine days. Mr. Burchard holds an anxious meeting every morning from ten o'clock to one – no public service. The professors of every denomination are eagerly requested to assist in the great work which is being done. Prayer meetings are held all over town and all over college during the forenoon. Studies are dispensed with to a great degree. Public service commences at two o'clock at which time the customary plan of asking requests for prayers is carried on. Burchard asks if any have requests to

make for friends. People request all over the house. Burchard says "What's your name? what's your name, lady?" Some requests for a friend at a distance: "That's right – send a letter.: The requests done, he makes a very short prayer, they say. He then commences with a few eloquent remarks, takes his text – N.B. his texts are the best in the Bible and those most commonly preached upon. He commands language from the most vulgar, even ridiculous, to the most sublime I ever heard from human lip – speaks pretty fast and every single eye is fixed upon him and every one catches his words, hour after hour without impatience. He uses the grandest figures, the most plain illustrations. "Now," says he "that's plain, aint it? Ye can understand that, can't ye? Say!" He has a noble, pleasant voice, not very large eyes, black hair, large chin and under lip. Very polite, often begs pardon, hopes they will take it kindly, excuses things, talks calm, pleasing but dreadful. He invariably preached to the church 3 or 4 days but called for anxious sinners after service just as when he preached to them. They went forward just as freely. Saturday, having appealed sinners first, he called out with a voice that thrilled every bone in the body, "Come right forward! Take these seats! Immediately! Don't stop – pour down, pour down from the gallery" – and they did pour down. The effect was startling. "Get out," he cried as he ran down the pulpit stairs, "Get out of the way, Christians! Clear away! Clear away! Bring in your friends. God don't want no dumb Christians! You are as useless as hawks around here!" He scoured the aisle from the doors to the pulpit. The people were astounded, sure enough. On Monday he said, "Perhaps I was hasty, but I felt that an unusual exertion was necessary Saturday and it wouldn't do to fold my arms and say, "If you please, will you take these seats."

He preaches every afternoon and evening, never in the forenoon. It is not oddity that characterizes the man most, nor does oddity produce his success. He is the most powerful man I ever saw and it is by his knowledge of human nature, remembrance and notice of every thing and an unfettered ability in application that he is so. He is particular, talented, acquainted with all important kinds of business, eloquent and correct in private matters – Was once a merchant, experienced religion at 25 years of age. Was odd, bold, and went ahead – is 44 years old now and plainly a man of experience. He has preached all his sermons many times, we all say, yet he seems to have had enough at Utica to last 70 days and then they were not all exhausted. Sometimes it seems strange to us that so sound a man should use so much oddity; but it is for the sake of variety and effect. He is certainly cunning. He does not pretend to revive religion himself but he came to help the church, throws the work all on their shoulders, instructs and commands, and the implicit obedience manifested is striking. Mr. Burchard is by no means arrogant or assuming. About 300 have become converted in Middlebury which was before the most religious place I ever saw. – one hundred pious students heretofore but now all the rest seem to be becoming so. B. says it is a great work, more difficult here than in wicked places, says "the church must make a long pull a strong pull and pull altogether."

This much have I written concerning B. and the meeting. I might write more and quote more from his singularities but I am not sure you would be pleased with it and I even have my doubts that you will relish what I have already written. I have noticed him because he is a truly remarkable man. None doubt his sincerity. He seems to be a peculiar instrument sent from Heaven to effect the salvation of many souls.

I begin to feel more zeal than ever before in religion, intent to be more active always a hereafter at home, or wherever I go.

Tuesday noon, 24 Nov. The weather is very cold, snow very deep. I think of home. I will proceed to answer your letters somewhat particularly. I received your first remarks kindly concerning general improvement, modesty, display of college accomplishments, etc. – intend to treasure them up as all such as I receive from home. I am gratified that you were glad to hear by my letter from "down country."

I mentioned in my letter that I bought a Chemistry and Philosophy – Silliman's Chemistry in two volumes published at Yale College, Olmsted's Philosophy 2 vol. published in same place. Both works are the largest books I have. You sent the dictionary I wished. I knew Bradley by sight. I saw a letter from Sidney to Goodrich, stating his misfortune before I heard from you. I hope I shall see grandfather again. I learn from Seymour that Safford has finally come to Roseville. I know Dr. Allen by sight—is of find, gentlemanly appearance. I understand he has a large library. I mean to see it. You ask if I remembered anything at Uncle P's. –truly the south door and yard under the elms, that is all. Randolph was not at all s

I expected. In fact, I had thought that if I were once over the mountain I should be in level country again. Woodstock was down on a flat instead of on a high land. Windsor and Hartland were just as I expected, precisely “barrin’ the hills,”

[Rest of this letter is missing. JGH]