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LITTLE WRITER;  
See vol. 77. page 716.

DESIGNED AS

Joseph Dowe, Prop.

AN AID TO CHILDREN

IN ACQUIRING AN

EASY AND FAMILIAR EPISTOLARY STYLE.

'True ease in writing comes from art.'



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH DOWE.  
1836.

McMicken College of Arts and  
Office of the Dean  
University of Cincinnati  
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PREFACE.

The 'Letters' in this little book have been promiscuously thrown together, in the hope that they may be useful as a kind of guide to that class of children who so reluctantly set themselves about writing a letter. Believing this aversion may generally be overcome by furnishing them with some materials, those have been selected which are daily occurring in their own experience—thereby teaching them that if they have any *ideas* there will be no difficulty in ex-

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pressing them so as to make an easy, varied and sprightly letter.

There are doubtless many inaccuracies in the Little Writer, but when we consider the rather difficult task of finding materials for a variety of letters which will *interest* and *improve* those for whom they are intended, we hope all reasonable indulgence will be allowed.

THE

LITTLE WRITER.

May 6th, 183—.

Dear Fred,—I hasten to tell you of a new arrangement made respecting me. At a family meeting where there were, as usual, many acting and active members, it was unanimously voted that I should leave home to attend the Academy in N—. Now as I have a decided aversion to going, and only do so because parental obedience demands it, I address this short note to you, asking the favor of a correspondence between us? I wish to enter into a contract with you and your sister, to write to me just as we talk together and to let the letters follow in quick succession. I shall go next week.

My love to Calla.

Yours in haste,

HENRY D.

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ANSWER.

May 11th, 183—.

I assure you, dear Henry, that as the sister of your former schoolmate and play-fellow Frederick, I shall esteem it a pleasure to comply with your request to write, and if my letters are not as frequent as you desire, you must not attribute it to my wanting an inclination, nor because I find little to say to you. My time is variously apportioned, so that I have only now and then odd intervals that I can steal from other duties to write letters to my friends. I am this very moment called to sit to the piano.—I wish you could hear me play an animating waltz, or sing a merry song. But those you will need more to hear when you get away and first feel the indescribable and nonsensical malady, termed 'homesickness.' Yet, Henry, I cannot but hope that you will be exempted from this disease. It seems strange that a boy whose attention is always diverted by change and novelties, should pass them by to sit moping in a corner, thinking what a pleasant home he has left, and what a dreary one he has found.

Do not indulge such fancies; make friends by good conduct and learn to look to *yourself*, not others, for happiness.

Frederick has just gone out to string a kite. He begged me to tell you he would write next week when you had fairly got to N—. Remember me to your brother, sister Sophia &c.

Truly, ANNETTE.

FREDERICK TO HENRY.

May 13th, 183—.

My dear Cousin,—I have been teasing father all this week to let me go to school with you. I have been repeatedly told by the family when I have done a wrong action, that as a *punishment* I shall be sent from home to school. I think I should not dread it now, provided, I might join you and Tom D. But then I suppose if I were sent from home it would be to some old fashioned master who would keep me under his eye all the time.

I should like to hear from you.—I send you some books and a newspaper. I have many things to tell you, but my Grammar lesson is

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not learned and the clock is just striking eight —You country boys are probably in bed and asleep. I wish I were, but I have no excuse to offer for a bad recitation in the morning but neglecting to study the day before. Write me soon.—Good bye.

FREDERICK.

HENRY TO HIS MOTHER.

*May 21st, 183—.*

Dear Mother,—As I was looking in my trunk for my jack-knife this afternoon, what should I see but that little package at the bottom of all my clothes, directed to me? I thought before I opened it I had a nice lot of cake and candy, but you know what it was before I tell you. Tom says a Bible is always a Mother's gift; and he went on and told me a story that made me cry. He said that thirteen years ago a poor boy went out in a low capacity with a captain on board one of the steamboats on Lake Champlain. The poor boy was surrounded with bad company. They tried

to make him sin with them, and the only thing which prevented him, was reading a Bible which his mother placed among his few articles of clothing. He thought of her who gave him the good book, and read it for her sake. By and by, the Captain loved him for his good conduct and promoted him, and now he commands a steamboat himself. If I should travel that way, I mean to find the man and go in his boat.

I like my new home very much. Tom is fretful about eating bread and milk for his supper; but I never speak against it, because you told me to eat and find no fault.

Dear Mother, I wish Sophia would send me some of the new story books. I had a letter yesterday from Frederick;—it seems as if I were at home when I read what you write me about it.

We went into the Sunday School yesterday. It is a small school—every thing looks little to me here. We live in a cottage, go to a little school house, and a little church, and Tom is looking over my shoulder and bids me add, 'and we feel a *little* homesick.'

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Please send me that ball of twine I left, and those old prints which hang in my bed room. Write me some good long letters. I wish I could write such, but I am not much used to the business, so you must excuse all that is wanting in your affectionate son,

HENRY.

TO JAMES WILMOT, EXETER.

N—, June 27th, 183—.

Will you be kind enough, brother James, to tell me who superintends your spelling class? I ask the question in sober earnest, for I was grieved at the sad mistakes and blunders with which your letter to me abounded. Let me enumerate two or three words;—there was *sorry* in the first line spelled with one *r*, and *polite* with an *e* wanting in the second; and what was even worse than all the rest, when you meant to ask me to write you, you spelled it *right*. You see I have taken you literally, and am determined to set you *right*. A brother has no need to ask an apology, or beg an excuse for correcting a brother's faults, and I have only

to ask you to amend and pay particular attention to learning to *spell*.

As an exercise to improve you, I impose it on you to write to me once a week, and do not hurry over the page, but make your periods where they should be, and your minor stops in their places. Practice is the only thing that can improve you in letter-writing. You will thank me some future day for my plainness.

I am going to C. tomorrow.—I am heartily tired of a vacation. When I look forward, I see so much to learn before I can be a man *in mind* that I wish I could almost cease to grow *in body* till I have acquired more knowledge. You are wild and sportive now—all this is well enough; but do remember that there is a time to study as well as play. You may think me severe, but I have been a boy like you, and am now sorry that I behaved so rudely.

We have but little news—old Tray, your favorite dog, was killed yesterday—Long life to cats and chickens in future—It is pleasant to live in peace even if one is a dumb animal. Mother will see you next week.—Write me by her, but I repeat it, learn to spell now or you never will.—Your kind adviser, S. W.

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HENRY TO HIS MOTHER.

*N—, June 2nd, 183—.*

My dear Mother,—It is no drudgery for me to write a letter now. Formerly you know how much coaxing and teasing I needed before I would write to brother John, but since I have been from home there is not a single thing I do so cheerfully as to sit down and answer your kind epistles to me. To be sure my letters are not so finished nor half as long as yours, but then you always encourage me to tell things in my own way, and so I do not feel as if you would ever laugh at my poor attempts.

There is a great deal here to interest me. We have a great many boys to play with, and when we sit around our long dinner table, you would be obliged to look a good while before you would find your 'little Henry' in the crowd. We have capital fun. After supper we play ball and exercise ourselves just as we choose. Some boys swing, but it makes me so dizzy I shall not attempt it again. Jim Snow put me in the swing yesterday, and then pushed me violently back and forth, telling me to 'hold on strong,' but I became so dizzy that I fell out

in a few minutes. It was fortunate that I did not get killed outright; as it was, I only hurt my head a little. Do not feel anxious about me, dear mother, I shall never attempt to do again, what I ought to know better than undertake.

My cough has entirely gone. I never go out in the evening,—but I rise in the morning with the lark. I look forward to your promised visit with much pleasure. In the interval I hope to succeed in my studies and be what you said I must, 'always a good boy.'

Your affectionate son, H. D.

FREDERICK TO HENRY.

*W—, June 12th, 183—.*

Dear Henry,—I am impatient for my vacation, for then I have the promise of going to see you. What a delightful time we shall have. I mean to take a sail on the beautiful pond you wrote me about; besides I shall go berrying, and egg hunting, till I am tired.

I have been practising gymnasticks lately. You would laugh to see how high I can climb.

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I am rendered very nimble by learning to exercise all my limbs; and instead of 'little puny Fred,' I shall soon compare with 'Frederick the Great.' But mother says it is no matter what my title is, if I am only 'great as I am good.' I have lots of things to tell you, but cannot stop to say any more in this letter. Write soon, and believe me as ever,  
F. H.

SOPHIA TO HENRY.

S—, 183—.

Your letter was so amusing, my dear boy, that I cannot let an hour pass before I answer it. Your description of the little ark in which you float in your journey was very humorous; so also was your rejection of your famous dinner. Those chickens must have been very *dear acquaintances* or your refusal to taste them would not have been heard. Quite a tragic scene you must have had in witnessing the destruction of the feathered race which you had reared from peeping chickens to mother hens, and from little goslings to lordly

ganders! Yet who but you ever thought of lamenting over their death when they saw them nicely served upon the table.

I have just been down by the sea-shore gathering some shells to make a couple of vases for your mother. The tide became rather unceremonious, and increased so fast that I was obliged to run from a darling shell which I wished to obtain.

It is needless for me to tell you how much Fred wishes to see you. I saw him looking in our Almanac to day very busy, counting fast—said I, 'what are you doing, Fred?' He replied, 'I am counting the weeks before Henry will come.' Now I think it is exceedingly gratifying to have friends retain such kind remembrances as to wish us with them.—I hope you are not as anxious to come as he is that you should, for this wishing away precious time seems to be misusing the greatest gift in the world.

I have nothing interesting or new to tell you—we live just as when you were here—each of us has enough to do and so we are never unhappy, unless perchance we happen *to do wrong*.

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How is Sam? Tell him to have a watchful eye over his lame foot. Mrs P. is below waiting to see me, so I will only add that this letter is but a slight acknowledgment of the receipt of yours, and a better answer may be expected soon, from

Your friend, SOPHIA.

L—, August 7th, 183—.

My dear schoolfellow,—I am safely arrived at my own home. I want to tell you how troubled I was to get here, for I know it will be most amusing to you. You recollect when I got in the stage at your door it was so crowded that the driver wanted me to sit outside. The reason of my refusing to do so was because a hot sun always makes my head ache, if I am long exposed to it. I did not explain this to the passengers—if I had, I might have fared better; for an old lady who sat next to me kept asking me every mile I went, if I could not 'sit a little farther and not crowd her so much?' This I tried to do, but you know Henry how I dislike snuff and tobacco: well, in trying to

oblige the old lady I only came nearer an old man who kept spitting tobacco juice all over me. The ride grew dreadfully uncomfortable. The air of the coach was impregnated with all sorts of smells, and I began to feel sick at my stomach. Fearing that it might increase, I resolved to get on with the driver. This I did as soon as we got to the first stopping place. The wind blew more and a cooler breeze came on, so that I found an agreeable exchange. I found we had quite an intelligent driver, who told me the name of every little hill and vale as he drove along, all of which amused me very much.

Within five miles of home we stopped at a tavern where a little colored boy met us, grinning at our arrival. I looked at him attentively and found it was our Tom who used to draw Netty about in her wagon last summer. I gave him a nine-pence for 'auld acquaintance' sake, and his cheerful countenance spoke his thanks better than words. I love to give to grateful people. Write me soon how you get along, and if the vacation does not seem tedious. I

begin to think I shall want to see our white-washed academy soon.

Yours truly, SAMUEL D.

TO FREDERICK.

N—, August 9th, 183—.

Dear Fred,—I believe it is true that the most industrious people are the happiest. I have been longing for a vacation that I might have nothing to do. It has come, and oh dear, I have yawned myself almost to death. After the first pleasure of meeting my parents and brothers and sisters is over, I begin to feel the need of more excitement than home affords. They tell me I want employment.

I have walked up and down our dusty street till I am tired. Dick and James passed through here yesterday—I was gathering some flowers by the road-side, and who should halloo at me but the unmannerly Dick. He had just been 'squabbling,' as he called it, with James, and tore his jacket. Is it not strange that boys cannot act more like gentlemen? When I see boys behave like him I always think they ought

to suffer for it as they generally do—for 'those who bruise always get bruised,' says the proverb.

I shall go to W— tomorrow. My sister is there at school. Do you ever go a fishing? It looks likely to rain and I am going down to the bridge to throw over my line. I wish you were with me. If you find fault with this letter, remember it comes from the country and a sincere heart. As such accept it, from

Yours sincerely, H. D.

A MOTHER TO HER SON.

S—, Sept. 9th, 183—

My dear Son,—I am glad to hear that you have so far recovered your health as to be able to walk and ride. My anxiety about you has been constant, and began to increase because I had not heard directly from you for some days. I must beg of you to always write me whenever an opportunity offers. You have no conception of a mother's anxiety about her only son. Not only am I desirous for your health and bodily activity, but, my dear Henry, it is my ear-

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nest desire that you may improve the advantages which you now receive, so that you may one day be a useful citizen and an ornament to society.

I think children would never do wrong did they realize the pain it occasions not only to themselves but to their parents. Dr Franklin used to say when he had done a good action, 'the smile of his employer was his reward.'

I hope you read, in connection with studying. It is inexcusable to live in ignorance nowadays. I would not desire you to be a mere bookworm—play at seasonable times, but do not let a fondness for diversion supersede strict attention to study. I could write you volumes, my dear child, upon the right improvement of your time, but let me refer you to your own conscience as a suitable test for all your actions.

Effie has just finished dressing a doll. We are to have a Fair tomorrow for the benefit of our Sunday school library. James D. has just returned. Timothy enters college next August—his mother is very ill. Be careful of your health, and always remember the happiness

your good conduct confers on your devoted mother,  
L. D.

HENRY TO HIS MOTHER.

N<sup>o</sup>—, Sept. 11th, 183—

Dear Mother,—I am becoming quite a farmer. You told me to always make myself useful when I could, so for exercise as well as use, I have driven the cows from their pasture every night for a month past.

I want to tell you an occurrence which took place yesterday. You perhaps know that clover is frequently sown along with grain; so that, when the grain is cut, a field covered with this plant remains. It is rich food for the cows, and old Brindle ate so voraciously yesterday that it was with difficulty I could get her home. When she got in the yard she laid down perfectly exhausted. The milkman said *living in clover* was a dangerous thing to cows and boys.

I think I shall never complain any more of my simple food so long as it is wholesome. I am glad we have no candy and cake shops

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here; for although I love the taste of them as well as any body, yet I never felt half as well when I ate them as I do now when I cannot get them.

I am much obliged to Sarah for the books. I rise early and enjoy the freshness of the beautiful mornings. I always have a good appetite for my breakfast, and when the men go to their labor, I go to my books.

I forgot to tell you that I have a little garden—You would laugh to see the flowers in it. I sowed just such seeds as Mrs G. gave me. They have sprung up and blossomed, and what do you think they are? *Sunflowers*, and *Hollyhocks*! Nobody can say but I have a showy garden.

I am going to mill after dinner with Moses in the wagon, but I must get my Latin lesson first; so dear mother I can write no more this time.

Your affectionate son, HENRY.

SAMUEL TO HENRY.

W—, Sept. 23d, 183—

Dear Henry,—We had a fine time here last

night. Sister Ellen was married to Mr B. This was the reason of my not returning, as you doubtless expected I should yesterday. I can give you no idea of the scene—every lamp in the house was lighted, every room thrown open, and in the hall we had a large supper table loaded with dainties. The table was ornamented with flowers. After all, Ellen said, nothing looked so pretty as nature's productions. The minister joked her, and said she was a rare plant—all the company laughed, and to tell the sober truth, a wedding is a joyful occasion, Henry, provided, it did not separate brothers and sisters. I shall bring you a large slice of wedding cake and tell you the rest when I see you.

I wish you would give my compliments to our good Teacher, and tell him I shall be back early in the week. Reserve my old seat for me. I have a great deal to tell you when I see you. Until then, good-bye. S. D.

TO A BOY IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

W—, Nov. 11th, 183—

My dear Edward,—While you are enjoying

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the pleasant warmth and heat of summer, I am pinched by the chilly air of a frosty morning in November. I am pleased to find your attachment to early friends remains unbroken. I always found that the farther I went from home, the nearer it was to my heart.

Your opportunities for travelling must afford you a succession of novelties which we *home bodies* know but little about. And yet you say you are never sorry to hear that you are going from one pleasant port to another! It appears to me every where I stopped I should want to get acquainted with the geography of the country, as well as with the character of its inhabitants.

You wish I could travel with you. I should make but a ridiculous figure who am so ignorant of my own country, to set about visiting foreign ones. Mother says, I should never forget that I live in America, and endeavor to inform myself particularly of its early history, and as time runs rapidly, when I get farther advanced I shall visit the principal wonders of our own land. You have been a traveller by birth—do tell me to what country you belong?

You can say you were born in America, passed your childhood in England, studied in Germany, and are now in Italy. What will be added to the above description I know not—I wish I might add, and returned to his friends in America, where he made his native village his home.

Your mind must be expanded, if travelling among a variety of people and scenery ever produces this effect. You live in the world, while I your humble correspondent dwell in a grove. The little inhabitants about me sing grateful hymns to Providence, and the voice of nature seems the voice of thanks—so if I am not improved by going over a wide range in creation, I have reason at least for gratitude and contentment in my quiet home.

I thank you sincerely for your favors accompanying the letter. The oranges are delicious—I have just carried some to a sick neighbor.

Do excuse my uninteresting returns for your sprightly letters. Recollect that I am centered in one spot, and have not a variety of subjects like you to catch my attention.

Mother bids me give you her love and the quaint adage, 'be a good boy and improve.'

That after all your travels are over we may meet in love is the earnest wish of your friend,  
P. P.

TO EDWARD AT HOME, SICK.

*M—, Dec. 18th, 183—*

My dear Edward,—If you should be unable to read this letter I know some kind friend will do it for you; and should your fever run high, I trust a few words may refresh your spirits; or should you be chilled with an ague, that the proof of a school fellow's attachment would have no tendency to increase the coldness. You are in a far more enviable state than many poor fellows. Only think of Sam Chase. He is taken with a violent inflammation of the throat, and the poor fellow has no one but some of us schoolboys to cheer him; while you have a good mother and loving sisters, watching all your wants.

Do not get low spirited. You will recover much sooner provided you keep a cheerful frame of mind, and this after all is very much at people's command, if they choose to make it so.

I have had a nice little grate put in our room since you left—we can crack nuts, and tell stories, and feel all the better for having been separated when you return. What do you think I have attempted to do since I have been alone? Having always a taste for 'Ma'am Goose's Melodies,' I have set about writing poetry—no—not poetry, but rhymes! I send them to you, for I well know they cannot but make you smile if you are ever so sick. I will not fatigue you to hear or read a long letter, but conclude by giving you my hearty wishes for your speedy restoration and return to your lonely chum,  
H. D.

SOPHIA TO HENRY.

*N—, Dec. 29th, 183—*

Dear Brother,—I am obliged to write a French Translation for my composition this week. I have just read it to Mother, and she insisted on my writing it to you.—Now for it.

'A raven one day promised a cock that he would show him a number of things which he was sure no other bird possessed. The cock went with him some way, and in the hole of an

old wall, he exhibited his hoards. There were bones and stones, bits of wood and horn, leather and rags, and a thousand other things. 'Well,' said the cock, 'and now tell me what is the use of all these things; can you eat them?' 'No,' said the raven. 'Will any other bird eat them?' said the cock. 'No,' said the raven. 'Then,' cried the cock, 'what a fool you are to spend your time in laying up so much trash.'

Did you never see idle boys, Henry, that filled their heads with nonsense instead of useful knowledge, who were no wiser than this silly bird? I wish you would translate some fables and send them to me.

I think you greatly improve in letter-writing, and let me divulge a profound secret to you, dear brother. There can be no harm in telling you, since some other one will if I do not. You must know at the end of your present term you are to come home, and after spending a few weeks you will be put under the care of our father's *beloved friend* to be fitted for college? You know to whom I refer. I will not tell you any more, for you will be sufficiently questioned on the subject at some future day.

I am teasing father to let me accompany him for you. I have decorated your little bedroom in anticipation of your return. Remember me to your chum and tell him I am truly glad to hear of his recovery. The bell tells me dinner is ready. You will not probably hear from me till you see me. Bring all your books home with you.

Truly,

SOPHIA.

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*Boston, April 20th, 183—*

I have just laid down a book, dear Henry, upon the 'government of the temper'—As you are rather excitable I have thought it may not be amiss to send it to you. I believe I have always been under a sad mistake when I have imagined that others made my way cloudy, and that when the path was all sunshine, I owed the pleasant light to myself. I begin to think now, that we can gild every scene by calmly meeting the trials and vexations which lie in our path, and as my good minister says, by the discipline of life, we can be purified and fitted for higher perfection than this state of



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our being allows. It would be well, Henry, for you to ponder a little upon this book.

I am happy to find you in such good spirits;—am glad that you have so good a taste as to relish the rational enjoyments which now open before you. How foolishly people judge of real happiness in this world. Again and again, they have been told in what it lies, but yet they are never willing to believe it. I will tell you an anecdote just in point. Little Effie has been teasing all the morning for an orange. They are sour, and entirely unsuited to her present state;—yet to convince her that I really know what is best for her, I have given her one. You may think me a silly mother, but I think it is best sometimes to convince even children that by following their *own course* they can make themselves very unhappy. She is now crying because the orange hurt her! Is not this like the conduct of older children, save the things which *they* are bent on obtaining are of a *different kind*, but eventually cause them to weep and sigh because experience teaches them what they would not believe though another told them.

I hope you show a corresponding gratitude for all the favors done you by the worthy family with whom you reside, and in return benefit them in every way that presents itself. Make my kindest regards to them, and believe me your affectionate sister, ANN.

B—, May 2d, 183—

Like the child who ate the orange in an improper time, I began to wipe my eyes because your last letter was no longer—yet from its contents, I learned to overcome the vexation it would otherwise have occasioned me, and so have made it profitable. Dr E. (you see I quote him every where,) says that a long letter unless exceedingly varied, is frequently tedious; and as mine cannot be very sprightly, I will lay down his maxim as a standard truth.

You will rejoice with me, dear sister, when I tell you that I am happier every day I live. Study, which was once such a drudgery, under so delightful a teacher as I now enjoy, has



become one of my chief sources of pleasure—I have amusements in those very things which once I should have spurned at, as being classed under the name.

Yesterday about noon, I was agreeably surprised—the stage stopped at our door and a tall gentleman alighted, whom Dr E. introduced as his brother from the South. I have not learned the name of the city where he resides, but I believe he owns a plantation and keeps a great many slaves; yet I cannot think he is cruel to them, as I have frequently read that some masters are, for I heard him speak of a priest who preaches to them, and when he went into the library he turned to a little book of Scripture Natural History, and told Dr E. that some of the negroes who lived with him studied it for their Sunday lesson—so I cannot believe that all are kept so ignorant as some represent. How many masters resemble this gentleman, however, I cannot say.

The unexpected appearance of this personage will keep Dr E. at home tomorrow—so I shall not visit the little sick boy, I told you about this week. Tomorrow evening we are

to have a lecture before our Lyceum—I suppose I shall go, and then I will write you about it. I have a call to go into the parlor—I shall take this to the office this afternoon, and have only time to bid you good morning. H. D.

—  
*Oak Hill, July, —*

Do not stare too long at my address, dearest sister—I have a passion for pretty names—it is pleasant to associate a delightful place with a sweet name. You will wonder then that I have not selected a better—but what will carry me back sooner in imagination (years hence,) to these majestic oaks under whose shades I have conversed with men who lived centuries ago? Where I have sat too and mused till the genius of inspiration has aided me to pour forth some melting strains in fugitive verse!—a school boy's hobby, you know, if he chances to have any imagination.

But this is not what I took up my pen to tell you—it was, that I last evening received a letter from Frank and Ned. Father's is forthcoming—he has just returned from a



journey, and begged them to say for him that he intended to send me quite a package next week. Have you heard the news? How should you like Mrs A. for a *step-mother*? Poor old Mrs Bellows will dislike to relinquish her post, but I am strongly suspicious that another Autumn may make a change with her.

I enclose you the boys' letters—they are entirely characteristic of them. The good gentleman of whom I spoke in my last letter to you, has left us—I accompanied him in his walks, fishing excursions, &c. As a proof of his love for me, he left me a silver-mounted riding stick. You may infer that *old Roan* and I are good friends by this time—for he has not turned me off his back, since I first rode him. Dr E. humorously says, 'horses, like most men, require a long acquaintance, before they are ready to bestow favors.' I send Effie a whistle—'tis a noisy plaything, not adapted to a girl, but I can find nothing else at our 'variety store.' Remember you—have a brother who cannot gain access to a City shop, or you too should receive something from

HENRY.

EDWARD TO HENRY.

*New York, June 30th —*

Dear Brother,—Your letter came just as I was having a fine time in making molasses candy. Mrs Bellows gave us the use of the kitchen last night and a quart of molasses to use if we would boil it till it became good candy. She said it would be good for our cough—when we told the Dr. of it he laughed, and told us he had a better prescription. He took us to the closet, and showed us that great bottle labelled, 'Tincture of Rhubarb!'

You need not think I envy you your pleasant home—I have one as good, and do not study much out of school either—Don't you think *Algebra* hard? I like Geography or History better. They tell me the reason is, because I don't apply myself to it.

Sam S. has returned from his travels. He has grown a great deal taller, his hair is darker, and his complexion very sallow. I asked him what he had seen? he showed me some curious stones that he had collected, told their names (not one of which I remember) and it appeared to me he divided them into families, as he arranged them according to their sizes, colors,

and shapes. I have but little knowledge of minerals, and as he presented me with a number I send them to you, thinking they may be valuable.

Father has collected quite a library; our little room is to be converted into a *bookcase*. The house is to be thoroughly repaired this summer, and aunt Patty said last night to father in my hearing, 'I hope she will be good to the children.' I rather think—you may guess the rest—we are to board with Mr T. while the painting and whitewashing business goes on. Frank is sober as a judge, waiting for me to finish that he may write his letter to you. Excuse my errors—perhaps I shall write better soon, for all my *compositions* in future are to be letters to my brother Henry.

Yours affectionately, EDWARD.

—  
FRANCIS TO HENRY.

*N. York, July 3d, 183—*

Dear Henry,—You know we used to call you the *Moderator*, when the children made such a noise that you said you could not *think*.

I wish you were here now. Ned has got into a frolic in the wrong time.—I will tell you how I am situated, while I am writing. Little Ellen and Tom are building card-houses on the same table where I am seated, and Ned is overthrowing every one before they are finished—Sam is rolling marbles and dreadfully vexed because he cannot make them 'go straight;' and to complete the whole, the clatter of tongues between them all, sounds as I should think they did when in Old Testament times they spoke in all kinds of languages. But I will not entirely fill my letter with complaints; I wanted to see you last week—we had an exhibition at our school, and I commenced the introductory exercises by a 'poem' which was original! You will doubtless laugh, but it cost me a good deal of labor and went off very well. As I read it myself, where the lines did not jingle just right, I put on a little more speed (as they say on the rail-road) till I came to a better place. I heard one old lady say, when I sat down—'it sounded just like my little grandson's.' I thought to myself, I hope you won't accuse me of stealing from any body, for it



took me long enough to compose it, let it sound as it may.

I am going next week to Uncle Jerry's—I know but little of a country life, but think I may like it from your description. There is an Academy there, and I shall attend it with his boys while I stay. My next letter will be from that town. Write me often—I like those leaves from your Journal—send some more. Ned is urging me to go with him, and as I am rather of 'an obliging disposition,' according to Aunt Patty's account, I will close this letter and go.

I am, dear brother, yours, with affection,  
FRANK.

—  
*New York, March 7th, 183—*

Dear Anna,—My trunk is packed, and the decree has gone forth that I must again leave home and take up a quiet residence in the retired, gloomy village of N. and all this is done, that I may be prepared to enter college a year from next August. I am writing as if you knew all the particulars; such as my old teach-

er has left the city, and in his parting advice to my father respecting me he said, 'why don't you commit your son for a year or more to the care of the Rev. Dr. E.?' Now father has pondered these words, and the motion has been seconded by all my aunts, uncles, and cousins for aught I know, and Mr. or Dr. E. has been written to and accepted the precious trust, (being induced to do so, in consideration of quite a *bonus* already received,) and tomorrow morning I shall take the steam-boat, leave New York for Providence, and thence by the Railroad cars I am to be conveyed to the aforementioned *cloister*. I have said all against the proposal that I dared to—have promised to study well here, to play less, and fret less, but I do believe all these things have only been as so many reasons why I should go. But you know the old maxim 'when one cannot do as he would, he must do as he can;' so I am determined to keep up a good heart and not shed a tear at parting, if they cry and kiss me ever so much. There is one thing however, I wish you to do, Anna; and that is, let me have some of your enlivening letters every



Library

ary.

week, for you are in the midst of pleasant things in Boston, while I shall be your immured brother listening only to the grave remarks of a country clergyman. I have got a plentiful allowance for spending money, (subject however to Dr E.'s inspection *how* it goes,) and as there will be no need of cash in the place where I am going, I beg you to let me make frequent items in my book of, 'Paid for sister Anna's letter 10 cents.' As soon as I arrive at my new home, I will write you again, perhaps by Saturday. Dinah has just popped in her head and says, 'somebody wants to see you, massa, below.' My head is completely turned, oh dear—well it will be settled in *quietness* soon, I imagine, in the old village where I am going.

As usual, H. D.

March 21st, 183—.

Dearest Anna,—I am at my new home, and quietly seated at a writing desk to give you the particulars about it, as I promised in my last letter. Know then, that I arrived here day before yesterday, under the escort of our mu-

tual friend Mr B., to whose safe keeping I was consigned to be landed at the Rev. Dr E.'s door. This dreaded hour arrived about 4 o'clock P.M. Dr E. himself answered to the loud knock which Mr B. gave, and appeared before me not as the lean, tall gentleman, whom I expected to see, but a corpulent, farmer-like personage, with a face full of good humor, which soon betrayed itself in words as he patted me on the shoulder and inquired of me, 'if I were fond of fishing?' How he came to ask the question, I cannot tell; though aunt Sally always insisted on it, that any body might know me to be a *curious fellow* by my countenance—but this could not have been Dr E.'s method of judging, for I never felt more like a grave philosopher, than when I first entered his house—all was so strange, so still, so unlike New York. Pretty soon the venerable lady, the Pastor's better half appeared—she is a matron of grave deportment, well educated, who has been trained in what father calls the 'old school;' this I gathered immediately from some antique ceremonies, and complimentary things which she said. Soon after appeared the daughters. I wish you could



see them, Anna—they are good young ladies, just such as you would respect—I suspect too they are excellent housewives; for I always hear them stepping about very early in the morning, and one of them gives a tap on my door full an hour earlier than did Dinah at home. I was rather tardy this morning at breakfast;—for somehow or other I thought about home last night and did not get to sleep as early as usual; so this morning I was awakened by the knock, but yet fell asleep after it, and did not find my way down stairs till the whole family had breakfasted. I made my apology; but Dr E. said that our days were two hours longer than those in cities, referring to their early rising, I suppose.

My studies are not yet arranged—the whole of this week was given me to get acquainted with the things about me. I do not know whether to say on the whole they strike me agreeably or otherwise;—they are new and strange. I trust they may one day look pleasant to me. Tomorrow, I shall attend the Sunday school, and read some book which is promised me from the library. No letters are allow-

ed to be written on the sabbath, and nothing done which is calculated to interfere with the duties appropriate to the day. I shall try to observe all that Dr E. requires—but should he say 'you must not think of home, Henry,' I am afraid I should find it hard to say at night, 'I have done as you told me, Sir.'

It is time I close this letter. I am afraid I shall render myself tedious;—but you know it has always been my habit to be minute in little things. I trust I need not ask you to answer this the day it reaches you, for you must know how welcome a letter will be from Anna to  
**HENRY.**

—  
*Boston, March 25th, 183—.*

Yes,—dear Brother,—I know by experience how pleasant it is to receive written communications from those we love, when personal interviews are infrequent. I am glad you write to me so often, so frankly and minutely—never apologize in doing this to a sister or any dear friend, who really feels a tender solicitude for you. It is the peculiar excellence of your let-



ters.—It was very natural that you should feel a sort of homesickness when you first entered upon your new life. Of all changes, the transition from a beloved home, to a place where there are none around us to whom we are attached, or as you say, who 'care for us,' is I think the most unpleasant. But let me tell you, dear brother, this feeling is of short duration. Young hearts take impressions early, and I am certain you will not long be indifferent, and never unhappy while under the protecting wing of so good a man as your new teacher. Our home we can both attest *has* been, in the words of the song, 'sweet' to us; for there, nothing but kindly affections were ever awakened. But, Henry, since our dear mother's death, a change has come over it. Our father must necessarily engage in the world, and of course mix much with it—this gives him little time to devote to his children. Mrs Bellows is a good housekeeper, but the influences you receive from her are not like those you will gain from the family where you are now placed. You will realize the truth of what I tell you at a future day, if not now. There are a few lessons which I would impress

deeply on your mind. They are these;—to make yourself acceptable in your new home, conform to the regulations of the family. I was sorry you did not rise that morning early enough to breakfast with them. This must be to them an interesting portion of the day, for I believe Dr E. always reads in the Bible after this meal, and explains upon the subject very sensibly. I remember some of his just remarks uttered many years ago. The circumstance of your absence was trifling, I acknowledge, provided, it be not repeated again—but should you permit yourself to indulge in *morning dreams*, it will soon materially affect the good order of the family; it is surprising how *little things* derange the great plan and disturb the peace of a family. Do not then repeat the same—it will soon become a fixed habit. Another thing I wish you to do;—be pleased and seek pleasure in those things that are about you. There are a thousand interesting and useful employments in which others engage, which you can lighten by your personal aid, or by showing that you feel interested in the performance of them by others. This should not lead you to be needlessly in-

quisitive about things which do not concern you;—you have been taught in your own home that there is a kind of sympathy which binds us to one another, equally remote from inquisitiveness and indifference. It is a disposition to be ready 'for every good word and work.'

I hope you will become interested in the Sunday school; do not feel that you are too old to learn—it is a silly notion of some boys that they are too large to attend. I would ask such, if they have learned all that can be taught them? I would in due time have you become a teacher, and let me tell you the best pupil is always the best instructor. I attribute a great deal of the success in this undertaking, to this very cause—those that are taught in the school, will become teachers in time.

As another amusement, I would have you cultivate your decided taste for drawing. It is a useful exercise, and you enjoy it too well to need it enforced upon you. Study whatever Dr E. thinks best for you. When we place ourselves under a guide let us follow him. Boys are too apt to be dictatorial, and only wish to pursue what their own inclination dic-

tates. Make yourself an exception to this rule.

I intend to ride out and see you this summer, and if Dr E. thinks well of it, perhaps we will take a little excursion in those parts of the country which you have never visited. I am called from writing, and will close this letter by telling you, I shall depend upon a full account of how you pass your time once a week.

Your affectionate sister, ANNA.

B—, April 1st, 183—.

Dear sister,—Sometimes I used to sit down and having dipped my pen in the ink, it would *dry*, before I could think of a beginning to a letter. Now I have so many subjects that I only stop to think which I had better introduce first. This 'dull village' is, after all, not quite so bad as I thought it would be. I find myself already contented, and as yet have not suffered for want of society or amusements. But I suppose I had better have a system in telling you events as they occur, or else I shall, as the old proverb says, 'begin in the middle, and leave off at both ends.' I remember you

once told me your pen galloped very fast, but yet your thoughts went before it ; such is the case with me now. I will begin however upon the grave, and go on gradually to the lively subjects.

I attended the Sunday School, and although I felt awkward when I first went in, yet Dr E. (who delivered a little address that morning) beckoned the superintendant to seat me, and I was soon interested in the recitations of the class. One boy particularly pleased me, he had so clear an idea of the subject about which they were talking. They had been required to draw a chronological line, and mark upon it the principal events which have taken place in the course of Scripture History. At first, I did not understand the use of it, but I soon saw that it had two uses, if no more ;—it helped us to gain more correct ideas of the distances between the events, and to remember them. The boys had each of them drawn a line and marked upon it the principal events which had happened since the creation of the world, and not confining themselves to the Bible, they had gathered from any book an uncommon thing

which had happened, and inserted the time when it occurred, upon this line. One boy had pieces of paper pasted together more than a yard in length, I should think, where he had inserted a great many remarkable events in a very neat manner, and tied the roll with a piece of blue taste, and gave it to the teacher. The teacher showed it to the class, and praised the execution of it. Some of the others looked mortified, theirs were so blotted and soiled; and one poor fellow made an excuse that he defaced his so badly that he threw it in the fire ! The teacher was very mild in his reproof, but the boy felt ashamed, and is going to try another this week. I liked the plan so well that he gave me permission to do the same. I have taken great care of mine, and it is just finished and looks pretty well. If the teacher approves it, I will send it to you. I send you some notes from my journal below.

Monday, I went with Dr E. to make some parish calls in the afternoon. We rode about two miles, and then stopped where there was a sick boy apparently not long for this

world. He was very pale, but smiled when we entered, and raised his head from the bed, and sat upright supported by pillows, he was so weak. He was in a lower room—it seemed strange to me to be sick below, but all in this town, I believe, have bedrooms leading out of their sitting parlors. The room looked very neat, and close by the bed there was a little table covered with a white napkin, where stood phials of medicine and some little palatable things which kind friends had sent him. His mother sat by him with a sorrowful countenance, yet at times she seemed cheerful in conversation, and told Dr E. she felt resigned to God's will, whatever it might be. But the little sufferer, notwithstanding all his pain, *seemed very happy*. He talked like an aged Christian. I wondered how he could appear so; for it appeared to me I should feel very unhappy were I so sick. Dr E. prayed with him, and he seemed so engaged in what he said, that I fixed my eyes on him all the time. ~~He appeared so~~ cheerful that I wished I could say something to him, but I did not think of any thing that would be proper at that time—so when we came out

I shook hands with him, and bade him 'good bye,' whereupon he said to me, 'come again with Dr E. if you like.' I intend to do so.

The next call we made, was upon an old lady of more than seventy—she was suffering with the rheumatism, and had not left her room for six months. A little grandchild sat beside her, reading 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The child and grandmother both looked pleased when we entered. Dr E. has a very cheerful manner, and says a great many good things. I began to think all his people were Christians, but just as we turned a narrow lane, a little half starved, tattered boy ran into an old house, and presently old Dobbin stopped, as if he knew we were to call here. I thought to myself, I will sit in the chaise, but Dr E. said I had better go in and see how differently people lived. It was a dreadful contrast to the other families. A woman clothed in rags sat in one corner, and a man lay on the bed, and I thought from the perfume in the room that a *temperance paper* had never been handed to these people to sign. The man was asleep, and they did not wake him. Dr E. tried to make the woman promise



to send her children to the school next Sunday, and upon his promising to dress them in suitable garments, she said they might go. I disliked the woman, because she did not appear more grateful for his kindness; but I said nothing. After this we stopped and talked with two or three of his parishioners, who were ploughing near the road, and finally drove home, where I believe I first realized what a blessed thing it is to live among civilized and Christian people.

Tuesday, I spent quite differently. The early part of every day is nearly alike, for that I devote to study; but if I choose, every afternoon is my own, or rather I use it as my good teacher wishes me to employ it. Two or three ladies called upon Mrs E. that day towards night—they rode on horseback. This made me ask Dr E. if I might not saddle his old Roan and ride a little way. I did not tell him that I was unaccustomed to guiding a horse, but I wished I had—for if you will believe me, the horse did not appear to like his new rider, and hardly had I spurred him into a trot, before I found myself dismounted. I looked about me, and as

no one saw me, I picked myself up, caught up with the impolite animal who had left me behind, and regained my seat; whereupon he unceremoniously threw me into a mud-puddle, from which I escaped unhurt, but looking so ridiculous that I led my nettlesome animal home, where they all laughed me into goodhumor and made me promise not to undertake the business of riding, until I should be trained to keep my seat upon the back of the animal. I think I shall be cured of undertaking more than I can get along with, in future.

Wednesday, I took a stroll to some distant hills which I see from my window, and for want of a companion, I diverted myself with culling all the wild flowers I could get, and classing them in a botanical manner, I presented the young ladies with a bouquet from their native hills. As I was returning, I overtook a boy who had been for his cows—he was whistling and by a lively tune cheating time of its tediousness as he walked along his accustomed path. I hailed him and found he lived not far distant, for he inquired of me with a very arch



look 'if I liked to ride horseback'? I suppose he saw me when I fell off.

Thursday afternoon, we had a 'society meeting' here—I was deputed to read to them; three books were upon the table, and it was voted that I should read 'Recollections of a Housekeeper.' It is an amusing thing, and I enjoyed it as much as any of them.

Friday it rained, and I saw no one save 'our own folks.' Today is Saturday, and my paper tells me that it is fortunate for you that my journal is closed.

As ever, yours truly, H. D.

SAM LEWIS TO FRANCIS.

C—, Aug. — 183—.

Dear Frank,—I told you I would write you as I proceeded on my journey. Yesterday we had a fine day. It was Commencement in C. and you shall have my imperfect description of it.

It is a great occasion, and every body seemed to feel it such—for looking under my window as soon as I arose in the morning, I saw

the materials for making tents, booths, &c. while bustle and noise, fun and frolic seemed to salute my ears on all sides. Early in the day, glittering equipages filled with the fashionable world began to alight at the church-door. Here they procured seats in prime season, that they might enjoy the intellectual treat which the graduating class had in store for them. I too took the hint, and placed myself in such a situation as would be convenient for me to go out should the exercises prove tedious. This, contrary to my expectations, was not the case. The speeches were good, and comparing them with those which we heard last winter at our 'debating club,' I am sure the latter appeared very insipid. But, thought I, it would be strange if after years of application and training the students could not be interesting a few hours!

I began to feel the 'keen demands of appetite' about noon, and pushed out of the church in search of a *ginger-bread cart*. This was not a difficult thing to find, for on every side there were *candy-merchants*, ale merchants, show merchants, negro fiddlers, organ players &c. &c.—*I spent my ninepence and lost my seat in the church!*



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About two o'clock there was such an out-pouring as I seldom have witnessed—all ages, ranks, and fashions were among the multitude. I narrowly escaped with life and sound limbs, and found my way back to father at the hotel, who was anxiously looking for me, not having seen me since morning. He smiled when I asked him if he would leave town today, for after all I wish myself back again at home. You shall hear the rest when I return. I am a poor letter-writer, and will bid you 'good morning.'

S. L.

FRANCIS TO HENRY.

N<sup>o</sup>—, 183—.

Dear Henry,—Will you send me all your apparatus for drawing? I believe the taste for that art, has descended to us as a family inheritance, for Ned has sent me a beautiful horse which he drew upon the inside of his letter. I have sent him word to send me a hieroglyphic letter and to draw old Roan (that pattern of kindness) for I have a notion that his counte-

nance must be expressive of the qualities for which two of my brothers esteem him. I believe it is not a fancy of my own that dumb animals vary in the expression of their faces, as their natures are more or less ferocious.

You will laugh heartily at Tom's first attempts. Some of the animals want an eye, some a mouth, and some a leg. These distortions give a ludicrous appearance to his efforts, and he humorously says, he is only fitted for a *hospital painter*.

This is harvest-time with us—there is to be a great husking in our barn tomorrow evening; they all seem to anticipate much fun and frolic on the occasion. Is this the way to express gratitude? I suppose however it is, because the picture of that virtue when personified, always wears a smiling countenance. The definition that I gave to the word in my last composition was, 'sunshine of the heart.'

Ned is wholly given to the study of bugs, bees, and all sorts of insects—my time is well apportioned, and so I am never in a hurry—who is it says, 'do one thing at a time, and you will find time to do all you wish'? Many such

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sayings furnish me with subjects for composition. Have the goodness to send your old port folio to me, and you will oblige your brother,  
FRANK.

HENRY TO HIS FATHER.

B—, 183—

Dear Father,—No letters are more welcome to me than yours. Frank and Ned make me laugh, but you so mildly caution me against the very things which I scarcely knew endangered me, that I can hardly refrain from shedding tears of gratitude that I have such a parent. Be assured that I will endeavor to profit by all which you recommend.

I had not calculated to enter College for a year to come, nor did I suppose that I was prepared. You may suppose then that I was not a little surprised when I found that I was a candidate for admission. It is not to me however, father, that you are to award the meed of praise, but rather to my excellent teacher. He has aided me whenever I was desponding—he has lightened all my burdens, and made the

path of improvement so diversified that while I have walked in it, I have progressed almost beyond what I could have thought I should. To him and his worthy family I owe more than my simple thanks. They shall have the pleasure of seeing me, should I live, their patron and benefactor to my latest day. But I will stop—young people sometimes promise too much, and then forget it.

I am delighted with your proposal. Ned had better go, if Dr E. will take him.

I perfectly approve of your determination to give us a new mother. We will love and obey her—that is all that is required of us. Have you heard from Frank? if so, please write again soon.—Can you send me a remittance of a few dollars soon? If you say the word, I should admire to spend my next vacation in New York at our old mansion; but I leave it entirely to you, while I remain as ever your son,  
H.



C—, September 4th, 183—.

Dear Sister,—I used to think it a fine thing to get into college and have a whole tribe of associates about my age all around me. Now I begin to think it is quite a *vexatious* thing. During our first term I am told it is customary to trouble us with impertinent visits and if possible to play tricks upon us. I was entirely ignorant of the extent to which these things are carried, but Dr E. said the best way to overcome the foolish conduct of such tormentors, was to be always pleasant and good humored, and to maintain a kind of natural dignity which showed me to be entirely above such folly.—I have a pleasant boarding place, but it is not like the home I have left. All was so quiet and orderly there, that I somehow feel restless now when we are in commotion—But I am confident, to know much of the world we must mingle with it—only, as my teacher says, 'don't let it pollute you.' Ned has finally stepped into my shoes and is in N. I hope he will make better 'tracks' than did his brother Henry—If I mistake not, it will be a hard matter to discipline his mind, for it is forever

running at random.—My studies are quite easy, My chum thinks them hard, but he has not advanced so far as I have.

Do enliven me often with your letters. There is not much in a strange place you know, in which one feels interested. Give Neddy some of your good counsels as you used to your brother,  
HENRY.

—  
NED TO FRANK.

Sept. 25th, 183—

Dear Frank,—I am homesick. I can neither have my 'own way or say,' in any thing. I wanted to go a fishing with another boy this morning, but they told me it would rain hard and I must stay at home; last night too I wanted to ride Old Roan after the cows, and they said he would throw me off. I am told continually 'you are so unlike your brother.' Thinks I to myself, 'all birds are not alike.'

It is all a dull life in the country, I am inclined to believe, though Henry did praise it so. Yet I will do them the justice to say they are

uniformly kind and polite to me and give me enough to eat and drink, yet I cannot do just as I have a mind to, unless I want to do what the good people think is right.

I have the promise of a ride next Monday—have got acquainted with two boys, one is named Lewis Rogers and the other Simeon Treadwell—they go to the Academy and are lively, jovial fellows. I can play ball and practise Gymnastics with them every Wednesday afternoon. We have fine times then—I believe I shall never learn to fix my attention upon my books. Dr E. tells me anecdotes quite in point. I will give you his last.

'A party of gentlemen were one day pleasantly talking of their success in preaching—one of them said, 'Gentlemen, I once converted a man with my eyes.' He was requested to explain, when he said 'a straggler once entered my church and looking at me thought I was staring him full in the face. To avoid observation he moved from door to door, but to no purpose. At last he resolved to stare me out of countenance; his attention was thus fixed upon what was said, and his sentiments and

conduct after that day underwent a complete change.'

When he finished telling it to me, I looked at him as he explained my lesson, thinking perhaps after this I too shall change.

Tell Sam and Tom to write to me. You will hear from me again soon—I feel better for writing already—Good bye.

EDWARD.

FRANCIS TO EDWARD.

*M—, Sept. 30th*

Can any thing be more pleasant than an unexpected visit from one we love? I had just returned from a ramble in the woods last evening when Sam Dawson, our old school-fellow you know, met me in the gravel walk. He told me he was passing the night at the hotel just above us, and thought he would give me a call. He says too he will take this package to you. I could not let it go without a line telling you how much I love to hear from you and repeating the request that you may write often. When did you hear from Henry? Father left here last week, on his way to New York. We have

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a fine school here. Uncle Jerry's boys are very polite, and I feel not only contented but happy already. You know Mrs B. used to say 'happiness depended on boys' good conduct.' *Self praise*, however, being an article which one should use sparingly, I will only add that want of time, and not materials, renders this letter exceedingly short. In haste, yours truly,  
FRANK.

HENRY TO EDWARD.

C—.

It requires but little stretch of the imagination, dear Neddy, to place myself in your situation. That sweet little room in which I have so often sat and looked upon Mount Morris, while my thoughts have been busy in solving a difficult problem from Euclid;—that table so well arranged for study;—that easy seat, which good Mrs E. provided with arms fitted for candles to be inserted to read by night with comfort;—that little book rack, where the student can safely place books or papers;—that writing desk, and more than all the rest, that loved and loving

family, under whose roof you need not sin unless you will, so carefully is every temptation to do wrong removed. Yes, dear brother, I can transport myself to these scenes, till my heart almost sickens at the thought, that I am removed from them.

Now let us go into Dr E.'s study—we will suppose you perplexed at something, and in your heart wishing yourself any where but in that spot. You inquire, 'Pray tell me sir, how this can be performed, or explain that thing to me?' The calm, easy and winning manners of your guide, makes you forget your peevishness,—difficulties are made easy, and you wish your perplexing question even extended further, so delightful is it to listen to the lucid explanations which are given.—You go back to your room, and the sun is shining pleasantly, and your whole nature seems changed,—every thing is light and in harmony within to the scene without. All this has been effected by a kind friend! I have thought upon this sometimes and wondered we were ever 'out of temper,' as it is called.

Dear Neddy, whenever you feel 'out of tune,'



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think in the beginning how unhappy you are about to make yourself!

I received a letter from sister Anna last night. Do you write to her? You must not wait for her to answer—she has many cares and a sick child now to attend. A letter from you may cause her to smile in her saddest hours, and in any way that we can alleviate a dear sister's sorrows, or brighten her joys, as brothers, we should be prompt in providing. You are the only really 'funny' member of our family, and if you wish to make me happy, let me read a letter from you the first leisure moments you have when you feel in good humor with every body.

Truly HENRY.

EDWARD TO FRANCIS.

B—, Oct 12th, 183—.

It is your birthday, Frank, and I wish you much joy. If I could gain access to your study, I would make sad work—what confusion I could create in your room. Those old musty books on your shelves would be sadly discomposed—the little pocket volumes should skip about the

room, the light pamphlets should flutter, and you would wish me where, alas, I am! To tell the truth, I want an occasion to manifest real joy—things pass by strange names here—a boy's mirth is called madness—a little gaiety, idleness; and a little sarcasm, sin. This keeps me in quite an equable frame, and I just wrote this to tell you what I would do today could I see you. But I must away. My present employment is chasing butterflies. Don't answer me with a dull prosing letter. Let it be something similar to  
NED'S.

ANNA TO HENRY.

B—, Nov. 1st, 183—.

Methinks, dear brother, my head resembles a disordered closet. You have seen one when the drawers were full, because every article was disarranged, but which would have closed completely, had things been 'put to rights,' as we say. I would fain give you an inventory of the thoughts which rush in thick confusion about me, but must content myself to select

from the ill arrangement, what will mainly interest you.

We had a little 'party of juveniles,' last evening. It was Belle's turn to reciprocate some of the kinkiness shown to her, and there was a fine little group who danced to the merry music she made upon the piano. In the midst of this delightful employment who should enter but Ned! Dr E. was coming to the city and brought him without giving him time to anticipate but one night, the pleasure which awaited him! The merry laugh of the whole company was what particularly pleased me, as he cut the most fantastic movements with his feet, to express his joy.

They have brought me letters of father's marriage. It took place two weeks ago, and he desired me to say to you that he depends upon your spending your next vacation in the city. What say you, to acting as teacher to Tom and some few children whom we know? It will afford you employment, and that after all Henry, is the great secret of happiness. It is a cure for almost every ill. I am afraid that Ned's rudeness is annoying to the

good family where he is placed. Why is it a boy need to be told again and again, that to be boisterous and rough is a sure way to make one's self unacceptable? I shall take him to the Menagerie, Museum, &c. tomorrow. I wish if you can possibly spare time you would pass an evening with us while he is here. I have a summons below, and can only add,

Your affectionate sister, ANNA.

*Boston, Nov. 9th, 183—.*

Dear Frank,—I am always getting myself into trouble by my own carelessness. Yesterday morning my sister took me to see a collection of wild beasts. I forgot but that they were tame, and venturing too near the lion, and to tell the whole truth, as I was playing with a tiger I felt the sharp teeth of something making sad work with my left arm. Anna was very much frightened, but I was not afraid of any serious harm—today my arm is in a sling, and I am writing to tell you a specimen of my careless conduct. Let it warn you if you are ever placed in a similar situation.

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Boston is a beautiful place. It is filled like all cities with houses, churches, schools, and amusements. I think I should be perfectly happy could I always live here. As I was going to the menagerie yesterday, I met two little boys who my sister said *were blind*. They were walking for exercise, and although the streets were narrow and crooked where they were travelling, yet I was told they found their way without any difficulty. This leads me to hope that, with the help of good sight, I shall be able to find my way alone quite soon.

I have visited the Asylum for Indigent Boys, since I came here. It is a pleasant sight to see so many poor children fed, clothed and instructed, through the benevolence of kind people. I begin to wish I had money, that I might do good with it—for I see a great many ragged, miserable looking children every day passing under our windows. I am told they are most of them children of vicious parents, who, having no employment, suffer them to grow up in want and wretchedness. But there are great exertions making to reclaim such—they are picked up in their wanderings by gentlemen who devote

themselves to such a charitable work, and sent to a Sunday school, and sometimes to a school every day. In this way, hundreds are saved from begging and degradation. I have many anecdotes to tell you when we meet.

This letter is badly written, and this place is poorly described in it, but I must say, my arm pains me every hour more and more, and this must be my excuse for not longer entertaining you. Your unfortunate brother, EDWARD.

EFFIE TO HENRY.

*Tuesday morning.*

Dear uncle,—Mother is very busy, and says I must write to you for her. It seems to me a hard matter to write a letter all alone, for I never did the thing before. Mother says I must write just as I would talk to you, and I must ask you to send me some rules for writing a good letter. I have often wondered how people could write letters so quick as they do, for I think it must require a good deal of practice to write well; but I should be ashamed to be a young lady and not able to write a note—so I beg you, dear uncle, to put me in a right way, and I will try to follow it.



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I have made a great many attempts to write to you, but have been ashamed to let you see the letters. I could say a great deal more but will let this go, as my first attempt.

EFFIE D.

LETTER REQUESTING A CORRESPONDENCE.

My dear friend,—As we are now separated from each other's society can we not relieve ourselves in part from the uneasiness which such an event occasions, by a mutual interchange of thoughts and events described in an *occasional letter*? You can thereby inform me what is going on where you are, and I can tell you all the events worthy of record here. It will not take much time to write such letters, for we can always find opportunity to do things which give us pleasure.

There is a striking instance of the truth of this last remark in the lives of our most industrious and eminent men and females whose biographies have been handed down to us; viz. they found time, whether in battle, in commerce, in the fashionable world,

or in the higher walks of the learned sciences, always to communicate with their friends! And with what delight such correspondence is read even by us, their distant and unknown successors! This leads me to ask the present favor of you, though in our *humble walk* our letters may never be circulated beyond our own vision, yet I am sensible that my eyes will thereby be refreshed, my spirits cheered, my social feelings improved, and my bunch of goose-feathers expended! If these are sufficient inducements you will answer me to the above question, and be ready to go on with your acceptance of the correspondence between you and your friend,

M. L.

REPLY TO THE FORMER.

My very dear girl,—Could you doubt that your proposal would be acceptable? I trust our friendship needs not the props of assurances of this nature. Have we not lived and acted as one? Have we not always told each other our secret joys and sorrows? Many and many a time have I been tempted to write the *first letter*



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to you, but when I thought of your many cares, studies and engagements, I have caused my pen to address another person, while my thoughts were with you.

Here I am a stranger—every face is new to me, every eye is turned toward me with an indifferent stare, and of all things I dread, it is, living ignorant of the characters of those about me. Time will bring about an acquaintance of a pleasant nature, I doubt not—but let me once more assure you the emanations flowing from your heart, transcribed even as did the ancient Egyptians in hieroglyphics, yet coming from you, I should find time and pleasure in deciphering. I shall depend upon an epistle next week.—Then I shall live at *home* through your friendly medium, while I am an hundred miles from the beloved spot where centre all ‘my cherished hopes.’

As ever, yours sincerely,                    A. M.

TO A BOY AT SCHOOL.

Dear Henry,—Thank fortune I have an indefatigable pen, and an unlimited sheet of paper, and what is better than all the rest, an inclination to stay at home and tell you about a ball that was given sister Ellen’s birthright. About 7 o’clock, Wednesday evening, a full blooded African negro fiddler appeared in the parlor, with violin in hand ready to strike his merry tune. The elements without were in great commotion—there was wind, hail and rain, but within was warmth, brilliancy and dancing. I led down the first one, or rather I should say opened the ball with Kate—oh mercy, what dancers! How I love propriety of conduct in females. All the world came before 9 o’clock—that is, all we invited, which you know is an uncommon occurrence.

We had a grand treat ; ices and lemonades, cake and plenty of good things, the very recital of which would make your appetite voracious and ungovernable. I partook freely, and awoke next morning with an aching head and a disordered stomach, which has just begun to be itself again—so dearly did I pay for a night’s entertainment. And yet I have not spoken of the worst of

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all--my eyes. They were injured very seriously by the brilliancy of the scene, and I have bedewed my handkerchief with many drops ever since. I suppose they may in one sense, be called *tears of repentance*.

I cannot say that I am sorry the occasion is over. It makes great confusion 'to have a great company, ma'am,' was the oft quoted expression of every servant in the kitchen, and I fully agreed with them.

Yesterday afternoon I went down to the cotton factory. What a world of labor they do there! Tomorrow I shall take a stroll over Sweetbriar hill, and call on the old woman who lives beside it, of whom people tell such strange stories. Whenever you have any thing of a serious, comical, or ridiculous nature, pray communicate to your absent school-fellow,

J. M. R.

TO A FRIEND THE DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING.

Dear Tom,--If there is any custom which I feel sincerely thankful to our Puritanical forefather's for introducing, and our pious mod-

erns for perpetuating, it is that joyful day of Thanksgiving. Yesterday the whole tribe of my grandmother's family found their way to her hospitable table. My subject I know is not a very exhilarating one. The narration of past enjoyments is tedious, and a Thanksgiving dinner is not calculated to quicken the intellect.

But to tell the truth, Tom, we had a glorious time! Grandmother said it made her feel quite young again to see us so merry. We all told a story at the table, and what do you think I related? although I knew an hundred better ones, yet I could not think of them at the time, and so I told that one of Bill Robbins and the barberry bushes! My father said if I had left out the 'says he' and 'says I,' I should have succeeded better. Our dinner lasted, or rather we sat at the table till nearly sunset. I never enjoyed a day better, yet I do not think it was because I ate such a variety, but because we ate it *so cheerfully*. It seems to me a crust with a pleasant countenance, is preferable to a rich repast with dissatisfaction.

Cold, chilly December has frozen all my en-

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ergies. I wish I could migrate with the birds; and I suppose you will add, 'you would find your way back earlier than they, if you could,'—and so I think, for after all, do as you will *now* every body says in after life, 'my early home was dear to me.' Come and see me as soon as you can, and I will try to divert you with some new puzzles. As ever yours, S. L.

L—, May 25th, 183—.

Dear Frederick,—I am every day rejoicing at the beautiful dress in which lovely Spring has appeared. Already the little robins are singing early at my windows, and the frogs are peeping when I bid good night to every thing about me. I think such beautiful weather and such a delightful change in the whole face of nature makes me feel happier than I did in the stormy dreary days of winter. I was telling John so this morning, and he replied that if I had not been so cold and felt the storms, I should not have thought any thing about this agreeable change, for he says that being accustomed to any delightful thing for a long time

makes us frequently insensible to the great worth of it.

Our Sunday school commenced for the summer season the first of this month. My mother and sisters think it would be well for you and I to commence a correspondence, and write from remembrance what is said and done for the summer in the school. I have not a very retentive memory, yet I do think this may help it. I can always remember the *anecdotes*, but Sophia says I forget the *moral* conveyed in them. If you will answer me with an account of what you are doing in your class, I think we may contrive to make our letters more interesting.

I must leave my letter now, for I see the men are going to ploughing and I shall tease them to let me ride old Dobbin. I did so yesterday, and they all praised me because I made such straight furrows. In haste, H. L.

G—, May 30th, 183—.

Dear Henry,—You are a better letter writer than I, and so I do not think you will take much

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interest in my clumsy manner of expressing my thoughts on paper. Yet as practice is said to ensure success in this department I am resolved to try.

Today is Monday, and I dared not omit writing any longer lest I should forget about our conversation in the Sunday school yesterday. I will tell you about it as nearly as I can recollect. The subject was Repentance. Our teacher said he feared we did not understand the true meaning of the word; for he had often heard boys promise not to do a wrong thing and even shed tears because they had done it, and yet they would do the same again. When they did so, he said it was not genuine repentance. I thought of Dick's playing truant the second time, and gave it in my turn as an example that he was not sincere although he promised so fair and cried so heartily about it. The teacher then told us the following story which I thought very interesting—but I shall not do him justice if I attempt to give it in his words.

A farmer transplanted with his own hands some beautiful and choice fruit trees. He look-

ed forward to their *first* fruits with great satisfaction, because he did not know exactly how it would taste and look. His next neighbor had a son who was a bad boy, and he enticed the son of the farmer to rob the trees before the fruit was ripe. But when the farmer saw what they had done he was very sorry, and exclaimed 'surely some bad boy has done this.' The farmer's son was all the time grieving after he had robbed the trees, and he told his companion *he had no peace of mind*; he could not bear to look at his father—but the bad boy called him a fool, and told him his father would never hear of it. 'Conceal it from him, and be on your guard,' said he. But the farmer's son could not be cheerful—there was an *inward sting* that fretted him. One day, soon after, the farmer came in, and distributed some fine fruit among his children—they took it and were delighted—but the little robber hid his face and wept. His father inquired why he shed tears? what had happened? The boy answered like the prodigal mentioned in Luke, that he 'was not worthy to be called his son.' He confessed his bad deed, and besought his father to chastise him that he

might receive what he felt conscious of deserving, and be no longer his own tormentor. But his father held out his hand and pressed him to his heart, and said, 'I freely forgive you, my child.' He prayed with him that God might forgive him, and that he might never do any action to conceal again. 'Then,' said the farmer, 'I shall not grieve for the fruit.' Ever after this, he did nothing that he wished to hide from his parents, and thus he showed a true repentance.

I liked the story very much, but have not told you half the conversation we had upon it. I hope I learned one good lesson from it, and that is, to be careful not to commit such deeds as will cause me to be so conscience-smitten. The best rule, Henry, is to 'think before we speak, and consider before we do.'

I am anxious to receive your next letter. Shall you go to E. this summer, or remain at home? I hope the latter, for I know the clatter of your tongue keeps the whole house in fine spirits. That I may be enlivened by it soon, is the sincere wish of your distant correspondent,  
F. G.

L—, June 10th, 183—.

Why is it, dear Fred, that you continually tease me about my noisy member, the tongue? I assure you if I send you a more silent personage from the wing of a goose, it is because the fates have decreed that while the present heat prevails I shall be in bondage. To tell the sober truth, my eyes and head are affected this season—the former being often dim, and the latter uncommonly stupid. Yet I so manage as to go to my daily recitations, and my Sunday school *of course*. I am glad you are so interested in your class—I know this to be the case because you related the story so admirably in your last, for I think with Mr. G. we need not have very keen eye-sight, to detect whether or not a person is interested in what he is writing.

While you were conversing upon the doctrine of Repentance we were pursuing our regular routine in the Old Testament. Our subject was the power of evil to turn every thing good into a wrong channel. This was illustrated in the case of David and Saul. When the latter was king of Israel it seems at one



time he became very melancholy, and all his pleasant dreams were turned to sadness. His servants, anxious to relieve him, proposed to him that some one should be selected who could play the sweetest upon the harp, knowing that music could sometimes so entrance the soul as to make it forget its sadness. And Saul consented. David, the son of Jesse, was the chosen player. His great skill in using the instrument may be gathered from the account given of its effects. 'Whenever the heart of the king was heavy and full of sadness, David came before him and took the harp and played with his hand. Then Saul wept, and his heart was relieved.' After this Saul promoted David to be his armor-bearer.

But to show us how insecure is human friendship, we read that after this, Saul became very wicked, and the fear of God departed from him, so that when the same David who had comforted him played before him on the harp, he threw the javelin which he held in his hand at him, intending to kill him! This he attempted twice, when David fled from him and left him to his ungoverned malice. Jonathan (David's friend,

inquired of him, where is now the power of your music? And David answered, 'the music of my harp is the same, but *the heart* of the king is changed! At first his heart was heavy and sad—now it is *evil*.' So it appeared that what would remove *heaviness* would not displace evil.

These stories are very entertaining and instructive to me, Fred.—I wish you would read them—I find a sheet of paper is hardly sufficient to tell you half I intended, when I began—I think we shall soon be *book-makers* if we continue so full of thought. I read somewhere the other day, that the author of an elaborate treatise began it on a *single sheet of paper*, not knowing where he should find a *second*—yet he covered over two hundred! I cannot be laconic if I would—But if my readers should be weary of my book I hope Frederic will not be tired of my long letter, when I tell him that half I would say is unexpressed. As ever, HENRY.

—  
G—, June 30th 183—.

Who was ever 'weariest,' Henry, in reading a long epistle from a dear friend? Of all apol-



ogies, never say another word to me about the length of your letters. I am delighted with your Old Testament stories. The truth is, I never read much Sacred History, and when I have studied the Bible I have always been among the Evangelists. Our last subject was suggested by the death of one of our number who stood foremost in the school. It was 'the Resurrection of the dead.' I had never thought much upon the subject, and therefore only heard what the opinions of others were. I was an intense listener, for I really felt anxious about right ideas of a future life. I have hitherto looked upon death as a sort of dreaded 'King of terrors,' and have never thought of much beyond it. But our teacher represented it in a wholly different light. He spoke of the change to which it introduced us—how pure and innocent beings were freed from all pain and earthly troubles, and sat out upon a progress toward perfection;—he said too that they increased in knowledge, so that it was a continual satisfaction; besides, the great and good beings who were aiding them and advancing their own improvement, was to them a never failing source

of pleasure. I begin to think of heaven now differently from what I did. I once read a story book which spoke of it as filled with silver and gold, where children had all sorts of playthings &c. I suppose this was written to make it attractive to little children—but it appears to me if they had said, as our teacher did, that we were continually employed in acquiring more and more knowledge, and enjoying the intercourse of the pure and holy whom we had known on earth, I should have longed the more to reach the place. I used to think it a state of rest, and I never could conceive of happiness in continual rest. Our teacher said the 'rest' which the bible spoke of meant an exemption from this world's evils—but that *employment* was the main spring of heavenly enjoyment—because this implied efforts toward improvement and perfection.

I believe such a view of a future state will make me a better boy. It will moderate my love for every thing but those pleasures which are innocent and right.

I am busy as a bee, and happy as a king. Sam and Tom have just returned from hunting,

and are now dressing two little birds which they killed. How cruel! They are teasing me because I tell them I will not taste of them because they took the harmless little creatures' lives. I wish people had more tender hearts. The mail is closing, and I must away and drop this in the box.

Truly, FREDERICK.

L—, July 1st, 183—.

Dear Fred,—I am gratified to find myself so acceptable a story teller—but remember they are but poor descriptions of my teacher's happy manner of illustration. If I recollect in my last letter I was speaking of the insecurity of earthly friendships. The next Sabbath we had the opposite side of the case, and 'David and Jonathan' were quoted as a proof of the strength of attachment between two companions whose intimacy is founded upon sincere love.

One day Saul was conversing with Jonathan his son in a friendly manner. And his father inquired of him why he would not dissolve the

strict union which subsisted between him and David the son of Jesse? Jonathan replied, 'My father, how can I be separated from him and my own soul—I cannot overcome my love.' And the king his father said, 'what do you find so excellent and great in the shepherd boy of Bethlehem, that you should thus give him all your heart. Is it his dark visage, or his music, or his strength, that makes the bond so strong.' And his son replied, Oh my father, you need not be angry—it is not his countenance, his music or his heroic deeds that I love—I scarcely know why or what it is, but this I do know, my love toward him is as is that to my own soul. It was compounded of such a mingled collection of amiable qualities that he could not tell which predominated.

But Saul was angry, and told him that David would take the kingdom from him and rule over Israel himself? But instead of awakening Jonathan's jealousy, his countenance brightened, and he answered his father, 'Let him rule—Is it not the same, which of us governs Israel?' When the king heard this, he grew furious, and seized his spear that he might kill

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him. For he knew nothing of love, nor had he a friend. Jonathan then left him and would neither eat nor drink at his feast, because he indulged such bitterness against his friend David. This is to me a beautiful instance of disinterested love. We all dwelt upon it during the exercise, and I asked myself had I a friend for whom I would sacrifice my desires of advancement in future life? It is well that such a sacrifice is not required, for I am sadly afraid as much as I admire such attachment, that I should not be a Jonathan.

My garden looks finely—Lut I find plenty of weeds are ready to shoot up if I neglect them but a short time. They tell me the earthy soil resembles that of the mind—both must be cultivated or they will not produce the finest plants. I have a spade, a hoe and a rake, and as I have but two hands I find I have one spare implement, which you may use when you visit me. We have just had a nice little shower, and I must go to my weeding.

Good byè,

HENRY.

G, — August 4th, 183—.

Dear Henry,—My class in the Sunday school has lately been exercised upon this subject—viz: 'the motives which actuate us in the performance of certain good actions.' We always have a parable or a passage from scripture which forms the ground work of our conversation. Last Sabbath we took the beautiful parable of 'the Good Samaritan.' I had perhaps read the story an hundred times in a careless way, but had never thought any more of it. I am afraid my familiarity with the Bible has not been of service to me; because I find I have the words in my mouth, but no meaning attached to them in my heart. For example, an explanation of the above parable gave me an entire new light and interest in it. Did you ever hear or read much about the country where the scene was laid? Our teacher told us that the road from Jerusalem to Jericho is the most gloomy and dangerous of any in Palestine;—so much so that even the dark shadows in which every thing lies buried seemed to tempt the robber and murderer to carry on their wicked designs. How

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this harmonizes with every part of the touching story! I suppose our Savior selected this very spot on purpose to make it in perfect accordance with the transaction. Only imagine the scene, Henry! Place yourself in one of these gloomy solitudes, surrounded by an armed band, and at the sound of every footstep and the stamp of every hoof you would start, lest you were to be seized by a robber. In such a state, you can think of the poor man's forlorn condition. Here the unfeeling act of the Priest and Levite passing him by strikes one with horror, while the compassion of the good Samaritan appears doubly virtuous from the purity of the *motive* which led to the performance of his kindness! He risked a similar fate for himself in rescuing another. This was undoubtedly true compassion.

We then conversed a long time upon the motives which influenced us to action. I believe, Henry, they are not so pure, as we have been apt to consider them. When I look into myself, I find that *fear* has often influenced me; for instance, if I had a poor recitation, I feared my instructor's frown more than the reproach of

my own conscience, for doing wrong in neglecting to study. I remembered too the many, many times, when I had relieved a beggar's wants just from the selfish motive of getting rid of him. I used to carry cold food to Goody Giddens because Tom and I had a good play in her kitchen! I suppose all these were selfish motives, and I ought to do good because I love to do it. If we all did so, how many Samaritans we should find—or rather, if there were no robbers, nor persons disposed to wickedness, we should have no poor people by the wayside on whom to bestow our compassion! But I ought to stop—I always give you reflections which you know better than I, yet somehow or other my thoughts will creep out, and in whatever I am interested I am disposed to impart it to others. I hope I do this from a *good motive*.

John is riding up the yard upon a full gallop. It is hard to tell which is the most antic and full of capers—the old horse or himself. He is hallooing for me, and I must conclude my letter and run to him. Write soon and tell all.

FRED.

L—, August 25th, 183—.

Dear Fred,—You improve so rapidly in your style of writing that I find I must look about myself or I shall be in the back ground. I should think from *pupil* you would soon advance to *teacher*, and from being a learner you would impart only to others of what you already know. Yet I will not rally you upon improving, for I do know it is a dreadful thing to remain stationary or even yet upon the retrograde, which one is apt to do, unless he goes forward. I look upon a voluntarily ignorant person with pity, for every one can learn now who has a mind to do so. You must know that I have undertaken to enlighten *Tom our servant boy!* He had never been taught his A, B, C, till he came into our family—I have advanced him to easy reading within three months, and the poor fellow is so grateful that he is really too officious in his endeavors to repay me. He brings my shoes to me and carries them away to return them with an extra polish. He is to enter the Sunday school this fall, and is so anxious to learn that he often 'wakes up the sun,' that he may be at his books. This grati-

tude more than compensates me for all my trouble. I think my *motives* in this thing good. If we only enlighten one of the ignorant of our race, we shall deserve the name of Benefactors. I think an interest in acquainting servants with their duties would lead them to perform them with much more alacrity. We neglect the moral wants of this class of beings too much. Tom is now under a shady tree teaching his little sister her letters—she is as docile as a lamb, and looks upon her brother as quite a wonder. If knowledge spreads every where as with you and I, Fred, I think the dark portions of the earth will soon be enlightened. But I am interrupted—my Virgil stares me in the face and bids me study or I shall lose my reputation for good recitations.

Yours in haste, H.

P. S. I was sick last Sabbath and did not go to the Sabbath school.

G—, Sept. 20th, 183—.

My dear Henry,—I begin to think people can be very serviceable to each other by an oc-

casional hint about doing good. In conformity with your method of instructing Tom, I have taken it into my head that I can do some good that way. You would be amused to hear how resolutely I sat about it, and how I got defeated in the beginning. Do you remember a poor dissipated man, whom we called 'old Jethro,' that you saw when you were with us last fall? Well, he has a dozen children or less, who are as ignorant and vicious as untamed colts—they are, like most people of this description, contented to live in vice and follow their father's footsteps. These were the raw materials which I undertook first to *civilize* and afterwards to *christianize*—for I hold we can never succeed in the last attempt, until we have accomplished the first.

I will give you a brief account of my first visit to this family. It was a sunny afternoon when I made my entrance into their miserable hut—the dust and litter of the room fully indicated the *neatness* of the mistress of the house. Sam, Jim and Ben were playing and fighting alternately, and no entreaties of the mother could make them desist from one or the other. In

a few moments I heard a kind of sleepy groan, and directing my eye to the place whence the noise came, I saw stretched upon the old coverlid my mother gave them, the other *head of the family*. Having sketched the *parents*, you will draw your own ideas of the children, but there is no danger of your imagination's exceeding the picture of filth and moral pollution which encrusted them. And will you believe it, when I tell you that they are now clean, desirous of learning, and even anxious to do all the favors they can for me in their way? I am quite a teacher to them, and for all the trouble, I receive an ample compensation in the reward of well-doing.

I hope you do not intend to discontinue an account of our Sunday school questions. If I have been tedious to you, I am conscious it has improved myself. You will hear again from me by the return of your brother.

With much affection, FREDERICK.

— L—, 183—.

You need not fear, dear Fred, that I shall fail to communicate to you as fast as I progress in

my literary course. I get many serviceable hints from the returns you make to me, so that were it only for selfish motives, I should be induced to write.

We have had an addition to our Sunday school of ten or twelve scholars. They are divided among the classes; ours received two of them. They are rough, uneducated boys, and very ignorant of all kinds of *useful knowledge*; but I should think them instructed in much that is not useful. I have heard a remark somewhere like this, viz. that 'the domestic training of a child may be known by his behavior in church and in the Sunday school.' Judging by this rule, I should think Jethro's boys and these had been companions. Whether our teacher had heard of my success in teaching Tom or not, I do not know, but he has given me the charge of these two boys, after I have recited to him and heard his explanations.

I cannot but think it is quite a responsibility to give two uncultivated fellows their first rudiments in what belongs to the attainment of their moral and spiritual culture. I only tell them plain things, such as they cannot misunderstand,

for I have often read of people who were convinced in mature years of the false statements made to them when they were young. I know it must be difficult to free the mind from such erroneous views; for to this day the recollection of some frightful stories nurse Betty told me, will intrude upon me in the dark, although my reason tells me how foolish and untrue they were.

I am happy in very different pursuits from those which formerly interested me. To be sure games at ball, or battledoor, have not lost their charm; but I mean, I do not care to play so much as formerly. I generally find quite as much enjoyment in sitting under the shade of our old oak tree at the foot of the hill, teaching the 'young ideas' of those who congregate there to receive instruction from no less a personage than your humble servant, HENRY D.

P. S. I break off abruptly because the *pupils* are coming.

G—, 183—.

'Success attend you, and a blessing on your teaching,' was the spontaneous feeling which

would have been expressed in words, had any one been present when I read your last letter. We all have different duties to perform, because we all live in different stations in this life. But I cannot think any are made to be idle. I have been trying to persuade Sam and John all the morning to abandon a foolish project they have in their heads, but I cannot succeed. I believe if I wished to cure stubbornness, if I could show them a picture of themselves in *another*, they would become more lenient. But we all love our own way, and I suppose I have as many faults as they,—of a different kind, I hope, however.

But to the subject of my letter. We have for an exercise this week, 'the punishment which guilt produces.' I have taken the strong case mentioned in Scripture of Cain's killing his brother Abel. I remember to have read a striking account entitled 'Cain's Complaint,' which justly demonstrates how crime will darken and sadden every prospect in nature. I will give it to you just as I extracted it, and if it fills a *long letter*, my apology is, it is another's composition.

'When Cain lived in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden, he sat one day under a tree and supported his head with his hand and sighed. His wife had gone out to look for him, and carried her infant Enoch in her arms. When she found him, she listened under the tree to his sighs.

And she said, Why this lamentation, Cain? He raised his head and replied, Ah is it you, Zillah? Behold, my punishment is greater than I can bear. Then he covered his eyes with his hand, and sank on the ground. His wife said, The Lord is merciful, and of great compassion. But Cain trembled and said, Why should your tongue be a thorn to pierce my heart? She then reminded him of a rich harvest they had just gathered, and said, is not God liberal? Ah no! said Cain, it is to you, and your Enoch, not me? I only discover in his goodness, how far I was from him when I—slew Abel! But Zillah interrupted him, Do you not cultivate your fields, Cain, and sow your seed? and the morning light shines upon you as it shone in Eden, and the dew glistens on the flowers and the grass?

'Ah Zillah, my poor wife,' replied Cain, 'I see in the twilight of morning, only the bleeding head of Abel, and the dew-drop hangs on every blade like a tear, and on every flower like a drop of blood! When the sun rises, I see the shadow of Abel behind me, and there comes a still small voice from every thing, speaking, Thou hast slain thy brother!'

I think, Henry, this is one of the most vivid descriptions of guilt I ever read. It is well to read such stories to boys who think lightly of crime; it may serve to restrain them from the indulgence of violent passion.

I leave it for you, Henry, to draw the picture of innocence, to put in contrast with the appalling one I have sent.

If you have any interesting books, I wish you would send them. I have exhausted all my stock. I must conclude this letter, for of late I have been remiss to every one but you, and today I am determined to make amends for past faults.

Truly yours,

FREDERICK.

L—, 183—.

Dear Fred,—It has been sometime since I have given you any of those interesting stories from the Old Testament in which you so much delighted. You say, you wish me to call your attention to some of the most beautiful. Now your taste is decidedly better than mine, so whenever you do not think as I do, I desire you would tell me frankly. I have been reading one however this morning, which strikes me as peculiarly beautiful.

In the land of Israel, at the foot of the beautiful Mount Tabor, lived a widow named Hannah, with her only daughter who was called Salamith. They were exceedingly poor, yet their poverty did not prevent them from being cheerful and serene—and their days passed smoothly, and their nights were tranquil. Hannah had instructed her daughter to live piously, and she had often shown her how the love of God brings the plants out of the earth, and sprinkles the dew on them, and permits the sun to shine on all things, and how man is filled with more blessings than he can number. And whenever the mother talked thus, the



child perceived her mother wept. And she said, 'mother, why do you weep.' Then the mother answered with a smiling face, 'Oh, my child, God's goodness is too great for us to understand.'

Thus they lived happily, because they lived good lives. And their garden brought forth an abundance of fruit; and they sent it to the sick and the needy, who had none, and always felt how good it was to give!

But there came a pestilence, and Hannah was very sick, and her daughter was filled with grief and anguish. Then the mother saw that she must die, and she said with a smiling countenance, and a low voice, 'Beloved child, my last hour is at hand. Confide still in our God. He will cause it to be well with you.' She could speak no more, for her strength departed.

Then her daughter prayed, 'Oh, kind Father, suffer my beloved mother to remain with me—how can I live alone?'

An angel bore the prayer of innocence to the stars;—and the morning sun arose, and Salammith caressed her dead mother, and the angel

of death came, and they *both* soared to that more beautiful world above.'

Can any thing be conceived more touching than this simple story? It seems as if one familiarized to such scenes of nature and such a life of innocence, could not but be happy. I am now going to walk in the field below the brook. I begin to take more interest in the appearance of the flowers and the springing of the plants. Which is your favorite, among those classed as the *wild*?

I think the sweetest piece of poetry I ever read was upon a little modest field flower! You will laugh at my opinion, but remember my reading has been rather circumscribed. When you have no better diversion than writing, I hope you will resort to that for the edification of your absent friend, HENRY.

ROBERT TO JAMES.

Dear James,—There is nothing I dislike more than being pent up like a house-dog which people are obliged to look after lest he should run away. I have a great desire for an active

life and being a man of the world. Henry has been telling me of the pleasure he receives from his books. I am not constituted like him, for I would any time rather look upon a splendid binding, than what he calls the 'interesting contents.'

I have the promise of going the other side of the river tomorrow. They tell me there is a variety store there filled with drums, fifes and all sorts of curious things. But I suppose it won't do for me to buy any thing that makes a noise, for Grandmother is so sensitive to sounds that Sophy has not tried her *harmonicon* since she came. I wonder that music is so disagreeable to her. I can account for it only in this way. The windows of the old mansion-house are just loose enough to admit the wind, and you would suppose an *Æolian* harp was suspended somewhere about every casement. This may have given her a distaste to sounds—but you know I am apt to draw strange conclusions about things.

There is only one living thing who appears as lively here as I feel, that is the Canary who sings outside my window in his cage. I have

a great disposition to free him from his confinement, but I suppose you will say neither he nor I would know how to prize our freedom if we enjoyed it.

I beg of you to write me all about things at N—. I want to hear what *living people* are doing, although I am placed where if they did not eat, drink and sleep I should doubt whether they were tenants of earth. I felt rather uneasy just at this time, and seeing the pen and ink near me, I concluded just to tell you of it. 'Troublesome correspondents are those who are always complaining'—if this be true, I cannot say good bye too quick.

Yours &c,

ROBERT.

M—, 183—

Employment, my dear boy, is my recipe to cure people of discontent with themselves and the world. Did you ever hear a person say this was 'a miserable world,' and this person and that one, were intolerable companions, whose hands and head were occupied with any thing useful? I am ashamed of you, for making yourself so unhappy. Do you suppose true enjoyment consists in riding, drumming,

lively companions and a whole round of exciting amusements? Why, I have my own boys who had all these at their command, who were heartily sick of them, and craved something more *substantial* to feast their minds upon.

Cultivate some resources within yourself. Improve your time in reading history; study common things, such as those within your eye's range—for let me tell you, from that window where your Canary sits and sings, you can see enough to keep you employed much longer than you will stay.

If noise and active sports are disagreeable to those about you, you need not forget how many quiet enjoyments are within your reach. Endeavor to make yourself agreeable to the family—it is a useful lesson for one to learn to conform to every variety of character as well as condition.

If I had time I would give you many directions to make yourself *useful*; for to be looked upon any where as a compound of folly and oddity, is not a desirable thing, and I am much afraid this will be the case, unless you do something besides *complain*. Yours, JAMES.

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