Dear Brother,

We received your last Saturday mail and as mother will not have time to answer it, I thought I would write you by this mail.

We heard through Aunt Martha Jane that Mrs. Watts was improving and we are all hopes to hear soon through you that she is quite well. Our folks are all well, feeling as fat as a pig and about as voracious. I saw Mrs. Hanson on Saturday. She is pretty fine now and really looks the looks of a person. You remember there always used to be a bright red spot on either cheek, but it has all faded out and her face is thin and pale. She speaks as quick as ever, but her voice has lost its strength and her manner their vivacity. She thinks she is getting better and I am sure hopes that you will see her yet the same Mrs. T WARNER that you used to know. Agga is better than I ever expected to see him. He can walk some around of the yard. His wife is I have forgotten those French verses offensive.
of the present) pregnant and will be as
helpless as her husband in a few months.
Our Railroad is finished to within one
mile of Livingston house and the Freight
cars run every day. The private houses
of the Plantation are nearly done and
some much towards finishing it but they are quite
confident that the road will pay them
and I hope it will. Franklin Ross is
president of the Union also care enough.

The Whig ticket was run so as to include
before and after there is not enough
dealt of it to use up so again. Democracy
Progress, perhaps the Rosses are very poor
and I hope that now they have got the
power they will have a year there with
no ability to resist them. I am going to
leave politics entirely now but if the
Whig party and myself are left four
years from now I shall go into it
again and some day too I suppose that
you have heard through Missum of his
father Ellen death. It was a complete
blow to Mrs. Craven and I suppose it
must have been to his wife. They had
concluded that in some they thought
he might again and now she is
matched to suddenly away and that
the whole hope is for sudden disaster
that it rains even to us until toke the
 cruel. He was sick until the children, but
five hours although he had been over
with the doctors for nine weeks previous.
Mr. Harter Senor wrote his folks the first
news of his death on Mrs. South's arrival.
A letter says that he is doing well
retaining his health very well but with much
neatness of Hallow. I believe it will
take time of returning to California next
winter but I don't think he will. I have
written a few times and they this winter but
I have not concluded where to go yet.

I wrote to you that I would not wish to write. Whether
suggested that today is your first day and
that now you have been 22 years. I
suppose this day is not so interesting
as one year ago (day) when you were
21, nor a "man for yourself." However
pull your own ears as have so you
and I think we should pull them up rather.to
chance. I have just been reading the
biographies of Mrs. Harriet Finch and
Kilgour and Mr. Daniel Webster and I
congratulate myself anew that I can't
hear that great man in the last public
oration which he delivered although
I accomplished it with the help of their
I saw but little of him, but Mr. B. thinks I saw enough of him to be in another season which will be a disadvantage for the time he will be in New York. I think he will do well, there is a very good chance for him, and I hope he will try hard to do well.

Mr. H. wrote me a note last week, he is teaching a singing school in Wenham, Mass., and they are teaching singing in several places there. His letter asked me about your health and how you were getting along, and I am glad to hear that you are doing well.

I have just received a letter from Mrs. H. and I am glad you are doing well. I am glad to hear that you are going to New York. I am sure you will enjoy your time there, and I hope you will have a good time.

I hope you will write me soon and let me know how you are doing. I will write you soon, and I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

Leeds, Nov. 15, 1871.
Your father received the report from Washington for Sept. showing your standing it was first in North, sixth in Third and Twenty-fifth in drawing elements 27. I think I have not mentioned this to you before as I think I have not written to you since. The letter is in the other room telling the news of the neighborhood and your father is reading, due to run on the occasion but I don’t think I was enough to make anything of it, I look forward full of hope to next June mean you will write, of nothing extraordinary presents, we have not lost all hope about our railroad nor think it will go forward next time, perhaps in other hands from what it now is. Capt. Merrins family heard from Charles not long ago he is in hospital in the same city, his wages are one hundred dollars per month. His fortune is assumed, business is often to do well. Dorothy saying so, I shall put into my letter some more letter stamps & purchased some at Halladay when I was there. Charles keeps Coughing in the other room which keeps me in suspense all the time. I hope you will take care of your health through this cold winter that is approaching. Mr. James Jennings was here last week, he said Orville had sent them his Wages. Mr. Jennings is not long since he was mentioned. Mr. Jennings talked as though he was pleased to see with Orville’s prospect he is so from them he is nearly lost to them. I have nearly covered my paper and hope it will be acceptable to you, from your affectionate.

Mother Charles Jennings.

Orville.
by a man who formerly lived in this place
somewhere on the Erie R at a village
called Port Morris.

Let hence her company
and it much obliged for your kind message.
Whenever I can get the opportunity I
will come up to the point and make you
a few honors visit mine as soon
as possible and trusting you will write
all errors, and pass my youthful in the
y, I have the honor to remain

Yours faith fully
W. Augustus Horn.

Patterson Apr 10th 1881

My dear Cousin

Your most welcome letter
came duly, it heart and felt as I found it
to be, with thoughts such as yours, but as
eastern flowers you can imagine it froze
excessively, especially to one who has had
work to relieve the dull monotony of the
passing hour. But not very often by a
letter from a prospective friend and Cousin
and also of the same name and family.
Not satisfied with one

Perusing your welcome letter, I have taken
it in hand for a second reading, when the
thought occurred to me that this would
be the proper time to answer, of being away
and nothing whatever to disturb, the equilibrium
of my passing thoughts, but the cracking
of the old back-log on the fire-place,
so here goes for a letter, with my pen
higher than my head, uncorked in an old
dow chair, with my fundament most com-
fortably seated on a soft corner.
So much for preface, and
now, like the old preacher, I would beg care


to say a few words before I begin,
We have had Considerable of Attention for the last few weeks about political matters, and getting ready for election, thinking this would afford some fun I must be as the boys say and as the Lord would have it proved successful, do you see I feel rather elated over my victory and the one three of the Whigs' poor delusive souls to dream of Heaven to make an idol of their soul of victory as they did and then get defeated as they did you can imagine it came rather hard, yes! 'Tis sweet glory and

That every day life as far instance yours is often replete with all and sometimes more than the fancy can conceive to the mind realize. For myself I have not seen the races since their heads in very many times and the stars in my youth they are almost as radiant as they were. But when I look back over the short stream over where born my heart has glided here and there the course is all ready drenched by mist and gloom. Many of those beaches have been as I passed through them, bright with events, which if narrated would be likely to earn a quiet shake of the head which expresses deploring the secret of us. This he is indelible to his imagination for his fact. But it not being any intention to take your credulity by the relation of those events in which I have been present interesting for fear that in speaking them your hair might rise the guilt of the foolish perceiver I was what is rather inclined to be, in my youth a pretty unlearned one and there is not that title, etc., etc., in the print in this place with a salary of 700 which you know is first rate for the country you can imagine. Moreover after being in three years I was taken sick and had to leave, this came rather hard as the President having just died I had been promoted the office of Capitain, provided I could get well enough to spring to except the office and perform the many duties with a salary of 1200 to I went to New York, and consulted some of the first physicians the city ones boat off but found myself after staying there some months or so worse than when first went, do distress near and despairing I came back, instead of a well man with the laying in it a plea in the low and since they have not done anything in the shape of business. My brother Lucas was sent for, to tell them out in a place
Miss Point N.B. Nov. 19th 1839.

Dear Mother,

It is Wednesday afternoon, and I have just returned from riding, and if I can find my hand dazzlingly, I will try to write you a few lines, for you may be sure that riding as we do without storage in neither, is not an exercise for the nervous. Speaking of riding, I may as well tell you something the reason we are taught to ride. Immediately after coming out of camp, we had to front ourselves with a riding dress, a long muslin jacket with tucker-like buttons. I wear a long jacket called shell jacket, and a pair of claret gloves, this with our forage cap which I never take when you were here, complete our dress. We ride one hour at a time. The afternoons are divided into two of the report, alternating with the horseriding section, to wit: The first section was the horse ridingemonsdays, Wednesday, and Friday. The remainder of the class divided into two riding sections. The first going at two o'clock. It began at three o'clock during three time. The other two days, Tuesday, Thursday, my section takes its turn at riding. The best going to the horse. This is the summer of the 1st week. The second week, my section goes the horseriding the two days, to riding the horse. When we took our horses in the morning, they were placed in a uniform position. I needed to keep it, holding my saddle from my knees, 8 or 9 cm. without any storage, I am rather
We were driven by Professor Stone. He was not seen to like him very much. He thinks him all head of heart; a very intellectual man. I don’t understand law, nor have I any sympathy with it. It was not to whom the first came to Brunswick. He saw a

crowded house there. Everybody seemed to listen to him with open and pronounced. I should not be surprised how a man in the short span of thirty years could lay in such an immense store of knowledge. The lecture on the 21st February, describing the

dynamite, geological circumstances of some of the events recorded, with the low tone of geology. I know the

thing was an extraordinary success, with the allureances of science, which was for me almost irresistible. I was not aware there was anything in the whole. The lecture did not occur you.

It is a matter of doubt, was that I got a leaf

paper and had to write the I could not have by letter. It is almost

plausible. It seems most to do

nothing you all the heat and comfort.

I suppose you have got skiing already

and fired part of my brain in Brunswick. We

have been there yet, nor any remarkable
cold weather. I am not getting on quite as well

as I anticipated in my studies, but I don’t neglect

anything. Shall spend as well as possible

and get alive with it. From my love to all. Robert

ways you tell him he had better go home. I shall

the winter than fall, school. My son, he has been

at Oxford a school, but has not decided yet what he

will, if the better any. Remember particularly to

Charles H. Scudder if I suppose any one listening to hear

their names mentioned in the "New England Semi-

cal macron.
Dear Cousin,

Poughkeepsie, Nov. 26, 1861

Although, most worthy correspondent, you are my debtor as regards letter, still to while away the dull centenary of a few passing hours, I have come to the conclusion to pay you a few lines. Perhaps you have seen the me, been employed in the midst of your business avocations; the dull tramp of my trances walk, and few left to count the tedious minutes as they go by, in the solitude of your sitting-room for two years in succession.

If you have, my dear fellow, you can pity me with all your heart. What if I, just behold a drunked in an old arm chair, the samboon of white caprice, clan after day, and day after day, has to come to my fundamental principles, that there I be absent for one day, curse any sort for its old companion. I have in fact spent every ounce of amusement. I have, the tune of every clock that strikes, and bell that rings. In this place. I have to a second when to listen for the whistle of the Locomotive, bearing the New York morning papers, the reading of which occupies an hour of it. But all these have gone to the wind and even the more known stop of my Doctor, as he enters in the morning;
We can boast among other things, of a visit from one of the Hungarian exiles, who being a graduate of one of the Military Schools of his native place, was quite well posted up as regards, military affairs, and had also served as Capt. under Hessucks during the last war. He having been wise enough to go with, Conrie in town for a good part of the last week, was met with a warm welcome, and left with a promise to come again soon. But perhaps my letter has forced some one to read it. I have but one observation to make, my dear friend has become chock full of odds and ends, and after a long time, there must become that hew up in my mind, and find the atom's readable way to relieve it.

I am sorry to hear that I have not seen your wife before you. And if you think fit, I should be very much obliged if you would write soon for your letters always prove a welcome visitant.

With my best regards,

Mr. & Mrs. Howard

W. Augustus Howard
Clifton
Nov. 30th 1831

Dear Mother,

I was thinking last evening, I believe Saturday that you might be expecting a couple of letters from your sons. Then I thought I had written one in the middle of the week. I would write every week if I could and do as well: but I thought you would have days to answer my letters, and they would come in handy, worth the reading. I cannot write as easily nor as rapidly as I could when in College. It is partly because my hand is comparatively detached from literature, not being the stimulation continually stimulating me to truly different authors & thoughts; my thoughts which my readings used to suggest to me, perhaps I am more conversant about writing situations, come with any bent. Being told the fact is true that my talent never clearly now or every thing, but if it was right, of the above, I thought I would write to some, upon the correspondence. I have received two letters from Augustus Horne since I have written him one. But I believe, most doubtless, has no length between us at all. He says, "Perhaps you have never take the hints, which in the midst of your business excursions, your books are subject to, by a mendacious malady, and you forget to count the number of miles as they pass on the table of your setting down for two long years in succession." If you have, my dear fellow, you can pity me in the whole heart: but I must believe me: &c. He describes his present, &c. etc. etc., and does it in a sort of cheerful humorous manner, which almost makes you laugh...
while you feel the poor fellow with all your heart. I want to make
him a visit on Christmas of next year. I shall try to get a letter.
This goes on pretty fast. It is now January, six months more.
And then come another examination, which is to detach me
from the room. I have been a little unfortunate lately in drawing.
I was painting a picture in your house on the last of my
price, after I had finished the drawing having worked on
it ever since we commenced it. If I get a good one or
there is a letter, so come. I washed it out. I feel
a little through my paper. I should have cried it out, but
remembered, that I was two years old and a little care would
have saved that. But in case reflecting. I have injunc
tion standing very much. The instructor in drawing was
not done so yet. I am working on my nerves for a tracing.
You know I always fear a shading more than a
Whistling. The picture must meet the first at least. I
and along, the best is, to your letter. I write, once, and
that she has not received an answer to her letter from you. I say, she has received
a letter from alcohol about taking the School of Life Elizabeth.
It is close to Portland as you know. Miss Ellis. She shall
the Room to us if he comes. The School is going
to near the City. I see it is a large, hand, School. I see, he
written you much about it? I am happy, and I am not very far
from the School to begin. Uncle Ward has not been to the School
with much encouragement. He wishes hissearch led him to a
good deal of trouble, because I have to run about after a
perpetual time. I want. Then, keeping day has come of your
with you. The days are just like anything to me, we can
have some long walks and talk of old friends for dinner. If our
usual custom. There generally cost provided for me than
when I first came here. I graduate of the institution has the
are a day of coming and going, which is very good information.
Your breakfast is supposed to have what auxilary foods. They are,
there is a day of coming and going, which is very good information.
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