

LETTERS
OF
JAMES SAVAGE

1784-1873



Class F69

Book S26

Boston 29 July '54

Dear Sir,

I trust to your benevolence to make apology for my absence at the Celebration of the Cape Cod Association which you will, undoubtedly, attend next Wednesday. Not having, like yourself, the right of becoming a member of this genial company, I ought to acknowledge, more punctiliously, the honor of their invitation, and am only restrained from accepting it by the sad circumstances under which their favor found me. But as my connexion with the Historical Society, no doubt, gave occasion to this favor, you can, in behalf of our Society, return our thanks.

In honor of the meeting, I will propose as a sentiment:

The memory of Elder William Brewster, the earliest lay man of eminence engaged in working out the great problem,

1842

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. It appears to be a handwritten letter or document.]

how to unite civil, and religious liberty. &
honor to the man, who abandoned hopes of
Court favor in Queen Elizabeth's cabinet,
to retain a good conscience and promote
the welfare of his countrymen in that
and succeeding ages.

Yours, truly
Jas. Savage

Hon. Chief Justice Shaw

Mr. Savers

Hon. Ch. Justice Shaw

Mount Vernon Street





Samuel Savage Shaw
Kind regards of
Emma Rogers.



Jas. Savage

LETTERS
OF
JAMES SAVAGE
TO HIS FAMILY

(*PRIVATELY PRINTED*)

BOSTON
1906

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PREFACE.

The letters, privately printed, in this little volume, are thought to be of sufficient interest to the family and friends of Mr. Savage, to merit their preservation.

It may seem inconsistent that the first letter should be one addressed to a stranger; but as its date, two years after his graduation from college, marks an unusual experience for a young man, twenty-two years of age, I venture to insert it.

In 1805, Mr. Savage's cousin, the late Frederic Tudor, engaged him to accompany his elder brother, William Tudor, to visit the principal islands of the West Indies, for the purpose of establishing the ice-trade there.

In the month of November they sailed for Martinique, and soon after arriving there, Mr. Savage was attacked with yellow fever. He was, at the time, visiting Monseieur D'Aubifret, a gentleman who had passed his youth in Boston.

It chanced that the governor of the island, who had come to visit Madame Le Pagerie the mother of the Empress Josephine, was invited, with his physician who accompanied him, to dine at the house of Mr. Savage's friend.

In the course of the dinner the kind host stated that he had a young friend lying seriously ill in the next room. The physician immediately became interested in the case, and it was to his skill that Mr. Savage owed his life.

While a guest of Monseieur D'Aubifret, Mr. Savage received many kind attentions from Madame Le Pagerie.

EMMA ROGERS.

LETTERS OF JAMES SAVAGE

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OF
JAMES SAVAGE.

TO MONSIEUR D'AUBIFRET, TROIS ISLETS,
ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE.

BOSTON, OCT. 16, 1806.

TO D'AUBIFRET.

I rejoice, my dear Sir, in this opportunity for writing to you with a probability of the safe arrival of my letter. To your excellent mother and amiable cousin I send by Nicolas some little keepsakes which a lady procured for me, and so I hope they may be proper. I could never give you and them a perfect testimonial of my gratitude, and am willing to hope, that the inhabitants at Trois Islets will not soon forget me. I shall bless the day on which we went down to your house, as often as I think of it, and its remembrance will rise in my mind with every reflection on my past life, which you preserved. Since my letter in June my Uncle Tudor with Madame and Mademoiselle*

*Afterwards Mrs. Commodore Stuart.

have sailed for France, and we yesterday heard of their arrival. How long they will remain is uncertain. Delia is a fine, accomplished, beautiful girl, and it is not impossible, that some one of your countrymen may be conquered by her charms. Wm. Tudor who seems destined to wander over the world, like Ulysses, sailed in August for London. Besides the experience and sagacity, which his predecessor acquired, I hope he will obtain property sufficient to allow him some nest for the remainder of his life. The youngling Harry Tudor is immersed in science at Cambridge; while Fred., le negotiant universal, is plotting against all your West Indies schemes of freezing you all as well as ourselves in the ensuing season. Cuba and Jamaica as well as Martinique and Barbadoes will certainly be cooled. O quel fraicheur aimable! My sweet cousin Emma Gardiner will stay, I fear, thro' the winter down on their estate in the country one hundred and fifty miles from those who most desire to see her. I continue in the lazy study of law, and shall be admitted in a few months to plead in the secondary court. The great number of gentlemen, which is between fifty and sixty, almost discourages me, but I shall not be driven

from my native city. The clergy have most learning, the physicians most money, and the lawyers most honor in our country. Many of your former friends have inquired respecting you and your family. The number of French people in our country is much less, than when you were with us. But a few days ago I found one in the country, a fugitive from the infernal brigandage of St. Domingo, who, tho' he has been in America fourteen years, is most determined to go home and lay his bones in France. I pray you, let me be remembered by your friends D'Audifredè and his lady, Madame Beaupont and others. I kiss the hand of your mother and Madame Faure, and wish to yourself every blessing which you deserve, or which heaven can send.

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 6 NOV. 1816.

TO MRS. ROBERT HALLOWELL GARDINER.

Dear Emma,—Your note did indeed find me at Boston, and not the least remains of my journey fever disturbing my quiet. Indeed I was not so uneasy as you seemed to imagine,

when you suggest that I should not inquire for your key. I hope you received it at the proper time, by return of the stage. I have had a great press of business since my return, which has not permitted me to see all your friends. Lincoln spent Thursday evening with us. His child is perfectly recovered, he says; but his wife is not. I shall probably pass Sunday next there. Mr. Richard's two boys were worth bringing from England, indeed. They were very well, but the young lady's love towards me has cooled surprisingly. At Mr. Frothingham's I have not had leisure to call, but left your letter the morning of my arrival. That, wretched me! was not till Wednesday ten o'clock. I had flattered myself with the glorious hope of reaching my own bed on Tuesday; but the stage was condemned by the new arrangement to stop at Newburyport. But I had not to ride in an open wagon, nor get wet through. The evening of Thursday after my return, I was employed to play the important part of bridesman in the wedding visit of my friend Alex. H. Everett, Esquire. My compeer was Francis C. Gray. I can say nothing more about fashionable engagements but that this evening I go to a ball at Colo.

Perkins's, though as the invitations run in the name of the young ladies I conclude it is not to be very crowded.

I saw over the fireplace at Gardiner a plan on a single sheet of paper of the Institution in England (London) for the Savings Banks, officers' names, computations, &c. Though I did not half read, I was much occupied with the subject on my way up, and find it a very desirable project to introduce here. Mr. Vaughan authorized me to desire Mr. Gardiner to send up that paper. If he has mislaid it, perhaps Charles Vaughan, Mr. Merrick or William Vaughan may have one. I desire to have it sent by the first private opportunity, and the blessings of the poor, or of those who are prevented from being poor, shall remain on him and

Your affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

Mrs. Tudor told me last evening, she would go to New Jersey next week. I always believe people will go, after the event has verified a promise.

BOSTON, 20 AUGUST, 1818.

TO MRS. JAMES OTIS LINCOLN.

Dear Madam,—To trace the beginning and growth of the intimate friendship between your late husband and myself will afford me so much gratification, that I shall hope for your indulgence in a few words, though to you, who so perfectly witnessed the continuance of it, such relation may be less interesting than to be told how devoted I must be to cherish the remembrance. My boyish acquaintance, before meeting him, had embraced but one person, whose congenial temper would cause our amusements and occupation to flow in the same channel. The long intimacy with that gentleman, the Revd. S. C. Thacher, had been closed by untimely death only a few months since. I have not seen many persons to whom I should feel stronger attractions, on his own account, than Mr. Lincoln; but it was the assiduous kindness of his mother, the most useful and affectionate friend that ever cared for me, which bound her children to me as brothers. For many years she was indeed my mother, and permitted me to use even that name in addressing her. Her benevolence was com-

prehensive enough to include many friends, but towards me was always specially shown. Being doubly an orphan, as my own mother died one day after my brother Arthur was born, and a father's protection had been some months before providentially withdrawn from us forever; to her I was perhaps more indebted than most children to their natural parents. This debt has ever been regarded as sacred, and now seems much to have accumulated, as so long unpaid. To your husband, in his younger days, my aid and advice was always given, in its humble measure, and at a riper age his study of a profession was in connexion with me. He has had many occasions of proving his regard; and now that a more urgent opportunity demands it, nothing will be so sweet to me as returning the obligation.

I may not presume, madam, to comprehend fully the extent of your affliction, but it will not be indelicate for me to urge that your duties cannot be forgotten or postponed. Support and comfort are needed by you, but heaven can afford none, beside your own contemplations, equal to the endearments arising from the education of those representatives of your husband. It may be happy that both are fe-

males, as a widowed mother should feel less anxiety in bringing them up, than she must unavoidably entertain for the more perilous state of boys. They will imitate you more closely, and to them may be more surely communicated your own softness. This consolation may the God of the widow grant you.

Of business I spoke very little to you at Hingham. But it is now necessary to enlarge. Some person must administer upon the estate of your husband. You are the most favoured by the law, which gives to you or the next of kin that trust as of course. If you undertake it, every assistance in my power may be relied on. Nor should you be deterred by fear that your being unacquainted with business may be an impediment. If however you desire it I would unite with you in receiving the authority from the Judge of Probate, or if it be disagreeable for you to act at all, would undertake the duty alone. You must not however be anxious about making an immediate determination, but may think ten or twelve days upon it, and with Uncle Martin's* advice, form a deliberate resolution. If you conclude to

* Son of Gen. Benjamin Lincoln and brother-in-law of Mary (Otis) Lincoln.

act, it becomes necessary for you to go to Scituate next Monday fortnight, to enter on the trust and give bonds. I would accompany you. But be assured that no reason exists to give you any uneasiness on your temporal concerns for a moment. Begging you again, madam, to communicate freely to me any commands, whether they may to you seem important or trifling, which it will ever be my highest pleasure to attend and fulfill, I remain, with sincere esteem,

Yours devoted servant

JAS. SAVAGE.

Mr. Savage made a voyage to Demerara in 1819 in the interests of Mrs. Lincoln, in order to establish her claims to a valuable estate there.

DEMERARY 2 AUGUST, 1819.

TO MRS. LINCOLN.

Dear Madam,—To relate to a lady the particulars of our voyage would be little interesting, for no variety could I tell of, more than that one day we caught a boneta, another, a dolphin, a third saw one vessel, a fourth, two. No storm gave an incident, and long heart-sinking calm

was not vexatious to me. We arrived last night, but the vessel cannot yet come in, till the deeper sea on the bar, perhaps two days. The Court will commence a fortnight from to-morrow, and, I hope, our cause will be heard during the term. I am disposed, quite at home, at Mr. Benjamin's, and this morning have called on the Governour, but can hardly say any thing more than that my health was never better, and that its continuance is chiefly desired that you and your children may receive the service of your friend

JAS. SAVAGE.

DEMARARY, 4 AUGUST, 1819.

Dear King,—I have no long directions now to give you, and it would be rather late, if there were any to be executed. Only tell Lem'l Shaw that having had so long a passage out here, only arrived Sunday evening 1 Aug. and our ship not yet got into the river, so that I am only half ashore, I may *possibly* not return to Boston to attend October Court, and that I will write him soon.

My health is very good. It is hot and wet, to be sure, but hope will help me through alive,

and two days have gone out of the sixty that I was willing to devote here. Were I half dissected, I should revive on getting on board a vessel, bound within five hundred miles of Boston. Bless all the house. I dreamt of Alicia, when fifty days from Boston. Tell Lee Calcutta may be worse than Demerary, though for some hundred miles all ways there is no land here a foot above high water mark, and all the country is dammed and ditched and diked and canalled, so that it must be moist enough in a dry season, but now being the rainy, is worse. Motley* ought to pity me, for my last segar was spent on Saturday, and there is no touch of tabaco del reyna known in this region. If I never return, let Mansoni† be assured, "I will speak some more funks." When Rollins sees Helen Davis, he must not tell her how many hours every evening her songs were ringing in my ears, though my thoughts were diametrically opposite to Lord Byron's,

And now I'm in the world alone
Upon the wide, wide sea.

* Father of historian.

† Italian consul in Boston.

DEMERARA, HALF PAST TWO P.M.

25 Nov. 1819.

TO MRS. LINCOLN.

As the Court was not opened this morning, my dear lady, till *half past twelve*, you may presume, that I waited with some anxiety. However, when it began, I felt none at all. The counsel against us, stated historically the circumstances which had occasioned this suit, and, after opening his venerable old law, Voet ad Pandectas, referring to the *lex tripartita*, and all the authorities about testaments, proceeded to read his evidence, and state his points. The President caught at the *matter* of the cause very quick, and remarked upon all the evidence, as the counsel went along. On some of the weak parts all the Court and spectators *smiled*; and our Counsel was allowed only, on explanation of rejection of a slight piece of testimony, two minutes remarks. The Court will perhaps soon form an opinion; and every body congratulated me on the necessary one that must follow. It was only *half past one*, when another cause was taken up. I left the Court house to communicate my felicitations to you on the *good appearances*, but was detained by Mr. Albuoy to read Mr. P. Benja-

min's kind expressions for you and the children. Them you must embrace for me till evening. I go to dine at Mr. A's, and tomorrow shall hope to have better news, and Wednesday best of all. But we may be deceived in half the battle, and detained here to Christmas. We may, indeed, lose the whole battle, but we shall be able with Francis I. to say, we have lost all but *our honor*.

Ever yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

Mr. Savage was married to Mrs. Lincoln in April, 1823.

SUMMER OF 1827.

TUESDAY EVENING.

TO HIS WIFE.

I left Cambridge after sundown, and found the walk very warm. It was exceedingly pleasant walking in the morning soon after eight. I dined with the President in the corporation room as last Saturday, and having finished our duty soon after six, took tea at his house. My walk in the morning was solitary, but on return was accompanied by my colleague, Frank C. Gray, who walked out, as well as myself, but half an hour later. The young men ap-

peared very well in general, and your nephew George * was excelled only two or three in any thing, and by them only in a very trifle. The President is exceedingly pleased with him, and talked much of his good manners and good principles.

Since my return I find the packet did not get up before dark, so that is probable Lucinda † must go in the coach. I regret not being able to send you the list of authors of the three Nos. of the N. A. Rev. for which I wrote a note to Mr. Hale this morning, and in my hurry forgot to request the answer to be sent to the house.

J. S.

MONDAY EVENING.

AUG. 4, 1828.

TO HIS WIFE.

There is nothing in the world for me, my dear wife, to tell but that my brother John is better, and his removal is postponed, perhaps will be unnecessary. It would be quite gratifying to know what you are this moment engaged in, because, as the children are now fast asleep, all of them, you may find some time

* George S. Hillard.

† Children's nurse.

to write to me, if you are in the quiet of Dennysville, and perhaps even returned by this hour, it wants three minutes of ten, from any gay society in the dissipated city of Eastport. With the heat you can hardly be oppressed so late in the season, for here it has been cool enough the last eight days and in the nights 'twere well to avoid having all the doors and windows open, or else one must employ a coverlid. It is very clear to me, that my health has improved by this sleeping with free air so much, for I have taken no cold by day or night, and have slept much sounder. It has been in my power too to work as much as I desired without fatigue, and yet no relaxation has been taken, but what has been faithfully told to you. On Thursday next we propose to make an excursion in the harbour, at least to look at Hospital island, where our Committee of Aldermen for the Quarantine may secure one chowder as reward of their summer's work. Good night my sweet Mrs. Governor Winthrop, and tomorrow morning let me exult in having a letter from yourself and good stories of the children.

TUESDAY, 5 AUG.

You deserve not, I fear, to have this letter forwarded today, because I get nothing from you of date later than three years, weeks I mean, yesterday. But as I can give you some very good news, I will not be so selfish as to keep it back. Mr. Hillard this morning told me, that yesterday afternoon he carried John to a place in the shop of Mr. Felt, stationer and bookseller, State street, which I believe will be a capital chance for him, but he will continue to attend his school a fortnight longer, until the exhibition. Now be so kind as to make me some amends, and if you ever desire to get another letter from me, write, write, write some yourself, lest I cease to subscribe, as the chief happiness of my life,

Your affectionate husband

JAS. SAVAGE.

SATURDAY, 16 AUGT., 1828.

TO HIS WIFE.

I have been so happy, my dear wife, all this week, on account of receiving your delightful letter of Sunday before last on the seventh day after its date, that no complaint has yet been

uttered of the non-arrival of the Packet, by which further tidings will come of your welfare, even though written only by the children. The mother will put in some words, without doubt, for they can hardly cover a whole sheet by themselves.

You may see by the newspapers, what an interesting time was passed at Salem on Wednesday in celebrating the completion of Dr. Holyoke's hundredth year. Dr. Hayward was at the dinner and carried his wife in the afternoon to the old man's house. In the evening, she engaged me to come to dinner next day, have Harriet brought early, and go to ride to Mrs. Hayward's at Newton. It was likely on Thursday to be very warm, so Hannah* went soon after breakfast, and made a stop at your sister's on her return for the little one † to be shown there and also to get a nap. She was attended all the day by Hannah, and soon after four we took our drive. It would take up more than this sheet of paper to particularize all her expressions of delight on the road out and back, but particularly at the parrot, the snow white foreign doves and the peacock and her young. We kept her to sleep in Emma's crib, and sent

* Nurse.

† Harriet, second daughter.

her home on Friday morning. Aunt Bowles says she is the very picture of what you were at her age.

SUNDAY.

George came home on Friday, much improved in strength, in fine spirits and nearly prepared for his commencement services. He called twice to see me, once before I got home to tea, and after I had gone out to see sister Bruce. But on Saturday forenoon he sat some time with me, and was with my club in the evening. It is yet uncertain, how he will be disposed of in the world next month. Mr. Green would be very happy to take him to the plains, but perhaps the slavery is too close there for the compensation. It might be much better at Taunton, if they have no successor to the elegant little gentleman, who married your cousin West. Capt Sargent arrived yesterday before daylight, but not very successful, in my apprehension, in his voyage, for he was in such haste to get back, as to leave all his outward cargo unsold. This day fortnight I hope to be on the water proceeding to the Eastward, but how near my happiness at the end of the voyage is on many accounts

uncertain, but by the next letter I shall be able to give you some better approach to certainty. The packet for this week is not yet arrived, but there is now a Northerly wind, and I shall confidently look for my letter tomorrow. The weather has been very good lately, quite dry for almost three weeks, and now quite as cool as we desire. Today noon I have letters from Demarary quite late 17 July. The advice from London is favorable, and Mr. Benjamin expects within three months to have all the preparation made for giving security to the English lender by the purchase of your estate and to receive the first quarterly payment for the great object of anxiety which has given so much color to both our lives. With Ben* I have since church this afternoon shaken hands for good-bye. The Ticknors returned last evening, and I shall go there, after brother William's, this evening. The city begins to fill with residents, and many strangers. You must write to me, if it be very few words on receipt of this, for you may need to remind me of several trifles, and as the mail comes on Thursday evening, I can perhaps get a letter on Friday some hours before sailing. Sailing,

* Benjamin Lincoln, son of Judge Lincoln of Dennyville.

sailing, what a delight it will be to me, to say it is twelve weeks since my wife parted from me, and we shall in all probability never again be twelve weeks apart.

MONDAY.

TO HIS WIFE.

You shall not, my sweet wife, depreciate yourself by saying how much better I was than you should have been. Your letter found this morning in the office, as my expectation of the Packet was just, is much better than I expected. The dear children wrote (both) very pleasantly. But Molly is rather too speculative, when she doubts if I shall know Emma, because she has grown so rude. Why, that is only going back to her former state, before she went to Miss Lamb,* and if the Lion again lie down with the lamb, no doubt she will be tamed. Our Hannah had quite an adventure last evening. She was at Mrs. Lucinda's,† who was gone with her Peter to lecture, and the bell was then tolling, the baby had been asleep but a minute or two, when an ill-looking fellow, without a coat and having

* "A dame's school."

† A former nurse in Mr. Savage's family.

his shirt sleeves rolled up, Hannah probably thought, in an alarming manner for Sunday evening, expressed by his mode of advance an intention of coming into the house. She ran and fastened the door, screamed murder, and no doubt frightened herself, though the sailor advised her to the contrary. As he attempted to get in at the kitchen window, she fastened the parlor door, and cried murder louder, and louder, but I am glad to say not quite loud enough to waken Harriet, but loud enough to bring one of the neighbors to her relief. So she went up stairs, and took up your baby, which I am sorry for, as it waked her and might have given her alarm. She was carried in a blanket to the next house, and the fellow, who had wantonly caused the disturbance, having previously in his drunken folly, alarmed somebody in the vicinity, was after hiding, dragged out and committed to confinement. Harriet was full of fun for two hours after it, Hannah says. That I can easily believe, for she looked in the morning, when Ben and I went to pass an hour with her, like the essence of good humor, pretty well condensed, her cheeks and arms being as hard almost as the children's India rubber ball.

There was an alarm to other people than Hannah yesterday, but at an earlier hour, while we were at church, in the afternoon. It seems the tenants of the state prison, anticipating with strong dislike the solitary sleep they must soon have in their new apartments almost prepared, instead of the agreeable society of six or sixteen in a room now enjoyed, had made preparations for a fire to burst out in the workshops while the whole pious congregation were assembled in their chapel. The confusion would have been a sweet chance for their escape. Unluckily the fire was tardy, and they were all, except the cooks, locked in their respective apartments before any evil was discovered. The United States corps of Marines was called by the prison alarm bell, and the result is, though some workshops are destroyed, and every religious society in Boston and Charlestown was disturbed in their exercises, no single son of perdition got free. I have been this evening on the Common with George to hear the music, which was finer than common, though it would have been far better enjoyed, had the temperature been seven or eight degrees higher. The tides is calculated, if they be the same at Quoddy as here, and if (what an

important if is this) I can leave here next week on Friday or Saturday, and have a better passage than you had, before sunset on Tuesday tomorrow fortnight I shall embrace you all.

Good night.

Capt. Rogers, when I called to inquire for your raspberries, told me you had gone up the river on Tuesday. He is quite enamored of Emma, who was brought to my mind a few minutes ago by turning over a page in one of our Great Ledgers at the Savings Bank, when the name of Robert Barnes, fellow fine, popped up. But the young scholar has, I hope, learned some more valuable stories than that, among her mischievous requisitions. Whether this bracing cold weather will produce much effect on my looks, is uncertain, but it need not be for the better. Out of regard to you, I have continued in excellent health, never so good, and people exclaim at me, as having grown fat by being an Alderman. You will not be ashamed of me, I hope, as looking less intellectual than may be proper; but unless *you* have gained something, it is poor encouragement for going to the country again. Being rather uncomfortably cool, I

took a walk between 12 and 1 o'clock to see the darling Harriet. She has many indistinct ideas of you all; but, when asked where mother is, she says coming to kiss Hally. When her father goes away, she will so strongly remember him, as to be able to revive her recollection of those he goes to bring home. One week more will enable me to advertise you of my intended passage, until which, my dear wife, keep in remembrance

Your devoted

JAS. SAVAGE.

ABOUT 1828 ?
AUGUST 23RD.

[Emma's dictation.]

Tell mother that I am a good girl, that I send my love to her, and that I like to stay here, and don't want to come home, and that I want her to come and see me, and I want father to come and Mary and Eliza and Harriet, and I want to see Miss Goodenow.* Harriet would be delighted to come and see the flowers, would not she

EMMA
SAVAGE.

The above is as nearly the words of the lively little girl as the rapidity of her prattle will allow

* The nurse.

me to catch, and they probably describe her state of mind as well as it can be expected. At the close of the first day, she sighed and said as Mr. G. came in "I want to see my father" but when he spread his arms, she sprung into them and enjoyed the frolic as usual. She is very hearty and we have as yet made no progress in spoiling her, so that I begin to hope you will not repent of having trusted her with us. Give my love to your sweet wife and believe
 me affectionately yrs

E. G. GARDINER.

I have more than once regretted that when you were here I did not more earnestly recommend our dear boy to your kindness. He has just arrived at that period of life when the mind awakes to reflection, and appalled at the labour to be performed, is too apt to be diffident of its own powers. I am well aware, that every man must work his own way out of this gloomy shadow but we can most of us recollect the effect of an expression of hope and confidence from some one to whom we looked with respect.

Again adieu.

TUESDAY EVENING, 9 AUGUST, 1831.

TO HIS WIFE.

My dear Wife,—After you left me on Saturday, I had my breakfast speedily, and then found such an abundance of time on my hands, and such an agreeable state of the thermometer, that I walked out to Roxbury street, which is a feat not equalled by me this year, except that cool afternoon, when I walked most of the way to and from Cambridge. We had a moderate time enough at club at Dr. Hayward's. On Sunday I passed most of my time, the church hours excepted, at home, but from the Post office at sunset walked home with Mr. Hale, who had just then arrived from his eight days excursion to view railroads in New York and New Jersey. At his house I spent an hour. Yesterday, though the brisk Northeast wind in the morning piped all hands for foul weather to come before long, yet as I could not be sure of leisure again this week, I went to Nahant. Before we got more than halfway, it begun to be apparent, that we made slow progress, for the sea had got up with as much wrath as the state of the tide in the narrow bounds would allow, the tide, wind and drift of the sea being so strong against us, and the steam boat rock-

ing about like an egg shell. Some ladies and more than one male creature were overcome by the agitation so that their stomachs would not be quiet. Our voyage lasted an hour and fifty minutes, though the proper time is only five to ten minutes over an hour. Of course there was too great expense of power and too little temptation for passengers. Indeed they had not expected me at the Peninsula on the account of such boisterous weather. But I enjoyed the excursion much before landing, and more after. Exercise, pretty violent, in scrambling over rocks, walking uphill and down dale, was useful to keep me warm, and the violent dashing of the waves was compensation for the exertion to get the most forward positions for the sight. The boat returned in a few minutes to Boston, and it was announced that her two other trips each way must be postponed to more favorable weather. So I hired a chaise to bring me to the Lynn Hotel, and there found a Salem stage coach to forward me home. But my object was as well gained, of seeing Harriet, as if I had reached Nahant three quarters of an hour earlier, and had left two hours later. She looks like the very queen of health, if there be such a personage. Her

face is not imbrowned, but filled out, and her cheeks are as round and as hard as a November russet. She did not wish to come home with me, but enjoys her society and her occupations mightily. Usually she does not get quite so severe exercise as she had to keep up with *Mary E.** and myself over the rugged cliffs. But of society there is abundance in the house, and in the next house, distant about as far as from our front door to Dr. Fisher's, say two Barrett girls, granddaughters of Mr. John Dorr, young Froding and his cousin Miss Channing, Miss Marrett, Miss Otis, James' daughter, &c., &c.

THURSDAY MORNING.

I forgot to mention, that, on Monday morning, calling to look at the progress of the *house* building for you, † it was told me, that on Saturday the well gave out, and the pump would deliver no water. On examination it seemed, the quicksand had been sucked in through the stones and up the bottom. So for want of having inserted a wooden curb behind the stones, the brickwork must now be taken up and a curb be driven down to exclude the sand.

* Daughter of Wm. Savage with whom Harriet was staying.

† 1 Temple Place.

Such a thing occurred at one of the front houses. It is some consolation, that if thirty or forty dollars will be now the extra cost of getting the well to perfection, the character of the soil will be always likely to ensure very fine water.

Yesterday afternoon, while I was absent, a Miss Turner and Mr. Somebody, whose name Goodnow gave me but I have lost, called with a letter from your cousin Mary Burrill. Doubting whether the letter might not contain some request for service to be rendered here in your absence, but which might as well be done by some other person, I have opened it. But there is nothing of urgent interest in it, and, as the French proverb has it, sentiments of friendship will keep, it is reserved for your return.

Whether your letter from Quoddy was written after Genl. Cooper with the wife* and daughter reached there, I know not; but their passage was just as long as I indicated, the packet having got there on Monday morning.

Before noon the Council was adjourned, and so I am free to go frolicking. I have nothing more to say, but that I am, as ever, wholly
yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

Evening 7 o'clock.

*Sister of Mr. Savage.

BOSTON.

MONDAY EVENING, 26 AUGUST, 1831.

TO HIS WIFE AT BROOKLYN, N.Y.

My dear Wife,—I wrote you a very few words, incoherent enough, yesterday morning in five minutes that I. R. Chadbourne gave us before going off for Providence. Mary too wrote at same time with a pencil. He is detained by business at Providence until tomorrow, so that you will not hear from us until Wednesday.

Mary laments our loneliness more even than I do, because mine is relieved by the out of door operations as usual. But tomorrow we may hope for the company of Abby Gay, which will be a great deal to her, though little to me. Next day will be commencement at Cambridge and the following day the interesting P. B. K. celebration, both of which I shall enjoy, if we are blessed with rain to lay the dust, and not otherwise. Yesterday and today have been warm enough, the most comfortable since our return from New Hampshire. If tomorrow be equally warm, as tonight promises it will be, we must gain a thunder shower. On Saturday evening the club will be with me. "The Wednesday night" will not require your presence under four weeks, and long before

that, you will be eager to come home, if Eliza is not.

Now if this be too soon, do not, I charge you, hurry on; because I can come for you well enough, when you say the word, though it would be desirable for me to leave on return in the afternoon of the same day I should reach. Good night.

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You had, I see by the papers, a grand show at Brooklyn on Saturday evening, happily so early, that the fire, which Mary's geography assures us was not uncomfortably near, could not alarm you.

The clock has struck eleven, and I bid you good night.

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Last evening's club was at Dr. Hayward's, where Dr. Bigelow gave us many particulars of his rapid excursions in England, France, Italy going and returning, and finally visiting Scotland. Such a tour would not suit me. Every thing beyond Great Britain, had I a full year to spend, should gladly be given up, to enjoy the quiet, sober, leisurely visit and examination of objects of profound associated interest, with which our acquaintance seems

to be intimate. He rode by Abbotsford in the stage coach.

Probably I shall know no other opportunity of writing to New York for some days, and *certainly* shall expect to get a letter from you before attempting it. I embrace my dear wife heartily as ever and with the blessing of Govr. Winthrop* doubled upon you this night bid farewell from yours
 JAS. SAVAGE.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

LIVERPOOL, 9 MAY, 1842.

TO HIS WIFE.

My dear Wife,—Dearer than ever by the nearly three thousand miles that separate us, we reached this port before noon today, having, had probably, the pleasantest passage taking its shortness, its accommodations, its general state of sky, its prevalent fair winds, with the main ingredient, that outweighs all others, the company that enjoyed them, into a general reckoning. We therefore passed less than nineteen days in the ship, including the steamer at each harbour for taking up and getting down the passengers and their lug-

* At this time, Mr. Savage was occupied in editing Winthrop's History of Massachusetts Bay.

gage. Of these passengers it is indispensable, that you should have some account, for among six ladies and twelve gentlemen in the cabin, no greater variety of qualifications and desire to be agreeable in one way or another could ever be found. But above all, taller, more animated and more constantly thinking of the general gratification, than any other, was the noble spirited, hilarious captain. But in this hour of going to bed, with you at this instant seven almost, in our Longitude eleven and a quarter hours past noon, my delightful recollections and my sombre thoughts after being left alone, wholly, in my Hotel, are not to be treated of by an unfeeling pen. Good night.

Tuesday, 10 May. It is too late, my dear, to give you picture gallery, for now, wanting only a quarter of eleven, after dining at Mr. Gair's, who with his wife go to London tomorrow, I called to take a parting with Dr. Robertson and his three daughters, who embarked this evening soon after nine in an *iron* steam ship for Glasgow.

This morning I wrote to London in answer to one of two letters found lying here for me from friends of Ticknor, and tomorrow hope to show equal politeness to the other. This

morning also I called to pay my devoirs to Lady Nesbit, and also deliver to Mr. Rathbone the parcel with which Dr. W. E. Channing betruſted me, as well as a letter from Mrs. Farrar. I alſo made a beginning of investigation at the Athenæum in a rare work not to be obtained in our country.

Wednesday morning, 11. Now the images are ſomewhat indiſtinct of the companions of the voyage, when brought all into one group, at leaſt the promineney of one or another muſt throw others into a ſhade. So without any formality of arrangement, let the names be called, and the parties paſs on. Firſt, then, as her name ſtands alone, Lady Nesbit, but ſhe brings her niece Miſs Wilſon, who calls the ſenior ſometimes mother, ſometimes aunt. Lady N. is a real lady and reminds me of Mrs. Lawrence from her ſoftneſs of ſpeech, and bodily infirmity. She was able to come to dinner every day, being an excellent ſea going woman, yet not riſing early enough to make her toilet before breakfast, in very pleaſant weather, alſo, glad to get ſunſhine and air on deck, but from weakneſs in the ancles requiring aſſiſtance. I gained a favorable opinion with her in the harbour of New York by lend-

ing her a hand in passing from the steamboat to our ship. She was an Alston, sister to wife of a Govr. Wilson of South Carolina, who was father of this niece, and is a kind hearted lady, good for fifty five years, not active minded, but intelligent, polished by society, and shrewd in observation. Her estate is near Kirkcudbright (remember that this horrid looking word is sweetly pronounced, *Kircòobree*) and there Miss W., who was born in S. C., has with her resided most of their days. 2. Miss W. is an intelligent lady, almost, she told me, twenty eight years old, of course knowing something of the matters that provide dignity and contentment for old maids, having no airs of sentimental growth, quiet in her superiority of manners, and not squeamishly alarmed at sight of man or sound of his voice. In the seating at our table, Lady N. was first on the Captain's right, her niece next, your husband third. Next was Mr. Thos. Wood, an English scholar, bred at Cambridge, had orders in the church and curacy in Worcestershire. However, his dissatisfaction with the manner in which religious arguments were handled, and (I fear) with the results, (for he seems skeptically inclined,) drove him to forego his profession,

and he lives on his estate a few miles from London, sympathizing, but in no decided measures, with the views of radical reformers. He is probably forty years old, seemed early to confine his attentions to Miss Wilson, and consequently in some degree to her aunt, but took more kindly to me than to any other passenger after those two ladies. He read much aloud to Miss W. and it is no ways unlikely, that the reader and hearer will be together much hereafter. He had come to Boston in the steamer late last autumn in a tempestuous passage, passed quickly as possible to the mining region of Georgia or S. C. where his friends near London had an interest to be looked after, thought favorably of few things in the South, and regretted he had enjoyed no opportunity of seeing our parts of the land. The evening before embarking, he told me, he went with an acquaintance at N. Y. to a small party, where Miss Robbins* lighted on him with her learned speech, and congratulated him that he was to be in the same ship with me. We had some literary fellowship, and he would be a pleasant man, had he been married earlier, or felt a better regard for Christianity.

* Miss Eliza Robbins of Cambridge.

5. is Mr. Catlin of Hartford, a merchant of some pretensions to general intelligence, suffering every hour with sickness of the sea, though the stoutest man on board, and not able to come more than six or eight times to breakfast, lunch, dinner, or tea, but leaving a wife and three children at home in the house, which was once that of Mr. Sigourney. You may recollect the nonsense about the loss of the place, where the beautiful poetry was composed, which raised so much unnecessary sympathy four or five years since. 6. Mrs. Taylor, a very interesting English widow, with four children, all boys, of whom the three youngest attend her, the smallest very closely, as you must suppose, being two days short of eight weeks old, when we sailed. She lost her husband last autumn or summer, had not sufficient means to employ a servant, but hoped to find at her mother's in London abundance, had evidently been always nursed in luxury, and was wonderfully light hearted. Her stateroom being next to mine, and I the only gentleman, who was alone in the enjoyment of that delight, I had a fair share of the play with her boys, whom I liked inversely to their ages. 7. Mr. Lambert, an admirable specimen of Irish good

breeding, not himself highly instructed, but having good associations with learning, ex. gr. a brother is a lawyer in Dublin, a sister was married to a nobleman, and since better married to a gentleman in the same city. He has lived many years in Georgia, and Charleston, S. C. to which he will soon return. He was always attentive to Mrs. T. and some on board ship were benevolent enough to believe she had designs on him, or he thoughts of her. 8. Mr. Newbery, a gentleman, born at Gibraltar, of course English, but having seen much of Spain, easily became a Mexican, having his establishment at Guadalaxara, in which country he was married, but has been a widower some years, having a son eight years old in this place at school, whom yesterday he was happy to find in excellent condition and to leave so, hurrying off to Italy to see a brother. His Mexican name, added to the English, is Boschette, and with his agreeable conversation and exceedingly mild manners I was more in communion than with any other gentleman on board. Next him, in strong political contrast, was a Texan, attached to the Commissioner, of whom wait for the picture, as it belongs to the opposite side of the table. This

Secretary is a man of less agreeable manners, but of very abundant information, born in England, but of French extract, named Toulon, or something of that sound, had lived as a shopkeeper in Montreal, and feeling like a citizen of the world, became an Editor of one of the mischief making journals in that turbulent country, to which he hopes to return before the next election in Sept. He played a game of whist well, and (except for his cause) was not at all disagreeable, even to his next plate, the Mexican. 10. Mr. Sherriff, from upper Canada, and near forty, an uncouth Scotchman, son of that gentleman on the other side of the board. He had been twenty years ago apprenticed to a ship builder at Glasgow or Leith, and is a most kind hearted man, willingly assenting to request from Miss Georgiana to exercise his violin, and even in singing, but showing more heartiness than skill in either exercise. Having finished our side of the table, let us postpone the residue for tomorrow. Yet before going to bed, I should say, that the Great Western arrived early today, and at breakfast I had a New York paper of 28 ulto. Went to see the Parnells, who are at the Adelphi, four or five rods off, the most splendid Hotel,

where also are Lady N. and Miss W. dined with the P's who hurry away in a shower to embark at half past six in the Mail Steamer for Dublin. So good night again.

Thursday 12. First on the Captain's left is Miss Georgiana, to me the most agreeable object of the companions of the voyage. She is youngest daughter of Dr. R. aged 14, going from school in Montreal, where she was born, to some school in Edinboro', yet undetermined. Intelligence beyond most girls of 18, yet simple as one of 10, full of fun, yet often so concealing her wit under sobriety of expression or manner, as to escape careless observation, she made conversation with any one in happy profusion, especially asking all sorts of questions, and remembering the answers, tormenting her sisters that had more reserve in their carriage or less congeniality except for one or another companion. She seized right hold on my heart, the third day out, if not the second, by asking me if I would come and see her at Edinboro, where she expects to be left alone. I had been showing her some sympathy, as she was getting up from the short sickness, encouraging her to walk by giving an arm, picking up books for her, repeating poetry, running up and down from

deck to cabin, as I did for every other lady, and when she grew well enough to use her needle, she worked a souvenir for me to put in the Road book for Scotland, that I had lent her for an hour or two. If she lives, and her health may improve, though now delicate from growing too fast, it is not one man in a hundred that will be worthy of her. 2. William Robertson, M.D., Professor of Surgery, &c., &c., an invalid. Advice of friends and acquaintance led to this experiment for restoration. He is very tender hearted, has kindly visited almost daily the steerage passengers (45 in number) most of whom are Scotch or Irish, and raised our sensibility about the situation of a man, whose arm had some months before been broken and not well healed. He said the man would die, one day, unless the arm were taken off, myself to assist at the operation, if Dr. Smith patronized the experiment. Luckily it was found, that the man was in a delirium, and too low to bear amputation without loss of life, so he was allowed to get well, and I did not cut off his arm. 3. Miss Maria, a pretty quiet girl, about 20 or 22, not of great assumption of any sort, whom some thought the Capt. felt a tenderness for; and so tattle went around for a

season, that she was for blood and could not demean herself so low. I confess she seemed to me above such nonsense, but not sufficiently interested in any thing but her father. Next her was Daniel Seymour, of New York, the most interesting of the male passengers, thought, on coming on shipboard, to be not likely to live a week. He was unable to walk without leaning on his cousin Dr. Smith, and for two days showed the most wretched bag of bones, and sunken jaws and prominent eyes I ever saw. In a week the skin peeled off from his face, from sitting in the sun, and he began to mend, was able to play upon a beefsteak, showed unbounded knowledge of most sciences, especially languages, of which he was master of several living ones, adequate in Greek and Latin, stored with English Literature and political history, played a good hand at whist, and promised, had not our passage been too short, to become cheerful. 5. Dr. Ashbel Smith, born in N. Carolina, studied medicine and surgery in Paris, walked the hospital in London, lived in Tennessee, and is now a Commissioner for Texas, clothed with powers, I suppose, to treat for some purpose or other. He is a little ostentatious of his Greek

and Latin, and therefore I imagine has not much, more so of his professional knowledge, but that forbids a similar conclusion, has seen much of the wild sports and the wilder passions of the West, received a very slight wound in the cause of his new built country, and will be a great manager of affairs, if heaven permit the congregation of ragamuffins to prosper. He is admirably suited to advance himself with ladies, as he can pour out the small talk and has acquaintance with all the petty circumstances of society coming out from morning to night. Of his age I should make the guess at about 40, but he has never married, and has never lived but in a warm climate for the last fifteen years, so that he may be more worn than advanced. No. 7. The Chaplain may be 29 to 34 years old, but green as a boy of 20, yet acknowledges himself a widower. It is a most difficult part to fill, I doubt not, for he was grand enough in his services, the two Sundays that the weather permitted us, with one accord, to make our common supplications; but one moment he seemed afraid to partake in a game of cards, and another time played at all fours. He began in the harmless blindman's bluff, and got out, when the first

body was caught. Of course he had not the degree of regard from the passengers, that it would be agreeable to show, and one and another seemed to take delight in cutting out Miss Sophia Helen from under his guns. His name is Jackson. No. 8 is the senior Sherriff, a solid business man, not apt to play in any thing, very thoroughly Scotch, slightly diluted with more than 20 years residence in Canada, in whose service he goes to London to obtain encouragement for some internal improvement. Perhaps his age is 65, yet his feeble health permitted him not to claim so high station as he should have had. His modesty perhaps kept him back from all but two or three rubbers at whist. No. 9 is Mr. Kimm from St. Louis, Missouri, a German trader, who read the whole time, except at meals, and a few occasional snatches of sunshine on deck. He commenced once in his native language with Mr. Seymour, spoke perhaps two sentences with one or two others, and, during the voyage, twenty with me. Here is the end; but less than a quarter of this day's work was written then, for I had to go to dine at Green Bank, 3 miles off, with Mr. Rathbone, and some ladies and gentlemen, the party having

been prepared for Revd. Mr. Dall from Mobile. The residue was done on Friday, partly before, partly after a ride 6 miles out to Gatacre to visit Revd. Mr. Shephard, an aged scholar, with a very interesting adopted daughter, Miss Joyce. Country, at a mile distance from Liverpool begins to look beautiful and sometimes rich. It is not that I care to write a Journal in my letter which is to be thrown on paper for Emma for another day, nor that you should be unduly impressed with my remembrance of you and the sweet ones around you; but really to relieve the sad, and numerous hours are the sad ones, when my loneliness comes over me as with a crush of falling tower. What may it be after leaving Liverpool, where I seem almost to have domesticated myself? But the real difference will be, that after getting away from this place, where I have waited, chiefly, to get the first letters from you, I may feel, that something is over, now nothing is. I shall go to London in shorter time for stopping here, because I can so confidently feel, that little is to be got out of London. This Saturday I had a call of near two hours and a half on Revd. Mr. Johns, minister to the Poor, with a noble wife.

Sunday. I have attended service three times today, making up for failure last Sunday in the Irish Channel. Mr. Dall, who began as a minister to the poor at St. Louis (Missouri) and has a year and a half preached to the benighted at Mobile, officiated at Revd. Mr. Thom's this morning, and at Revd. Mr. Martineau's this evening. Intervening service, at Mr. Thom's, was by Revd. Mr. Roberts. I am tolerably well pleased with Liverpool, but perhaps this expression arises from my hearing that Britannia was telegraphed this afternoon from 70 miles distance, though she will not be here before I go to bed. My solitude is painful, but company of one, two, or three English good people I have been much gratified with. Every thing has gone right with me, since leaving you, except breaking my tooth brush on the second day's voyage. Tomorrow morning I hope to see John Hillard and if not, shall obtain your letters. Good night. The blessing of heaven on you, and our dear children. I shall never be so long separated from you all again. Much do I think, also, of my dear brother William in his affliction; but it has not been in my power to undertake to write him a letter in his loneli-

ness of heart. Cushing and Molly come over me frequently, and I make love to any little child I see, for the young one's sake. I shall expect to leave this place tomorrow afternoon, yet will speak more positively before sealing this budget, of which some part, of no consequence, is for Dr. Pierce. You will, of course, be cautious about a *general* communication of this letter, for I have written, as if I were talking with you, and something fit to tell you might better not be published from the house top.

Monday, 16 May. You must infer, though I did not say any thing, that my voyage was, as anticipated. I sang and danced the whole way over the ocean, lost no breakfast, lunch, dinner, or tea, except that the parting meal in Liverpool outer harbour was too slight, from the natural sensibility that parting never to meet again with such pleasant companions must perforce have produced.

I saw Mr. J. R. Bracket, before breakfast. He goes at 9 A.M. to London. After breakfast I call at Barings, get my letter, saw half a minute Mr. Kendall, learn nothing, but that you remained at New York 30 Apr, and that John will probably come in Caledonia.

Please let all remember, that one letter is a letter, however large, and postage is same. So I pay a dollar and a half this morning, for what might be only a quarter or two at most.

I am off in half an hour after noon for Chester, thence tomorrow to Shrewsbury probably. Everywhere I am

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

CHESTER, 16 MAY, 1842.

TO JUDGE LUTHER STEARNS CUSHING.

Dear Cushing,—I was delighted this forenoon with receipt of your hand writing of 30 ulto. No. 1 and thank you much for all it contained. Almost every thing is interesting to one who so thoroughly partakes of all objects of great, or petty interest, at home, as I do.

.

Crossing the Mersey, I found, on its Southern Bank, railroad to bring me here in 40 minutes, and have quietly seated myself to read the letters. It is too warm (what do you think of that for the west coast of England?) to be

moving about in the sun to see what may be worth casting a glance at in this ancient, walled city. Liverpool is all new, two hundred years ago was little bigger than our Chelsea now, and aristocratic Chester could swallow its inhabitants without distortion of the waists of the lieges. You must not expect me to succeed in my undertaking to one quarter of our anticipations before my departure. Nothing hardly will be gained, but the knowledge of the barrenness before reaching London. But you must make my *tenderest* acknowledgments to Judge Davis, who writes almost as if he doubted about ever seeing me again. What a noble hearted, affectionate man! and he shall have some thing from me in September, if it be only to cry, as the old Hebrew, the glory is departed, Ichabod!

As my wife will show you *all* my letters, you must reciprocate, for it would be impossible for me to write to all; and on my part I mean not to be complaining of failure on her part or yours, so that a *comprehensive* parcel comes from either. I care little about business, except * positively affecting me, as what you re-

* It positively would be quite interesting to know the result of sale of the house adjoining mine. Who bought, what price? Of deaths, nearly all

ceive, or pay, or do, for me. But how can the solitary position of my perambulation, distant from any one I ever saw before, or shall see again after an hour, be relieved by a close conversation put on paper by her or you? *Never having seen* before, is nothing, if the strangers are to grow up together for a week or two. No face in the hundred and one on board the New York had ever crossed my eyes before 20 April, except the Captain, and he but a half minute on 16th. Yet to him, and to three, or four, or five, or six, or seven, or eight, others I grew so bound by almost adamantine ties, that had our voyage been of nineteen months, instead of as many days, on my part it would have seemed delightful. Let us break off this sentimental turn, and go out of my chamber.

BRISTOL, 25 MAY.

What the Queen of Sheba said of Solomon is nothing. She referred to report, I to imagi-

of persons I have known must be strongly impressive. Emma mentions young Lothrop Motley; but of Aunt Otis a casual newspaper informed me, and P. Parker mentioned the latest, as that of Wm. Boardman. T. B. Curtis, Esqr. (whom please thank in my name), sent me the Hale's Daily Advertiser of 30 containing the sad story of the Farm School boys, and details of a large fire, that was also referred to by my inestimable friend, Judge Davis. I see the reward \$1000. offered. In summer time I have little fear of incendiaries.

nation; and ardent as had been my anticipation of heartiness in the welcome and hospitality that some Englishman might show me, when safely introduced, or patronized by an old acquaintance; here is my evidence of hope being far out-run by enjoyment. Let me, however, take the usual sequence of time to give you memoranda of my motives, and emotions before coming at a jump from the date on other page to this nine days later. Coming to Chester I saw little, of course, for the railway is apt to keep one's attention inside of the car, and the eye gets no profit by shooting beyond. But on 17th I saw C. to much advantage, under the guidance of Revd. James Foliott, to whom a letter from Mrs. King, wife of the artist, introduced me. Pray cause this fact to be made known to her by her husband. He *required* me to breakfast with him, having late the preceding evening returned from the country, showed me the cathedral, the castle (here are live troops), the walls, only one other city in the kingdom retaining such a glorification, and after this, as the resolution was peremptory, that I would go to Shrewsbury by 2 P.M. coach, made me partake lunch of mutton chop, tart, wine, etc., instructed me to take

the best seat on the coach top for an extra six pence, and would not leave me until, mounted in my place at the office of the establishment, not his residence, nor my hotel, the four-in-hand whirled me away.

Out of Wolverhampton I got early next morning by Railway, first since Chester, to Birmingham, where no stop was made, but hurry skurry on iron road to Gloucester, rain having fallen the night before, and the morning, it was thought, sufficient to justify assumption of outside seats by myself and a pleasant young man, who had made talk in the car, on the coach for Bristol. Murder! out of four hours and a half, it rained almost four, and it cost me quite four at the Swan Inn, Commercial Room, to get into a tolerable state of warmth after tea before it would be safe to go to bed. Gratitude however should have been enough to make me comfortable, for the letters from London, written by John Kenyon, and others promised by him, were all that could be desired, more than could be expected. Tell Ticknor. One in particular is the cause of my having this satisfaction at this hour and place.

Exeter 26. Revd. John Eagles had returned

from London, where he had visited Ticknor's friend, John Kenyon and by him was charged to the brim with kindness for me, (more, by token, he saw my note of acknowledgment from Liverpool, saying I would be at Bristol on 18th though it grew to be late of the 20th when I reached it) and had a note for me at the Post Office, which it would be vain to attempt to characterize, and wretched weakness to transcribe. Suffice it to say, when on 21st I called to make due return for his benevolence, that it seemed impossible to accept in its literal import, he took possession of me, body, soul and goods, and kept me five days, until this 26th he unwillingly parted with his authority by transferring me from his carriage to the railway car that brought me to Bridgenorth at noon, thence a coach, (confound the ever during rain) through Taunton and Honiton has brought me to this capital of Devon, where the Dean, and in several other towns the best of the clergy, are soliciting the favor of doing kindness to the President of the Mass. Hist. Soc. as they have found me out. This evening, too, I get a letter from Harriet L., John Hillard's wife, in answer to my *first* from Bristol last Sunday. But fatigue requires me to

go to bed before eleven. Mrs. Eagles has given me a parcel for Lucy. Good night.

On 20th I have come to Totness, and sent my card, with compliments, enclosing also powerful (I presume, for it is sealed) letter of introduction "to the *venerable* Archdeacon Frowde," of whom all mouths are eloquent in praise, at the neighboring parsonage of Darlington. The style is important, because orders and degrees in this church have various addresses (as you know that of Bishop, the Dean is "very reverend,") and surely when Milton says they "jar not with liberty," I may use them. My desire is to get up next Saturday to London to be at home, and rest by changing work. Then J. Hillard will give me my letters, some three days before which this must be closed.

30 *May, Totness.* More over-flowing kindness from this dignitary, who, on receipt of my note, answered in very few words in writing, and sent off his boy with a chair to bring me to his house, without a nay say. So on Saturday evening, just as he and his daughter had finished their tea, I joined at their table, passed

all Sunday with him, quiet, saw only one other house, that an ancient, baronial of five or six hundred years, partly decayed in very extensive, useless, apartments, showing a kitchen chimney as big as one side of our longer parlor, and much higher, but partly rebuilt, and having beautiful gardens. I prefer the simplicity of those at the parsonage with which I was perfectly charmed. Four female, two male domestics, beside the boy, attend on the small family. The distance from this borough is short two miles. The situation of this place is very agreeable on the Dart, one of the pure streams of the country, here meeting tide.

I June, evening at Honiton, having come a long distance, since 11 A.M. at Plymouth. So now I am well on my gladsome way up to London, though it must not be very rapid for at Axminster, only 9 miles East (because now I change my returning course, that has been identical from Honiton to Plymouth with that travelled reversely last week) and at Dorchester on Thursday, and at Salisbury on Friday I must stop, either to acknowledge kindness or to gain information. You have before this had my letters, and yesterday at Plymouth by

London mail paper of Monday I saw news of the Caledonia reaching Lpool on Sunday. Some days ago I wrote to John's wife to desire letters to be stopped, as I should hope to be with her on Saturday evening. Of my wife, of your wife and family, of Eliza, of Emma, of Harriet, of Lucy, of the young soldier my desire is very great to get accounts and as John must have come, these accounts will be not only in Ms. I am charmed with the sight of Eng. as an agricult. country, the beauties of Devon have not been over-colored. I see no more destitution of any sort than in our own country. The extravagant attempt on the Queen's life, heard of this morning at Plymouth early must be insanity. Every thing of the government wears a good face, and such, after Congr. rises will be my expectation for our own.

Yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

DORCHESTER, 2 JUNE, 1842.

TO HIS WIFE.

My dear Wife,—Before this time of night you must have received the letter I left at Liverpool for you, if indeed it did not reach you yes-

terday. So you see, how closely I calculate about you and your motions and occupations.

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3rd has brought me to Salisbury, and my passage is paid for the whole route to London tomorrow. But much as my delight is for this, my gratitude for unbounded attention must not slumber. All England, that I have yet visited with introductions to gentlemen, seems to have been laid under contribution in my favor. Yesterday morning I was, for a short time, down stricken, finding, on reaching Axminster, and sending my card to Revd. Wm. D. Conybeare, who had, on motion from John Kenyon, Esquire, written several letters for me, and one to me, that he had been three days absent, and would not return before evening. Now at my next designed stopping place (Dorchester) that I must reach that evening, having no letter, I had depended on my success in obtaining one at Axminster from my unseen friend. But his lady sent me word to come to breakfast, which I obeyed forthwith, found most hospitable reception, received a letter from her to Arthur H. Dyke Acland, Esqr. (son of Sir Thomas) at D., was made also, together with her husband's curate, to par-

take early dinner, and in the afternoon proceeded to D. with a gayer heart. Having sent to Mr. A. he called after I was gone to bed near eleven o'clock, called again at seven this morning, before I was dressed, having thought only of necessity of taking coach for this city soon after 10. He made me go to his house to breakfast as soon as I could get ready, had morning prayers with visitors and domestics and children in a private chapel, took me to the church, the object of my desire, in which two hundred and thirty years before officiated John White, a true friend of New England, when she had hardly any other, gave me card to his father, and sent me forward rejoicing. He is about 28 years of age, has 5 children, the only son born a few days ago. So we saw not mother of the three blessed girls that were in chapel, of whom only the oldest was seated at breakfast. Strawberries were on the table, but not quite so ripe as we love them.

LONDON, 7 JUNE.

How can I postpone any longer, my dear wife, telling you of and about this city and my movements. On^rreaching J. H.'s house, an hour before dinner, Saturday afternoon, he and Harriet were heartily glad to see me, as you must know I

was to cease to be wholly among utter strangers, besides the delight of your letters, Cushing's and bro. Wms. One sad deduction I must make from the pleasure of reading your letter, that was in all other particulars exactly what I desired, mentioning all the details of everybody and thing that could interest me. . . . this evening to his Excellency, Mr. Everett's, tomorrow dine with the Vaughan's, Thursday, breakfast with Ticknor's friend, Kenyon, and calls enough to fill up the time till next week on Thursday, when I must dine with T's other friend Divett. My object, that ought to be always in my mind, can be advanced only casually. But now let me speak of what has been done here. On Sunday, of course, I went to church, in the evening, before dinner, spent an hour with Mrs. Richards* and her daughter Maria, who are very well. She tells me John is at Bath for renewal of his health after the trial of an Indian climate. A boy, with an attendant from Bengal, not a tiger, is with her. Henry has given up his theological plans, and gone a few weeks ago towards Calcutta by the short

* Grandmother of Professor R. H. Richards of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

route, has been heard from at Malta, and will be again by this mail, when the letters get on, no doubt, at Alexandria, perhaps Suez. Yesterday I spent in finding improvement for my outward man, say by hat, gloves, stockings, hope of a tailor's labors, etc., and spent an hour or less with Miss Vaughan. To-day I have been to the British Museum, almost as overpowering in objects of antiquity as London itself in novelty. Capt. Wormeley, another friend of T's today binds me to dine with him on Friday. Yet I had strength enough to visit the mother of Mrs. Farrar, and pass an hour with her. Her sister, Mrs. Longston, from Jersey Isle, was present.

Wednesday I laboured four hours at British Museum. On Friday from dinner table at Capt. Wormeley's, J. H. called for me in a cab to go to Prof. Faraday's last lecture for the season at Royal Inst. We saw ear of wheat in beautiful growth of this year from seed of last year's ripening from seed taken out of folds of cloth, wrapped round a mummy, from Egypt, uncertain whether two or three thousand years ago. Saturday found me again at breakfast, with larger company than on Thursday, at Mr. Kenyon; and as my charming Mr.

Engles (see letter to Cushing by last steamer) is to come into the city for some excursions this week with K. I *must* breakfast there again next Saturday. Here I meet Geo. Sumner, come from the continent early in the week. But at two o'clock, we three, J. H. and his wife and myself, go upon the grandest affair I shall have or see in Eng. The June Horticult. exhibition at Chiswick. There are but three in the year, May, June and July, and this is commonly the most frequented. Crowded were the roads with vehicles of every sort, and many horsemen, of course nobody on foot, because the admission tickets were a *crown* each to those who had member's vouchers to justify their applying at the Soc. Rooms in the city, and *two crowns* at the gate. The heat was great, but dust worse, delay for setting down at the entrance worse of all. We alighted, after waiting half an hour to advance in the line, constantly advancing slower, when our cab was more than half a mile from the gate and poking through horses and carriage I said, after getting into the garden, adorned with wonderful flowers on many stations, and rich with various specimens of fruits, tempting as they were, I said I would not go through the service again for a

present of the Isle of Gr. Britain in fee. Uncertainty was the worse concomitant of the affair, first, should we ever get to the promised land, next should we be able to get home.

JAMES SAVAGE.

LONDON, 25 JUNE, 1842.

TO JUDGE CUSHING.

Dear Cushing,—As a whole week has elapsed, since the last words were written to my wife, I can no longer refrain to hold some communication with dear Boston. My days fly swifter than a weaver's shuttle, was a mode of lamentation for David, but not so much with me, as they are pleasurable, whisking too much from one thing to another, indeed, but such is unavoidable London life.

Much of my time has been given to the British Museum, where the superfluity of materials is so great that you are in danger of starving before making choice of the requisite viand. Some hours were bestowed on Doctors Commons, and you may mention to either Judge Davis, or Revd. Alexr. Young, that I have exact copy, by my own collation, of Isaac

Johnson's (the founder of Boston sometimes called) last will, made about three weeks before embarking with Govr. Winthrop. It costs money to get such things.

It is almost surprising, how deficient are the materials of such information, as I desire. Nobody thinks here of the probability of finding *early* registry in the parishes. For Snelling alone have I yet obtained any success. At Cambridge University, probably, the deficiency will be lamentable, as Prof. Smyth has pre-advertised me; and the Revd. Jos. Hunter, the most accomplished antiquary in all these parts who being employed in the Record office (mind the quantity) is ready next Monday to show me a list of persons permitted to embark at this port of London in 1635, (the only year known to have such muniment) assures me, that nothing is to be learned by me, except from printed books, as every thing has been so frequently rumbled over, that it is copied for the press or destroyed. My list of 1635 is, however, an exception, and he acknowledges, that by casualty there may turn up something, but none the more likely to be found by looking for it. He tells me, after paying my fee for admission, the entry is potential for a week

when you must pay again; but more curious still, he says, you are not permitted at the augmentation office (such is the title of his workshop) to take any transcript in writing. I may use my pencil, but not ink. The public seems not to have acquired its spirit from individuals, every one of whom, that I see, is eager to encourage me, delighted to talk on my enquiries, and especially prompt to request me to eat and drink.

28 JUNE.

Yesterday I was engaged near five hours copying, with pencil, from the great rarity at the augmentation office, and after getting home from that workshop, which I did not leave until their hours for the day were ended, I sat down to put my work into ink, or a third of it at least before dressing to go to Govr. Everett's dinner party. Today I have finished the transcription of what I pencilled yesterday, stole time enough (two hours and a half) for a drive out to Hampstead to see Miss Aiken, whose conversation is full of spirit. She, like all others that meet me, says I can learn from books all that is to be learned, and refers me to books or repositories utterly barren.

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Will Congress falsify my anticipation of making a proper tariff? Will they undo the distribution act? Will the country be forever cursed with the question of who shall be the next president, and all questions of policy and principle be made to whirl round on that pivot?

From Emma's letter I observe, that poor Miles has given up his school, and so my two elder daughters are in the wilderness. E. says mother thinks I should be pleased to have them under Folsom's care. Certainly there can be nothing better, and I hope no time will be lost in securing their admission for next quarter.

4 JULY.

You will observe, with pleasure, that the government here have commuted the sentence of death against Francis, the foolish youth, who discharged a pistol, loaded or not is uncertain with any thing but powder. Unhappily for the cause of good order, another preposterous attempt was made yesterday, while the royal party were driving to church just before noon. Such ridiculous attacks make people uneasy, and I fear the disposition to make an awful example may increase. Most people

disagreed with me about the execution of sentence against F. that could not, in my opinion, have been carried through with good policy.

To my wife, your wife, Eliza, Emma, Harriet, Lucy and Jamie make known, that I was never in better health in the first week of July in my life, but have been and shall continue, while in this Babylon, especially busy. I finished on Saturday transcribing my lists of eleven hundred and fifty three names of persons, allowed, at the London Custom House, to pass to New England from Christmas 1634 to some day in Sept. of the next year; but you will naturally presume, that these are of parties to whom exception could not be taken, and do not include fiery puritans as the Lincolns and Cushings that embarked down in Norfolk, nor others of similar noses upturned against Archbp. Laud and his coadjutors. Indeed there were persons, I know very well, that got on board the ships that departed from London, by going down channel and at an outpost secured their transportation.

I continue to receive admirable expressions of kindness from all persons to whom I apply for encouragement. Yet let not any body, on our side of the ocean, presume to expect any

information from this side, without severe inquisition for it. All is forgotten here. This very volume, fol. . . . Ms. has been found in a different quarter of the city within three or four months, and it is thought that no similar one remains in any place.

A note for J. A. Lowell I wish to go as soon as possible, and about *ten days after* I wish you to inquire of Wainwright at Savings Bank, how the Institution gets on, and whether he will send me, by private hand, to care of Coates & Co., No. 13 Bread Street, Cheapside, any copies of Report, *unsealed*.

A note for S. G. Drake may go in no hurry. I do not wish him or any body else to set me any new stints.

I would gladly fill up my paper more, but am obliged to break off to go down into the city.

Let my brother and wife, and every other body that inquires know how truly I am, as ever

JAS. SAVAGE.

LONDON, 7 JULY, 1842.

TO HIS WIFE.

My dear Wife,—Having sent off on Monday 4th Inst. a letter for Boston, it seems time to

begin again to let you know about me. I am almost tired of London, because my labours are attended with so little success. Yet it shall never be said of me, that my time was given to seeing sights, when it should have been occupied with the real business that brought me here. Still, there are some accidental novelties that fall in my way, as I pass one, two or three miles out and home in pursuit of my antiquarian trifles. The most striking, and least agreeable, diversity from our New England habits is in the funerals. Nobody knows anything about an interment, but the relatives, and this may be reasonable enough; but think of the advertisements, or signs, put over shop doors, "*Funerals furnished*" or "*Funerals performed,*" which are very commonly to be read, as you walk the streets. Both phrases mean, I suppose, the same thing.

You may let Judge Davis, or any of the *learned*, know, that Mr. Graham, who gained so much in our esteem by his History of America, died last Sunday, suddenly, here in London. It was mentioned in the Times, newspaper yesterday. I was ignorant of his having come from France, or it would have been great

satisfaction to me to have obtained an introduction to him.

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I believe that no account has been given by me of the residence of our nephew here, and as I mean next week to go down (every direction, East, West, North or South from London is down) to Cambridge it may as well be done now. The street is pretty quiet no omnibus passing near it, and very few carts, plenty of carriages, especially to stop at the next door, the Queen's hairdresser, where many of the ladies of haut ton must present themselves for the proper service of M. Isadore. But you will care less for all this, than what I can tell of the indwellers; and most of these you know too well for my taking up the task.

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Now for the baby, which must not complain of being postponed. She is of the most comfortable, healthy and forward thing of the sort, has had one tooth almost four weeks, and undoubted indications of the neighboring one coming into line very soon. She loves very much to step and jump and will, of course, soon exhibit the accomplishment of walking, or rather running, for she will not be patient enough

to walk. What charms me is, her hilarity, opening her mouth about double what any full grown lady in her wildest laugh would dare. So we are close friends, even father is not equal to me for fun with her; but then Kate* knows her interest unites with duty in reverencing him above me.

CAMBRIDGE, 13TH.

I have worked gloriously at the Registry of the University yesterday and today, have found some things not before known, and have failed of extending my information so far as would have been desirable. But I have had great satisfaction in my visit in the quiet of the vacation, deepened by the repose of every body and thing after the great excitement, crowd and ceremony of the Installation of his Grace, the Duke of Northumberland, as Chancellor of this renowned seat of the Muses, last week. Of course I am charmed with the account, in which all voices concur, of the happy exhibition made by Mr. Everett, our Ambassador, on the occasion. The Master of Emanuel, Vice Chancellor of the University, showed me from the Duke a communication from Mr. E. relative to the indebtedness of our country to

* Eldest child of John Hillard.

this Institution of Cambridge, and particularly to Emanuel College, the mother of John Harvard, founder of the blessed University at *our* Cambridge. It was written with his usual felicity. I was dined yesterday and the day before at the table of Peter House, sitting on the right hand of good old Professor Smyth, with excellent entertainment, physical and intellectual. But it has happened to me to see nearly the last of the noble hearted scholar, though my company evidently renovated him from the occasion of bringing up the memory of Ticknor, his wife and especially his daughter. He shook off his ailment, and partially reduced his deafness.

LONDON, 16TH.

I would have written much of the beauty of the country through which our road, both rail and coach, divided in nearly equal halves, led, part in Essex, part in Middlesex and the residue in the shire of Cambridge, but, excepting in the neighborhood of Waltham and Chesterford, close to which latter is the splendid seat of Lord Braybrook, which the coach passes within three hundred yards of, it is generally too flat for the beauty to be observable unless well clothed by cultivation. I am to go today

down on the Birmingham Railway a short distance, say 18 miles, to be taken up by Mr. Rotch, brother of Mrs. Farrar, to be transported to St. Albans. So I break off.

17th. My enjoyment was very high yesterday. The air like the best of our early June, and sky perfectly clear, country diversified by hill and dale, like our most exquisite Brookline and Newton, not crowded with houses, except at the town of St. Albans, about a dozen miles from the station at which I stopped before noon, and sixteen miles from the Harrow station, six miles nearer London, in a decent distance of less than one mile from which is the residence, a very agreeable cottage, of Mr. Rotch. Here I saw gold fish in a pond, and rare ducks, Barnacle geese, hares, rabbits, and several beautifully spotted deer, some pretty dogs and a handsome (if possible) goat, all matters of divertisement for his wife, while he is occupied at his office in town. They are all very gentle, come to call, and know the kind attention of owners and servants. Mr. Farrar sent over a short time since a Bob-o-link, whose notes were more joyous yesterday than usual. A fawn was born within an half an hour after our arrival in honor of my visit, and the mother

of Mr. R. came down in the afternoon train to dine, and stop a day or two. I entered the cars on return before half past nine, and reached London soon after dusk. Today Mr. Petty Vaughan and his sister, Sally, call to tell me, that she goes on Tuesday to take passage for New York in the Mediator, London packet ship. She will, I hope, reach before Commencement day, and has promised to go to you for the very short stop she can make in Boston, for I tell her it is the most distance from her friends on either hand, Dr. Bigelows and either the Guilds, if they are in town, or the Scollays. You know I am her trustee with Capt. Curtis and J. Quincy, Jr., so that if you were not so hospitably inclined as she knows you to be, it would be right to insist on her making her visit at Temple Place. Besides she is, and has long been, a great admirer of Emma, and E. may do her some little service. She has seen more of me than any body else, out of this house. They tell me also of arrival of the steamer yesterday at L.pool from Boston, so that tomorrow I must get my news from you all; glad enough shall I be, though it may be necessary to close this letter before my advices can be read.

18 July must bring my despatch to a close, whether half be said, or not, that should be. At Mr. Everett's last evening we find, that he obtained his advices early in the morning, before breakfast; and well entitled he is to get such advantage, though he could be only a few hours before other people, except on Sunday. The Post Offices in and around the Metropolis are closed. The friends at Mr. E's were very few, only Dr. Boott, his mother and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, and a young Lee, son of Harry. Mrs. P. you remember as the daughter of Mr. Moorfield using to pass us on Sundays going in or out of church on our side aisle. She is very much improved in health and good looks. Still it is a sad thing to meet ones countrymen here, when the country is hourly disgraced by the stupidity of its government. I read the accounts with mortification at breakfast, and rejoice, when going abroad, that I shall not be pointed at as an American. Even among the English acquaintance, who have a very strong good will to our whole country, I disclaim being answerable for, or acquainted with any part of the Western world, but New England.

Afternoon: I am delighted with your letters

in all respects, except the melancholy report of sickness, casualty and death. Here is a better season, so far, than has been known for some four or five years. But the variety in human life, and condition, extends every where. What a sad death of the Duke of Orleans! How may you and I suffer from it, in the evils to France, that is to all the civilized world. I was never in better health, and just busy enough.

JAS. SAVAGE.

Harriet sends her love. Postage is one shilling, each letter, unless it weigh over half ounce, then it doubles. So the seven pieces of paper C. sent cost no more than two, if separate. In any part of G. B. a penny, unless double or treble, quadruple, etc.

LONDON, 18 JULY, 1842.

TO JUDGE CUSHING.

My dear Cushing,—I have within three hours received your letter No. 5 and am unable fully to express my obligation to you, but after twice reading it, as well as Lucy's, Harriet's and wife's, the first point that occurs to me is, to set an example of beginning in season to reply, that your

excuse, of many interruptions, for not filling all the paper, shall not become mine.

In London almost everything is to be learned, if you get access to the right teachers; and for the outlying places, if they are large you may find local histories; if small, inquire of the rectors or vicars of the churches, who can tell you nothing, except from the Registers, of which probably nine in ten are *lost* by various accidents, chiefly by having *never existed*.

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I exult greatly in the happy termination of Rhode Island folly. Will the new Constitution have security for any property qualification of suffrage? How can they be safe without it? Washington intrigues shame me altogether. None but friends are ever allowed here to know, that I am an American, for the competition at the seat of the Federal Government seems to be for the equality in disgrace that attaches to the delinquent members of the confederacy, say Mississippi, Indiana, Michigan or Pennsylvania. What a train of associations does this last name bring up! It was the keystone of our Union. It was so honest a community, that even the governorship of so petty a demagogue as Mifflin could not sink it more than

his rival in contempt, Hancock, could Massachusetts.

OXFORD 27.

I left the great Babylon on Monday and went about 35 miles to dine at Remenham Hill with Revd. George Gorham, who kept me till Tuesday afternoon in most perfect delight, except that he could detain me no longer. He was obliged next morning to go from home, and I was bound to this seat of the Church and State Muses. I breakfasted with Dr. Daubeny, professor of Botany, ruling the glorious garden here for that purpose, also prof. of Chemistry. From him I went to work hard to find out little at Philip Bliss the Register of the Univ. With him I must dine tomorrow. It is vacation time happily, or I should despair of having any of his time for any enquiries.

29. I came to London again just before midnight, having dined with the Register, nobody but his wife present. It was delightful. I am charmed with Oxford, and got some information in the eight hours steady work at the Registry, where also I gave some, and caused correction of an error in Bliss's noble edition of Wood's Athenae by reference to original Register for a different matter, which remains in-

volved in obscurity they can hardly explain. But I should have been able to give more time there, had not the necessity existed of coming here to meet my noble friend, Kenyon, who goes to Germany, (tell Ticknor, if you see him) on Monday, as also to make arrangement for my peregrination in Essex. I made, however, so agreeable impression at Oxford, I think, by my politics and knowledge of my native land, to which every where I find the most friendly regards, that if time would permit me to make a second visit, it would be well repaid. We hear, by the newspapers, in a wonderfully short passage of the steamer, which came up from Liverpool just after midday; but I must be patient till tomorrow for my letters. Let me however, before tomorrow ask, if "Jardine's Index to State Trials" is in Boston, of course it would be at the Law Library if any where?

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August 3 must close my letter, if ever so much tediousness remained to be bestowed on you. Remember, whatever is to be addressed to me requiring action must come by steamer of 1 Sept. though by the next you must, for the *last* time, write me information. I have abundance of money and health, and on Friday 5th

set off for the North, travelling slowly to gather the fat of the land until I pass the bounds of Yorkshire. Scotland will, beyond my South West tour, (be) a mere journey for pleasure. If my wife feel no jealousy, I shall hope to find Professor Robertson and his daughters, my fellow passengers across the ocean. Last evening I saw a sweet little Lucy, one of Dr. Boott's children, though she brought to mind Eliza Woodward more than my daughter, for whom or any other of my household, including you and your wife I find not any parallel here. I have found, yesterday, at Merchant Taylor's Books my ancestor's binding apprentice, filius Wilhoni Savidge de Taunton in Com. Somerset 29 January, 1620-1 which perfectly concurs with his age on the tombstone supposing him to be 14 at age of beginning appr. and also with the age at the custom house, when embarking for New England. But as yet all my search, all my enquiries for glorious John Harvard give me nothing but his two degrees at Cambridge, when he signed *proper manu*. I have sent by the greatest Yorkshire antiquarian to hunt for him in the North, where, you know, the Archp. of York had jurisdiction of wills. Will you ask Presdt. Quincy, what he thinks,

of my advertising, offering a reward in the Times, for information about him? What do you say yourself to it? With all good wishes to wife and her big children, yourself, wife and little one, as ever I am

Truly yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

NORWICH, 8 AUGUST, 1842.

TO HIS WIFE.

My dear Wife,—I should not allow myself the delight of travelling in such beautiful country, without making you a partaker. After leaving London to move North Easterly, the land lies flat until you reach Brentford, above a dozen miles, and from that smart looking, busy, little town, you have constant variety of surface through residue of Essex, the whole of Suffolk, and thus far in Norfolk. I came on Friday to Mr. Richard Almack at Melford, (friend of Nathan Appleton, though they never met,) to dinner, and remained till 11 P.M. talking antiquities. He required me to come to breakfast, and kept me until after 10 on Saturday evening, called on me an hour before church on Sunday, presented me three old English coins, promised

to send or carry to London for me a copy of Howell's Letters 1630 with autographs of interest in it. He walked me about on Saturday, after a shower had laid the dust nicely, through an avenue of elms from the road to a gentleman's seat one mile, and told me of all the proprietors through succeeding ages, and talked of Melford Hall, nearer to the village, being the spot where lived Howell, then a tutor to one of the sons, or all the family, of Savage, Lord D'Arney and Earl Rivers. On Sunday on our way to church he turned into the grounds of Melford Hall, and we saw deer in abundance, undisturbed, close to the house, which is now under repairs, the owner being in Norway fishing or shooting. It was necessary to take coach in the afternoon to come to this city, of which I have yet seen no part, having resolved to go not out before breakfast today.

9th. Great was my luck yesterday, being called on before I had done breakfast by Page Nicol Scott, Esqr. to whom I had early (as directed by the writer) sent a letter of introduction obtained for me by Mr. Almack from one of his neighbors, resident at that house with the glorious avenue above said, Mr. S. was therein desired to gain me access to the great

wonder of this county, Costessy, or usually called Cossey, the seat of Marquis of Stafford, a Catholic Peer, who married one of the granddaughters of Chas. Carroll of Carrollton, a Miss Caton. First then I was gallivanted about the city, introduced at the Museum, Public Library, Private Reading Room, and made free of all; then, in a vehicle opening from the top, we went off to the most melancholy, most splendid estate I have seen in England. Melancholy, beyond common parlance, is the condition, splendid, beyond modern notions, the situation of the edifice. Probably it is of the Elizabethan style and very highly ornamented. It is castle and palace, superior to the royal palaces that have met my view, except inimitable Windsor. The central part, at least at the two fronts, is very high; and it must, if finished in conformity, cost little, if any less than a million of dollars. But much is boarded up, and neither Lord S. who is 70 years old, nor his heir can put the finishing hand, for the whole estate is conveyed to Trustees to raise money to pay the debts incurred for what is already done. Pigs, sheep and horses belonging to vulgar people, are there feeding. Even over the fine running stream

in the grounds, where once was a beautiful bridge, now only two planks are laid. All this is the mistake of the *former* wife; and the present one wanted a title and a coronet!

This morning I took Post horses and drove before breakfast fourteen miles to Hingham, having found here a letter from Hon. and Revd. Wm. Wodehouse, Rector of that parish. Sending my card from the Inn, with compliments, hoping for his kindness to name a time when I should call, and taking care that my card should go early enough, I had a most unpropitious answer, that he had not received *due* notice of my intention, so that he might have made a different arrangement for business, in which he had just been engaged as a magistrate, and that it was necessary for him to go to Norwich forthwith. However shortly after came a message from the Rectory, before I had done breakfast, that his son, who was lately returned from America, would be pleased to see me in half an hour. I got to the house a minute or two before the Revd. Esquire sat off, and was well pleased with the son, who waited on me to view the graveyard and examine the church, and especially to take in from the top of the tower the exquisitely fine pano-

ramic view for seven or eight miles, on every side. Perhaps Old Hingham has as little resemblance to its namesake as to any town in America; yet there are some grounds of comparison, in which *our* new world town has the superiority. There is no water near Old H. bigger than the little stream by Great Plain; no hill higher than that of Dr. Bela Lincoln's next to Mr. Gay's; the houses, as in *all* English parishes, are very close together, many absolutely, however narrow, cottages, in blocks, like those of our city dwellings. But then the great superiority here is in the cultivation, hardly an acre to be seen, from which great product is not taken, unless it be a rich man's ornamental plantation of trees. This is the common glory of England. Yet I admire my own country the more, every hour I am distant from it. A meadow will here remind me of a similar one at home.

On 10th I took coach, in a bitter hot, dry forenoon for Yarmouth, and before high noon had a short view of the glorious ocean having not seen deep water before for about two months. The sight restored my drooping spirits, and at Mr. Dawson Turner's I was gratified with countless volumes of books and MSS.

filling many rooms in his large house, and even crowding his wardrobe. He is a great collector of curious writing, has the original receipt given to Simmons by John Milton for the second *five* pounds, price of *Paradise Lost*, also Elizabeth, the widow's, receipt for the purchase of copyright on renewal. He has also Cowper's translation of Homer in a waste book of C's father. He gave two hundred and forty dollars for as many letters, probably not one of importance, by Napoleon. To Norwich I returned by steamboat.

4th. I am now, Thursday evening, writing in Boston, having come in a coach before dinner from Norwich seventy miles, leaving at seven A.M. Is it not wonderful that on 11th August I should walk about Boston streets, and see no mortal I know? The sense of loneliness seems greater than ever.

Evening must not draw her curtains around me, before telling how successful I have been in an object of great interest to M. O. Cushing. Last evening I put in the Post Office a letter, at sufficient length, to Revd. Mr. Verburgh of New Sleaford to inquire about descendants of Leonard Brown, a captain in his Majesty's army, who was wounded at Bunker Hill fight 17 June

1775 and afterwards married Elizabeth, daughter of James Otis. But this morning Mr. Staniland, to whom I brought a letter from London, mentioned his acquaintance with Leonard Brown of Pinchbeck, near Spalding, Esquire by Com. (pray make Spalding, the coal merchant, supply our winter's stock without delay), who was, he thought from Sleaford, and over sixty years of age. He of course was adjudged by us the son of the *propositus*, and particularly because he was domineered over by his mother, after father's death, and had only within a short time married his housekeeper or cook, and had no children. So we went to another lawyer, who had abstract of title of estate, in which Leonard the father, and *Elizabeth* his wife join in conveying estate at Sleaford, which had been ninety years then, April 1799, in family. So there can be no doubt, and I write him a full and *judicious* letter about his grandfather, aunt, cousins and second cousins and ask favor of reply with minuteness. Of course he will be shorter, but we shall know from himself, how the stock of Otis expires here. Good night.

.

The only stopping place now between here

and Edinburgh is Harrogate, and that can only be for one twenty-four hours, unless the weather be bad. Next Saturday I hope to reach "*auld Reekie*." I can tell what has been done, better than anticipate what will be. Yet my progress, if health continues exuberant as it has been, must allow me to get your next and acknowledge it from some spot on the other side of the island, nearer Liverpool, on my way to London. In less than three months (and it is almost four since we parted) I shall give you again the embrace of the truly affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

YORK, 17 AUGUST, 1842.

TO JUDGE CUSHING.

Dear Cushing,—Yesterday, on reaching this city, where the Assizes are now holding by Ld. C. J. Denman, and of course all is in hurry and crowd, I sitting in my room to keep possession until ready to move safely in a coach for a quieter place, your letter of 1 Aug. was found, having been forwarded on 13th from Liverpool by my exact friend Sam. S. Gair.

In the great article of public news, about the

negotiations between Lord Ashburton and our Government, I rejoice, with joy almost inexpressible, at the reports. Can it be that equity and common sense shall triumph in that adjustment of the boundary question? My fears will not be banished, until the ratification by our Senate is obtained. You employ the same argument, that I used two months ago and more to many English friends, that the affair, if concluded to the satisfaction of Mass. and Maine, claimants of the locus in quo, could not be disarranged by any other State, however skilful the intrigues. But I confess my apprehensions, that the desire to spite and thwart Webster may be too strong, if the Treaty involve any other interest. Two, three or more, different, treaties or conventions must, I suppose be needed to include all the matters in controversy, and leave no possibility of rejection of the most important. All who wish to keep open a quarrel with Great Britain must condole at the honorable settlement of the boundary. In this country the desire for accommodation is great and almost universal. Ashburton must rise two, if not three, pegs in the peerage for its accomplishment; and Sir Robert, who is a wonderfully judicious statesman, as well as politician, must

strengthen his administration with the two houses, as he has already established it in the affections of the people.

EDINBURGH, 20TH.

Up to yesterday, when soon after noon I crossed the Tweed, the weather had continued exceedingly hot for G. B. but no matter of complaint to me. My journey was rapid from Harrogate for coaches, to this imperial, stone built city. Tell Wm. H. Gardiner, I performed the pious duty of taking a drive over to the village churchyard, where his father's corpse was repositied, and copied the inscription on the grave stone.

The abundance of stone in happy proximity to this city will account for the extraordinary number of monuments and statues here. These are for D. Hume, D. Stewart, W. Pitt, Lord Melville, Lord Nelson, Burns, George IV., Duke of York, Sir Walter is now rising, and the Queen is talked of. All the surrounding land, water, still or rapid, mountain, dell, precipice, ravine, meadow, is, you know, made of value by the great enchanter, and well does this capital and this kingdom show its gratitude. Of necessity, on passing a very few miles North of the Tweed, the impression of poverty in the

land is forced on you. No passing of wains over the bleak moors, no hope of harvest from the rugged side of the Pentland hills, must be the observation of every traveller from the boundless treasures of the English fields; and even well looking young women, from whom you would not expect supplication for charity, and who think no more of making such request than the "*pock pudding*" who jeers them, are seen without stockings and shoes.

22nd. For the first time since landing in England, I have been a few hours unwell, probably from taking cold on Saturday, possibly from some preserved ginger, or other nonsense forced on me by the over-flowing hospitality of him at whose house I dined that day. I went to church yesterday in the forenoon, and had the old fashioned, artificial, theology of the unshrinking church of Scotland poured into me enough to last for a month.

25th. *Stirling*; under protection of the royal tower of Stirling, did I sleep last night. On Tuesday I was pleased enough to reach the once royal capital of Perth, but more pleased to find at half past twelve a letter at the Post Office, written the day before from my inter-

esting young friend Miss Robertson, the eldest of the three daughters, who, with their father, accompanied my passage from New York. She entreated me to see her before leaving P. and as my sole object in coming thither was the same, she was not disappointed. With her, and her sister, my sweet Mrs. Conynghame (though your wife will not be so well pleased with the spelling of the name, as she would be with the shop keeper's opposite to my present lodgings) I spent some hours in the parts of two days.

27th. Glasgow is too shockingly commercial for me, fatigued with the luxury of rural beauty and the more exhausting magnificence of mountain lochs and glens. But it would do in my quiet back room to give some of the details of my living a month in one twenty four hours, from Thursday after reaching the Trosachs to Friday afternoon, when we took leave of Loch Lomond. Jamie came to my mind, when at Callendar, ten miles below the gates of the Highlands, a pedlar offered a small collection of poetry for a penny, and the first thing that caught my eye was the Star of Bethlehem. Had any good consistency of the other contents prevailed, I would have brought home the

pamphlet, but much was naught. I was casually thrown at the Trosach Inn into an opportunity for most agreeable society upon Loch Katrin, across the rugged pass to the Loch Lomond, upon and down that and the run up the noble Clyde. A young Irish gentleman, John Chanley, was partaker of my cockpit, and on Friday morning I found he had charge of three young ladies, one his aunt, two sisters, of whom one was married, but Miss Mary Cora Chanley would answer for the Lady of the Lake very well. I had charge of the helm, and we had a shower for half of the lake and clouds, not distressing however, for residue; but most agreeable temperature for our traversing on ponies the five miles that divide these two sister lakes. Think of me on the top of a horse's back, doing the amiable for Miss Cora, until a more agreeable young Frenchman relieved her and me, and the rest of the land route gave me conversation with her brother and the other two ladies. Our whole party was twenty four, and on the greater lake increased to more than double. What man has ever been so fortunate in his writings as Scott? Five and thirty years ago his fame stood well on the Lay of the Last

Minstrel, but Marmion, with all its animation, which indeed is wonderful, began to draw out the critics against the triviality of the measure, and the author admitted his chance to be small of living long, yet could not escape from the "fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse." But the language that would have ruined him is consecrated by the manner of its employment. It is the scenery that saved and will forever preserve Sir Walter. He has the happiness of fixedness in the affections of his countrymen; and the fibres of his popularity are sent through every cleft of the rocks in all the ravines of Ben Ledi, Ben An, Ben Venu, Ben Lomond and Ben Voirlich. His harp will be musical, while the waters of Loch Katrin, Loch Venachar and a hundred other mountain reservoirs are undrained. It is quite amusing to hear the half savage people telling for old historic truths what was invented by this modern; and indeed the larger part of authentic narrative for the Northern kingdom had better be forgotten. The nation will gain from the poet's tales ten fold more reputation than from the ferocity of their chivalry in politics or religion. No small remains of the old covenanting spirit exists to this hour; and this very week I was

reading in one of the daily papers vehement exhortations against the *Erastian* tendency of recent decisions in Courts of Law. The church established is perhaps less certain to be an established church than John Knox anticipated. The same element that, in our country, occasionally makes mischief, here does it perpetually, when the patron makes nomination that does not suit the power loving portion of the clergy. Division is fomented in the parishes, and perhaps the day may speedily come, when the voluntary principle will prevail.

I have reached Ayr, the home of Robert Burns, to whose honor is a monument on the banks of the Doon some three miles from town, that may not be seen until I travel again on Monday.

You may see or hear much of the strikes, or outbreaks of colliers or other laborers. But be sure of this, it all amounts to nothing. Chartism is still lower, or less than nothing. The two follies are antagonisms, and like Kilkenny cats will destroy each other. To pretend to expect the Charter, and to say we will do no work until the charter is obtained, is as wild as to believe we can go without food, until it rains roasted ducks, with boiled potatoes, and

cranberry sauce to accompany. I found last evening at Glasgow agreeable intelligence, by Great Western, from home, also some more evidence of folly at Washington. Perhaps the evil of the Treasury and the Babel confusion about Tariff are necessary preliminaries to secure the ratification of the Treaty. A short misery for long good is a fair purchase however. But Captain Tyler must have a patent for blunders.

1 *Sept. Dumfries.* Day before yesterday at Kirkcudbright, whither I went to see two ladies, fellow passengers in crossing the ocean last spring (see first letter to my wife), the pleasure of receiving your No. 8 of 16 Aug. postmarked Liverpool 28th was enjoyed. All is agreeable, except your scolding so about politics, which is a prevention of my doing the same thing. For your blunder in not endorsing the bill of Exchange you will have a rap, no doubt, from Cavan brothers, but as *the* second part has come safe, I shall be indifferent about calling to see if my indorsement would be useful. Perhaps I may look in on them before London. This trifling over-sight you will never forget. I have made up my mind, since my wife is grown so liberal as to hope I may

stay here over the winter, that, if my work can be possibly crowded through by 1 Octor. at London, the steamer of 4th shall bring me home. It is a far better chance than that of 19th as it is from new moon to full. So look for my dining in Temple Place on Tuesday 18th. Of course no more letters will be written to me, after receipt of this.

2nd. Carlisle received me last evening an hour and more after sunset; and this one meagre letter was begun in England and will be finished in the same blessed land. More time I ought to have given to this land of liberty and romance; but I could not spare it, and the preparations for the Queen's visit were crowding every thing out of the way. In the wider realm there is room enough for her Majesty and myself at once. Let not your wife, more than my wife, think themselves forgotten, for this afternoon I have come to Ambleside, on the splendid Lake Winandermere, and must therefore bring to remembrance our Winnipisioche, which it in some considerable degree resembles. Appropriate diversity entitle each to claim admirers. Here, probably, is less clear sky in a year, than at our lake in a month; but then the poetical horizon, if narrower, is much

more glorious from the contest between sun and cloud forever kept up. Before going to bed, I will tell you of walking a mile and a half up to see Mr. Wordsworth, and back in a very dark road, within hearing of rippling of two, three or more streams, and dashing of one twenty feet perpendicular, perhaps from a mill tail. He has talked about every thing, even refusal of community of copyright, but with great moderation. His wife is a picture of an old lady. At their house was Mrs. Hill, the minister's wife, daughter of Southey, the poet, historian, &c. Her poor father is very nearly gone with paralysis. It will do just as well to seal this letter now, as to put in another date tomorrow morning and have the ambition of giving the last minute. Tell Judge Davis tomorrow evening I hope to see Revd. J. Hutchinson, and next Thursday be at London.

Truly yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LONDON, 8 SEPT., 1842.

TO HIS WIFE.

My dear Wife,—Last evening brought me safe again to this city of refuge and rest, that

is of real employment without distraction. You have the advantage of my first use of ink here, because it is stormy, and I will not go to the State Paper Office, under Lord Aberdeen's jurisdiction, to copy old curious MSS. which is my earliest work to be attended to. Last evening, in an hour after my reaching the house at sunset, came on a thunder storm, and this morning, though bright, the wind blew so high, it was plain that it would not continue pleasant. While it rains I can wait, and had you seen the letters, more than a dozen, waiting my arrival, you would presume my pen must fly fast.

This day last week you got, I hope, my despatch from York as two days earlier I received yours, acknowledged in the letter to Cushing, that can hardly attain to Boston post office before next Sunday week, 18th Inst.

What a miserable slight memento must my journal afford of the delights that attended me in the few hours of my excursion to Loch Katrin, Loch Lomond and much other scenery in Scotland, and the more hurried visit to Winandermere. Since I began writing, the Post brings me a letter from Wordsworth to renew my recollection of the two or three hours conversation with him. But then you must take

the few pages, and whenever you please require me to make any five lines a text, and preach a whole sermon on it. Your letter of 15th proposes to me to remain here over a winter. But then that is a joke. You could not be serious. Why, it would kill me to stay to the end of November, in such weather as I know, by the sample of to-day, they have in abundance here. Either by steamer of 4th or that of 19th next month I come, and by the earliest, if my work can be got through with, and health continue, of which in ten days when my letter must be closed, opportunity of speaking with confidence must be enjoyed. Meanwhile, let me charge you, within one day after getting this, to begin (with asking opinions of Eliza, Emma and Harriet if you think them entitled to give any) to make up a list of readings for us in the library, prose and poetry, to begin in two evenings after my return. This should be put down in writing, for it is doing nothing, not to do this. A tragedy of Shakspeare, a poem of Milton, or Pope, or Gray, or Scott, a series of Essays, or a tale of Sir Walter, may be recollected, when the time comes; but not the regular sequence for all our long winter evenings, that may as well

begin 20 Octor. as 20 Novr. or Decr. I feel also very desirous that the youngest hope may be at work upon what must come soon, his Latin; and I would give him some assistance every morning before school, or evening after it, for half an hour. My plan is, to live better next winter than last, that is to spend more time at home, less at Savings Bank, or in the Insurance Office. At least I am resolved to take more exercise than I was generally accustomed to, for here I make nothing of three, four or five miles per day walking, and such was an allowance for a week at home.

12 SEPT.

Whether in my last letter to Cushing any thing was said of my Kirkcudbright friends I do not recollect; but of Perth friends I was copious enough according to my memory. Now it is a great satisfaction to say, that today has come a note from Miss Robertson, in answer to one I wrote at Dumfries giving her result of my exploration at K. She announces material improvement in her father's condition, and the return from the Highlands of her two sisters, and the sight of the Queen, who has made a most exhilarating exhibition to her loyal subjects in the North.

15 SEPT.

TO JUDGE CUSHING.

Dear Cushing,—Write by first mail to George A. Uland, Esquire, New York, that I had *here* last week, on returning from Scotland, his letter of 29 July covering one to Lord Lyndhurst; having some days before got, on the road, his advice of 11 August;—that I gave diligent heed to the matter, and charmed with the hope of truth from his intended publication, and inclosed his address to the Lord Chancellor in a short, and politic one of my own last Monday, of which he shall have copy on my reaching home;—that yesterday came the letter of Mr. Low of Brooklyn, which was not needed to spur my zeal,—that I hear yet no word from Lord L. and never did expect to, but have no time to write him so fully as I must when that pleasure shall be permitted to me.

Your letters always satisfy me in every particular, and especially that received today, in its suggestions about drawing foreign capital to our investments. For me it is neither feasible, expedient, nor agreeable, the latter failing to such a degree, that probably I should blow my brains out on hearing from a poor sufferer his taunts at the good faith of private and pub-

lic men heretofore trusted on the Western side of the ocean. Pennsylvania disgrace diffuses through all Europe the stench of our infamy. Rather let us beg them not to trust, to give double the punishment to any person committing any crime who comes from U. S. and to turn up their noses at all promising projects for making towns, opening mines and such things as have for years been offered. General Duff Green has been five months here, willing to sell some portion or the whole of such a coal, or iron, deposit, perhaps both, as the like was never heard of. Economy can easily bring our country up, though it would be good to have some honesty for an ingredient in the restorative. You are not the earliest proposer of a slight change in the name of immortal John Harvard, but it does no good. How could his neighbors and the contemporaries, of clergy and General Court, mistake the *sound*? How can I mistake the *handwriting*, plain as your own, almost, signed *twice* at the University, on taking the degrees, respectively? Much I get, however, from your words, "Excon or Admor and successor in the ministry, Revd. T. Allen," and your suggestions will rule me, but I can give you no more of my wife's place.

TO HIS WIFE.

17th. *Dear Wife*,—Last evening we, three,* dined at Mr. Wm. Vaughan's, the uncle of Miss S. V. He is an *old* bachelor, but will not be *ninety* years old before next Thursday, and is much indebted to you for your attentions to his niece. You must not complain of my taking up so much of your letter by business directions to Cushing, as in the last parcel from home there is not a word from you. But I do not complain, knowing that you were too busy, and being so well pleased with what Emma and Lucy, and especially Eliza wrote. Tell Molly I have got another letter from her cousin Leonard Brown, Esquire.

You can hardly conceive of the wonderful weather (for England) that has been enjoyed this season. It is said to be twenty years since so fine a season was known. Abundance I can judge of by the show of fruit in the streets, and the goodness by eating. Pears, this year, exactly like our Bartlett's, are common, and the cries are, of course for other kinds, twelve a penny, and the next man yelled sixteen for a penny. What bargains our Lucy would

* John Hillard and wife.

make, if Emma gives a true account of her trading capacity.

The letter to Judge Davis, which I send open, that you may see how some of my time passes, and how easily I make friends, must be sealed and sent as soon as you can. Today I go to dine with a gentleman, John Thornton, to whom Wordsworth gave me a letter of introduction, for the special purpose of seeing a treasure in possession of one of his neighbors, that, if successful, you shall know about in my addition next Monday, before the post closes.

19 *Sept. Monday.* Here is, my dear, the last writing that you can receive from me in England, as I hope, for my passage is directed to be taken in the *Britannia*. She is the vessel that brought us the blessed news last week and therefore may be considered a fortunate one, though her passages have not been so short, by a few hours, as one or two of the others have made. In thirty days from this I shall hope to embrace you, and that will be, probably, in fifteen from the hour you can read it. If we are happy enough to reach home on Wednesday, 19 Octor., the corps of the Cadets, of Governor's Guards, at least will celebrate my return, for that is their anniversary; and the younger children may,

if the day be fair, enjoy the sight and the music, if they can not see or hear father. But on Saturday I promised to tell about my curiosity at the dinner. Well, then, the dinner was very agreeable in more important matter than turbot and venison; but as to the writing of Charles I. saving the reverence due to his "discrowned head," and the sympathy, which the rough managers of his taking off, by the infamous machinery of their High Court of Justice, excites in all readers, who justly appreciate the English Constitution, the value is very slight. As relics honorable to the trustworthiness of the servant who received them from his royal master, they are valuable to descendants direct or collateral. The line of Finebrace, or Finebrasse, is now extinct. That was the name of the true hearted domestic; and now the curiosities belong to one of the house of Argyle, descendant of a Duke that suffered for treason against the son of same Charles. So changes the world. As you give me no commands about buying any thing, but silver forks, and John says, they may as well be got in Boston as here, I shall bring you nothing but the stockings. For *little* Mary I have bought *two* whistles for *one* penny, she being a devotee

of music. It would be very agreeable to me to buy anything for the children, but really I have no faculty of guessing what would be agreeable; and unless I make Harriet L. Hillard my agent to select, nothing would come. Probably they will be sufficiently rejoiced to see me, without any thing to serve as play things. At least it seems to me, the gratification would be enough for

Yours ever

JAS. SAVAGE.

TO HIS DAUGHTER EMMA, THE WIFE OF PROF.
WILLIAM BARTON ROGERS.

BOSTON, 29 JUNE, 1849, EVENING.

Well, my dear child, having marked out almost day by day your course and distance in crossing the wide sea of which now nine days are wholly gone, I presume you are this hour, and if the sky be fairer with you than with us, this moment in sight of the coast of Ireland, or the lighthouse at its Southern extremity. It could not be that you failed to know something of seasickness on the day after you left Boston, though the ocean were as smooth as his face could possibly be made. Yet before sunset my

calculation carried you into the glorious harbour of Halifax near about the same time that we reached our house on Sunny Hill.

The roses had begun to show themselves at our reaching the Hill and in four and twenty hours there were as many as five hundred fully blown. The coming forward of everything was wonderfully rapid, though moisture was wanting to all, and your mother seemed to know no end to her service in watering them. I left home on Wednesday morning to run into New Hampshire to look after my Nashua property, and came here in the evening. We have had six cool days, ending with copious rain, which may not yet be exhausted; and glad will be the earth for the refreshment. I have not seen Mr. Rogers, who went to New York, as I came here; nor the Binneys, a single one of them, nor indeed any body else, except the Ticknors, and their Anna has not yet returned from Geneseo, and except Cousin George, nor even his wife. My business engagements will hold me until Monday afternoon, and then we will make a full party, the Judge and his wife, Hillard and his wife, perhaps Lizzy Ticknor, to get away from the crowd and noise of the popular celebration of fourth of July. We heard

from Harriet, that she had a comfortable and speedy run by steam carriage and steamship to Kennebec; and may not fix her day of return. Dear Lucy after the first day of extreme heat on our hill began to show marks of improvement on following the Doctor's advice about working in the garden before breakfast, and trying the saddle horse towards sunset. I hope to find, though the hope is less confident, a degree of improvement in your Aunt Hillard, proportionate to the difference between our pure mountain circulation and the confined breezes of the city. Here I break off, in the promise of adding a few syllables, before going home.

SUNDAY, 1 JULY.

Having a world of business to attend to tomorrow yet resolute to return to our dear hill top in the afternoon, I must now give you a few moments. Yesterday afternoon's Eastern mail brought your dear pencil scratches at the foot of Mr. Rogers' note, written almost nine days before. So we must make a change in our calculations as to the prosperity of your voyage. But a few hours must not be reckoned of much consequence, especially in the voyage towards the island of the blessed. Instead of being on

shore this day, you will be to-morrow, as was my *first* calculation, before giving way to the ardour of Mr. Henry Rogers, which burned up all interposing fogs. Twelve days are few enough.

Make your husband know how perfectly satisfied I am, that my daughter may rely on him, if his health be confirmed, for all the tenderness of her mother, and the protection of a father that heretofore has always been bestowed on her. What he shall devise for improvement of his lungs or larynx, he may not beneficially carry into act without your concurrence, I well understand, for a new married man is unable to resist the caprice of a wife that might expose him in evening air, or the petty perils of travelling. Confidently do I feel, that he will be in no danger from your perversity either in wishing to see that or avoid this object of common curiosity; but I have much less confidence, you may tell him, in his discretion. If he were alone, (I wish not to speak extravagantly) it would be worth double premium to insure his life. The shocking *faults*, wide *dikes*, and cruel *traps* in geology would be fivefold more hazardous to him than to common man.

Remember, my dear child, you shall not be

required to write more than one letter by every steamer, but no less than one must be sent. Yet we shall not be so selfish as to require that the address be to your mother or myself, provided the receiver (whoever be the receiver) give knowledge promptly of the news to your affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

Dr. Gannett preached all day on the relations of the Society and himself for twenty five years, and of course we all felt the deepest interest in his statements, as whenever he refers to personal concerns. Rev. Mr. Clarke is to embark in the ship Plymouth Rock for Liverpool on Thursday.

BOSTON, TUESDAY EVENING.

JULY 17—49—

TO MRS. ROGERS.

My dear Child,—James came to us on Saturday from school, and enters forthwith into the appropriate enjoyment. Kate Hillard and Mary's three children were all, under his directions, raking hay upon the lawn; and I had seen his preparation, at the last moment before my departure, for an attempt to take all the fish out of the brook below or beyond Mr. Bayley's.

The drought is so extensive that the brook is wholly reduced to stagnate in spots favorable to its continued existence. At the road below Smailes's, it seems to me not a pint of water ran in an hour. And the fish may as well give up to his hook, as die of inanition.

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It is not yet resolved, whether mother shall go to the Eastward for a few weeks visit to good old judge Lincoln, as I desire, or not. It certainly must seem hardly possible, that we could see him another year. *Eighty five* is a slippery year in a man's life; and even *sixty five* which I filled up last Friday (the hottest day, it is said, for four and twenty years) makes appeal for speedy finishing whatsoever his hands find to do to.

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

I am at Ticknor's. His wife sends love to you.

LUNENBURG, 31 JULY, 1849.

TO MRS. ROGERS.

My dear Child,—We were something disappointed at receiving no letters from you by the last of the steamer's line, arr. at New York

on Friday last, but consoled ourselves with the confidence of your writing for every Boston one, and shall hope for her budget, if she comes in day after to-morrow. Once only, as yet, have we had advice of you in the blessed island by Lucy's letter of 1 July, the day of your landing at Liverpool and 6th at London. For that letter coming in the Caledonia to Boston I waited at B. until Friday afternoon in vain. My visit was at Mr. Ticknor's and exceeding pleasant, though Wednesday and Thursday were chiefly spent at Cambridge, the early Commencement. Everything appeared well at Cambridge.

Your first words reached us, by express, on Sunday morning before last, and most exhilarating they were to me, as reviving afresh the scenery of that paradise. We shall entertain fears, that a hurried visit to the Continent may not by its interesting scenes or investigations repay the discomforts and perils of the tour. How deep seated the fever of rebellion may be among the general population on the banks of the Rhine, is not to be estimated by a curious traveller; and at least his comfort will not be increased, if his security is, by the banded thousands of disciplined operators with scalpels

in their hands to let blood on the slightest alarm.

To-morrow we have promise of a visit from Govr. Davis's son, Horace, a very nice youth, who had his degree a fortnight ago at Cambridge. We have been extremely quiet hitherto, having not had a single visitor over night, except Mary I. Cooper, who came up the day after I went down, and spent five days. I made exertion, when at Boston, to obtain visitors, such as Mrs. Judge Warren and Miss Otis, but Miss O. was gone to Newport, and Mrs. W. afraid to come without her cousin, lest Miss O. might not be willing to come alone after return from Newport, also Mrs. Mills, who was already with trunks packed to go to White Hills with a party of Dr. Hayward and Ign. Sargent and their wives. However each party promises fairly. I have made appointment to be in Boston two days on business, and then, probably, to make up my projected excursion to Passamaquoddy. It begins to be clear to me, that your mother will not go. So, I think, my visit will be without any attendant, and if it be the latest to the good old patriarch at Dennysville in his eighty-sixth year, as by the usual course of nature may be presumed, it

may be a gratification to think, after he is gone, that the Summer preceding was gladdened by my visit. My sister Cooper, too, may expect return of her compliment of last year by giving her a few hours; and from the growing years of both of us, the chance is not great of ever beholding each other more than once or twice, again. I write not thus, because any infirmity creeps over me. My health and spirits are fully equal to last year's. With the thermometer below 78 I should walk to the Post Office and back, as well this year as in former ones. In my work at the desk, not a minute is given in each day less than last year. I doubt if last year any day saw me so many hours standing, with my pen, as yesterday. It must have been nine. But then it was too warm to go out of doors before sunset, and yet a glorious, elastic, dry air, that might almost teach any sentient being to fly.

We hope, I had nearly forgotten, to get Dr. Rogers here from Phila. next week. The dread of the cholera is well over. It has been a light visitation on our whole *Atlantic* shore. New York and Brooklyn *count* up many deaths; but they are large cities. In Boston the loss has been less a week on an average, and not a

dozen in any one. So it is little feared by the generality, not at all by me. Aunt H. is as well as any days these ten years. Good-bye,

Yours affectionately as ever,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 14 AUG. '49.

TO MRS. ROGERS.

My dear Child,—Your letter of 26 ulto. from Dunkeld came to us at Lunenburg, last Saturday morning, being less by some hours than a fortnight from its leaving Liverpool. We are very solicitous for arrival of your despatches, because the second failed of its turn, having official, ominous, words enstamped "*too late,*" so that it came by the steamer that brought us advice from you a week later. We all presume you are now on the continent, but trust in Providence and prudence to bring you safely off. In the ship that carries this goes my friend Jos. Coolidge to bring his boys from the land of confusion or at least uncertainty, which Germany may show her just claim to be reckoned.

When I wrote you a fortnight since, we expected a visit from young Davis, Horace, son of the Governor that was. He was true to his

engagement, and came to us on Wednesday by the Railway from Worcester, and we kept him until Friday evening, giving him the views about us in a drive through the glen and other retired roads on the first day before sunset; and on Thursday having our party enlarged by Mr. White * and his agreeable wife from Newton we took the full glory of Pearl Hill. We retained the youthful preacher and his lady until Saturday, as they had only to travel over to West Townsend, and so onward to Peterborough, where he was to preach on Sunday. After long enduring drought, we obtained sufficient falls of rain on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, being the only thorough laying the dust has had since last May. On Friday by middle train came Dr. Rogers from Philadelphia and Eliz. S. Ticknor from Boston, and close prisoners had they been kept, until I left them yesterday afternoon, though Rogers got a drive with the Judge to the Post Office after breakfast. No doubt, as the clouds broke away kindly, when at half past twelve I took my departure (being afraid to wait for evening train, that is because an hour and half later than last year to accommodate the up country travel) they got a

* The Revd. William Orne White.

good drive round about the valleys. Tomorrow I expect to hear by Dr. Rogers, as he will come to attend the Scientific Assoc. at Cambridge; and the next day I go to Quoddy to see (probably for the last time) the excellent Judge Lincoln, who, twenty years ago, was so charmed with your teaching him in the mockery of your four year old school keeping.

Now we begin to inquire, as to the time of your return, and the manner. If your husband feels punctilious by the necessity of being home the middle of Octor. you must embark at Liverpool 29 Sept. and the steamer for that day is (unless we miscount) the Canada, that has just now been reported to have made the shortest of all runs from Boston—ten days. If you exercise discretion in coming away from the *island of the blessed*, and make about the middle of Octor. to mean the time of departing, not of arrival, then you take the boat for 13 Octor. to come to Boston. Your husband rules this matter. Pray let him call at *No. 30. Torrington Square* on my excellent friend, Rev. *Joseph Hunter*,* who may desire so good a chance of sending me a small volume of his writings.

* Noted antiquary.

I hope Harriet gave you story of our receiving on Sunday morning from H. Davis at Worcester a box with wonderful combination of leaves and flowers arranged in the happiest manner. He had much encouraged your mother about planting from the great success of his father on a far less promising soil than any at Sunny Hill; and sent this evidence of his affection for the growth around his dwelling and of his regard for the kindness he had received, as he said, at our hands. He is only eighteen years of age, left the University last month, in high rank on taking his degree.

15TH AUG.

Pray remember to see good Mrs. Rotch on your return from Europe before leaving London. Her daughter, Mrs. Farrar sent us charming extract from her mother's letter about you to delight

Your affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

SUNNY HILL, SUNDAY, 26 AUG.

TO MRS. ROGERS.

Last night, my dear child, at nine o'clock, I got home, having come from Eastport the after-

noon before, and been only twenty-two hours upon the steamboat, even with stopping to leave passengers at Portland. My passage down was equally favorable.

They were all delighted with seeing me, and hearing of you, for your last letter, dated at Windermere, 2 May, had been received by me 16th, four hours before embarking. Judge Lincoln really looks younger than when I passed a week with him two years ago. He talked about you with much kindness, now in his eighty sixth year.

It had not been in my contemplation, that you would visit Winandermere (you curtailed a syllable, as popularly speaking they always do), or I would have given you a word of introduction to good Mr. Wordsworth, who was very kind to me, and to whom, by George Hildard, I sent a copy of Emerson's Trees and Shrubs of Mass. to keep up the memory of me. On the continent I can afford you no passport, having failed to make any visit there, and can say I never saw Europe; but only its Queen island.

Coming from town so soon after landing from my voyage, I heard very little, and it was in the cars that the death of my excellent friend, Rev. Dr. Pierce, was told to me.

To-morrow your brother James goes down to school, and we hope his loss will be made up by letters from you to

Your affectionate father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

SUNNY HILL.
2ND. SEPT. 1849.

TO MRS. ROGERS.

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Your husband may be glad to learn, that last week I passed the difficult bourne of letter P. that was begun in May; and so turned again to the work of *transcription* in letter B. which is a more *populous* letter even than P. but of which my hope is to see the end from this house. Let my health continue in all respects as now, and the two great masses of *S.* and *W.* may be wholly swallowed and assimilated before the end of 1850. It may be to several others in England a far more interesting piece of news, that Ticknor's *third* volume of the History of Spanish Literature may be through the press this month, though my report of his progress is only of middle of July, when he was near the end of second volume.

I am suddenly called to finish my scrawl,

because the Judge has made up his mind to go to Quoddy tomorrow. So, my dear Emma, I shall not strain my eyesight to another word than

Yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 4 MARCH, 1850.

TO MRS. ROGERS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

My dear Emma,—Though it were not the return of the blessed day that gave you birth, twenty six years ago, you would have a right to expect remembrance by me, because my regard is to be shown by telling how well I got home, as projected, on Saturday evening. “Plenty time, massa,” was the frequent exclamation of the black coachman, who took me from your house at half past two on Thursday morning; and his word proved true. We passed through Charlottesville before the regular stage vehicle was in motion, and waited half an hour for its arrival after reaching the *station*, not *dépôt*, for you know there was no building within a mile of the spot, where the locomotive and its attending baggage and passenger car, not cars,

were *standing*, al fresco. When the coach from town arrived, we counted nine passengers for the train; but in our progress of seventy miles, by various little alleys leading to plantations, and by the little settlements of Gordonville (I am not confident of the city's name) and Louisa Court House, we were able to make up twenty four or five. At the junction we got a breakfast, and the Richmond train gave us importance; though I became for the rest of the day barely a way passenger, and so was called on to pay *more* on the portion of the Richmond to Washington, and thence to Baltimore, line of cars, than if I had entered at Richmond and paid through fare for the *whole*, instead of paying twice for the less distance.

Passing Mount Vernon towards W. a smart rain came upon us, and almost every body and thing was wet on the landing, before the vehicles could receive the great crowd going up to the metropolis. The weather grew worse, which was no dissatisfaction to me, for my purpose would have been confirmed, if possible, by it, that Baltimore should be my resting place. If, as seemed probable at sunset, the rain would change to snow, and the following morning be very uncomfortable, I knew the starting from

Washington, without breakfast, before sunrise, would be a whole day's grief to me, and make a late arrival at New York enough to break me down. At the United States Hotel at B. I was perfectly safe and quiet, got a good breakfast, in a bright sunshine, and genial atmosphere; proceeded onwards in fine spirits to Philadelphia, having most copious conversation with a gentlemanly chaplain in the Navy, whose card bore Rev. J. W. Newton; and there arrived a little before three. I gave up thoughts of any dinner, and found I could pass near half an hour at Dr. James Rogers, saw only Rachel, William, and the little girl. On board the boat before half past four, immediately after starting we had supper, and though our course was slow, I found Mr. Hillard and Frank waiting for me on the pier at a quarter before ten. The luggage we bestowed at the Fulton ferry house, and I got to your Aunt Hillard's before half after ten. John was there, and Oliver who talked of setting off for the West this morning.

We find the air is very much colder; and on the way to and from church not the slightest appearance of any thaw is perceptible. But it must be taken into account that yesterday was, all the day, covered with thin clouds, portending

snow. However, after long dispute whether today's wind should be N. E. or N. W. the evening sun decided for fair weather, and we have the thermometer down to 10, one report is 7. By the vehemence of his action, Bevis* would claim to be more glad to see me, than any other being under my roof. One of his paws was in my side pocket very quick, and when this had been expelled, another claimed the place.

Your affectionate father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 1 MAY, 1850.

TO HIS DAUGHTER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF
VIRGINIA.

My dear Emma,—Will you inform your husband, that he can do a kind thing by giving a letter of introduction for our Massachusetts Geologist, Edward Hitchcock, President of Amherst College, who goes Wednesday after next to England for his health? He will attend the scientific Association at the Edinburgh meeting, beyond doubt, as I learn from the gentleman who carries him, John Tappan, Esq. Perhaps Mr. Rogers may think the emi-

* The Newfoundland dog.

nence of Dr. Hitchcock is such, that he must have acquaintance with Murchison, Buckland, Sedgwick and others, no less than Sir Charles Lyell; but his modesty is greater than his celebrity, and though he may have correspondence, Mr. Tappan thinks, with Murchison, he doubts if he has with any out of London. Whether your husband has any knowledge (private) of H. is of no manner of concern. He is a diffident recluse, as our country divines too commonly are; and will do no discredit to our nation, if a fair opportunity is afforded. He expects to see in Edinburgh the real figure of one of the gigantic birds, whose footprints he found so abundant at Turner's Falls. The specimen was from New Zealand, and he hopes it will stand near fifteen feet high. His happiness would be a subject of envy to me, as it arises from the delight of visiting England and enjoying its intellectual society; but my turn of operations of mind so widely differ from his, that it would give me very slight pleasure to be a partaker at the Edinburgh meeting.

Great satisfaction we all felt, and Lucy especially, at the coming yesterday of Cousin Mary C. Lincoln from Hingham. She will remain with us for some time.

Pray make my gratefullest regards known to Robert Rogers and his dear wife, and forget not

Your affectionate,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 19 JUNE, 1850.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Almost a fortnight has run since your letter of 4th Inst. came to my hands, and almost a week since we came up to Sunny Hill. Well you can easily conceive what occupations filled these spaces. Not a half dozen, nor half score, but half a hundred things must be thought on before leaving town, and now we find one or another was forgotten. Here we have almost become domesticated. The same glorious panorama, a more than usual vividness of verdure, the lively breezes and the transparent atmosphere are here as before. Who are not here—is the perpetually intruding thought, especially at morning and evening assemblies of the household. Shall the setting out of trees be attended to? Your dear mother* will not watch their growth, and rejoice in the

*Mrs. Savage died Jan., 1850.

shade. What care need be given to fruits or flowers? Lucy* will not find her life in either. But you must not suppose, that my hours are gloomy. Busily I work all the time at my genealogies, and so forget the present in hunting relationships of the long past. My occupation was never so agreeable to me, because never so successful in getting at results.

Probably Mary † or Harriet Holway has given you everything that could be news of this neighborhood. Improvement is quite perceptible. Cunningham has built his barn, longer even than last year projected. It exceeds any in town. Our nearest neighbor on the top of our hill (his name is, I believe, Hutchinson) has put up a handsome barn too; and Mr. Low (his father-in-law) in a strait line back of us, quarter of a mile distant, has built a smart house. My peach trees promise you some fruit, and the apples talk of having a show. But I can add no more, than hopes of seeing you *within* three weeks. I mean to send your husband in ten days a check for money enough to bear your expenses in coming; and

* His youngest daughter Lucy died in May, 1850.

† Wife of Judge Cushing.

pray make your nearest neighbor, Robert and his wife, understand what pleasure they could give at Sunny Hill, perhaps receive a little. The trouble of journey from Philadelphia here is not half equal to that from Charlottesville to Richmond. If health be the object of motion, why here we lavish it all abroad; and one day is equal in repair of lungs and general exhilaration to a fortnight's breathing at Philadelphia or any spot within fifty miles of it.

Bless you, my dear Emma, and remember that he who blesses is

Your father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, DEC. 11, 1850.

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, WM. B. ROGERS AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

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My dear Son,—Now for my dear Emma I must say a few words. Geo. S. Hillard's lecture at opening of the young men's Mercantile Library for the season was admirable, and the attention of a crowded assembly in our largest (Tremont Temple) hall, was not for an instant diverted from him. It was on the duties,

honors, rewards, trials, temptations of the youthful merchant. It could not have been more successful.

Bevis is not sent away to exile, but Mary keeps him at her house, very well contented, much more so than Grip* is with us. But James hopes to sell G. and if he can, B. must come back. Two are rather more than a town house is fit for. In the country, they did perfectly, but they are too noisy in their play for our quiet neighborhood.

You must not write as if you were anxious about my working too hard. In the library, I spend few hours a day, not above six, for I do not trust myself to write by lamps over an hour a day on the average; and the days are so short, and that room so cold, that I will not begin to work on my register until the fire has been three or four hours alight. So I go abroad in the evenings, good five of the seven; and give some hours to reading; yet every day add a line or two, but not much more. Visitors are very numerous, wishing to see what I have gathered about their forefathers, and letters, you know, come from such men as Mr. Judd, or ladies as Miss Calkins, which will by their voluminous

* The Scotch terrier.

matter require no short time to read, much longer to condense and confirm, and no little time to reply unto. Seldom do I get home from Insurance office and Bank before noon; and then surely it is not but two hours to dinner; after dinner we have sunlight but one and a half hours. As yet I perceive no failure in eyesight of the slightest degree. Still it is not safe to try the organ by writing in lamp light, and much less is so employed than in reading.

We begin to feel secure as to national politics. No doubt there are a few here, who knowing nothing of the degradation from which the U. S. Constitution raised us, might run the risk of dashing that to pieces to gratify their exclusive philanthropy, that is philanthropy, excluding all of mankind but slaves; and very many would be led astray by those few. These are compelled to acknowledge, that the doctor's medicine had better be taken than die of the disease. But we have full enough ready to reject the only medicine, though the majority have wisely taken alarm.

Yours truly,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 3 MARCH '51.

TO MRS. ROGERS.

My dear Child,—James' term at College has begun, and so my little variety at home is lessened. But my library is as happy a place as ever, because I am more dependent on its attraction. Re-examination is, indeed, almost the sole employment, for my work has got in advance over blank paper not above one page since last October; but interlineations make many new pages, and many also are deformed by erasures. Lunenburg is the place for apparent progress; in Boston, besides my social engagements, and numerous calls of business abroad, very numerous inquiries and communications about matters of local history or genealogy demand attention some times for one hour, not seldom for one day or one week. But progress is really made, though it may not always be apparent. Yet my exact design may not be fulfilled before I die. With five years unbroken health I could finish it; but then a license must be secured for a supervision of Winthrop's History, if it be called for.

Your Aunt Bruce,* who filled her eighty third year three weeks since, come tomorrow, was

* A sister of Mr. Savage.

very well, as I heard, last week. But why she should not live to ninety three, nobody can assign a shadow of reason.

Now let me close with hoping, that four months from today you may be able to come once more to the arms of

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 3 MARCH '51.

TO PROF. WM. B. ROGERS, AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

My dear Son,— We shall outlive the trouble of the fugitive slave law. To enforce it in Massachusetts will not be difficult, except in certain inland parts, where the occurrence of a seizure of a case is unlikely to occur, except in a fictitious one, I mean, where the master would rather prefer failure.

Your Virginia question of representative basis is a very hard one to settle. A contest for power between two sides ought to be closed by a compromise, and such must be the result in this dispute. Let one side predominate in the Senate, and the other in the more popular branch. Such was our adjustment in

old times in Massachusetts. Such was the termination of the relative powers under the Federal Constitution.

For your stock of Pennsylvania five per cents, 95 is too good a price to refuse. They would not run so high, were it not for the desire to send abroad instead of specie, or bills of Exchange at 10 and $\frac{1}{2}$ advance on nominal par. Massachusetts fives are 5 per cent. advance. So they all go to England, while City of Boston fives are only $1\frac{1}{2}$ though for *absolute* security the city is really better, as every man is held for payment of principal and interest, and his merchandise, or other property may be taken by process of law, if City declines or delays to make payment; while against the Commonwealth nothing but *honor* can be appealed to.

For income, certainly, a dozen or twenty investments superior to government stocks occur daily. Money is in such good demand, that the best Railroad shares to give 7 per cent. are attainable below par, and those which must give *eight*, are sold from six to ten advance, with expectation, of course, of nine or ten perfect dividends to come off in a year or two or three.

I rejoice in the prosperity of your University,

whose catalogue, which Emma sent me, counts up 374 students.

Pray assure your brother and his wife of the kindest remembrance of all their goodness to me and mine; and when I forget the attention so lavishly bestowed, day and night, on the dear object of my anxious cares at this time last year, every thing else will pass from the failing memory of

Yours affectionately,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 7 NOV. 1851.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—That you have had no letter from me for three weeks, you must know how to explain without suggestion from me. Yesterday we had dinner one hour before the settled time, in order to permit the solemnity of Harriet's marriage after it in season for her husband to take her onward towards New York. His aunt invited them, and so I shall be left nine days nearly without any body to cheer me up, except Jamie for his Sunday's visit.

Well, the affair went off well, and so did the

parties, Amos* habited in a short frock coat and Harriet in travelling dress. There were present only Mrs. Binney with her two sons, Wm. and Henry, if I have his name right, her sister Mrs. Wells with her husband, Aunt Hillard, George and Susan with Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Bartol, your brother James, Dr. Gannett and myself. It was something of a solemnity to me, but very much less oppressive, than it must have been, had it withdrawn Harriet from the protection of my roof. Many sad recollections were, of course, revived; and the floods of suffering that in two years and a half have rolled over me seemed to turn me to your wedding as the last day of my freedom from all the severer sorrows of life.

James got your letter when he came on Thursday to Harriet's wedding. He is in glorious condition of health. Let Eliza know how much we are interested in her good estate, and willing that she should continue with you several days or weeks longer, if she engage to grow in flesh and strength with each succeeding day or week.

* Amos Binney.

BOSTON, 17 DEC., 1851.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—I dare say, you will be glad to get a few words from me, even if they tell nothing new. I am in admirable health, and have been so every hour since I came into the city. Ah! this coming, however, sadly interferes with my progress in the great work, for in a work it is good working if the result be equal to a day's employment at Lunenburg. Now it is nine weeks since I reached Boston, and I have just finished the fourteenth page, having closed at L. with John *Harvard*, the ever blessed. I have barely finished *Hemmenway*.

Next Monday I go on the excursion with some friends of Geo. S. Hillard to attend the celebration of the New England Society in honor of the Landing of the Pilgrims. George is to deliver the Address on this glorious occasion; and it will be, for I have heard him read the larger part, a splendid speech. If published, as it must be, you can judge for yourself.

We look to see Eliza before this week ends; but she may stay at New York until next week to hear George, and come back with us. Mary* came down from Lunenburg about a fortnight

*The eldest daughter of Judge Cushing.

since, in Eliza's carriage, driven by Franklin. He told me the two dogs were well. But he did not tell me, nor did I hear of it before seeing in yesterday's paper, the death of our very aged neighbour at the foot of the hill, Mr. Whiting's mother. It was no event of lamentation, we may feel certain, to her son or his wife as ninety two years make any mortal to become a burden to friends, if not even to one's self. It seemed to me, that she was always willing to depart.

We feel full confidence in the recovery of Judge Cushing to his best condition, if he can persevere in his course of prudence. Every day for the two past weeks he has been able to go down into Court street, as I hear.

You may have a glorious opportunity at Washington to see and hear of old Boston friends. Charge your husband to see our Representative, Mr. Appleton, because that house must be the most likely place for such advantage. If you reach the capital before the close of Christmas holidays, no doubt you may find comfortable lodgings; but a fortnight later, it might be very difficult. Up to fourth of March next, there must be a portion, not small, of all the preposterous and all the corrupt in our

country. Some only for the trifling purpose of seeing the new Hungarian Lion; and some for the worse object of seeing how the best price may be obtained for their influence in the next election.

We have today the coldest temperature by many degrees. The glass showed 2° only above 0 before sunrise, I am told, and believe it easily, for at our front door, when the clock struck nine, it was only 6, and you know the sun must have good influence in the range of the Court.

Today is our annual meeting at Savings Bank, being thirty five years since date of our Charter, and the seventieth dividend is now in an advanced state of preparation. I suppose my relation with this most interesting Institution must be continued so long as I am able to over-look its affairs, though at every other I claim the right of withdrawing and requiring the labor of younger men. Why should I fill half the work places in Boston? might have been a question three years ago. I got out of two, three, or four of such situations, and am hardly engaged at all now, more than to keep me awake to the motions of the world.

Beg my kind remembrance by your husband,

his brother and lady, and others who less distinctly inquire for

Your affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 17 JANUARY, 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—So much pleasure did your letter of Sunday before last give me, that you might reasonably expect early answer. But then my engagements are too numerous to permit so much leisure as would be needed to fill up this sheet, although matter enough is pressing around me for its completion.

The winter so far has been equal to what used to be boasted of half a century ago. Yesterday morning Wainwright says his thermometer in Louisburg Square was at 6 minus. But it is delightful to me. Never can I remember that I enjoyed better health, though thirteen days out of fourteen last it has snowed more or less. Indeed more than half of the fall in this time has been rain, but still so short a continuance each time as to permit a slight addition to the solid continent of ice in the streets. *The*

club at my house this week was quite a trial for Harriet's housewifely talents; yet it was, they say, of the most agreeable reunions of the season. It was very wet walking two hours after sunset, but then began the freezing, which was very agreeable.

You have been six days at Washington, and the appearance of your husband in the Smithsonian Institute was on Tuesday evening received with great satisfaction, as the Nat. Intelligencer of Thursday informs me this morning. May he win all the golden opinions I desire for him. Our Boston member of Congress is Mr. William Appleton, whom William must have seen, though he may have less acquaintance with him than with Nathan. And so next Saturday you must go from Washington to reach home on Sunday, and enter on duty the following day. Very well, young folks must work.

Harriet and Amos are systematic in inhaling the pure breezes around the Common; and James, who began his vacation of seven weeks three days since, is the picture of more rude health than is perhaps reputable for a student. He anticipates a fruitful season next summer and autumn from the copious snow banks now

visible; and perhaps he looks forward for the residue of his life to be intimately conversant with the interests and employment of agriculture or horticulture. But he ought also to think, how he is to earn his living. Probably he is not quite old enough to entertain any suspicions about that.

Your cousin Geo. Hillard's Address before the New England Society at New York is not yet published; but he is to repeat it, by desire, of some Society here next week. What petty criticism some New York paper made of it, grew out of the application by the audience to the Kossuth fanaticism that had reached its height two days before, and had begun to decline on 22 ulto. But this was a very high compliment by both parties, for the sentiment had been written before the arrival of the great Magyar, or Magician. Mr. Kossuth meets more sympathy than he ought, because he is encouraged by some traders in our national politics to raise a commotion, that may turn to their profit in the approaching election of President; and if likely to go too far, would, as they vainly think, be easily controlled. In some part, but happily a very small part, a war would be agreeable, with any nation; but

the enthusiasm on false basis, awakened with no such ultimate object, may be turned to that horrid result. Ah! well! there will not again be an opportunity for a President from New England, and there need be no fear now, I suppose, of Webster's success. He is too important a man for such a station in *common* times, and too independent for it at *any* time in the judgment of the few intriguers who seem to decide such matters. Give my love to Robert and his wife, when you get home; and tell your husband, it would be very agreeable to me to receive account of his experiences at the great Tadmor. Our friends here, I believe are all well. I was last evening at the Guilds, where father, mother, and the daughter inquired for you.

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 4 MARCH '52.

TO W. B. ROGERS.

It might seem long, my dear son, to neglect answering your letter of 1 Feb. that was so very minute and agreeable to me; but then you know, how to make allowances, and that any letter from Eliza, Harriet or James to your wife is a reply to you unless the letter had been

about business. *There* is just now sounding the discharge of Artillery in honor of the day, you may remind Emma, on which she was born, or on which after quadrennial service the organization anew of the National government is held. Well! this serves admirably to remind me how anxiously I carried that dear child about in my arms to obtain change of air for her, when getting over the long protracted feebleness of lungs from the whooping cough. *Fire away, fire away*, heavy guns on the Common, when the whole earth's surface for many miles is frozen and covered with ice and snow, as it was two months ago. Ten weeks' steady sleighing have we enjoyed, that is those who love to take a drive in that manner. And in the country at a little distance no doubt this is the fourteenth week of unbroken conveyance by *runners* instead of wheels. Yesterday morning the thermometer stood at 10° , and this morning the same, so you may well suppose we have a fair specimen of best winter weather. I much rejoice in it, for my health was never better, if even so good; and the bracing atmosphere is highly exhilarating.

James left us last evening after his six weeks vacation, which has been passed, probably, with

less profit than pleasure. But he has given large share of attention to music.

You have before this day received the news of Amos and Harriet's excursion to France en route for Italy, designed to begin next week. I gave way reluctantly to their desire, but hope it may be the means of rendering such another flight unnecessary. We can be certain of nothing in such a detestable condition of affairs as now prevails in France; but as the motive of health is the dominant one with these young folks, they can have little excuse for protracting their absence beyond the last week of June or first of July. But it is some matter of anxiety, what shall be done with me while they are gone. Well enough shall I get on until the preparation for going up to Sunny Hill begins in the latter part of May. And now I want you, if any ways it can be, to let Emma come on to me two or three days before the close of that month. Nothing need detain me in Boston, indeed, later than 26th but if E. were here, she, no doubt, would be looking round for this, that, and the other, commodity in some shop, that must be acquired before departure.

Genealogy has thriven very moderately since the middle of October. Not three pages a week

has been my average, though yesterday I made progress through one and a quarter. This letter *H* which occupied my *standing** hours in the first week of Oct. will hold me imperiously through March and part of April. But the next members of the Alphabet, I. J. and K., are small folks, and can be disposed of before thinking of Sunny Hill as my resting place.

Love to your bro. Robert and his wife, and be sure of

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 8 APRIL '52.

TO HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. ROGERS.

My dear Child,—Very glad was I to get your letter of 3rd *yesterday*; and now *this morning* we see in the telegraph intelligence from Steamer Africa arriving last evening at New York, that the Franklin from New York 13 ulto. reached the Isle of Wight on 25th so that Harriet was lucky as my anticipation, and was actually on shore, no doubt, at Havre in less than a fortnight after departure from our shores.

Your reference to the conflagration of the

* Much of his work was done at a standing desk.

Tremont Temple reminds me, that near as it was to us, nobody in our house had any knowledge of it before the morning's Advertiser at our breakfast table. Yet the fall of the larger part of the front wall shook the whole town for half a mile. It had been my good fortune to have the Trustees of the Boston Library at supper in the evening, and all of us were sleeping more soundly than usual, I suppose, between one and two o'clock when the alarm was given, or at four when the wall fell. As to the new contrivance for communicating information about the quarter in which the fire is, so far it is as yet only offered for inquiry; and after the city authorities have adopted it (if they ever do) we shall suffer little anxiety from ignorance of the scene of disaster. Besides this failure of means of spreading report of the spot, where relief was to be carried, probably the secret creeping of the fire had diffused the mischief through half of the upper part of the edifice before any detection.

Now it is hardly lamented much, as it was so insecure a building. People who attended that evening early a lecture, with very great crowd of auditors, seem to exult almost in its destruction. at least hope that whatever may come in its place, shall be more secure.

You may see in the newspapers how we were visited on Monday night, or rather on Tuesday morning with a most severe snow storm. The quantity that fell exceeded that of any one dispensation of the whole year. It was a fair two feet deep in our court; but as the weather has been, generally, warmer since with bright sunshine, the quantity is reduced by three fourths. In most of the wide streets the pavements begin to reappear. Probably we shall see the good of it next week in the growth of the grass, and the coming forward of buds in the shrubs and early trees.

Yours affectionately

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 21 APRIL, 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—You may well complain, that so much time has elapsed since date of yours of 3rd Inst. which was answered immediately after its coming, when by your very next letter to Boston your lonely state was described as your husband had been obliged to come to Philadelphia to see poor James in

perilous situation.* But from the first day after reception of that news, that is Sunday before last, I have not been able to get up to Judge Cushing's to inquire if Eliza had written to you, nor has she been down town to us. In the whole ten days only two have been fair, and one of them was so wet with the melting of deep snow, that it was as hazardous to walk about in as a perpetual rain. Yesterday I got encouraging letter of last Friday by your husband, which makes me feel almost certain of the restoration of his brother. By Geo. S. Hillard, too, I am told that Henry has called for attendance forthwith of his fellowlaborers in the field, and must forego the expectation he had formed of going into Nova Scotia on short excursion.

Dr. Hayward and his wife will next Monday leave here for Richmond to attend the Convention of Medical Science for the Union, he being one of the Vice Presidents, and by appointment from a former meeting bound to make two Reports.

From Harriet I got a short letter of the date of 26th ulto. off Cowes, as the ship stopped to land

* James Blythe Rogers, of University of Pennsylvania; eldest brother of William Barton Rogers.

the mail and passengers at Isle of Wight, but was forthwith to proceed to Havre. She hoped next night to be as far as Rouen on the way to Paris, there not to stop many hours, yet long enough to write.

It would be very comfortable to me to know, what address to put on my letters, but it may be that Baring Brothers & Co., London, must be well enough for any thing this side of heaven.

I was last week called on to furnish for a new work in England some pages of Pedigree, which was obeyed *with a will*, as the sailors say, it being for the family of my admirable friend, who has been dead to be sure more than two hundred years, Govr. Winthrop. So your husband must not think that my work made any but snail's progress of half a page in the whole week. Next week, if it ever clears away enough to justify an expectation of two days of sunshine in sequence, I hope to get a run up to New Hampshire to visit the widow of your uncle Arthur. Even the two miles out to Cambridgeport I have not yet traversed since last July to see Aunt Bruce. The weather has been beyond the experience of forty years, many say, I feel sure of thirty; and I can hardly be glad enough that Amos and Harriet escaped the trial. This

is James's birthday, the fourth of the Easterly storm, in which many vessels have been lost; and I am glad to say, that some slight signs appear of the exhaustion of its malignity. We get on in housekeeping very comfortably, and never was better the health of

Yours affectionately

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1852.

My dear Child,—Your letter of 21st was very gratifying with its relation of return of your husband to his appropriate duties in the University.

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We have very pleasant accounts from Harriet, each better, so far, than its predecessor. Her first letter was of 26th from Cowes, of which I wrote you the substance.

This day I should have been at Hopkinton, but am detained by sudden death on Wednesday of our deacon *Tarbell*, whom you may remember. So I must wait until Monday, and hope no further postponement. Before this week on Monday I had not been this year beyond the lines of the city. Then I went over

to see your aunt Bruce, who is advanced nearer to close of life than when I saw her last, but that was in July, by no perceptible degree, unless it be in deafness. She is cheerful enough, and seemed to make a boast of being in her 85th year.

Last week came here from England my admirable friend, the Honorable Edward Twisleton, who is on a mission to complete the engagement made last October, in marrying Miss Dwight of Park Street. He most particularly made me promise to give his kindest regards to you and your husband. Probably they will be half way to England before you reach Boston.

You remember our stout Irish girl, Mrs. Willey's daughter, named I believe Maria. Well, we hear she was married last week. She had left us some three months ago, for as she had hopes of this promotion in life, Harriet thought she grew saucy.

Yesterday afternoon I took tea at Judge's, and found Eliza and all the children exceedingly well. A new pair of horses is, at present, the great object of desire, and of course there is no difficulty but in making selection. So long as this is undetermined, Eliza will be well to a certainty, and after the purchase I shall hope,

that some of the satisfaction may consist in the enjoyment of their services, by her friends and herself.

William will be pleased, with the sermon of Dr. Gannett that I sent yesterday in a newspaper. He will go on a very long journey to the Mississippi in ten days.

Your affct. father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 16 MAY, 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Before receipt of your letter this morning, anxious anticipation has been pressing on me for ten days, that you must be unable to comply with your engagement to come on next week. Your duty is plain enough, to stay by your husband, to alleviate his anxieties, to soothe his sorrows, perhaps in some petty things, which become great things in situations of distress, to lighten his labors. I have thought much about good Mr. James Rogers, his wife, and children; but nothing is within my power to do or supply, except this foregoing for a few days my pleasure in seeing you. Easily enough shall I get up to Sunny

Hill, either the latter part of next week, on Friday would be my earliest leisure, or on Monday or Tuesday after, still before 1 June.

James got from Harriet by the last Thursday morning steamer here a letter of 15-19 April at Rome, of great length, about all the wonderful things in art, ancient and modern, about the filth and other discomforts of the modern city, and leaving us to infer, that her health continued as by last date preceding. Indeed she complains of the cold, and says they must go farther *North* to be more comfortable. Perhaps she means only a more agreeable part of Italy, as Florence or Pisa or the lake of Como.

My work of Genealogy has not wholly stopped, but moves slowly. Now I am on the last name of letter H. into which I had made some advance when you left Lunenburg. G. filled a hundred pages, and H. demands a hundred and fifty seven.

I close this scrawl, that it may go by first mail since yours came to my hands, begging full sympathy to be assured to your husband and undiminished affection to yourself, kind remembrances to Robert and his wife from

Yours
JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 11 JUNE, 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—You will readily suppose, that I had enough to do at Boston in getting ready to remove for the summer to this hill side, or hill top rather, to justify my postponement of reply to your questions.

James came into town on Tuesday morning quite unwell, having over-done a good work by seven miles walk and taking cold after it on Monday afternoon; and I called Dr. Hayward to control his regimen.

The air is rather too cold for comfort, without fire; but the appearance of the country is delightful, and I want you here to partake the enjoyment.

Though the sun is shining very bright, our temperature is very low, so that we must have fire as in March. Still the children have run out into the grass, and gathered some two or three small spoonfuls of strawberries; of course I presume you will understand me to mean wild ones. Those in the beds are just come into blow, but we expect favorable produce.

We had two or three warm days in Boston; but not two in succession. I used a blanket every night but one, and several nights this

month both blanket and quilt. Your Aunt Savage went on Tuesday to New Bedford to visit the Arnolds, James S. Cooper, with his wife and daughter having gone off on Monday afternoon for Niagara.

Bevis and Grip seem quite gratified with our arrival, perhaps in confident expectation of better supply of food.

Yours, with tenderest regards for your husband,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 21 JUNE, 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—I wrote you the day after reaching this loved retreat, and no doubt was in so much of a hurry, as to omit half of what should have been said. Next week shall you set out for the North? The first day of July being Thursday, and Sunday the 4th the obstreperous and dangerous parades, with burning of gunpowder, and drunkenness, usually accompanying the celebration of our day of national independence, must be postponed to the 5th. Now I am very desirous you should *not* be in motion on any railroad car or steam-

boat on that day of the Saturnalia. If you were quietly housed at Judge Cushing's in Boston, or up here, there would be no peril. All will, I know, depend on the control of time that may be in the power of the Professor. He will long to be at Philadelphia, if his brother be living; and be more anxious still, if he is not. There, I suppose, he must stop for some time, after sending you forward. In Philadelphia, if you pass the noisy *fifth*, I shall feel as easy about you, as if you were in Boston. Harriet and Amos will reach home on the *seventh*, as the letters received last Friday inform me, from Paris, 2nd Inst. of the passage being engaged for the steamer *Canada* to sail next *Saturday*.

You may have two or three days' occupation after reaching Boston; though more than two of the indispensable calls or visits may be done in a day. But the Guilds expect you at Brookline, with great confidence. You know how easy it is to get there, the railroad station being only a third of a mile from their house. But Sam. E. Guild's office, where his father attends *every* morning, is at the same door with Cousin George S. Hillard's. So you may send a note any morning before he goes out to dinner.

James has quite renewed his health, and goes

down to recommence his studies this afternoon. You must write to him, as well as to us, up here, to inform what day you will expect to reach Boston. Every thing here looks well. On Saturday morning I had two of the noble large strawberries, the first, from our vines. This week they will be plenty, and become more so next week; but unless the weather be very dry indeed, or very wet indeed, there will be abundance for you three weeks hence.

On Wednesday of next week I go to Boston to be on the spot for attending to half a dozen pieces of business on 1 July, and come up here again that evening. On 6th I will, of course, go down again to meet Harriet the next day, and, unless it be intolerably hot, may stay a couple of days.

Let not your husband fail to spend with us all the vacation he can spare from Philadelphia. May he have the satisfaction of receiving the *conscious* expressions of brother James's regard, is the best wish, under all the circumstances, that should be uttered by

Yours, with deepest affection,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 21 SEPT., 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—You have had no more equinoctial storm, it may be hoped, than we have, and up to this time have enjoyed the mountains, and the alternations of autumnal fogs and clear sunshine that belong to the season. But you would like to be told, I dare say, that we have gone on in the same petty circle of eating peaches that seem to be three quarters of sugar, writing in the genealogical trammels, which surely is as much my pleasure as my occupation, one hour to backgammon, and seven to sleep.

It is nearly time to think of gathering in the harvest of Sunny Hill, but the weather is so glorious, that we confine ourselves to the trees. Apples we shall know not what to do with, except in the way of cooking in the season coming at Boston; but the superabundance of peaches the pig can divide with us. To three, four or five neighbors we have sent, but so many people raise them, that it is not easy to know which way to distribute. Some people are complaining of deficiency of potatoes, and perhaps in a small patch our own luck was as bad as that of others, who get out of their hills only as much, sometimes less, than they put in.

Our disquiet about Mr. Babcock continues, but will not, I hope, lead to a separation.* Last Sunday, the church was very well filled, though Mr. C. was not present. We, who know what is the worth of stated services of religion on Sundays, and the pastoral care on the rest of the week, would much regret to lose so conscientious a minister.

From Amos who went to town last Thursday, we heard of your having wisely waited until that morning before leaving Boston. It might have been easy for you, I suppose, to reach Pottsville on Friday; but if not, the uncertainty of Sound navigation was well avoided.

As my eyes do not approve of much exercise of their power in the lamp light, I close with injunction to let me hear from you at earliest convenience, unless you have already written, and if so, tomorrow, I shall expect, will bring a letter to your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

*The minister of the Unitarian Church.

BOSTON, 12 OCTOR. 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Both of your good despatches, of 19 ulto., from Pottsville, and 24 from Easton were duly received at Sunny Hill, which we left last Wednesday, and yet we had not got *established* in proper comfort at Temple Place before sunset on Saturday. On Sunday morning your advice of safe return was received from the University. But I meant to begin my Boston experience by telling you, that on Friday evening I had the great pleasure of meeting Lady Lyall at Mrs. Ticknor's, where she is visiting, and wholly without other person present, than young Dr. Minot. On Sunday evening again I saw her for a few minutes. She was very glad to hear of you; and of course I thought her very agreeable. Her facility of conversation, without pretension, without awkward diffidence, is a charm. Her husband is expected to come to town to-day from the exploration he has been engaged upon, with Hall of New York, of the *morains* near the Tachonic range on the borders of Berkshire I believe. The demand of seats for his course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, which begins next Tuesday, was so large, that only *one in three*, of the applicants, are to be

furnished with tickets. Mr. Lowell has not yet returned home. When Mr. Lawrence * comes, there is to be a grand reception, or at least a dinner of congratulation.

Harriet says, that your aunt Savage this forenoon called to see her, and remarked, that Mrs. Baird had been expecting to make you a visit at Lunenburg, when she should receive from you notice of a favorable time.

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The Judge's children are very well, the two elder having interrupted me the last minute of my writing, so that I must bring this scrawl to a close, with assurance of being, as ever,

Your affectionate father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

The Wednesday club begins to-morrow evening, and The Boston Library Trustees meet next.

BOSTON, 31 OCTOBER, 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

It would seem very strange, my dear child, if to your letter of 10 Inst. no reply should be made in three weeks; but every thing did not

* Minister to Court of St. James.

concur to make easy the answer, and on Thursday last I got the satisfactory evidence in another epistle of 24th, that you were not punctilious in exacting compensation for one before sending a second.

The house of Rev. Mr. Clark in Pinckney Street, concerning which you desired me to inquire, is *not* for sale at present, as your cousin George tells me. Probably next year, or after the return of Mr. C. it may be. George thinks the owner would be willing to sell the house lying between his and Clark's; but it is held by Willard on a lease of some years. A few days since, I attended the sale by auction of a house, No. 6 Avon Place, which would suit you and William, I think, exceedingly well; and had the means of finding half of the purchase money been within my reach, I should, certainly, have bought it, at small advance on nine thousand dollars. Perhaps Avon Place seemed more desirable than Pinckney street, because it is so short a distance from Temple Place, barely crossing Washington Street; and your Aunt Savage lodges at No. 3. To be sure, for a few weeks in summer, the greater elevation of P. street makes the command of pure air more sure; but then the seven eighths of our year the

elevation would be undesirable, and besides you would never choose to be in Boston in the season between June and October, while Sunny hill has a house on it.

Wisely will you resolve to come to Boston before seeing the absolute ownership of a house over your head; because there are always comfortable ones to be hired, and occasionally desirable ones to be purchased. Many, very many, are going out of the city to build in some of the neighboring towns, to which the Railroads give such easy access; many more go to lodge, without the burden of housekeeping, in charming retreats that afford the revival of their rural remembrances, and promise cheaply the recovery of youthful delights. So it will continue to be, I doubt not.

MONDAY MORNING, 1 NOV.

You will be rejoiced to hear, that last evening a few minutes before nine, your sister Harriet was favored with birth of a daughter, a black haired child of admirable development, and the mother was able to see me one minute before I went to bed. It seems to me, as if H. had been gaining in health for most of the days since we came down to the city. James was here to pass his Sunday as usual, and did not, as usual, go to

the College in the evening, but staid to breakfast this morning.

It is proper for me to break off, because I have some important matter to attend to before dinner.

With kindest remembrance to your husband, I am, dear child,

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 23 NOV. 1852.

TO HIS DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND.

My dear Children,—Your agreeable report of 10 Inst. did not come Northward with the regular punctuality of the mail, and there is, no doubt, some cause of failure to be counted almost regular, though some opportunity for oscillation is allowed in loss of two or of five days.

With great diligence I have turned over into various lights the subject you present of leaving the University, and coming to reside at Boston. For the degree of aid that I shall gladly contribute to make your residence here comfortable, no delay is needed to decide. I can for some years to come, without embarrassment in

my pecuniary affairs, such as no man of my years ought to subject himself to, allow you at the rate of one thousand dollars a year, half in July, half in January. Why I can do no more, is partly from my being in debt to about seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars, which, before going to the long and narrow house, I would gladly reduce, if not extinguish. Another part of my excuse is, that, having long been accustomed to pay small sums, periodically, in charity, I can hardly stint my nature to nothing; besides, that of four widowed sisters, three are, in some degree, dependent on my ability to do what justice requires in their support.

Now what influence this may have in governing your decision about coming to Boston for residence, is not for me to guess. What can be your profitable employment of time and what in this part of the world will never be known, until it is tried. Some call there is for science in many directions, but chiefly the practical mathematics, as engineering must continue to direct railroads in every five miles of New England. To give up a certainty for uncertainty, is not the common course of wisdom; but in your case, very likely, it may be sublime discretion.

Authorship makes part, probably a large part,

of your views of devotion for your time. It is well; but then profit is to follow such employment, or it is worse than idleness. Yet my practice you may think inconsistent with my doctrine. I have just now undertaken the over-sight of a new edition of my Winthrop's History, with *additions and corrections*; and am to have no other compensation than a very few copies. But then reputation is a good thing to extend. Emolument came twenty five years ago with the last preceding service; and if the Genealogical Dictionary is published in my life time, some fair return for ten years work is more likely to be got, if the public see, in my new devotion to Winthrop, that my diligence is not relaxed nor my judgment weakened by the long lapse of time. Both of the works may be going forward at the same time; for indeed one would rather advance than disorder the other.

We have great expectations of the faculties to be developed by the young granddaughter. What energy of voice she can exert, when disquieted by any external or internal cause! My ears! if she could not have been heard half through our Court yesterday. However part of the exertion was owing to a surgical experiment of Dr. Hayward to give her pure lymph by

vaccination. She seems to have an adequate capacity to sleep, and that is one of the best shows that any child of her age can exhibit.

Glad am I at the reports you send me of your brother Robert's success, of which no doubt could have been felt; and more at the story of Rachel becoming equal to her hard lot. Its alleviations, in such children, will show what a happy condition widowhood may be made.

If you take resolution to resign your Professorship before the middle of your term, I suppose it will be incumbent on you to fill the chair until the end of June. Is it so?

Yours in truest affection,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 1 JANUARY, 1853.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Most heartily wishing you a happy new year, and the more eagerly because so long time has elapsed since my last to you.

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I have made some progress in the reprint of Winthrop about one sixth of Vol. 1. being finished. It will be a handsome book, on larger type than the former Edition. No more

unoccupied hours for six months can await me, if my health continue good as now. For before sending to press the old pages, all are carefully examined to see what cause for correction, or room for improvement exists. Of course genealogy lies by to a great degree, for I have in a month past advanced not above a Lunenburg day's progress.

Every body almost of whom you would wish to hear is well. That Amos Lawrence died last Friday morning, you are informed by the newspapers. He had made his usual rounds of benevolence the day before, and parted in the evening with intimate friends as usual. So most people call the departure sudden, when it is five or six and twenty years since that epithet would have been just. Was ever any of the sons of men more ready for his summons?

Your husband's letter fills me with delight, because we have been separated so long, that I seem almost isolated from the world, while in Boston; though really it is much more true at Lunenburg, yet there my dearest are nearest. Some years may still revolve between me and the grave; but how many or how few is for our good concealed. Let me work, while the day lasts, and the final hour may come sooner or

later; though it is feared my example of suffering by long protracted decay would not be edifying. To myself I seem to grow younger every month, yet nobody insinuates that it is approach of second childhood to your

Affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 24 JANUARY '53.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Your words of 7th instant were very acceptable; and though it is a fortnight today since they came to hand, you know well how to excuse the failure of reply. The work of Winthrop *should* be completed before the last day of May, when we go to Sunny Hill; yet my fears preponderate, and the devil's imps may be permitted by the great adversary to revenge his cause upon me, who have so constantly derided his power. But if my printers proceed as diligently as for the last ten days, the last word may be struck off before the middle of that month.

Your letter of last week to Harriet came on Saturday. So you had learned that the darling child was named, or to be named, Lucy. The

solemn service of baptism was held in our parlor on Wednesday before last, and it was my resolve to have her, in the evening introduced to our club, which met at my house. But she was too much engrossed in her sleep to have that honor. If she have the heavenly temper, even without the exquisite vivacity of her dear departed namesake, she may diffuse abundant joy and light upon her parents. In her weaning, that seemed necessary, three weeks since, she pined very little, and last week had scarlatina as mildly as the kine pox before.

My thoughts were drawn to you last week by a present from Mr. Coolidge of two of those splendid pippins of Albemarle County. Some part of Virginia, therefore, I can hardly avoid loving.

25 *Jany.* In preparation for the Winthrop I keep ahead of the printer, so that his toe be not too near my heel. Two hundred pages are printed; but that grows out of 175 of the former edition. Great satisfaction is felt from the prospect of having put before the world what I desired long to do.

Thackeray was wonderfully successful here. Five of his six lectures I heard, and think very well of them, with the qualification, that they

are written for oral delivery, not to be studied in print. Altogether the matter was of a biographical character, strictly, affording no high criticism on the works of the author whose life was under the artist's hand. No works were referred to, except Hogarth's, unless for the purpose of furnishing details of the writer's private or public career.

If your uncles, George and Sam,* come to visit you at the University, pray entreat them to give me a visit next summer, between June and October at Sunny hill. They must not often expect to see their sister Rebecca at Brooklyn, yet if they come to visit her so far, the addition of eleven hours more railroad would bring them to meet you and the other children of their departed sister. Let this be enforced on their minds. Life is long enough, if we would only think so; and whenever a dear friend is lost to us, who lived not two days journey from us, and we met not for the last five years, a pang of regret mixes with the reflection, how easy might have been the meeting effected.

Yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

*George and Sam Stillman, brothers of Mrs. James Savage, and living in Virginia.

BOSTON, 27 FEBR., 53.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—It seems a very long time since I last wrote a word to you, and truly it is quite three weeks since the date of your despatch from Richmond informing me of your reaching that city that evening. But then you are in the situation of a gatherer from other sources, bound to return to each, though all have communication with each other. Eliza, Harriet, and James always take care to allow me to partake in the letters they get from you; as do I to them.

James, you know, must leave us in three days, and he has given one hour a day to my genealog. researches by reading to me from a private newspaper, that had copies from the old records of Woburn. Such is part of my preparation for the work that I shall not, probably, live to finish, for it may take as long as already has been given to it, that is seven years. However no anxiety touches me about the affair, such as was felt before reimpression of Winthrop began. So great progress has been attained in that undertaking, that the first sheet of the second volume was by me returned yesterday to the printer. Quite a good looking

work will be the new edition. The work will be sought for, fifty years hence, in libraries, though it may never be a *popular* book; and my name will be kept up by it, when nobody alive can remember your assiduous father.

Very pleasant letter by the last steamer I got from my admirable friend Mr. Hunter, enclosing copy of a note by Lord Braybrook to his *fifth* edition of Pepys's Memoirs, in which he acknowledges my service in enabling him to correct an error about Sir George Downing, who was one of the first class ever graduated at our Harvard College and nephew of our first Governour Winthrop. So I must soften the mention of his Lordship's concurrence in the universal error, and may feel bound to send him a copy of my work. But my freedom of remark, unpleasant to many sufferers, would turn severe comments, if upon the noble Editor I bestowed any blandishments. If ever any body was less afraid of comments, however, for publishing notes embodying sincere opinions, nor scrupulously expressed in hesitating phraseology, he must have been an easy, if not an impudent man. I would give no writer or worker in our country's history derogatory epithets, if he did not deserve them; but

never would I restrain, if he did deserve, censure.

Monday, 28 Feb. We have a young flight of snow this forenoon, but how old it is to grow, is wholly uncertain, for nobody can tell, whether the wind will be Northeast or Southeast, when it freshens. Yesterday, however, the snow-drops came into blossom, and the crocus in sunny places threw its strong shoots into the open air.

I break off, to get this scrawl into the mail, by assurance of

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 10 APRIL, '53.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—All your letters are very interesting to me, but the last of 29 March seemed peculiarly so, because it referred so much to your views of leaving Virginia to come to pass the residue of your days, or at best of my days, in your native place. But one thing you say about going with your husband to assist Henry in the Pennsylvania mountains, that

must be subjected to a qualification. You must not think to have my leave to make much of a stop there. If William desires to stay by Henry after the 20 July, you must come to Sunny Hill, because I can then send James for your escort. August and September are more pleasant at Lunenburg than in almost any other part of the world.

We have had nobody visiting with us for some weeks. Miss Cobb gave us a tolerable portion of the winter, and would have come again last week; but her grandfather's sudden death last Sunday, after few hours' paralysis, prevents such gratification for some time yet. She and her mother were here only two days before Mr. Crocker's death. I had promised myself the benefit of a visit from Mr. Judd,* but a letter from him last week denies me this pleasure. However I had written to him before, that he must give me larger benevolence, if he postponed his aid until summer, and must feel the propriety of my compromise. Winthrop so occupies my time, that I could hardly give two hours a day to the genealogy, if Judd were here with all his apparatus. More than half of the *second* volume of W. is already printed, and I am quite easy, if my life be spared to finish this;

*Sylvester Judd of Northampton; Antiquarian.

and could leave the big Dictionary to be published by another hand.

Because I speak thus of uncertainty in terminating my labors, you must not think, that I am any wise out of health. Probably I have not been so well these twenty years. But the case of our dear friend Judge Cushing forces me to think about the tendency of overstrained efforts. He is, you know, resolved at last to give up to the advice of friends and his physician; and, if he become not more infirm, will embark on 5 May for Liverpool in charge of one of his brothers. We all hope the remedy of total abandonment of his official duties may restore him. A voyage would be most effectual course; if it be not already too late to adopt it.

April 11. Mr. Binney went up on Friday to see about our Lunenburg grounds. Smailes * can no longer undertake to do what we want, and another hand, one who lives at the point of junction of the road running by my house to the Fitchburg road, is to be at work this week, in seeing for pease, and potatoes, and corn, and cucumbers and whatever else may be agreeable. We have now promise of early season, which is usually unfavorable; but the main value of

* The old gardener.

produce of the soil in New England consisting in grass, we can never tell before the last week of May what may be the yield.

Little Lucy wins favor every day, especially of all the neighbors. Good health is the chief virtue a baby can exhibit, and it is very striking in her case. Harriet seems to improve daily. What our horrid East winds may do, when they come, I hardly condescend to fear, so much has she gained over any tendency to cough. James, too, appears to be growing stouter. Whether his horse be used enough at Cambridge, I know not.

.

Eliza thinks, if she can send off the Judge to comfortable voyage in May, she will give you a visit in June to assist you in breaking up housekeeping.

Bevis has renewed his youth Amos says at L. and will be very glad to see you, as well as
Your affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 17 MAY, 1853.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—I have wished for two or three days to write to you, and especially be-

cause Eliza who went from us yesterday week, and probably reached you on Friday, would give you too favorable impression about Harriet's health.

Dr. Jackson was called yesterday to consider her case, and before I close this, I may have a conference with him or Hayward to determine what is the prudent course for her.

.

Cushing sailed on Thursday, and my hopes are strong, that he may be wholly restored, for he had evidently gained in the three or four weeks since making up his resolution to attempt saving his life.

.

Last Wednesday I followed to his tomb the remains of my early friend, Professor Farrar, a classmate in college, who for thirteen years has been daily tormented by neuralgia, and for more than half the time so far overpowered as to render life a burden too grievous to be borne; yet with such an admirable wife and all favorable circumstances surrounding, that life was too pleasant to be willingly resigned. May I not feel the unwillingness to depart, even without enduring one hundredth part of the suffering!

This morning was the time for the solemnity of the marriage of your young friend Lucy Emerson. All good wishes and promises attend her.

You may see Lady Lyell in New York, possibly, as you come North, for he and she come to the exhibition next month.

Yours affectionately, as ever,

JAS. SAVAGE.

Give my love to your husband and Eliza.

LUNENBURG, 27 JUNE, 1853.

TO WILLIAM BARTON ROGERS.

My dear Son,—I rejoice most heartily, that this will, probably, be the last letter you can ever expect from me, while bound to that University of Virginia, and that even the same day that this comes to your hand, you will be free from the long engagement. That you may feel no slight emotions of regret at parting, is easily imagined for you have most honorably been treated by the administration of the Institution, I presume; and certainly you must have gained some thing more than mere experience in teaching, while so many years employed in communicating knowledge to others.

So there will always be pleasant associations with the vicinity of Charlottesville.

But now what is before you to rejoice in? Much I hope beside the making me rejoice in my child's restoration to me after so many as four years' absence. Consider, that four years more hardly remain to me to be fulfilled. I may live twice four years; but it would be very unreasonable to expect it. Never have I enjoyed better health, nor spirits, eating and sleeping to admiration; yet the year of three score and ten draws on apace, and why should not my children be near me before my going hence to be seen no more. The terrible insecurity of Harriet's health almost every day compels me to think, that I shall probably outlive her; and though my confidence in James leads me to hope fifty or sixty years more are before him, yet he is still green in the experience of life, and untaught in the employment that is to rule his days.

That happiness of perpetual engagement you will enjoy, when freed from your slavery, as much as when you daily labored for task-masters.

You have no time, I dare say, on the reception of this letter, to turn to anything but pushing

for departure; and I will delay you no longer, than to tell, that Judge Cushing reached London on 1 June, was at Chapman's and had begun to see sights, on the 3d.

.

If you propose to leave Emma to finish the latter part of her journey to me alone, you must so advise me. Of course you will, I presume, come as far as New York to see the great exhibition, and the crowds assembled from all places under the sun to witness it; and what shall hinder your passing some week or ten days here either before or after the scientific meeting at Cleveland, however desirous, Henry may be of your assistance?

Rejoice with me, I charge you, for in the same mail bag that takes this to Boston, goes the last page of proof sheet for the very Index of the History of Winthrop. Naturally you will conclude, that my attention to this work, for which to complete my life was prolonged without an hour's interruption since it began last November, has *delayed* the progress of the great Dictionary of N. E. Genealogy. Yes, so it has, but not *interrupted* it since the preparation of my annotations on W. closed with the month of April. Still, very few days, even here, have seen

a whole page of the early settlers transcribed, but last week closed the letter *N.* that had begun in Temple Place last month. *O.* is a short letter that can hardly hold me over a fortnight; but *P* is so populous, that I shall hardly finish the canvassing of it before going down to winter quarters.

You may not find any great change at Sunny Hill, though two of the nearest neighbors, to wit, Southwest and Northwest, have just finished putting up large new barns; but Bevis wants to see you very much.

If you chance to hear in Virginia any contempt for Massachusetts Convention to amend our Constitution, be submissive, only offering the explanation, that our people became tired of enjoying the best constitution of any land the sun shone upon, and the reformers, or free soilers, or abolitionists, or radicals, or by whatever name you would prefer to call them, were allowed to have their own way in projecting and offering amendments, and great fears are entertained, that they will not go so far in the architecture of ruin, as to call out the substantial yeomanry of the Commonwealth to reject with scorn one or another piddling amendments so called. No certainty can be felt about any re-

sult in the body of the destructionists that will affect the core of our institutions; but the men who know, they might sigh in vain for an office of high responsibility and permanence under our present wise system of nomination and confirmation by Governor and Council, can easily see, how much better is their chance, when the place is to be filled by a popular vote under dictation of a caucus of demagogues. Away with all restraints on the rights of the people, is the cry of today; and the dearest rights may be lost by a change of administrative form in filling the places of solemn importance. Well, if we have not the privilege of ruining ourselves, what privilege have we?

I have, every day, except last Monday and Tuesday, when the thermometer ran up to 98, walked to church or post office, tell Emma, and am now going at twelve, noon, to carry this evidence of my affection for her and you.

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 31 AUG. 53.

TO PROF. R. AT PHILADELPHIA.

My dear Son,—I was gratified yesterday by the coming of your despatch from Philadelphia

with post mark of Saturday last, but dated 25th. Probably you mistook by one day, or even two, the day of the month. It is of more importance that you tell me of having daily accounts from Emma at Cape May and that she is so well.

To answer your question about Greenfield commission for purchase of fossils made by Mr. Marsh, I can only say, that my acquaintance in that region is almost confined to the member of Congress from that District at the last session, who is relieved from the slavery by their closing his term, Wendell T. Davis, a gentleman of established character, nephew of my ancient, deceased friend, Judge Davis. I suppose, unless he has an interest to swell the price, you would be little likely to find anybody nearer than Amherst College, whose skill in making the requisite bargain would be more relied on; but from Amherst will come a strong stimulus to raise the price by competition. Or not improbable is it, that somebody will authorize Hitchcock to give a round sum, and then enjoy the credit of making a splendid benefaction to his college.

Last Saturday evening Dr. Gannett came to preach for us on Sunday, but he left us to go to town for the purpose of preparing a sermon on

Govr. Paine of Vermont, to be delivered to-morrow up at his residence, whither his corpse has been brought from Texas. Paine was his classmate.

I SEPT.

James begins terms at Cambridge to-day, and has, I hope, laid in a stock of health to sustain him. He was last week at Taunton and Dighton on visit with Eliza.

Peaches are now exceedingly abundant ten, twelve, fourteen dozen a day, and they are generally very fine.

The work goes on well, and my health justifies a folio page for each day.

Yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

Pray kind regards to your brother and his wife.

21 GIRARD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

LUNENBERG, 12 SEPT. '53.

TO HIS DAUGHTER AT WILKESBARRE.

My dear Child,—We shall leave Lunenburg much earlier than I desired, out of regard to the comfort of Harriet, whose health fluctuates

with every change of the atmosphere, and at times alarms me very much. Probably the last day of Sept. may find or carry the last of our circle; but some preparation in town is first necessary.

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Yesterday we had Mr. Stone from *Bolton*, formerly at Salem, and before that of East Machias, to exchange with Mr. Babcock, and we had him also to lunch and after evening service to dine at Sunny Hill. So a fortnight before we had Dr. Gannett; but he came to spend two nights at our house, which Mr. Stone could not do.

.

We had a great deal of *very warm* weather since you left us, and the peaches have ripened with too great rapidity. It is a fortnight today since report was obtained of the *first* one, and we had in two days more than we could all eat. Miss Binney from Boston came to us on Friday before last, and we have had a steady competition between her and Miss Holway, with occasional exertion of my own to determine who deserved the highest credit for devouring most peaches. Of course baskets full are sent around or down to Boston; and this afternoon is one

to be despatched to James at the University. Even the Isabella grapes on the trellis are glistening like the Virginia negroes after a dance.

Frosts there have been, but of course only in the low grounds; I heard that the South west corner of my land, towards Whiting's, showed signs of it in the vines.

Yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

WILKES BARRE, PA.

LUNENBURG, 22 SEPT. 53.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Yours of 9th from Scranton came last week to gladden me, and I postponed reply for a day or two, that with greater confidence you might receive the arrangement of our affairs here. No doubt this is the last letter from L. this season for your eye, because we resolve next week on Thursday to go down to Boston; and some considerable preparation you are aware belongs to dislodgement from summer quarters.

Miss Cobb came up with Amos night before last, so we have now a reasonable exhilaration in the household; Miss Holway giving herself

for one hour in lamplight to my game of backgammon, and Miss Cobb to the piano for variety to the baby and her parents. Reasonably has the baby improved in accomplishments, crawling or creeping in all directions, and taking much satisfaction in the use of her teeth, that machinery which cost so much and so long time and suffering. Her cunning ways of expression and gesture are kept up; and I doubt if ever a thing so young had greater attraction. But then you may think me a partial judge, especially since her nurse two days ago brought her in, to be shown in the library, eating rye hasty pudding.*

You may see in the papers that Professor Norton died at Newport last Sunday; and, for some qualifications, nobody can supply the loss in the present generation. So my own feeling goes, and much is it stirred by Mr. Norton's death, for nobody except his brother, Mr. Guild, is left of our schoolfellows so near on equality of years. We were together in 1797-8 at the academy in his native town, they following me one year at Cambridge. How long I may last, is of very trifling consequence, except as my engagement on the great book is

*Mr. Savage's favorite dish.

concerned. You need not be afraid, but that I shall cheerfully continue to work in that mine, as long as any new veins or drifts can be explored. Perhaps twenty years unmitigated service would be profitably expended; but then seven eighths of the period may better be left to one or half a dozen other men to complete.

Our peaches were too profuse, the pig, instead of a peck a day, as last year, being condemned to a half bushel, and utterly unable to dispose of so great a quantity. But the season closed yesterday, and no more remains of our harvest, except one tree that will be not ripened when we abandon the premises. More valuable crop, the potatoes, is less encouraging. We fear the disease has seized all of one patch; and perhaps the other may be partially touched, though of a very distinct species. The tomatoes, beets, cabbages, squashes will fill as many barrels, however, as comfortably can be taken from here and bestowed at Temple Place; and the watermelons have been exceedingly felicitous in catching sun beams.

I rejoice that your husband is busy, and hope he may ever be so, like your father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 10 OCTOBER, 1853.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—You can easily guess how much likelihood, that you should get a letter from me in the first ten days after my return to Boston, there was, without my specifying all the engagements that were first to be met. One advantage or disadvantage of keeping up a house in town and also in the country must be that on each removal, by change of season, from country to town, and to town from the country, there is something new to be done.

For my great work nothing can be said. Instead of a folio page per day, as Lunenburg could show on the average, I have done less than a single line, having only turned to the page three times since coming to town; but I propose very soon to give four hours a day to it, at least to make that average, and when that is fairly begun, I may say the amount must be half a page a day.

Nothing in literature of our country has had such rapid success as your cousin Geo. S. Hillard's *Six Months in Italy*. Having finished it the day preceding my last at L. I forthwith began the first volume for second perusal. A third edition is preparing, the second having

been less than three weeks in public; and I can feel no doubt that it is by this time printed and soon to be on sale in London. I feel confident there is no book on Italy so well written for the great objects that draw travel to that world. But Washington Irving, Prescott, Ticknor, Everett, Bancroft, make large demands on the capacity of admiration that Englishmen and women bestow on our writers; and the generous exultation they feel in our success will come out anew, or greatly do I mistake.

Yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 18 OCTOBER, '53.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Your few lines of 12th came to hand last Saturday and gladly were they received, as it was time to hear of the leaving the wilderness.

We have had no cold yet to boast of. For seven days it has been quite summer weather, eight days ago a frosty morning brought on this exquisite latter geniality.

Harriet went last Wednesday to Taunton, as was projected, and she is expected to return

tomorrow. Mary I. Cooper came up last Saturday evening, and Miss Holway, who rejoices in the sobriquet of "Countess," arrived this morning. In such bright weather, every thing ought to go well.

Cushing's children seem to be highly satisfied with the presence of Eliza Cooper, and perhaps Mary is delighted with the opportunity of taking Helen Cooper round to see the delights of the city, the chief of which, beyond all competition, is the common with its autumnal glories.

.

I was just now called off, as the young folks are gone abroad, to receive my cousin, Mrs. Gardiner, arrived today from New York, though she left her husband there to attend to the concerns of the church in the great triennial convention.

Be careful to present my sincere regards to Mr. Robert Rogers and his wife, and do not make it too late before you come to Boston. Whom do you expect to visit at New York? You will, of course, let us hear from you there, and give indication of the day, when you will again embrace

Your affectionate father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 23 JANUARY '54.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Your long delay had almost exhausted my patience, because you nearly as good as advised me not to write before receiving your instruction for address, and what you sent me from Philadelphia was not *that* instruction, though very agreeable relation. This morning your hand writing of 20 Inst. is brought, and I make no delay to bestow my benediction upon you.

I was never in better health, in spite of the sloppy weather that lasted ten days and closed on Saturday night last with a hearty North-wester. I go abroad almost every evening, because my eyes do not well bear steady application in writing by the gaslight; but my household attraction is something increased by the coming of your brother from the University. Still he can hardly pass as many hours with me as I desire, and next week he projects an excursion to New York and Philadelphia for visiting a classmate at each city.

We have had large opportunity for expressing our sympathy with the Gardiners. They came to Boston Friday before last, and the next day was heard of the wreck of the steamer San

Francisco, in which their son, W. H. Tudor Gardiner, Captain of the Light Dragoons, was a passenger on his way to join his regiment in California. The ship sailed two days before Christmas, out two days only of her voyage round Cape Horn, she was deprived of the benefit of her engine, at the beginning of a storm, the next day lost the masts, and was wholly at the mercy of the winds and waves. When a sea struck her, before three days out, the upper deck was swept away, and all the persons, in that part lodging, were carried overboard. He was covered by a piece of the wreck, when almost two hundred, officers and men, were floundering in the ocean, of whom only two were saved. Poor fellow he suffered every thing, but death, having no dress but his dressing gown, and for many hours could not even get a blanket, and that wet through. At the end of six days he was taken off by a Boston ship, from New Orleans, and she in distress for want of provisions and water. On board this *relief* vessel they spent a fortnight, eating plain corn and drinking water caught from the rains. However he is doing well, though unable to move freely by reason of violent rheumatism and bruises, and got here last Friday to see his

parents and sisters. He had been transferred two days before reaching New York, to a third ship.

Sincere love to your husband and self
from

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 5 FEBR. '54.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—We had wonderfully cold weather last Sunday and Monday, not so low a state of thermometer for sixteen years, it is said; and now today again it is very sharp air, about 2° early in the morning. These extremes are always followed here by wet, and last Wednesday was an universal thaw, in which I caught a vexatious hoarseness. Perhaps this spell today may pass off with snow, as it must begin in that shape, and if it come not very copious, I shall hope we get off with little wet.

With love to William,

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 22 FEBR. '54.

TO HIS DAUGHTER AT RICHMOND, VA. WHITHER
PROF. ROGERS HAD GONE, IN THE HOPE OF
THE SUCCESS OF A BILL THEN PENDING,
ASKING FOR THE FINAL REVISION AND
PUBLICATION OF THE STATE GEOLOGICAL
REPORTS.

My dear Child,—Your agreeable news of
11th Inst. would produce the impression, that
uncertain action of the Legislature might detain
you at Richmond until the end of Febr. or of
March. It is one of my most gratifying con-
victions, that never again shall my comfort
depend on what may be done or left undone
by the legislative body. The *greatest* nuisance
in our country (and that is saying a great deal)
is the session of its assembled wisdom, *periodi-
cally*, confound it! that is for a period of three,
four or five months every year, beside the tre-
mendous bore of the *general* congress of cor-
ruption at Washington, that beats, in time and
money wasted, all the thirty one state *nonsenses*
out and out. Yet it is a necessary evil that
nobody would more than myself lament the
want of. But let us more and more, to our
dying day, keep clear of the general court, or
general assembly, that we may enjoy good con-

science without suspicion by our neighbors that we have been imposing on the credulity, or tempting the avarice of distinguished members of the illustrious bodies.

Poor Lucy has been greatly afflicted.

The severity of teething for four months has constantly prevented any improvement in flesh, and, week before last, the measles appeared for the second time, with a train of coughs and sore throat and eye complaints to destroy all benignity of smile or roughness of hilarity. In two or three weeks, probably, Harriet, Amos, and the baby will go off for the South to escape our biting East winds until the last week of May. Such is Hayward's advice, and I approve.

Of James we have heard only from New York the week after his departure from us. What his happiness has been he has not told us; nor can expect now so late to learn before his return, that must be expected next week. At least the vacation ends, I believe with this month. Winter enough, at least for a few days, he must have had. Yesterday morning we could find in Boston streets three inches of new snow, when New York had three times as much, Philadelphia six times as much, and even Balti-

more was no better conditioned than Philadelphia.

Love to William.

from yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 11 MARCH, 1854.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Eliza was married last Sunday? The service was at the church in Freeman place.*

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SUNDAY EVENING.

I hear that you were alive and well last Wednesday, because Eliz. Cushing, the judge's wife,† got last evening advice from you of that date, and that you and William were packing up for the next day's leaving Richmond, and Mr. H. D. R., whom for the first time since the marriage I visited this afternoon to take tea with them, tells me you must stop a day or two at Washington, and probably reach Philadelphia next Thursday. So I shall send this thither. It is a great relief both to him and

* Elizabeth Stillman Lincoln to Henry Darwin Rogers. Sunday, March 5th, 1854.

† Second wife.

me that this news came, for it is a cruel long time since we got any account of you.

MONDAY, 13 MAR.

As the days improve in length and temperature, I make some improvement in my Dictionary work, having actually finished three pages in two weeks, and now there remains but one and a half page of blank in the third folio. Perhaps I may open the fourth at the equinox, and have a day of rejoicing, as I remember the third was opened at Lunenburg in 1852.

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON 31 MAY 1854

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Gladly was your letter of 24th from Fairmount, Va. received last Friday, and so rapid a transmission encourages me to feel as if you were not far off. Next evening came one of the same date from Mr. Binney at Cincinnati that afforded me much relief from apprehension, and on Monday I got one from Harriet remaining at C. last Friday where they had reached the preceding Sunday. She says nothing about her health; and Amos's let-

ter encourages me to expect that she is *as well as when she left Boston*. Poor, indeed, is such consolation; but better than my fears from the language of Mr. Gardiner, and the tone of remarks by his mother. Probably they may reach Boston early next week.

Of course, I have bestowed not a minute on any of the occurrences of the anniversary week being too feeble to contribute to exhilaration and unwilling to mar it in others, except the blessed Mass. Congrel. Charit. Society, of which so many as seventeen years I was Treasurer. If tomorrow be as pleasant as today, I may indulge myself with a formal meeting of the Soc. for Prop. the Gospel among the Indians, etc.

Love to your husband from your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, MONDAY 12 JUNE.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—This morning is announced the engagement between Ellen Cooledge and Edmund Dwight, which is very well thought of by their friends of both sides.

James, of course, was with us yesterday, would not be in town next Sunday, even if we were; because being the last of his college term, a valedictory will be given by Presdt. Walker. Next week the youth closes his residence at Cambridge. Now can he, can you, can I, feel confident, that he has gained by the opportunity enjoyed there! What shall be his course of life hence forward is to be determined; and in a merely vulgar estimate of facility of earning a living, that used to be the first thought of every body, and may now be too little regarded, I fear few young men can be found to whom less pay per month would be offered. It is good to have something always in view, and his notions about horticulture may, possibly, turn up better than I expect.

Yours affectionately

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG 18 AUG. '55.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Your letter of Wednesday was very gratifying to me yesterday. So then you had excellent success in all your plans for motion up to the mountains of Berkshire one

day, down to the vale of Worcester next day, and the following morning to the noble city of Providence.

Remaining stationary, some changes have occurred. What do you think was the matter that Mr. Babcock would communicate to his people last Sunday afternoon? Well, the communication was, that he had made up his mind to leave his present station on the walls of Zion next October. This was learned by Susan when, last Wednesday, she took a drive round the village and called at Miss Caldwell's. I fear the town will once more have to go through the difficulty of making up a decent attendance at church, which a new minister is sure to render delusive.

Eliza wished to have the children from Mrs. Cushing's to relieve her of the fatigue of keeping Edith in good humour, while this horrid state of teeth preparation continues; but Mary had gone to Clinton to visit her cousins, so we had to be content with the two younger. Yesterday afternoon, Stephen and Frederic Burrill came to see us, having left Newton in the early afternoon train, and reached Fitchburg at half past two. They go today to Stockbridge, and were very agreeable guests; beside which in the

evening half an hour after sunset came Frank A. Hillard, with his wife, child, and a German girl to attend the baby, who is a perfect model of a servant as far as five minutes observation may justify me in forming opinion. She would do for a soldier, five feet ten inches high, and better looking than one in ten thousand.

Of James* I may hear by this morning's mail, and will send with this, which I will keep unsealed, if anything comes for you.

I am in perfect health, and hope next week, before the middle of it, to show you how strong is your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 4 DEC. 1855.

TO HIS SON, JAMES.

My dear Son,—Our latest advices from you are of 25 Oct. which is, I think, a wider separation than any previous one since you left us almost fourteen months ago. Very pleasant was your tale of the quiet, first enjoyed for five months, on reaching winter quarters at Berlin. Whether in the study or in the laboratory, you will often think, that the advantages you enjoy

* His son in Europe.

are so to be improved, that, next summer, on reaching your native land, you may feel equal to earning your livelihood in some way. What that course may be, is matter of less consequence, if several forms of employment lie open to your choice; and however easy it might be for you in either of them to earn bread and butter, I shall expect you to select, after large survey, that one in which most progress may be acquired. Of use to obtain the *first step* here in promotion for life, would be your bringing a diploma for *some* degree in science; it may be very unimportant what the name of the science is, but let it be reputable. Now this must not be sought at too great expense (I speak not of *money*, for that in Germany must be small, but time) so that you should not wait for such honor more than a fortnight longer than otherwise you would. If your acquisitions in our own country, with the appliances of a semestre at Munich, and now another at Berlin, do not qualify for a degree, why I suppose you never would desire one.

5 DEC.

Your account of a Mr. S. of Hartford, member of *our* Historial Society, is rather indistinct. I imagine the relator said Conn. His. Society.

But probably you pay little heed to what an American may tell of his distinctions at home. Not that I mean, you should look with suspicion upon every countryman you meet, though in certain parts of Europe, where the English language may seem a passport, perhaps the majority may better be distrusted; yet to doubt the bragging of any one, countryman or others, will always be prudent.

I presume you may fall in with Ben. A. Gould at Berlin, who is engaged in looking up astronomical instruments for an observatory to be set up at Albany, I believe. He was at Cambridge observatory some part of your collegiate curriculum, and is one of the worshippers of Professor Pierce.

.

Your friend Willy Binney's wife I saw at his mother's about three weeks ago, and hope to have both of them here some evening this week.

We are quite engaged, I mean the religious society of Dr. Gannett, in looking round as to the probability of finding a site for the new church edifice we hope to erect. You may live to see it finished, but my desire is far stronger than expectation. Vacant lots are not to be seen in this city convenient in distance from

the dwellings of most of the worshippers; and against the only one that presents itself, the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets, where is Park Hall, a few would go to great expense in pulling down houses on a more elevated spot, and another few would pull down in another spot, and another, and another,—so that it must appear doubtful until the land is bargained for. My plan was to order sale of our Federal Street estate, as that would lead to a prompt decision, and in every disease, bodily or political, the speediest treatment is the course of conduct always recommended by your impatient father

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 25 DEC. 1856.

TO HIS DAUGHTER AT PHILADELPHIA.

My dear Child,—A merry Christmas is wished to Girard Street from Temple Place. It was high delight on Monday morning to get your good account of the journey, so punctually performed, and that your husband was improving in his apparent health. Eliz. Cushing got yesterday morning advice of the same encouragement written on Monday, and I hear,

that Henry had received the full despatch at the same time.

We have done very well since you left us, hardly the slightest change in any particular having occurred, except the obtaining a new cord of wood before the snow came on Monday.

Last evening at the Club, happening to be seated next to Lowell for ten minutes, I mentioned the absence of Mr. Rogers, and its cause, what degree of hope there was of his return with sufficient energy to carry off the course of lectures without postponement. He was desirous of the *earliest* information, if it were desirable that the *next* course (Rev. Mr. Alger's) should be *first* given. Clergymen are wont not to be ready many minutes before the day appointed for the service; but in case of William's needing the delay, it might even be excusable to *postpone*, a week, the opening of a course. But first and chiefest is the recovery of William's strength. It is now nineteen days to the first lecture; but the drawing for the seats might well be advertised *next week*, though the first of the following week would be sufficient. Dr. Cotting is rather punctilious about his annunciations. But we must hope that William may not be compelled to delay his course to an

opening on 24 Febr'y for that, you see, would make the closing so late as 7 April.

With my best love to William, Robert, and Fanny, I am, as ever,

Your affectionate father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

21 GIRARD ST.

PHILADELPHIA.

BOSTON, 14 MARCH, 1859.

My dear Mr. Wintthrop,—I rejoice much, that our friend, Mr. Sears, has cancelled the deed, herewith returned. It seems to me, however the liberality of his mind in this benefaction to our Society is strongly exhibited, that such a proposed act as erecting Temple dedicated to the memory of illustrious men, should not be undertaken by any Society that has other objects.—

For the fulfilment of such a trust would, almost of necessity, be sure to excite invidious remarks on the decision in nearly every instance. Remember the violent suspicions and jealousies caused by the establishment of our most innocent brotherhood of the Cincinnati. Nobody but Washington could ever have breasted the surges of calumny, and he was compelled to assent to material variations

from its original design. Before we could erect a half dozen monuments, the obliquity of the judgment of the public would compel men of high sense to abandon the undertaking.

With highest regards, dear Sir,

Yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 20 JULY '59.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN CANADA.

My dear Child,—Had not the usual bad luck attended the letter from your brother James, that he wrote *yesterday week* to be sent by a man going down the lake, though postmarked Keeseville, July 13, so that by various circum-bendibuses it was retarded, and you could not hear anything of him before your departure. His letter I got on Friday, yours from Temple Place on Saturday, and this morning has brought me good story from Mount Desert. James hopes to write again, he says, on Friday; but his hope must have been frustrate, or his missive would have got here before this. How to address him, would be a queer problem. "*Bartletts, between the Lakes*," is the most exact rendering to be put on his whereabouts, yet except

that the landlord has fine hounds and abundance of material for shooting, and the deer are plenty; and though the brook trout are of little account, those of the lakes are much regarded, it might be that we should feel as ignorant of the *place* since he got there, as before he sat out for it.

We get along here admirably, but with little variety of incidents. On Sunday I went with Mrs. Hillard to church at Leominster, and would next Sunday drive to Fitchburg. Indeed I asked Miss Cushing on Saturday if she would go with us last Sunday; but she declined, probably on her mother's account.

There is no change in appearance, except as the large gathering of hay goes on.

A few letters are over the fire place, two for William from Williamsburg, Virga. and two for you, one from Boston, of the import of which I can form safely no conjecture, the other from Springfield, having probably some reference to the approaching assembly of savants and savantesses there.

The hours do not hang heavy, because in the daylight I have more to do in twelve hours than would occupy twenty; but all the time am sensible of responsibility for good health to be preserved, and that the best economy is not to

lose half my days in the next two years by vainly trying to finish the work in a year and three quarters. But in the evening comes the regular trial of my *game of patience*, in which it is always easy to make variety. Let me not fail to hear of your motions, emotions, and commotions, that proper promotions may follow your return to the embrace of your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

TO MRS. ROGERS FROM HER AUNT MRS. HILLARD.

Dear Emma,—Make yourself perfectly easy about your Father and myself, we are doing very well, *he* seems quite contented and happy, and *I* am so thankful we have no company, I believe I should run away myself if we had. Quiet and solitude are what I need, and what I could not have had any where else, they will do their work with God's blessing, which I hope will not be withheld from me. I have been sorely tryed dear Emma, but I hope I can say God's will be done. I have had letters from Harriett, Oliver and Frank. I hope you will stay just as long as you wish to and have a good

time, the girls behave exactly right, I read the proof sheets, and all is well.

R. A. H.

LUNENBURG, 27 JULY '59.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—I might postpone writing to you until there was some thing to tell, but then you would not get the letter probably in the British Province, if any where in this world. Since writing to you there is come advices from James of 17 current at Saranac, of course telling about trout, and the fly (not only that with which that exquisite fish is taken, but the infesting legion that half ate up the fisherman.) He lays out to make next halt on Lake George at Bolton, thence to Albany probably, and down the Hudson. How would he have a letter addressed to him, do you suppose?

This indefiniteness of direction is very natural, when people who do not keep in their travelling suits the longest part of the year. But the failure in geography is also to be lamented, and your despatch, of the same date with James's from Saranac, though it well begins at South West

harbour in Mount Desert, and has a postscript from William is wanting both in *when* and *where*, except that some conclusion in logic would follow from the writing on the *outside*, "Paid 10," that it was entrusted to the mail within the dominions of her blessed majesty Victoria; yet a later despatch of 19th from Bar harbour comes to hand only with U. S. stamp.

Your Aunt Hillard is gone to Fitchburg to look for hair, that she may set the servants at work, stuffing cushions. We have had excellent times for getting onward in life easy, no warm day since that you left us with.

On Sunday last we went with Mrs. Thurston to hear the Fitchburg minister, and the preceding Sunday we were at Leominster; but encouragement is held out that next Sunday our own church of Lunenburg shall have its own teacher.

But I must stop, or the mail can be brought before getting my regular exercise.

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

Keeping the letter open until reaching the Post office, I have the great pleasure of finding your copious advice of 24th. Nothing later

from Jamie. *Another* letter from Kate Howard at Springfield, so I shall reply as you desire. But other letters over the fire-place may not need to be opened. Now I go home to dinner.

LUNENBURG, FRIDAY, 29 JULY, 1859.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—After receiving your advice of last Sunday, that came to us on Wednesday, I opened the note of Kate L. Howard coming that same post, as also the one that came eight days before, and of course, as the subject of the two was your company solicited to make agreeable the Convention of Science next week, I wrote to decline for you, inasmuch as your explorations in the British Province would probably hold you over next week, or, at least, you could not reach *here* before the end of next week many hours, you could, at best, have the pleasure of partaking in the Scientifics except by a peep near the close of sessions.

Yesterday the remaining fish prisoners were discharged from the aquarium. *Some had died*, so had the salamanders also, and the leeches had not been seen since your departure. Monsieur frog had been elevated to a better school

in Smailes's brook; and this is, I believe, all the household economy that you are much interested in.

A charming note from Harriet Guild that came three days after you left, was opened yesterday and contents should have been noted, had it been necessary.

Yesterday came letter by the Europa from England; and I run the risk of detaining it, because of uncertainty of its reaching you before you get to Boston. Probably the same mail brought advices from George S. Hillard.

My health has been perfect, and the chief anxiety about it is, that I may grow too fat, and so less than at present may be the esteem of the world for

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

TEMPLE PLACE, 21 NOV. '60.

TO MRS. ROGERS.

My dear Child,—Your exhilarating despatch of Sunday came yesterday to instruct us as to your experience on the journey.

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Gladly you must hear of our gaining the two

Cushing girls to pass Sunday with us, although their visit was too short. Eliz. went back to Mr. Porter's on Monday, and we could not keep Fanny over yesterday on account of her music lesson. But the few hours gave us great delight. Eliza has been able to go abroad every day and her daughter has missed going to school only once.

My amusement by candle light is good enough without straining my eyes over books. From Mrs. Guild at Brookline we have received a fine supply of ripe pears, and at first my hope was to preserve them for you; but they were too good to keep, as decay had set in.

Much more you must not expect to be told, for the daily gazettes tell everything of general interest; and as to petty affairs, as I have not gone out of the house to any friends, not even to the opposite door, you can wait for the return home to get what turns up, if there be anything worth hearing that escapes me. So I close with best regards to dear brother Robert and his blessed wife, and renewed affection deepened by the long absence of your husband and yourself from your father

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, SUNDAY, 7 JULY 1861.

TO HIS SON, JAMES.

My dear Son,—You must not depart without a few words of blessing from me in the most important event of your life that tomorrow you are to enter upon. I could not part with you by direct contact of hands,—*da jungene dextras*—for it almost overcomes my fortitude to contemplate the occurrence. But you know, without being told, how unreservedly I commit you to the call of duty and honor, my only son, and how readily I assent to your devotion to the cause of your country, the great hope of human rights, and the sacred vindication of the integrity of my country.

In this undertaking for the defence of the glorious constitution of 1789, to which is due all the splendor of our nation's glory and happiness, which may require years of self-sacrifice, and of which, under the over-ruling Providence that governs the affairs of men however waywardly disposed, there can be no doubt of the final result, it may be that my life will not be prolonged to see the close. Be it even so, I know there can never such darkness over-spread our course, that light enough will not continue for us to see the bright termination.

The hope of all nations for our success will not be disappointed; nor in reaching this happy end, through two or three years, or even longer, of the deadly strife, shall my country ever be brought so low, as in the days of my youth.

The elasticity of our republican energy is proved solely by the pressure. Four months ago I hardly knew, that there was any country for me to strive or hope for; and in this third of a year what immense change is produced. Did the civilized world ever witness such a revolution in so short a time? The agony of despondence and the universal distrust are over. We, the people of these United States, the offspring in the seventh and eighth generation of the blessed emigration from England between 1620 and 1641, with the added millions of regenerated men from the purest sources of France, Holland, Switzerland, Germany and other countries that could protest against tyranny only by emigration to this side of the ocean, in latter times, have before us the prospect of unequalled national felicity earned and sanctified by the contest so long prepared for by one misguided faction in this land, and so unwillingly undertaken by the body of our population.

You may chance, in the progress of a few months to see the brothers of your blessed mother, who probably are now, with their long adopted home in Virginia, wishing all evil to our armed hosts. On the banks of the Fluvanna, not above thirty miles from the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, their farm is situated, and though no considerable town is near, your opportunity may occur to partake their hospitality, as it has to me; but you have never, I think, seen that neighborhood. To bring your mother to mind such a visit will not be at all necessary, for you must not fail to reflect how she would sympathize in your glorious service; and when you, day by day, remember me, I charge you still more devotedly to think of her. What would she feel in your reputation, and how would she advise in any unexperienced emergency that may befall you! It is not in my power to conceive, that my son will ever act in a manner unworthy even of his father; but that his mother's son should fail to show from whom he derived his first lessons of truth and moral dignity is impossible. Think of her, think of her, as still counselling you, though near twelve years have run, since you heard her voice.

Of course you can sometimes steal a few min-

utes to tell us here, how affairs go on, about which the newspapers must be unable to afford us any light. The soldier's life is not, of necessity, one of unbroken anxiety, like that of his commanding officer, and though every day, almost every hour, must have its round of duty to be performed, the constancy of the occupation will prevent ennui, and often supply pleasure. It is now many years since I have known a single idle *day*, and for six months to come I expect that every waking *hour* has claims to forward the completion of my twenty years' service.

Last Monday I went to Boston, and attended to your business of paying one thousand and thirty dollars to Geo. Putnam to liquidate that portion of the mortgage on your Roxbury property that would fall due next day, and I have no day light to write a word, but the brief

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

SUNNY HILL, 31 JULY, 1861.

TO MRS. GARDINER AT GARDINER, MAINE.

My dear Cousin,—It is very long since the receipt of your agreeable note dated 1 Inst.

but, from the first day of the month to the latest it would not be easy for the accusing angel to charge me with many idle hours. All my waking time that goes without lamp light is given to the demands of the printer, and the *third* volume, bigger than either of the preceding, *shall* be issued next month, barring extraordinary casualties, for the 600th page has just now gone from me to be stricken off.

Of my son we hear with tolerable regularity; and from his regiment the daily newspapers would speedily communicate every thing whether agreeable or disagreeable. But you must not magnify my patriotism, as if the giving up my only son to be a soldier was any *devotion*. In my sentiment, deeply rooted, the present contest is to settle *permanently* (now and forever! you may exclaim), what shall be the course of these United States. Now I feel the great *uncertainty*, almost the *certainty*, as to duration of this civil convulsion. Probably I shall not live to see the end; but my share of the expense of the controversy may be a very large or a moderate one; and whether more or less, it is too presumptuous for me to foresee the result. That result must be consistent with the *benefit* of the human race, as well as the *ultimate* good

of my country, but it may be a score of years to pass before it is ascertained. The return of peace from *this* civil war must be slow; it will not, I think, be any other than a gradual acquisition. No man is bold enough, I hope, to prophesy the *great* details of adjustment, much less the inferior ones. As I would readily go myself to partake the peril, were my age not thirty years beyond the propriety of beginning a military career, what right have I to object to the undertaking of my son. He never asked my consent, because he felt sure of my approbation unasked; and I would not accept five million dollars to encourage him to leave his duty in so plain a case.

It grieves me, that your son must forego all the opportunity of showing his spirit and the knowledge of so many years' experience, by the constitutional infirmity;—especially as this very infirmity is the consequence of his severe training in years of Indian service.

Herewith is the copy of the photograph that Emma has preserved for you; but the other matter, stereoscope, is not to be found.

Please make your husband know, how much and how often I think of him, especially since day before yesterday brought me the news of the

departure of his classmate, Henry Newman, last Sunday. I saw him a few days before leaving Boston, and he seemed as well as ever, and that is saying much.

I was never in better health but mindful of the fragility of life after passing 77 years, as I did near three weeks ago. If you have as good season for the main New England crops, hay and potatoes, as we anticipate here, (indeed for the hay we may speak more positively,) you shall not complain of the failure of the benignity of heaven more than could

Your affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, 29 MAY, '62.

TO HIS SON JAMES.

My dear Son,—Our not unreasonable anxiety to hear of you since the terrible retreat from Strasberg was relieved by Major Copeland yesterday, when he dined with us, telling of his receipt of the telegraphic despatch that morning. Today your own precious handwriting, in pencil, last Monday, 26 Inst, from Williamsport, is at hand, and your *long* impatience for active service has been *abundantly* rewarded.

I suppose the experience of three days retiring before a superior force of the enemy, especially so greatly disproportionate, with frequent charges and counter-charges of the retreating and pursuing forces, must much exceed the common instruction of six months' campaign. Well, the memory may be pleasant next year, and delightful in a score of years; but some vexation there will be felt for one or another cross accident in the history, and perhaps some mortification for the failure of this or that platoon or company of whom better things were expected. Horrid obstacles the *impedimenta* of our classic narratives, the baggage and stores of modern hostilities, must be accounted. In my active life, during alarms of yellow fever, and approaches of cholera, I was accustomed to feel, that of all diseases a panic was the worst. Few, very few of your division, I trust, could suffer the paralysis that the contagion of a panic spreads instantaneously; and when you next month march up the valley of the Shenandoah, the sight of its rocky boundaries, right and left, will be attended with hourly exultation. The loss of companions will longer moderate your enjoyment in the fierce delight of conflict, (that is probably the shortest translation of Tacitus'

graphic illustration of the Manners of the Germans, *gaudia certaminis*) but the comparing of notes with survivors in a future day will revive more vividly the merits of the departed than if they had fallen in the common processes of Providence instead of by the malignity of man. Dear is the purchase, very dear, but the country seems to be unanimously coming to my opinion fourteen months ago, that the prize is worth it, and ten times more, if the outlay reach to that aggregate.

Emma desires me to ask, if she can do any service in writing for you to parents or near friends of some of your dead or wounded followers. She gladly would undertake whatever you wish in this behalf; and since last October has been so constantly engaged in labors for the contrabands to supply clothing or instruction or sanitary materials, would enable her to act with equal discretion and promptitude. She is gone this forenoon with Mary Cushing to Mount Auburn that must be just now in its sweetest week of the year, for we have recovered from the backward condition of all the surface of the land three weeks ago; and the exuberance of vegetation makes it probable that our season shall turn out benignantly, especially in *fruits*,

the most valuable of which in New England, you know, is grass. Rogers was so much excited by your letter this morning as almost to take up his line of march before dinner to see after your comforts upon the upper waters of the Potomac. However he was calmed by his own reflections; and sticks very diligently to the duties of his office,* in which he feels justly the importance of *starting* right, as no predecessor had furnished example to be shunned or imitated. A year ago we hoped to be this day well advanced on our way to England, if not actually landed there. This horrible rebellion leaves us uncertain of the glorious restoration of our government to undisputed quiet or beneficent activity, but surely there can be no such thing in this year of our Lord. My book is beyond the power of correction and the capacity of delaying me, for the last word of revision of the corrected last page of proof was last week sent to Cambridge. There are no more “*k. by the Ind. †*” to be taken account of, and my closing of Vol. IV almost *certifies* me, that all the faults to be found in it will exhaust the patience of any discoverer before he attains

* Gas inspection.

† “Killed by the Indians.”

the 714 page of such a close packed succession of columns.

I desire earnestly to go up to Lunenburg next week, for there my exemption from employment, that has severely occupied me nineteen years and more, will be most potentially felt. Nothing to do in town supposes much of every day to be wasted; but in the country the same phase of necessity imports that the mind is at liberty to give itself up without anxiety to any occurrence, Quo me cunque rapit tempestas.

Your

JAS. SAVAGE.

MONDAY, 23 Nov. '63.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—To your letter of Saturday, that came to hand this morning, quick response, as it ought, shall follow. It was not a surprise to me, that you would not leave New York before tomorrow, though the letter from England last Friday received here, was directed by me to 1121 Girard Street, Phila. rather than the nearer city, as it might have failed to greet your eyes in any city between.

We have got on very agreeably, and Mary

makes a first rate housekeeper, practising, like a judicious apprentice, what she must so soon be compelled to superintend. She desires me to say, that *the whole* of your errands have been fulfilled; and the only article of *business* beside is, a bill brought in this morning, *amount only five dollars*, for *something*, bought of *somebody*, *somewhere*, but neither the *place*, *person*, or *material* being legible, I can hardly pay the bill; and you will please, on going, after you reach home, to pay for the article purchased 18 Nov. the day before you left home, to express your father's malediction on such bad chirography.

After business, I presume, you would inquire for report of amusements, and I am glad to assure you that Friday and Saturday the two girls enlivened me for an hour or two in the evenings, having once aid of Mr. Porter, in the last our young neighbor*, student from Cambridge. We have played the game of all fours with only three to speculate.

I must leave a margin for one of your nieces, after assuring you of the remembrance every hour of

Your father

J. SAVAGE.

* James Putnam.

BOSTON, 1 DEC. 1863.

TO PROF. ROGERS.

Dear William,—Your very agreeable letter of Saturday reached me next day, and very glad was I to learn that your stay in New York had been subservient to the health for which you were in search, and that must enable you to put cheer into the circle, to which your brother will be so closely confined. Letters you got, I presume, sent back from Philadelphia, especially one from London, though of any other my memory has not preserved knowledge; but here is a parcel on your study table that will cost you six good hours to hurry through after your return. Of them all I suppose the value would not be lessened by delay for a few days, as confidently I judged was the case with the U. S. tax bill that must claim benefit all this month.

Coming from church over the common, Mr. Ross overtook me, when I gave him your message about Wm. Preston.*

On Sunday evening I called for an hour on Mrs. Richards, who, tomorrow, will go down to Kennebeck with her youngest brother to have perhaps the latest instruction from her father.

My health had continued admirable, and all

* The Architect of the Mass. Institute of Technology.

my acquaintance take occasion to congratulate me for it. Careful enough of it I am sure Emma would concede, for half the evenings and more since you left us I have not stirred beyond our own door, and I eat as cheerfully and sleep as soundly as if she were at home. Every day I get down stairs before the two younger girls, and we do not wait breakfast, if they are retarded in their appearance at the table

The Count and Countess Klevzkowski called here this morning before my getting back from half a dozen stops down town on different concerns of business natural enough on the *first* day of winter. Always I look out boldly, as far as my purse is concerned, for the next quarter, and so remain full as ever of comfort and joy as

JAS. SAVAGE.

BOSTON 9 DECEMBER '63.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—I take this small piece of paper on which to write to you this morning, because I have so little to say beyond due acknowledgment of your letter of Sunday received yesterday morning.

Probably you would be as much interested in

the story of the concomitants of our young friend, Harry Higginson's wedding last Saturday as in anything that could be told. Last Saturday at *noon* the ceremony was performed in the Appleton chapel, and I did not reach the edifice before the first half dozen of the interested had withdrawn; but I shook hands on the sacred steps with the fathers of both bride and groom, as also Col. Lee and one or two other near friends of the parties.

You can expect no details of ceremony or dress as I was so much behind time, but the bride and her husband escape much overflow of visitors because they are staying at Mr. Lowell's (as I think) in Waltham. You are old enough to know that the marriage gratulations in our world, may be followed in few days by the mourning for some one, especially if the circle of acquaintance and friends be of wide circumference. The very day *before* our young friend Higginson's completion of felicity, Mrs. Daniel P. Parker's daughter Emily, lately married to Dr. Pickman, was numbered with the dead.

I had good opportunity to write to your cousin Thomas Savage, at Havana last week, and had, of course, as so many months had rolled over

us, since the interruption of correspondence by the diabolical rebellion, to recur to the great losses that have fallen upon both of us. If he ever have another wife, she may not, I hope, be Spanish, though nothing could be more improper than to express to him this sentiment; and he may have a degree of affection for that island, as it was his birthplace. Let us give thanks that we were born in Boston.

Your affectionate

JAS. SAVAGE.

1 TEMPLE PLACE, 6 FEBR. 1864.

Dear Mr. Winthrop,—Herewith the admirable note of our kind friend, Romilly, is returned, with warm thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending it to me. Our attraction to England is lessened by the certainty that, after the doleful experience of our civil war ends, we should miss the constant benignity of one of the ornaments at the University of Cambridge, *gentis, incunabula nostrae*.

Ever yours,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 19 JUNE 1864.

TO PROF. ROGERS.

My dear William,—Your advice from Halifax written only twenty four hours from port, out of sight of land, and closed when making signals for the pilot, hoping to reach your stopping place in 2 hours, yet out of sight of any thing but fog, came to us on Wednesday. Very pleasant was your account of fellow passengers, who are of so great importance to one's comfort, as to make a sea voyage often the most agreeable time we ever pass beyond our own home.

Of course we have had joyous days at Sunny hill since Miss Putnam came to us, and told of your felicitous associations in the morning. Nothing of predominant interest has occurred here in our little circle, which on the evening of Friday 17th current was increased by coming of Miss Whitwell, as on preceding Saturday it had been by Mr. Porter. His affiancée rules our dinner and tea table with much tact; but his visits must be short.

A letter from J. S. Newbury of 5 current post-marked 6, Cleveland, came up here enclosing photographs you had sent for, one for you, one for Henry, and asking for *yours*, and *his*. I begged *yours* from Mary O. Cushing, and sent

him; but may not be lucky enough to know soon of private hand to carry his letter and enclosure that ought not to take the fortuitous carriage of mail to you.

For Emma came from A. Miller, first Lieut. Vet. Res. Corps, dated at Cliffburn barracks, Washington, D.C., 3 June in answer to her inquiries about the last sufferings of my son, his fellow prisoner. He also mentions the kindness of the ladies; but the whole *enclosed five pages he sent had better be transmitted to you, for Eliza must desire the particulars as much almost as she. Mr. Miller also desires picture of James and as I shall not write to him, you may answer fully from Europe or after return, unless Emma will insist on her right and duty. Perhaps I ought further to copy from his letter: "My face is nearly well. I wear an artificial eye; but I intend to have another operation performed this fall, if I can get to New York."*

The season promises more favorable return of products of the soil than for many years. Never I think was so great a show of blossoms on blackberry bushes by the road side; but a *drouth* may ruin these, as it will the *grass crop on our hill*, if it last three days more. But the

general deep soil of the farms in this town and neighborhood will be likely to yield good return for the farmer's diligence.

Our neighbor Riley's son got home last week in fine spirits from his service in the war, and would enlist again, but that his mother had so watchfully tended him in his prostrate state of fever with ague, that he must hearken to her opposition.

20 JUNE.

You would gain from the newspapers later intelligence than could be sent from here in the seclusion of the country; but the gazettes in our Daily Advertiser of this morning with reports official to Sunday morning, (yesterday after sunrise,) are wholly satisfactory to me. My patience is exceeded by nothing but my confidence in result. So charging you to have no apprehension of evil omens, with kindest regards to your brother, his precious wife, and the plaything, I am yours and Emma's as ever

JAMES SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 2 JULY, 1864.

My dear Child,—I read last week a book, brought out by the times, entitled "The Potomac

and the Rapidan." It was the work of the Chaplain of the 2nd Massachusetts Regiment, Rev. Alonzo H. Quint. From the bloody day of Antietam, when he told of the fall of Lieut. Col. Dwight, he goes back to relate the murderous service of 9 Aug. at Cedar Mountain, and combines the gaps in the line of "such men as Abbott, Cary, Goodwin, Williams, Perkins, Dwight—dead." Then returning to his date of writing, he enlarges: "And now we are sad at the loss of another, Major Savage, who died in Virginia of wounds received at Cedar Mountain: an honorable, brave soldier, refined, gentle, warm hearted, and one of the purest minded men I ever knew; an only son, whose parents may God bless. Nobody knew James Savage but to respect and love him." We ought not to desire more from the Chaplain of his regiment, whose book is a happy medley of scrupulous facts and most intense sensibility. The author's strong right heartedness neutralizes his Calvinism, and he resolutely asserts the religious emotions of many a one whose dogmatic phraseology he might esteem very deficient in precision.

For the most favorable promise of early June in the dominion of vegetation, an extraordinary

drought has supervened, as the doctors say. Yesterday I went to Boston, and got back without suffocation. Hay is *short*.

Week before last your Aunt Savage went to Portland, and suffered in the three days heat 24-26 of the month, of which the highest range here, our postmaster told me was 103 of Fahrenheit. In our entry it stood at 86.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Lee, sister of my dear friend Buckminster, died, as you may have anticipated, not many days after you left Boston. Yet it seemed sudden.

At Boston I saw the Putnams, the younger lady having *returned* from fortnight's visit in the country. I dined there, had not time to do every thing, forgot more than one, but on my walk from Temple Place to take the cars for Leominster, called three minutes at George S. Hillard's.

3 JULY.

Every day since you left us I have enjoyed high health. Miss Whitwell came to visit us before Miss Putnam went away; and before Miss Whitwell left us, Miss Dixwell, now with us, came to keep us in animation. Fanny drove her over, with our new Fitchburg horse, to take up Mr. Porter and myself at Leominster; and

coming from there on Friday afternoon, we had the pleasure of seeing my admirable friend, good old Mr. Treasurer Wilder in the road, and had ten minutes chat.

Here is large accumulation of pamphlets and letters from divers persons for William, but not one of sufficient interest to bear to be forwarded.

4 JULY.

No thunder of artillery is heard on our retired hill this morning to acknowledge the Independence of our country, which today must be celebrated with almost as great anxiety as exultation. A day of uncertainty it must seem to many; and since the first outburst of the diabolical war, as I have never for a moment felt any doubt of its result, none ought to be tolerated now. But I am of sanguine, and sanguinary, complexion of mind, perhaps too much accustomed to have every thing turn out as foreseen. Well! on this day the stars and stripes are waving on a high staff at Sunny Hill, *and, and* how near Richmond I am not prepared to express. Let me hope it can be over Petersburg as the last resting place before the cockatrice's den. But the complication of politics at Washington seem portentous of evil, and what

means the *retirement* of our Secretary of the Treasury? it is capable of no good augury. That Bill for two hundred and twenty five £ I sent William week before last was bought for twenty one hundred and eighty dollars, the next day would have been twenty two hundred and thirty dolls. or more, and last week on Friday might not have been procured for twenty seven hundred.

At the Post Office this morning your letter from *England*—that is *sweet Ireland*, of the date of the second Saturday after leaving Boston reached Lunenburg. Your passage was good enough, and as to the seasickness, it ought not to have been less. For William the comfort of daily meals was much more to be anxious about than for your abundant health before embarkation.

Our excellent old friend, President Quincy died last Friday, when I was in town, but it was not known to me till read in this morning's paper. You may, I think, assure every body you see on the Continent, that of our existing internecine war, there *can* be but one end, and that the people of France, Austria, Spain, or whoever else wishes to show tenderness to exiles from us, may prepare for extensive calls on their

benevolence, until the refugees gain courage enough to feel that they might be perfectly safe from any evil but *contempt*. I doubt, if two score in the five hundred thousand will be honored with adequate punishment.

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 9 JULY 1864.

My dear Child,—Yesterday brought me the letter of 24 ult. from Glasgow, precisely on *fourteenth* day from date, as on the same mail steamer came the *details* of the destruction of the plundering Alabama, that we had brief report of two days before. Very agreeable is every word of your despatches, particularly about that dear daughter of Eliza's, whom to dandle would draw me *across* the Atlantic, if you were *here* to regulate the household. But how could I be away from this place a single week, much more for five months? It seems indispensable to have the current of the day constantly under supervision; yet Eliza was shocked, that you did not carry me with you. What *would* Sunny Hill have been the middle of October next? How should preparation in

Boston for the ensuing season have been adequate? Explain this matter to her *full* satisfaction.

Quite a long visit the chief physician of Fitchburg, Boutelle, gave me the day before yesterday, having been called to our village by some body not by us known. Happily our town has not a single practitioner of the healing art, at present, for the *young* one of last year, when the *old* one died, took himself elsewhere for richer pasture; and the place is too dry in soil for any prevalence of disease. Too dry, we fear, is it for the kindly fruits of the season. Strawberry vines are exhausted and our green peas parched in their pods. Indian corn may defy, perhaps, the failure of moisture; but potatoes, so much more valuable product, may be mealy, indeed, but not generous in size. The little Naiads mourn their famished urns.

I rejoice to say, that we have gained a great refreshment from a *little* rain, and so the dust that nearly stifled us yesterday going to and returning from the church at Leominster is laid for six and thirty hours at least.

Yours

JAMES SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 31 JULY 1864.

My dear William,—Your letter of 15 came three days ago, so we feel that you are not so far from us, as you might be in some uncivilized portion of our own country.

Our Eliz. S. Cushing went last Thursday, or the day before, to visit at Worcester that nice girl, Miss Lincoln, granddaughter of my old friend Governor L. with whom I was coadjutor when Emma was a very small child at school.

You ought not to feel any *distrust* as to the final result of our accursed war, however justifiable *anxiety* must continue. Almost any civil war would, in the nature of the case, be of indefinite duration, as its usual close is in entire subjugation; but, in this convulsion of our side of the Atlantic, analogy from our father land can hardly be illustrative. Since it began without reason, it may possibly be finished without reason; but I can hardly allow myself to fear, that the terms of peace will contain chiefly new *pabulum for restoration* of war. As to any favor of slavery for a period of a year to a day, it is almost as likely that the duration of peace should be limited to nine years or nine months or even nine hours. It seems to me, that the

intrigues of such piddling politicians as talk of a renewal of amity between North and South solely on return to the Constitution, *as it was*, are well enough countervailed by the straightforward common sense of our Yankees. It was anciently a maxim of Castilian pride, that a *short* war was not consistent with Spanish honor; and surely any civil war, especially over a territory of four million square miles, may hardly be expected to finish itself in four years. We must have the concomitant evils with the benefits of such horrid *unbounded* empire as heaven has inflicted on us.

I AUGUST.

We have had this morning quite a change in our circle. The two Putnam boys, students at our college in the senior and junior classes, respectively, who have passed eleven or twelve days here, and Miss Morse, who came to us with some of the Putnam tribe, have all gone, the boys on foot, since our early breakfast. The pedestrianians go almost due North to enjoy Monadnock and every other elevation on the west of the Merrimac; but we have the promise from their younger sister of coming this week to *finish* her visit so delightfully *begun* week before last. Never was brighter morning for

beginning a journey, and I fear it may continue so bright as to deny moisture for our vegetation and even drink for the cattle. However the immediate vicinity of the ocean is refreshed with Easterly breezes, and they have been felt even as far as this, but lasting only two or three hours, and not strong enough to bear us a burden of clouds.

I feel great interest in the political state of Europe, as it may materially affect our country. If that great gambler at Paris be not engaged in embroiling the *Eastern* he must seek room to let off his pestilence upon our side of the wide waters. That uneasy throne in Mexico may be made more quiet by convulsions to be patronized in Texas, and many thousand soldiers of fortune can be got from the defeat of our rebellion to keep up the hope of havoc. If not wanted for subjection of the *independent* on the continent, they make fine buccaneers, and may be engaged to conquer the island of Cuba, turning their arms against the very power in whose cause *nominally* the third Napoleon enlisted them.

2 AUGUST.

The news that came yesterday from the Virginia seat of war so closely approaching to

a matter of high interest, that I shall not seal up this little scrawl without finding what this morning's mail can bring. Possibly it may enable me to add nothing but my signature, with tenderest regard to wife and Eliza from their father

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 23 JULY 1864.

My dear Child,—The steamer of 20th might have carried from Boston the letter of Mrs. Cabot, herewith forwarded, had she been scrupulously careful to send it to George S. Hillard the day she wrote it, instead of putting it under cover of 21st to me up here in the region of hills, where it was received about the same hour that it would have left Halifax. However it is safety, not promptitude, that a lady most thinks of, and the news she sends is often anticipated by the regular mails.

Yesterday brought your welcome and copious letter of 8th from Edinburg with postscript of 9th from William. But how failed my despatch of 20th June to reach you safely? It was *probably* addressed to care of Baring Bros. & Co. Since that, may be, a different address may have

been used, one (I know) was to care of H. D. Rogers, Professor at Glasgow.

Advice to William. Do not fail to inform me *what* and *when items* of income will be likely to accrue to you, as the *sum* may be used for remittance or expense here. I mean *since* the Nashua which gave you the latter part of June \$1050. I dare not think of giving you another remittance while the rate of exchange is so enormously inflated, so you may be sure, the first minute of getting advice of more funds for your comfort, that the good cause has prospered.

.

Aunt Hillard has improved not a little in her week's trial of the air at Sunny Hill. If only dryness were needed, there was never more. Every thing is parched up, even the brook, called for poor Smailes, has not a drop of water *running*, and that I never remember to have occurred before. There has been not five hours rain in seven weeks, and much of our fruit, apples and peaches, drops stunted from the trees. We shall have rain to restore the fall feed, or autumnal grass, no doubt, and all the New England fields shall be green before your return. Ah! that return I long for, being well tired of subjection to three grandchildren.

I am charmed with your Leven, Loch Lomond, Callender, Sterling, to Edinburg, being the reverse of my course. But I saw more going by Perth, on the chief river of Britain.

Your affectionate father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 8 AUGUST '64.

My dear Child,—It seems an age since we heard from you, because our steamer, that shall have brought letters from you, was belated in reaching Boston via New York. By the coach at half past ten A. M. it will be looked for, and meantime I may proceed to tell you what has interested us since my last advices to your side, under date of 2d Inst. or current perhaps more exact.

On last writing to William there was little hope expressed as to relief from the tormenting drought, though the promise came just before sunset that very day. Wednesday before daylight the heavenly benignity began, and with most exactly calculated rate of descent followed the rain that penetrated the earth almost as far as human avidity could wish. Our lawn is restored almost to the first week of June's

verdure, and even the brooks have renewed their vivacity in some slight degree, and cattle may quench their thirst without travelling to the shore of Onkechawalom. We had quite an old fashioned leak over the front door and on the east side of my library, six tubs of size greater or smaller were in use in the front entry and some preparation in my room. Luckily our visitors had got away two days before, and no inconvenience was thought of.

That army, of which you in a distant country receive news from with great anxiety, no doubt, and greater vexation with each latest report, because the disclosure is not of any precise approach to a close of this devastating civil war. But you must *learn*, and more than that you must *teach* our friends, that the termination is not so near, to human appearance, as it seemed two months since. The condition of civil war is, of necessity, one that admits no end, we might almost say, for short of extirpation how can it come? Death or voluntary exile of its chiefs is the sole end that the losing side must meet, at least in its principal projectors; and the sober people of England ought to reperuse the annals of their state from 1642 to 1648. Next they ought to measure the square miles of their

own blessed island, less than seventy thousand, and the survey of our dominion, *I fear*, could not be so little as four millions. The wrath of heaven, for that wicked war upon Mexico, inflicted upon us the addition of half a million or more; and strike *some average* between the two surfaces, with what arithmetical skill you may, the diabolical contention may well be terminated between *two*, and *five and twenty* times two years. Yet the wrath of man shall praise him, and the greatness of the change in four millions of men, women and children may compensate the cost of blood and treasure in two hundred or twenty hundred weeks. I shall not live to see the total recovery of peace, but I feel confident that the world will rejoice in its *return* not doubt and groan for its *insecurity*.

AFTERNOON.

Your husband's letter of 22 ult. came this morning, and is very encouraging in all but the sad annunciation of 22 Oct. as your day for leaving England to come home. I shall hardly be able to keep up my spirits, for they grow languid now, when it is only two months today since you left us. Probably your letter to Lizzie was as much valued by her as William's by me

for variety is so agreeable coming at the same moment over the same ocean.

Much do I rejoice at what you tell of Lady Lyell, whom I very kindly remember in Boston. Since 2d June I have neither seen nor heard of anybody in that blessed town, except those who have come here, but hope to add Susan Hillard in few days, and living in hope, am

Your affectionate father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 15 AUGUST '64.

Dear William,—Your latest report of 29 ult. came to us on Friday last, the fourteenth day from its date, and was very gladly examined. We want more exact statements of your health, because you are likely to be later in reaching home than was our calculation, and the difference of a fortnight or three weeks may be found to give a bad passage instead of a good one. A very few hours of malignant tempest in November may cause us on shore as great anxiety as to you on board ship. Our seasons vary, I know, not a little between one year and another; but October is late enough, generally speaking, to cross the Atlantic, yet much de-

pende on the moon, for the long nights are materially shorter for her assistance.

I might make remittance for your benefit of three hundred pounds, but the lapse of time may be more beneficial in reduction of rate of exchange than the interest lost; and probably Baring and Bros. would meet your drafts as readily without as with funds in hand. Meanwhile the general prosperity of all interests in New England continues, except that of the shipping. A scoundrel privateer may burn in a day what a month can hardly repair.

We have wonderfully been revived by gentle rain again, and all our fields are green as in early May. The heat was, however so long continued without moisture as to lessen the growth of fruit upon trees. Our apples and peaches must be small, if they be sweet enough to compensate.

16 Aug.

To-day the younger Miss Putnam leaves us and will make a great deficiency in our family circle. We ought not so much to lament this as to be grateful for the exhilaration that all the *four* have afforded. Yet what uncommon diversity between each of the boys and each of the girls.

We have nothing of striking importance by mail reports. The world is made chiefly of small men, and small things suit them. Our Lizzie is going tomorrow to Charleston in N. H. to visit her cousins.

No doubt the inclosed will be agreeable to Emma, and so I end with assurance as ever

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 21 AUG. 1864.

My dear Daughter,—In the letter of William received yesterday, the hopes of your return before November are scattered; and so you must expect tedious long nights on board ship, unless indeed the relief of moonlight in pleasant weather shorten the darkness. Well, it is sometimes as genial in November first ten or twelve days as in the month preceding, and almost never does a bitterly perilous storm come on before the passing of full moon. Besides my hope is of your making *one* voyage from Liverpool to New York, instead of *two* from L. to Halifax, thence to Boston, as I tried this track.

.

The destruction of Temple Place will be con-

summated, I suppose, before you get home. What compensation may be had by those earliest occupants who built the best houses in the Court, is to be known only when the sufferers are called on to pay their proportion of the expense of the abominable improvement. It may be that the money value of the houses will be enhanced, but I had rather have given fifteen hundred dolls. to prevent the cutting down and cutting up than gain twice that sum in sale of my estate. Mr. Lee and myself were the earliest to build on the old Washington Garden, and my hope was to be permitted to die in the house erected by me thirty two years ago. Still I may have that satisfaction, but all manner of carts and trucks will pass the same hour of my funeral through the vulgar highway before my door. Such, probably, are common evils in all *improvements* of cities; but *here* there is no pretense of *accommodation* by making a street between *Winter* and West street, unless one, two or three may call it *public* accommodation, that their estates, respectively, should be sold at a hundred per cent. advance on cost, and mine that I don't want to sell for any price, would not bring twenty per ct. above. I presume the Alderman that was, our neighbor

down the court, is the chief manager of the concern.

Yours

JAMES SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 18 JULY, 1864.

TO HIS STEPDAUGHTER, MRS. HENRY DARWIN
ROGERS.

My dear Eliza,—In your very agreeable letter of 11 of last month, the beginning demands serious reply. That you would have been very much pleased with my accompanying William and Emma, is easily believed by me, and that you were disappointed at my failure was matter of course; but you must consider how great was the propriety, almost necessity, of my continuing on this side of the water. Our household at Sunny Hill could not be left to itself, for the grounds require supervision, and the culture requires an encouragement from the owner. Besides, what should not be done for the comfort and gratification of your Aunt Hillard? And I *require* aid to sustain life, though my *health* was never better. Pray make allowance for my entering last Wednesday on my *eighty first* year.

Much am I charmed with what you tell me of your Mary, who in her opening faculties is destined soon to fill the place of her who is gone to the better world, at least to be so far her successor as to bring back the dear remembrance with fresher exactness of lineaments of mind, if not of person. You know what reason binds me to recall frequently the blandishments of her, who planted in the last summer of her life that little elm shoot not a foot high on one side of the drive near the gate, now promising to be one of the finest trees in this town of beautiful trees. More than a hundred oaks and chestnuts are mementos of the spirit and love of beauty that always characterized our dear James; and this side of the North wall their attraction is far stronger than all the peach trees beyond them. How could I, dear Eliza, fail to pass my summer at Lunenburg? What association with the delights your mother expressed in visiting and watering her flower beds ought not to spring fresh to mind, especially as arises naturally the thought, this may be the last season for partaking such delights.

On Saturday your Aunt Hillard and cousin George came to us, after twice failing to be able to keep her resolution from feeble health. She

was not able to go at all to James's. She informs me, that James's eldest boy has enlisted for the special service of *a hundred days*, probably to do garrison duty at Washington, as some thousands are just now engaged, I suppose, to allow elder soldiers to be employed in severer or more engaging occupation.

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 29 AUG. 1864.

Dear William,—Your note, accompanying the overflowing despatch of 12th current from Emma, coming through New York, was received here, in *twelve* days, last Wednesday, and taken from our Post Office as I was on my ride to pass the day at Lancaster with noble Mr. Thayer. Perhaps we ought not to desire, certainly not to expect, more rapid communication between the two sides of the ocean.

What you write of the visit to *Windsor* castle and to *Eton* was peculiarly interesting, as neither of those objects of reverence were included in my English perambulations, and only seen in the rapid railroad transit. Had I the reasonable hope of seeing once more the blessed land of

my fathers' sepulchres, I should take in with those spots of delight the *dearer* associations of Stratford on Avon; inasmuch as language will outlive all combinations of stone or brick with the mortar of frailty. But, one opportunity was not improved, and time offers no fresh occasion.

You must not indulge in anxious moments about any report of great or petty disaster to our holy cause. Delay is not defeat, and the wily campaign of Grant shall be remembered this year as that was of last year. The Georgia field is almost as ripe for the harvest as that of Virginia; but what a harvest can either yield? As to the *degree* of destruction which the rebels have brought upon their native *states*, in opposition to their true interest of *one* state, it is likely to be remembered a term equal to two human generations, if not more.

The lady, at our last Wednesday's dinner, inquired after your health and Emma, and promises to drive over with her husband to Sunny Hill to repay our visit. What an event is the coming of a stranger to our house! Mr. Clapp bounced in on us last Saturday forenoon from Fitchburg, to which some business matter had brought him the day before from Boston, and so gladly we detained him till this morning. I

have invited Dr. Gannett to give us a sight of his reverend face, but his would only be a flying call.

This week Thayer is directed by me to forward to Barings for you *three hundred* pounds, and probably I may not be able to send another dollar before your return. The rate of remittance may be more easy, we hope, than heretofore for several months, at least it was so last week. For your return, do not fail to consider whereabouts the *moon* must be in twelve or fourteen days after that of your embarkation. Grievous as it would be, to have you detained in England until 15 Nov. it seems to me less grievous to live without you until the first of April. If you make your reckoning to reach New York by the first five days of Nov. it will content me; but later than that by five days may undo all the good of five months. I know by experience the dolefulness of approach to New York from the ocean after middle of Decr.

Perhaps you may obtain, by the steamer that shall take this, advice of the doings of the great caucus to nominate a candidate for President on the part of the *opposition*, including all the traitors from every part of the United States, except those in *open* rebellion. No curiosity is felt about the actual names; but very much to

know, how the grumbletonians will coagulate; and what state, or states, above all, the combined force can command. Discord may be prevented by policy in the *nomination*, but the November *election* may be a great disappointment to the rowdies. What sort of moral force can be wielded by the several clans that make Amos Kendall, the old huckster of politics fifty years ago, their leader? My opinion may be good for little; but whoever is set up will be knocked down, unless I read signs wholly wrong. You must, I fear, lose your vote for President, as the election for Electors is on an early day of Nov. but no matter, Mass. will give five and twenty thousand majority, perhaps more.

30 AUG.

M. O. Cushing drove over to Fitchburg with Mr. Porter and Mr. Clapp, and brought back Mrs. *Frank Hillard and her two children* who had came down from Charlestown, N. H. last evening. So that I may keep alive until your return puts an end to all apprehension of coming to my death by inanition.

With truest affection

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 3 SEPT., 1864.

My dear Child,—Of the highest interest must be the operations of the hostile armies in the two fields, Virginia and Georgia, but as yet little more than sameness, however bloody the frequent details, is daily told. The earth will continue to revolve without change of a minute this year from her service of last year, and the ultimate result of our war must be equally fore-shown to the observant eye, though between one week and another very slight change be seen. Political *small* movements are of some importance to some people of *very small* dignity at present, who hope that little more than two *months* shall be spent in ripening their expectations of greatness. Yet the sober voice of the people can hardly be over-powered by the traitorous clamours for submission by the national government to the claims of the South in *their* present humiliation. What shall be the result of the ensuing election of President may in no slight degree be influenced by the phases of military success. The capture of Richmond *infallibly* would over-throw all chance for success of that general who when in command of all our forces got near enough to that rebel metropolis to hear the clock strike,

more than one year ago; and even the success of our troops in Georgia may so darken his prospects, as to justify your confident vaticination in Europe. However there will be, I presume, sufficient corruption or wrong-headedness in two or three of our twenty seven loyal states to make a show of opposition to Lincoln; and if New York be one of the two or three, let the skill of Governor Seymour have credit for the disaster.

5 SEPT.

But the steamer did happily bring your letter of 19 with William's 20 ulto. and very glad was I to learn that you were to go next day to Paris. That centre of fashion too often is the centre of mischief; but the mischief can hardly affect you except indirectly, so I will not indulge any apprehensions for the few weeks of your sojourn there. Though neither William nor you have the facility of speaking French or German, I doubt not the blessed native tongue will carry you comfortably to any civilized place, through it, and back again.

I enjoy already wearing that pair of socks you have knit for me, as they must be of wool, coarser or finer, which seems very appropriate to our cold Northeast rain. It has come after

long delay to restore the wealth of the springs. This is the first day, since coming up here on 2 June, when the weather could keep me from going down town, especially the Post Office; but now *this* must be despatched before gaining the important news of the last two days, of which however the result is not doubtful to me.

Our country occupations, as usual, are monotonous, but the fine weather has permitted free motion out and home almost every day. Plenty of inmates we *have* had to make the hours move swift; and even in this imprisoning rain Mrs. Josephine Hillard and her girl and boy will prevent ennui. Miss Forbes * left us last Saturday after a fortnight's visit, a very nice, quiet, young lady.

As I enclose letter from Molly, it can hardly be necessary for me to prolong my scrawl by any news of the vicinity, so here closes the gabble of

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

* Daughter of Franklin Forbes of Clinton, Mass.

LUNENBURG, 12 SEPT., 1864.

TO MRS. H. D. ROGERS.

My dear Eliza,—Your crowded letter of 2 Aug. detained until 5th coming by the Liverpool steamer of 6th was, by carelessness in the post office into which it first passed, *missent*, and so was not received until two days later than Emma and William's advice of 12th of same. My hours are indeed less animated here in the country than if your sister and her husband were present to encourage my heart and strengthen my hands; but we have some variety in company and occupation with scenery and objects quite diverse from what Boston would afford, so that time does not hang heavily on my steps, and sleep is as sound as in any other part of the world.

.

Your Aunt Hillard is pretty regular in improvement of health, yet in some degree dependent on the atmosphere. Her son Frank's wife and children keep the house alive; and beside the benefit flowing from the four Putnam neighbors, of which three at a time blessed us, the two college boys and alternately the sisters.

.

With what you bring up to memory of your brother James the reflections of my soul are not altogether sad. Nearest to my door looking East are three maple trees, 20 feet, 22 feet, and 24 feet in height, and on the North, not four yards from the breakfast room window, is a most thriving English elm, all planted, that is transplanted, the year before this Catilinarian war. How then must I exult in having him always before me? and when I am gone so that the place that now knows me shall know me no more, nor any of my name be evermore heard of, the advancing years will witness the advance towards perfection of the work of *his* hands.

.

Your Mary is an example of the justice of conclusions by unsophisticated judgment, not wire drawn dogmas in theology. Blessed are the innocent in framing the whole scheme of God's government, and so may safely be construed that saying: "the wayfaring man shall not err therein." You may well feel confidence in meeting your Aunt Hillard in a better world, possibly once more in this. If the war comes to its *just* end before next June, why should not your husband bring you and little Mary to enjoy some weeks at Sunny Hill, for you can cross

the ocean and back again in *half the time* that William and Emma require for their purpose. Look at their indispensable engagements to themselves, London and all its improvements for comfort and instruction of the human animal, Paris for its innumerable appliances not less in petty art than in science. You must show your affection to native land by revisiting it, and refreshing your earlier associations with its people.

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 13 SEPT. 1864.

Dear William,—Since you required some proof of the predominance of lawful government on this side of the ocean, to be shown by the reduction of Richmond, or Atlanta, or Mobile, we got the very day I was reading the letter, the important post of Atlanta, which goes towards control of Georgia, and though Richmond may not yield before December, it seems probable that Mobile will not so long hold out. The intrigues that are at play upon the matter of the election of President in Nov. must be in no slight degree influenced by the

military operations from day to day. Little respect is shown for the intelligence of our voters, when Vallandigham is allowed to take upon himself the management of machinery so justly esteemed worthy of the most pure hands and undisputed skill. What a conclusion to be drawn on the worth of a country that by its popular vote should sink down so low as to receive his dictation! Will *one* of the electoral colleges be so degraded? We shall see in eight weeks.

We have had *one* day only wherein fire was not desirable for the last *fortnight*, and that was slightly changeable.

Molly O. Cushing made a run for thirty six hours to town, and reports that the work at our Temple Place house is done, and the paint may be dry next week. The work of opening the Place to become a thoroughfare to make profit for the two or three lower dwelling houses on each side by arranging as warehouses will not probably begin before you get home. I will not abandon the residence, while three houses on the North side, and four beside mine on the South are not turned into Mammon shops. Only two or three of the twenty residences are tenanted by people who *own them* and join in the plan of letting in the Goths. Owners who

get income by renting their tenements may be excused for aiming at larger income; and it is not unnatural that one or another may think it no bad thing to sell for double what their respective dwellings cost, however difficult it must be to find *such* desirable homes. Perhaps my affection is a little influenced by having myself built the house to please my wife; and so I feel too old to move. But my spite against those who resolve to sell extends not very far. It may be that not more than one or two would sell wife or child at ever so exorbitant price, and so my putting the parallel article of merchandise looks not like contempt of the majority of the same race and education as

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 19 SEPT. 1864.

Dear William,—Your crowded letter of 2d came to us here on Saturday morning 17th and very agreeable was the proof it afforded of your continuing improvement in health, and confidence in the triumph of our country. Exactly in proportion to the labor and anxiety with which the common goods of life are gained may

well be the degree of enjoyment; and so far the infinitely higher blessings, pertaining to a nation shall the next age exalt in the sufferings that purchased them. If the treasonable designs of the projectors of our accursed rebellion had been nipped in the bud, and nobody punished for the incomplete perfidy, the great mass of our community would have never been instructed in the designs of the trusted members of Congress, and the explosion of the volcano would have been postponed for a better opportunity, which might have been many months in coming up. Probably the devastation of some other parts beside Virginia must be sufficient to fasten in the memories of all over seven years old the advantages of the Union not to be thrown away in a moment of passion at the loss of an election, artificially caused by the few skilful concocters of the hell broth. Experience can intrust all but fools; and the millions will not for half a century be misguided by a few knaves to such a precipice as two fifths of our people have jumped.

The election of President may not show *exactly* the confirmation of my augury, because a few votes can perhaps be gathered for the opposition; but nothing like one quarter will be

thrown against Lincoln; and it would not so much surprise as delight me, if not a single elector for McClellan, or other candidate to be drummed up, could be chosen.

We have here a pleasant season to be spoken of as an aggregate, very short duration of any foul weather, though some three or four days in succession of ungenial sky occur. Some products are abundant beyond common results of culture, and peaches seem to be as abundant on a few *score* of trees as apples *from the thousands*.

Our house is pretty liberally furnished with guests. Dr. Gannett came to us on Thursday evening last, from Boston, and Eliz. from up country brought her cousin Rebecca; Susan Hillard and her niece, Miss Howe, came on Friday, so we have five Hillards at table, and *four* Cushings. Dr. G. returned to Boston on Saturday, and of course that afternoon Mr. Porter came from Boston.

You need not fear the inconvenience of having too much money in your bankers' hands, and I presume no shower of gold would delay your return home. Our house, I hear, is thoroughly in trim, and the new paint is admirable. The abomination of turning our Court into a street may not be so *cruel* as it is contemptible;

though vexatious enough will it be to pay a high tax for my house in consequence of the *improvement* I so strenuously oppose. Vain is the opposition to a personal interest in one or more representatives of the popular wisdom in municipal affairs.

In my vaticination nothing but disaster to our armies can prevent re-election of President Lincoln, and those who *therefor* wish such disaster are not very numerous by the reckoning of others beside

Yours

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 26 SEPT., 1864.

My dear Child,—You see regularly the reports of the various indications of the great civil war; but the people here better understand the probabilities of result than any European can. He may, to be sure, judge by the daily fluctuations of the money market, and, in the last week, that has supplied a solid basis for anticipating the history of the next two or three months. But we have, you know, the quadrennial election to agitate the waters that otherwise would be moved only (by) breezes from the fields of

battle. How should you wish the choice of President, six weeks hence, to terminate? Put your trust in the good Providence that governs all events to bring order out of confusion in this very interesting question. I would not denounce as an enemy every man who refuses to vote as to me seems the indispensable ballot. Some of our old friends promise the country immeasurable good from election of General McClellan; and to me the success of the unprincipled party that most readily adopts him is the most unmitigated evil that could come upon us. Blinded by my hopes, I may be extravagant in reckoning upon *four* fifths of the electoral colleges for our present "honest Abe:" and if nine tenths of them concur, it will be no surprise to me.

27 SEPT.

Last evening we had at Sunny Hill our annual bonfire. It came in happily to exhibit the *completeness* of triumph of the good cause, which in the day time had caused the flag-staff on my grounds to be occupied for the second time this season; but if the *report* of the capture or surrender of *Mobile*, brought up from the city several hours later than our mail news, be confirmed to-day, it shall not turn to my disrepute as too sanguine.

You have, I hope, on the continent been enjoying as fine fruit as we have had here; in England I know you never can attain to them. This morning the last basket full of our peaches is brought in. Foster was careful two days ago to bring in the melons, and it is a fortnight since his prudence preserved the pears. The yield of potatoes is not very copious but of superior quality. In the other vegetable products my information is less exact, but the benignant winter squash will show her charms to some extent in Temple Place, if potatoes prove deficient in next Spring's call.

Tomorrow will carry away not a small portion of our exultation in the visitors, if weather be not unpleasant.

12 O'CLOCK.

Nothing is obtained by mail, so we set down Mobile as still enjoyed by the Egyptians. All well up here, and looking for good news before your return to the arms of

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 3 OCTR. 1864.

My dear William,—Whereas this epistle is to be the last that I may ever write you, being that

you have long ago indicated the day of your leaving the other side of the ocean to return home in the good ship Persia, whose day of sailing is fixed for three weeks from the first day of this month, you may be glad to learn, that up to this present writing all things on our side promise well. Exact statement of affairs you can and must obtain from the newspapers for the great concerns of our nation and the current of the war. The day of close of the accursed rebellion approaches with strides, sometimes stumbling indeed; but in the aggregate the country is gaining, whether a few weeks or a few months more of agony are to be endured. Our discipline has been severe enough in this school to teach the whole nation for two generations yet to come, that another attempt at revolution for no adequate cause will be folly. From the present the most guilty have suffered most, but above all that battle ground of Virginia will be the evidence of honesty and sagacity united in *Mason*. We may be the happier as an aggregate, before the individual misery can be mitigated; and blessed is the coming age that may hardly understand the computation of expense by which their happiness was purchased.

Lunenburg has been, on the whole, perhaps as good a residence as any other spot on this continent could be, but the absence of you and Emma has almost every day furnished me ground of momentary disquiet. Probably the advancing years bring to me, as to every one, after reaching the eightieth, that degree of mental feebleness which produces fretfulness. So at breakfast, dinner, or tea, comes the resolve that never again will I permit you two to leave me.

Our household is now less crowded than when I wrote last, for since this day week we have parted with eight, and have gained only one, beside Porter, the Saturday comer. Aunt Hillard's infirmity permits occasional enjoyment of company, and is not dependent on the weather, except for the benefit of air by means of a ride, which cannot be taken by an invalid, unless in very bright sky.

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Perhaps you may, when this letter reaches London, be already on your way home so far as to have gone to see Eliza, not intending return to the great metropolis.

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Having gone to Boston but once since you left it, and hoping not to be compelled to go

before 20 current, it is not in my power to write any little particulars of private intelligence that would never get into the newspapers, yet be of higher interest than the important concerns of war or faction. In the election of President to come in five weeks the prophetic vision is, of necessity, influenced by the vaticination as to the contests for less important officers at earlier date, as next week in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. For the first *two* there will be great struggle, and the battle of blood may be very influential by its report. My foresight is feeble, but results in *the right* having four fifths of the ballots, and a chance not despicable for nine tenths. So ends my chapter, with blessings from

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 1 JULY 1867.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—I was calculating that the very next day must bring us later advices over the ocean, when my newspaper came to hand with the London news of yesterday.

Our season is gaining in fertility, so that we ought not to complain of its being a few days

belated. Never was more green visible all over the fields. Much promise is furnished by our garden, and the strawberries reward the task of picking to admiration. The field of winter sown rye is beyond expectation prosperous, over four feet high, running the whole space across from the hedge of the horse and carriage way to the stone wall on the road. You remember rye is my staff of life, and probably there will be so much, that I can sell half, and have enough to eat till later than to-day next year, beside supply for next May planting. Our pious Plymouth first settlers returned thanks to God "who gave them to suck of the abundance of the sea and of treasures hid in the sand," when their total food was fish and clams.

We have had less cheerful days since we lost our charming visitors, the Putnams. We hope your own pleasure, not ours, should be consulted, when you are thinking of taking the passage home. What an autumnal passage along the current of the gulf stream is I very well remember; but autumn has many weeks; and it may be your lucky chance to get a fair weather run.

2 JULY.

My genealogical, or perpetual, study is prosecuted with consistency, and the advantages to

be derived from this occupation may not be realized in this generation; but some obscure inquirer a hundred years hence shall acknowledge how much he owes to that Mr. Savage who beat Job in his patience. How unwise would it seem to all the world, if after thirty years preparation and actual seven years since putting the first volume into the open world, the author should declare he was too tired ever to complete the task of revision, probably requiring hardly two years more. Well, while I can hold a pen and turn over a page, the service will go on, and a more faithful friend than my volume will certainly not come in to claim thanks for his good company. To leave to posterity a reasonable gathering is not to be charged as base miserly; but as no *money* is associated with my gathering, the *credit* must not be envied, for the profit never can be large.

Such crowds of our people are crossing the sea, that you must know as early as we, and often sooner, what occurs in our private circles. Of and concerning the political world you never need to trouble yourself to write, for you know all that is *done* is soon told; and what is barely talked about is fluctuating as ocean tides. It would be worth something to know *now*, what

shall be the state of our affairs twenty years *hence*; but on any intermediate day it would be foolish to augur what *must* be the relations of men and things, and hardly is it possible that the coming or going of any acquaintance or friend from or to Europe will intervene before the happy week when my only child's return from Europe shall announce to me, that we shall never again be separated many hours.

Eliza seems much brighter this morning. Your Aunt Hillard is not yet come down stairs, and will not be expected before noon. Our world goes well, I believe in all matters that you or I are interested in, so trust

Your affectionate father,

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 30 JULY, 1867.

My dear child,—That it seems a very long time since we have heard from you, should not be disheartening, because to me it appears a very much longer time since I wrote to you.

However I must tell you how kindly the world affects me. Since the latter part of June we have generally enjoyed pleasant life here. Now

we have Mrs. Russell from Plymouth with a little daughter, just the right playmate for Eliza's daughter.

The date of your latest letter is 30 June, with P. S. of 2 current, so that we look for another to-morrow; or if France disturbs the current of *postage* as of *politics*, we must be patient. Usually I prognosticate good, and so avoid much that troubles many folks. It would be difficult, as well as dangerous, to borrow trouble here. Even the newspapers, so powerful *pre-cursors* of mischief, can hardly find in their sky a cloud of portent so big as a man's hand. Yet with as great avidity as ever I seize on the diurnal paper, though after looking through it, it is impossible to tell any thing there was in it. Probably it is affected by the summer sky, and the editors are unable to foresee any threatening storm. Even our national Congress, where usually the members foresee nothing more distinctly than complications foretoking a crisis, has quietly separated, not thinking even the President of so much importance that it was necessary to quarrel with him.

You will find nothing changed up here in the country that can attract notice, all that occurs to me is, poor old Smailes's house, which has been

shut up most of the time since the death of the poor proprietor. His widow meets large benevolence in the centre of our town, and only two or three other citizens, beside myself, probably recollect that the cottage was once occupied. One or two persons have been drawn from this town to the flourishing capital of North Worcester only four miles off. Though no accession to our numbers will be observable on your return, yet at moderate distance from us a growth is easily perceived, in Leominster almost equal to Athol, which is the proud sovereign of all the North, you know.

As to occupation, there can be no difference. I am deep in revision of my Genealogy of New Eng. having got *about two fifths* of the work done; and looking forward to finish the whole in two years more, be but health prolonged. As my reputation a century hence must depend, (if any remains so long) on the Genealog. Dictionary, I conscientiously bestow my time every day on revising the four heavy volumes; and I assure you, that a good portion of every day in that period will be needed. Happy is it that something so imperious shall confine my affections in the study.

My day of responsibility is past, and I ought

not to feel any solicitude as to judgment of contemporaries on what has been accomplished or slovenly neglected. *I have made a path easier for others;* and whether any shall express gratitude for the service, or overcast the whole with ridicule, I shall not inquire. One student in ten thousand will understand New England History better in its early days for my researches. How unimportant that he may be ignorant of the humble benefactor that smoothed the way by levelling obstructions or filling gaps.

If you are so happy as to meet any *one* (hardly can it be, that you are so lucky as to find more than one) who would speak of remembering me on the blessed shores of old England, assure him or her of my unabated regard for that land which educated my ancestors, and has kept up a race of benefactors of the world. Twisleton may be the sole survivor of agreeable instructors of my ignorant hours. If you fall into company with him, I charge you to present, without fail, the most sincere regards and kind remembrance of

Your devoted father

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 13 AUG. 1867.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—We have visitors now and then to remind us that other folks are in the world beside those who live on “Sunny hill.” Most of my time is earnestly devoted to making perfect the text, and commentary of my *Genealog. Dict.* and it seems certain that the preparation for revised Edition to go to press will be complete to the last cover before you leave Europe to return home.

Your Aunt Savage has not blessed us with a visit this season, and probably she will postpone to next June her smiles on this part of the country. Of Boston or the dwellers there I learn only by the newspapers, which, of course, much, if not wholly, are claimed for *generalities*. Here I go to the post office once a day, and am sure to get a damp newspaper, if not two; and once in a dozen times something worth reading may occur in them. The next election of President draws no general interest, perhaps it is too soon; but as all appear to be satisfied with waiting to be relieved of the present incumbent, we may be confident that he will not be likely to have one quarter of the votes for the next filling the office.

I am obliged to break off this petty gossip, because it is our dinner time; and if nothing more be added before sealing this letter, then you may be sure that your father has nothing to complain of, and so will not inflict more tediousness on your innocence.

We are enjoying in little anxiety the passing hour. I have great hope, that William will have much of interesting matter to tell on reaching us; in anticipation of which I add my name, being unable to say more than that it is the signature of

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 20 AUG. 1867.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Emma,—Pretty busy for the last ten days have I been, chiefly occasioned by company from some distance in different directions; and yesterday, most agreeable, from Salem in the mother and daughter (youngest) of my old friends, the *Hillards*.

I believe Eliza is engaged in writing to you; and therefore I might take the liberty of being very tedious; yet that may as well be spared, for she will tell what would occupy me.

You know by the vehicles of daily converse,

how wonderfully our side of the ocean has been blessed with overflow of blessed rains. What do you think of our cellar, on the top of the hill, having nearly four feet of water. How could it be there? Strange, indeed, it seems, and the only explanation is that the spouts poured *down* faster than the conveyances, that were *not perpendicular*, could *transmit* their cargo. Much damage is talked, as the consequence of our flood, nobody can recollect within thirty years such quantity of rain. So there is sure to be no lack of material for conversation. All low ground is covered, and water *stands* a foot deep in some roads, and some houses do not open their doors on the lower story, lest they could not be closed again. However as our hill is six hundred feet above the level of the lake and my house within a few inches of the highest part of the surface of the hill, we may trust in the promise, that the earth shall not again be flooded.

You must excuse the brevity of this scrawl, for Eliza is hurrying me to end her valuable letter, and mine may be good enough for envelope.

Your most affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.

LUNENBURG, 3 SEPT. 1867.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

My dear Child,—Exhilarated we have all been this day by receipt of your advice of 20 of last month, because partly it is the *shortest* period that has ever elapsed since the date and delivery of any of your letters. We must feel at the sudden complaint of William, and vexed at the detention of a fortnight in your embarkation for home, it gives us some petty relief inasmuch as you gain the communication that we had yesterday thought had been closed. Of course I had thought of writing to you no more than of sending despatches to the Emperor of China.

I can tell you of no matter of interest in our domestic relation, except that your Aunt Hillard has gained in a very slight degree, and two of her boys will give us a visit from Boston this week which must be a cordial to her spirits. She charges me to give her love to you.

We have no company to occupy our leisure hours now, except a single young lady who has quite fascinated us by her amiable manners and cultivated conversation.

I am obliged to close this scrawl, because the mail at our next town must close in one hour, and

we shall take a drive to Leominster to deposit
this evidence of the delight with which your
letter was received and hope that this may be
the last this season from

Your affectionate father

JAS. SAVAGE.







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