43 Correspondence, WRW, 1865

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Oct.

1865

Jan. 5, 1865
Interesting —
(not for printing)

I am delighted with your Baltimore visit. I think it must present the place in an amiable light to our relations. It was excellent you saw Mrs Mayhew & the Eatons. Isn't it funny settling into a new set of people so? I suppose we shall have to do with them all the rest of our lives.

Sister writes in excellent spirits & we have with Chevalier and hand wood doors.

Farewell. I shall go to Milton Saturday & send your box on Monday. I have made scheming inquiries about the bed rests.

Your most affectionate

W.W.

Thursday. Jan. 5. 1864 5

Dear Emma,

I only write a line to thank you for your note, which it was a great satisfaction to get. It did not arrive till today and I began to have imaginings as to what had become of you. I am glad your misfortunes were so little of disasters, and that they did not seem bad after they were over. Still I do not much like ladies' travelling alone.

I am glad you think I am kindly affectioned and attentive. I have excellent intentions in these respects, but sometimes think I let pass a great many val-

make opportunities for carrying them out. I believe I am too thin skinned to get along successfully. It used to take the form of irritability, this chiefly when I was small, at least smaller than I am now, though I am sometimes painfully amused painfully dismayed to recognize in myself the old sensation. The present manifestation is as you know towards an unreasonable need of jars & heaches of the peace, so that I run away from the first whisper of difference, even of opinion, lest controversy, lest somebody should slip therein, and need my tongue at the first symptom of displeasure or misapprehension.

It touches me chiefly with sister & with you. I spend my absent hours in imaginary conversation, saying all sorts of things that I think will interest & entertain you, & when I come into the presence am struck dumb by the least sign of preoccupation or misunderstanding. I fall readily into a shut up, snubbed attitude, which is silly and stupid but gets to be habitual. It used to be so with Charley & Annie too but he was very frank & responsive this autumn & I hope that is over. I only had one little tiff. Annie I get along with very well, and you two I do pretty well with alone but when we three are together it is like a triangular duel, in my own mind at least. "Something too much of this."

This is my programme for the week. —

Sunday. Dinner & night at J. Barnett's. (when you get back. She's charming. You must call there)

Monday. Sleigh-ride - party -

Tuesday. Writing up notes for my boys -

Wednesday. Evening at Mr Tuckerman's, the School of Design man. Very satisfactory —

Thursday. At Prof. Rogers's

Friday. At Winchester -

Saturday. Dinner & swing at Shattuck's

Sunday. Consecrated to thee.

Monday. Mrs. S. G. Ward's party -

Tuesday. I dine with my club.

Wednesday. Tea at Mrs. Guild's. Evening at Mr Atkinson's.

Thursday. Institute of Technology

Friday. To Charlestown with Mrs. Chevallier to call on the Neals -

Saturday To Exeter -

Do you wonder that my leisure time suffices for but little?

Jan 15 1865. Sunday —

Dear Emma - Thanks for your note. I have not yet executed your commission in regard to the card houses, through stress of preoccupations of mind & time, but hope to do so tomorrow and give them to Alice. Your box also has not gone, an uncertainty appearing at the last moment as to how it should be sent. It will go tomorrow and, I believe, by Adams' Express.

Sister came down on Wednesday, spent three days at Winchester where I saw her on Friday. She

seemed pretty well, but today at Brookline she had a headache, not a bad one. She sends love & kisses & wants in her stead. Letters from H. & L. yesterday. all well. They shall go to you at once.

For my own part I began the week with a sleighing party at Mr Forbes's, attending as a Milton person & spending the night at the Shaws's. It was unusually delightful and redolent of their most attractive traits. I met my distinguished friends, and found my excellent principles brought the reward of virtue, as I was quite hypped in the early part of the evening, but everybody was so unexpectedly pleasant & civil, that the clouds fled like Dev. Dawson was there, and in long consultation with Mr Forbes, over the Wilson & Andrew imbroglio, he having headed the attempt to supplant the present Senator by the present Governor. It will probably fall through, and may be injurious to all concerned, though I think both Dawson & the Governor can hold their own against odds.

The house comes out I think better & better. We have curtailed the servants now & swiped the Wyman's, getting a second Wyman's over the front door. I begin to sympathize with people who change their minds when they see things put up.

Farewell. Take care of yourself. It is horrible to get over strained & run down. Your Mt WEV.

favorably in mind & manners.

Your Affectionate

W.W.

Tuesday. Jan 24. 1865

Dear Emma -

I do not know how it has happened that I have not written, as I believe I have not, to say how Sister seems to me and what I think of her plans & prospects. Perhaps it was because I had nothing very satisfactory to say my observations being confused by the fatigue of her journey and a subsequent headache. While I was trying to find out if she were well or ill her friends in Brookline got

a very decided impression that she was miserable, and merely restrained from writing so to Harriet and urging her to come home at once & look after her, by a sense of propriety. After a few days however I believe they were satisfied that he was very nicely & that if H. got home in time to relieve her of the labours of renewed travel. This was very much my own conclusion, so I wrote to Pat Argyll to that effect saying that she had rather not change any immediate plans but that she had better arrange to be at home towards the middle or end of February.

I am in haste and will not add more. I invite this "marginal note" as Chauncey used call it, under pressure of compunction. I will write again shortly.

Sunday I was at Exeter. Will is all right, got over his homesickness, and looks fuller & redder in the face than I remember for a long time. The authorities spoke of him

so all come home together surely in April which is as early as the house will be ready for them.

Harriet seems very well, a little pensive perhaps with her occupation gone and a whitlow on her thumb. She & Sister sing a chorus of praises about the house and I am fidgetty to get into it & see how it will look, all papered & furnished. I don't see but that we shall have all the excitement of a new house without losing the homeishness of the old one.

As to sister I think that though her Vermont & Keene experience seemed pretty forlorn, that she is now feeling the good effects of the change of air and that it would not by any means have been the same thing if she had come to Brookline directly from Milton, especially as we had poor weather hereabouts then, and now have had steady cold, but without severity, and continuous sleighing ever since she came down.

Sunday Feb. 12. 1865.

Dear Emma - (+ Etc.,)

Your note dated the 4th, which was Saturday week ago, did not reach me I believe until Friday, just in time for a Sunday answer, and this just in time for your birthday, or if a little too late for that it is Uncle Sam's fault, not mine. I am sorry that I should have misunderstood about the box of books, which it seems to me now that I did hear something about, but I cannot say exactly what. I presume I shall find ~~them~~ it in the barn at Milton and if so will send it on at once. The pesky alarm clock also scooped my mind and your note came just too late for it to go by N.B.T. I will bear it in mind now. Our account will stand until your return, my present system of bookkeeping is perfectly reliable, but I will say for

you information that I paid for the big box $12.— to Adams' Express. I found there was no other way to get it on, as there is no forwarding agent in N.Y. & even the Sanitary were a little dubious in the offer of their services. That about the forwarding agent sounds very learned & conclusive, but I haven't the least idea what it means. It is conclusive but I am not learned.

It occurred to me to ask at the Sanitary about the $10.— I paid in May for bed-rests, and this week Mrs May herself came up to my office full of grief, saying that the money which she sent on to N.Y. at the time never arrived so that the things were not sent, so that you did not get them, and offering now either to refund the money as it was lost in her hands, or to send on the articles. I said I would write to you to know whether they were still in demand, but that I was willing to refund it as my own accident and should be sorry to have the Sanitary refunding money to any body. So I shall say nothing more about it and you can send me word that you don't want the things now, if that is the case.

Sister seems very nicely and all agree that she is in excellent health & spirits and gaining strength visibly — I cannot think what I could have said to make you think she had given up her Philadelphia journey. I have never entertained any other idea, nor has she. The present scheme as I dare say you know by this time is for her & Sissie Weld to spend the 1st week in March in N Bedford and for Harriet to join her in Providence. Thence they will travel in company & be gone four or five weeks. I think Charley will join them &

[12 Feb. 1865]

I will go to Dr. Palfrey for the box, & will call at the house if he asks me to. I should like to see Philip Palfrey.

My mumps was not bad, and I think I felt better for having been a little sick.

The amendment is indeed splendid, and like every thing else that is good adds a new glory to the Election. But the crowner to Mr Lincoln's message about his Ft. Monroe business, which it seems to me is more to his credit than almost anything he has done. I mean that encompassed as he is with all sorts of officials who are duly acting in his name, the only things you were quite safe in attributing to him personally have been his speeches & letters, and these though administrative beyond all precedent left it an open question how much he really had to do with the management

Milton Hill
Milton Hill
Milton Hill
Milton Hill

of affairs, and how much ability he really had for the conduct of business. Now this is entirely his own performance and we see him at every step of the way, and the confidence and address and easy quiet self-reliance with which he undertook what was a most delicate and difficult matter, and the perfectly transparent good faith with which he carried it through, and his firmness and right mindedness at last exhibit him in a light to make every man in the country proud and happy. And here again we have new cause to rejoice in the election. I do not believe there is such a beautiful piece of diplomacy in print. Was there ever anything so well put as his letter to Mr Blair in answer to Jeff. Davis's? The single sentence about being "ready to receive a commission from him or any other influential person among the insurgents" disposes of the whole question of recognizing the rebel government. As to the final sentence about our common country I think Mr Blair might have trusted J.D. to take the point without pointing, but I suppose he enjoyed it too much to deny himself the pleasure.

With these patriotic sentiments I conclude. I hope you will see Jim Thayer. Don't mind my forgetting your little commissions I will try & do better next time —

Your affectionate

N.W.

in April. The house will be better for seeing, and the longer she & H. & C. can make their stay with you & John the better. Charley writes me that he will be in N.Y. about the 20th. and he means to spend at least a week each in Wash. Balt. Phil. & N.Y. so far as I can judge.

It is delightful having the Sulivans so near & so frisky. Since my line to Alice, I saw Will at Philip Ward's party looking like a prince. It was a very handsome party, but 20 ladies too many. I had a nice talk with Philip Hooper, Philip Sarah Sedgwick, Annie Watson, one chat with Philip Dennemoy & — Eustis. Last night I went to a small tea-fight at Walter Cabot's & met Miss Laura Rogers & Miss Springs. Mrs. Watson has a small party tomorrow. I believe that is the extent of my dissipation, but I have a list of about 50 calls I want to make and am mad for want of time to do all these things & everything else. Here is this great Sunday that I have been looking forward to all the week to do lots of things in, and I have only tidied up my office, been to church & to walk, dined at Uncle Charles's written this note, taken a cap, and am now going to Henry Lindsley's to tea & to make 2 or 3 calls in the evening.

Your affectionate WRW.

Cousin Sally Clarke died on Friday.

Sunday March 5 1865

(The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Boston massacre)

Dear Fanny — Your very entertaining letter deserves an immediate acknowledgment, though I do not know that it is always civil to answer letters too soon, and shift the burden of the correspondence upon one's correspondent. Charles Eliot served me that trick, sending me a reply to my letter dated Xmas day so that I got it early in February, to my great rage. I thought that was off my mind, for three months at least. I will not, as he did, aggravate the offence by taking your topics up one by one, and so make this letter the echo and counterpart of yours. It is enough to say that I am charmed that you should have had such a sight of the great world, and that Mr F. should have so expressed himself about an excellent A.L. It is an additional satisfaction, as Mr. Watson said when I told him of it, that Mr Forbes should have heard the true doctrine preached. Mr Sullivan tells me, as perhaps I told you,

that Mr Seward told a friend of his in N.Y. that Mr Lincoln was the ablest statesman in the country.

I hope you had some sight of yesterday's ceremonies. I have just read the Inaugural. Could anything be more tender and true? There is in Mr Lincoln's writing a pathos and solemnity, that is more felt than discerned, and which even where it would least be looked for always impresses me very much. I have found something of the same quality in Tom Hughes's writing, and I believe it is the unintentional exhibition of feelings at once sensitive and profound. They have that touch of nature that makes your heart beat. I believe that History will have to show no brighter name.

Mr Hale this morning in a sermon which came very near the great event without touching it, spoke of the universalical nature of Xtianity as evinced in Jesus ~~refusing to~~ claiming to be baptized along with the common rabble of publicans & sinners who followed John the Baptist, establishing the principle that the leaders of the people in this new dispensation must be of the people. Taking an illustration from Unitarian exclusiveness and from condescending charity, which he belabored as they deserved he only glanced at the political application without as I say touching the event of the day. But in this connection he told a story, which was plainly stronger held of Mr Sumner, how an eminent man had come to him saying that he had been studying Representative Institutions and after making satisfactory progress had at last found himself before an obstacle he did not know how to overcome. Here I am he said a child of the people, educated in the common schools, and in the people's university, my life spent in their service during an eminently public career and now at last I find myself a stranger in my own country with no knowledge or ~~made~~ comprehension of the community which I belong. And, said Mr Hale, he came to me, whose avocations lead me into the life of the people, to know how to supply this want.

I think this story is very touching indeed.

Sister went on Wednesday as I dare say you know. I hope she will be content to stay in Northboro some time so as to give Hattie a good visit in Boston, and as to her coming home there is no hurry. I should be glad to have her stay away until the last week

the word, and if you never hear of it again as is most likely, you think of it, and that is quite as bad. I think too that habits of easy intercourse with strangers help to smooth the friction of home-life, which of course increases with the closer contact, and that "love ceremonious" is easier performed by those who know the habitual civilities of courts. It requires unusual intelligence and more concentration of mind than one is always at leisure to give, to improvise a behaviour properly significant of your contentedness and considerate regards. Pritchett frequent the Receptions of Washington, which I long ago heard praised as the best school of manners on the Continent, so to the Foreign Ambassadors' & Secretaries' Levees, and there as all have to behave.

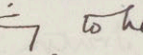
I meant to quote a line or two I have lately encountered illustrative of this subject, but will instead trouble Uncle Sam to take yet another half-sheet and copy the whole piece for you.

Make my congratulations to Alice & Mrs. Forbes.

Ever your most affectionate WKN.

[12 March 1865]

tea of Mr F.C. Spring in Not Known St — Mr & Mrs Walter Cabot — Philip Sawyer Rogers, their guest, for whom tea was brought at their house — Philip Peabody & Mr R.S.P. — two Philip Mm Gray — my classmate & oliver — Mr Wheelwright — Mrs Powell Parkman (Mrs.) — 6 other strangers — Miss Mary Hamilton, Mrs. Schuyler's sister, whom I am invited to meet at by "Mr. & Mrs. Charles Norton", as the note said, tomorrow evening — several persons whom I do not remember including those invited who didn't come, among whom was Mr Van Brunt — and the musicians. I was rather dull and such particular conversation dragged, but the upshot of the whole was for some inscrutable reason very agreeable. Perhaps it was because, as the lady said whom Mr Emerson quoted in his lectures, it doesn't matter so much in conversation what you say as why you say it, and I am sure my intentions were good, and my interlocutors full of grace and good will — That really pleased me though was that these girls & their aunt seemed have treated me like an old friend

and, though I was mute as a fish, seemed to understand what I could not say — The evening was enlivened by Miss Sarah Thorpe playing & singing, which she did with a charming self sacrifice and good will, seeing only so far as, when requested, to give an absurd burlesque cantata called Blue Beard, with recitative & bravura, quite captivating to hear. After an introduction consisting of generous speculative & moral remarks given in recitative, the story begins in ballad form set to a lively air, with this phrase of transition :-  But to my tale :— Can you understand how comical it sounded? By an ingenious use of rare opportunity I was enabled successively to perform secret duty to four young ladies, severally laying their at their respective doors in different, though not very different, parts of the town.

These little touches of company life make me think that it is very desirable to be more in the way of seeing people than we are ✓ and that especially for Charley and Harriet as well as for you and me. For the exclusion of the last three years a minister in town is much needed to pick up and keep up the woof & warp of the social fabric — but that a fine figure. I think Charley needs only to be thrown into the sea to learn to swim admirably & it would be a real misfortune to him not to see any people above he does not already know. Intercourse with strangers is not only the school of manners, but is essential to the real charm & benefit of society. It is this that takes one out of himself and serves as real recreation. I could not help thinking last night how much pleasanter it was talking to girls you don't know than to those you do, how much more frankly & truthfully you can talk, if you are interested & in earnest, and if not how much freer you are to make it up as you go along. But among your acquaintances you know that what you say will be remembered, it is like the <u>scripta litera</u> that <u>manet</u>, it goes upon

(as it is we see other people's faults when we go out, so to speak.)

Jenny B. Rogers' "to meet the Misses Schuyler."
I am sorry neither you nor Hatty were here. I have always wanted you to call on these girls. I was much pleased at the cordiality with which they received me, as if they ~~were~~ ~~had to meet~~ knew how much I admired & loved their mother. It almost made the tears come into my eyes to see her little ways repeated in them. Besides her very great intelligence and culture, she had a perfect openness and frankness and freedom from any sort of ~~preconception~~ misconception & prejudice that disarmed anxiety and made it as easy to talk with her as to think. One never had to manoeuvre to be understood, as is the case with most persons. There is more of this in Augusta Barnard than in any other person I ever knew. It was a very pleasant little party, and my infallible cure for social megrims worked like a charm. I spoke to every body I knew, to a few I didn't, and was introd to others, leaving only a few Dowagers who didn't count, "— non numero nisi serenas." Help me, ye Gods, to remember all their names. Mr & Mrs. Rogers — Miss Annette Rogers — Miss Schuyler & Miss Georgina — two Miss Livings, Mr

Sunday, March 12. 1865 —

Dear Emma — Your scrap of a letter written ~~Friday~~ Thursday turned up yesterday, just too late for Harriet to take in what you ask for, as an unexpected summons from her sister carried ~~Harriet~~ prematurely off on Friday. The visit to Carrie Morgan seems to have broken down so that it was in order to go to Providence as soon as Sigismund Weld returned. This hasty departure left several things to be forwarded, and I will add to the parcel what I can of your orders and write again that you may know what to expect.

As to coming home it will be the last of April before we get into the house and I hope by that time you will be ready to return. It seems to me that four months at a time, even

What makes the sun so much more bright in Florence?

when your work is comparatively light is as much as you need remember. It is excellent having the forces at hand, & the dinner you must have thoroughly enjoyed. It was excellent cold. I forgot to say, apropos to Mr. Fessenden's speech about Savannah cotton, that I understand that all private marks were disregarded & the whole lot mixed up higgledy piggledy as public property. This gives a certain point to his remark. As to your not enjoying things away from your work, in general, I am not sure that it is a very good symptom and in my own case at least I should be suspicious of it. I ~~should~~ suspect I ~~am~~ getting run down when I find routine work easy and steadily satisfactory and that my spirits & strength flag for higher tasks. When one gets dependent on the strain & pressure of discipline for the power to work it shows itself in each enterprise, and a disinclination for pleasure-seeking is the first symptom. At the same time, of course concentration & unity of purpose & all that are essential to efficiency, so that the conduct of life is no easier in this particular than in anything else. The only good, the suggestion of general considerations can do is to keep one's conscientious lively & intelligent. Most people do what they think is right, the difference is in the pains they take to inform their judgment on the subject. I never shall forget the exasperation of the company when at an alumni meeting at Cambridge, Mr Fitton, who had been misbehaving like a perfect fool and was proposing to continue in that course, assumed them in the most solemn and arrogant manner, as if that settled the question, that he should "do his duty," whatever came of it.

Excuse these prolixities. As I have not been to church & am not going, this is the best I can do for you today in the way of sermon — "a poor thing, but mine own."

Besides going 3 times to Mrs. Ward's, as I wrote you, I have been to two tea fights at Miller Cabot's, and last night was invited to another at Mrs.

fectly racy, on the subject of city drainage. Friday I went to Mr. Agassiz's lecture, the end of his course, he goes this week to the Andes, accompanied with his wife, Mr. & Mrs. Cotting, William James, & 8 assistants, all consigned to the Emperor of Brazil, whom Agassiz expects to bleed most imperially. Then I left my card on the Miss Stimpsons, whom Mrs. Rogers had expected to have at home, & wound up my evening at cousin Mary Shaw's. Sunday I spent at Roxbury. When you get home I want you & Hatty to call on Mrs. Bancroft & Mrs. La Farge.

Whenever I go people ask tenderly after you.

Good Night. Your affectionate

W.R.W.

36 Sturgis Building. Boston —
Monday. March. 20. 1865 —

Dear Emma —

My social work began on Monday with a party for Miss Hamilton to which I was invited by "Mr & Mrs. Charles Sumner!" With great delicacy I left out the middle letter of my name also in answering the invitation. I did not wish to be outdone in the imitation of foreign manners. On the whole I didn't really have a chance to do so, though I had it in mind, but wrote instead a first-personal note to Mr. asking leave also to bring with me my friend Mr W.B. This was quite an experiment for me in the <u>bran monde</u>, but it was triumphantly

successful. An invitation in form came by return of mail, and my protégée had a delightful time, smacking with some naiveté after we got back that that was the only kind of party he cared anything about, as if everybody would not give their ears to associate with the austerity of wealth & talent. C.N. had a very nice talk with him & what with Miss Hamilton whom he knew in N.Y. and 3 or 4 Boston girls he got along first rate. The only fault was that we were a little late, I had to get in from a day in Milton, so that I did not half get round the gay circle.

The next evening I had a very satisfactory call on Miss Hamilton, who pleased me very much by asking me to let her know when I was in N.Y. so that I might come up to Dolly's Ferry. She seemed really pleased to hear what I had to say about her sister, and I was glad on the whole I said something, though I feared to go over what they must have heard so often. Yesterday I found the Misses Schuyler out but made my call, short, on Mrs. Rogers, left a card at the Walter Cabots', had a brief but very pleasant call at Mr Ward's, and wound up with three quarters of an hour with Mrs. Paine at Fizzie Sturgis'. The girl, with a nickname again, they all have nicknames nowadays, so that you can neither speak to them nor of them, is very spirited and attractive and plays finely. Russell Sturgis came in, in the odor of sanctity, and got her down at the piano — Thursday I dined at Mrs. Bond's, made a call at Sotts' & went to the Tabernacle meeting, where I heard a young engineer just from Germany snub all the old gentlemen in Boston in a very per-

[20 March 1865]

Love Ceremonious —

Keep your modest familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honour without end.
'Tis formed, and needs it must so be,
That life from love's allegiance flags
When love forgets his majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Love should make home a stately Court:
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear
Some ~~standing~~ trending on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy
Befitting our immortal life —

C. P.

[April 1865?]

Dear Emma

I have only a few minutes in which to say that I have sent today from the Sanitary Rooms by Handyside's Express: a box of lint which they kept for you, some linen & cotton rags which Mrs Fotheringham sent me, & a bandage roller promised by Mr Pope. Also the 2 dozen tablets which they promised me at once but which have only just turned up, & for which all the rest have been waiting. Mr Atkinson was much delighted for your note and says he will do as much

for me another time if you say so. He also bids me say that he is riding in a gentleman's car home on Saturday, where name when he gets up is to be Lincoln. What other name could come into any one's mind on that dreadful day. Though to nothing could be more real and deep than the feeling here, I know that nearness intensifies such emotion, and that with you the day must have been awful. I hope the services & ceremonies and love & tender of the place yesterday were as suitable and quieting with you as with us. But I have no time for more of this — & will only add that the Sanitary people were particularly grateful to by your note. Dear child, do not if you can help it get too tired — Thank Heaven the work is almost over —

Your most affectionate

W. T. W —

Thursday —

P.S. The blocks cost $5.00 altogether. You will have to price them as best you can — They promised me to write on Sunday but did not do it, & I did not ~~learn~~ get their bill until too late to do it myself —

28 April [1865?]

Harriet

Dear ~~Sister~~ –

God asks me to say for him, what he has not at this moment time to write for himself, that he thinks it essential that ~~you~~ Emma should leave ~~your~~ her work without delay, as it is clear to him that ~~your~~ her –

mrs system is unstrung, and if she should be sick, of which there is danger, she would have a very prostrating kind of sickness — He was similarly much disturbed by what sister wrote me of her attack of tremor — I have heard from Jenny written as well as from you how much mindown she seemed, and ~~take~~ am glad you are on the spot to bring her away. Of course Dr Bliss would not allow her to stay —

The house will be ready for carpets etc on Wednesday —

Your Aff W.H.V.

Friday. April 28.

they ought not to talk so as to be overheard, but ~~one~~ it does not really signify any want of conformee in one when they shake their heads and look sober, and it is not really impertinence & interference — My note to Hatty was merely by way of precaution, I do not think I had formed any opinion about what was best, at any rate your note reasones me so that it seems unreasonable to have been disturbed. Still as you say you are likely to be more tired than you are aware of and I shall be glad when you set your face homeward.

Your affectionate M.K.H.

Saturday. May 6. [1865]

My dear Emma.

I think it was Thursday that I received your note. The one to Harriet came yesterday and I sent it out to Milton for her. They are still at Uncle Bernard's and are likely to remain there through next week. Carpets go down on Tuesday & Wednesday. I hope we shall all sleep at home on Saturday night — Sister seems quite well & the enforced rest at Uncle Bernard's is an excellent thing.

I have been wondering whether it would not be more for your comfort if I were merely to say I am sorry my note to Hatty fell into your hands instead of giving you a great deal of unnecessary trouble, to prepare you for hers, as I avoided

on principle saying to you what it would have been impossible not to say to her. I appreciate your resentment, and am sorry to have been overheard in my remarks, which as addressed to her private ear were not only, as I say, inevitable, but harmless, and, possibly, useful. I have confidence, of course, that you will at every point do what really seems best, and a reasonable reliance on your judgment as to what is best. This and a proper sense of the respect due to other people's management of their own concerns would of course prevent my interfering in any particular case with my own recommendations. The most that could happen would be an occasional indulgence in general remarks, to be taken for what they were worth and used when they might apply. But considering the folly & mistakes of mankind in general and the particular disposition of all classes of people to injure their health without knowing it, it is impossible for one's friends not to cherish a little anxiety, and to consult together to detect and prevent harm. It is exasperating, ~~but~~ and

Friday, May. 19. 1865.

Dear Emma –

This half sheet of paper, left over from a six page note to John, lies invitingly under my pen and reminds me that it is a long time since I have addressed you – I am further stimulated by the near approach of the great musical festival. Charley Harriet and I propose to celebrate my birthday by going to hear Elijah. It is on Saturday night and I have a spare ticket in reserve hoping that you may come and use it. The 27th of May is close upon the 1st of June, and that is the date at which I have set my expectations of your return – There was no reason for doing so, but it fastened upon

my imagination and I still hope —

I have not been at home since Sunday, taking advantage of not being the only man in the house to finish up some matters that are more easily accomplished when I back up my town establishment. Sister seems pretty well but has no strength to speak of — It is delightful in the house, much better we all think than we ever thought.

If you don't come home at once you will of course stop at John's and go a cousining. We have so few ties on that side that it is daring to strike such a rich vein. A vein of ties is objectionable in rhetoric, I know, but you will follow my meaning —

Your most affectionate

W. K. Wade.

Boston – August. 2. 1865 –

Dear Emma –

Sister said you spoke in your last letter which I have not yet seen of going to Richmond, & made some inquiries about Charlottesville and Savage's grave. Mr Rogers, whom I have just seen, says that he did visit Charlottesville & the University, in hospital, and that they have assurances from friends in the town that everything was done & is done that decency & respect require. He did not mention the name of his correspondents, & said I think that he did not know just where James was buried. He is proposing to go on himself in the course of a month or two, and this being the case I did not press my in-

was observing & with excellent effect. It is something to have been personally known & respected & favorably mentioned by such a man as Summerfield.

again –

Unless we join the great body of soldiers I do not see but that you & Charley & I are likely to form a domestic trio in September, Walpole & Conway threaten to attract the rest of the family. I am much inclined myself however to follow suit, as I have not had a country vacation for 3 years & then only a week, & I dare say Charley will be like minded. He is at once a revelation & an acquisition, excellent every way, & the best of company. We all lay ourselves out to be as agreeable as possible; indeed we are disposed to make the most of our private apartments, use them for our personal affairs, & the parlor as a parlor. These principles were established in full council & though not enforced are more or

quinies - Harry Scott was a Charlottesville this spring and brought them direct intelligence -

I was glad to get your note and not much disappointed at your not being able to come on, though the Commencement was very memorable. It seemed at first as if with so small a charge you might as well come home, but after all half a dozen very sick men are enough to keep anybody anywhere - We shall be glad enough to see you, but are not impatient or unreasonable. Sister feels a little skittish about your going to Richmond, having heard a good deal of the sickness among visitors, but this you can judge of better than we. She is rather used up with her large household, which even the improved facilities for their accommodation, - by good intentions on her part ~~about our~~ to keep idle, did not prevent from wearing on her. She enjoyed it however more than she expected, & the int had fewer drawbacks -

I don't know when I wrote to you before, not I think since I was in New York six weeks ago - I have been very busy & very much interested about the proposed Alumni Hall, an enterprise which has already a long & interesting history ~~which~~ too long for this limited occasion - I will detail it to you by word of mouth. We made a stunning set of drawings which I know were much admired by the Committee. They have not been exposed to public view. After some rumors the prospect for doing something seems pretty fair

[Summer 1865]

Tuesday.

Dear Emma

I write in haste a note that I have been putting off for some days in hopes of being able to write at leisure, to say that I have a ticket for you to the Commemoration Festival next week and beg that you will come and use it. You know that Uncle Putnam is to make the address, and that there is to be a collation with music singing & speeches

in the afternoon – It promises to be a most interesting occasion – The afternoon celebration is to be under a tent erected between Harvard Hall & Asylum Chapel –

I hope you will come. The celebration is on Friday the 19th –

In haste Your friend

M.R.N.

come to fruition I should have to stay by all winter & get the work under way, but should hope to get off in the Spring. On some accounts I should not regret this, except that days seem dangerous. In any case it would be inexpedient for me to get off before Xmas.

I will order the photographs at once and send by mail. Mrs. Farrar's address is "Maple St. Springfield."

Did I tell you of Dr Osborn's engagement to Miss Sally Van Brunt? How small a world we live in! They were in here a day or two go. He inquired after you all.

Have Miss Perkins married, whom you do not mention — I fear he has done. Keep drawing, however, just the

Monday. Sept. 25. 1865

Dear Emma —

I am much obliged for your note which came to hand this morning. Meanwhile you have received mine to sister, I trust, and a package from the Milton P.O. brought in by James Rogers. So you see your injunctions were anticipated. As to my Schuylerville appointment, I thought you would see it in the Daily and understand it, and being absent and busy I allowed more time to go by without writing than I was quite aware of. Besides I was daily expecting to hear something further and to have something more definite to communicate. But I missed seeing Mr Rogers on Friday as he

M. M. Ward

Write

Mrs Ward

Same.

had promised and was when I wrote quite in the dark. Today I have had a very satisfactory afternoon, a general review of the newly-appointed functionaries, and excellent talks tête-a-tête with Mr Runkle, Sheit, Mr Hynck (sentimental) and Mr Rogers. So far as I can see my work will be very light for a couple of years, chiefly getting somebody to look after the drawing, and seeing that that and indeed all the other branches are conducted with a due regard to the interests of the Cambridge students. By keeping the run of what is doing in Mathematics, Physics & Chemistry, I can make sure that anything is brought into these courses which the Architectural profession requires. I hope that this will enable me to spend a large part of these two years abroad, though it is a question whether I had better go at once or bye & bye after things are a little more under way. This question, as I believe I said in writing to Sister is likely to be settled however by the state of my affairs in my office. I must go when I can. It looks more & more like our getting the Church, while the Alumni Hall is still all at sea. Mr Lee's report in favor of his scheme & our design for carrying it out is still under discussion, and is very likely to be defeated. My own opinion is that it is a foolish scheme though an excellent design. If either of these things should

The bird looked very well, with smyrna in her veil, but Will looked like an angel. For the last two or three weeks he has seemed as if he could just keep his feet to the ground, so quiet and happy and with an expression like Allston's figures, you know, in Jacob's Dream. The tender way he leant over when he spoke to Edith was just the bridegroom. He wore, shall I say, black full dress with white waistcoat & neck-tie — the latter plain, with just a suspicion of embroidery.

My horse & gig enabled me to take Mrs. Mac Emerson home, and as I was in no hurry to return I made my call there & while my steed was waiting lay with Jim Thayer "by that in this green couch by this soft stream" beneath the shadow of the monument, and then, after tea, drove Miss Phoebe down to Cambridge & escorted her to her lodgings in Boston, a happy & polite thought, and a very satisfactory ending to a very happy day.

If you write to Mrs. Farrar, be careful about your words. I was yesterday at Milton. Cousin

Friday. Oct. 1865

Dear Mamma — I have been trying to find an evening to write to you all the week, especially since Tuesday, and am now driven to steal these moments from the precious afternoon lest you should go on Sunday without hearing. Meanwhile I have received your note of exclamation, shall I say?) and this which I enclose has come for you.

Tuesday was a day never to be forgotten, such a lovely day as I hardly remember, or perhaps it was that was attached thereunto, as you shall hear. The day opened to me with a mist or cloud of idiocy

Fanny begged me to thank you for the note you kindly sent her.

Margaret is getting along, & I may be with you soon.

of which I was half conscious, but too entirely overwhelmed by to throw off. The consequence of this was that I imagined that the train which was to get people to the wedding at half-past twelve was to leave here at noon, and took my steps accordingly. Fancy my dismay when at five minutes before 11 I discovered my folly. But though nearly prostrated by the blow I staggered down into Waverley St to ~~see if~~ consult a map and ~~see~~ if any Lowell or other train would bring me within hailing distance, and finding these hopes vain posted out to Cambridge took a horse & buggy and drove up over the Turnpike. When I got fairly upon the road & found a reasonable expectation of getting up before the company had separated, I was quite triumphant, and being alone with nature, which was in holiday guise, I had a most delightful drive. I was quite happy at the thought of being there after all, & the victory over time & fate quite set me up. All turned out just as I had hoped, even better, for I found myself disguised, as it were, by my exertions, & estimated much more highly than the ninety-and-nine guests who went not astray and who when I arrived were eating icecream & wedding cake in the dining-room. I was too busy for the hour that sunned in talking to the guests, who knew my principles, to share their provender, a circumstance I afterwards much regretted, but I had a lovely time, & would have driven fifty miles at the same rate, of horse-hire I mean, rather than have missed it.

[1865?]

Dear Emma –

I enclose the money for which you ask, and a note for Mr George Walker, which I should like to have sent to him if he is still abroad, and Family Farrar is willing to ask Mrs Walker to enclose it to him –

A note from Fanny this morning saying that they hope to get off on Wednesday and leave their faithful servants to clean up

on Thursday. I shall tell them on Monday, when I go out, that this will suit us very well & that if neither Harriet nor I are in hand to take possession on Friday that the house may be closed & the keys left with Mrs. Thayer. But I shall try to spend the night in the house while it is empty, if it is empty.

Charley brings the story from Winchester that Alfred Wilson's engagement is broken off.

I am kept pretty busy with my Technology, spending an hour and a half in the school five days in the week, and having long sessions with the authorities of afternoons & evenings straighting out the arrangements. It is very interesting, & necessary to work as we do in order to make it acquainted with each other & with the Institute. Eliot is first rate & with his might & stay, as I always contended he would be when he got home — and Mr Rogers is delightful — Let me know how you are & what you & H. mean to do —

Your aff. WWW. with renewed messages to your hostesses & love to Harriet.