

Subject: City Descriptions

926 Broadway
New York. Oct. 13, 1837.

Dear Brother --

We received in due time your letter and were glad of it -- brief though it was. We received the same day letters from Mill Brook [*Millbrook, Connecticut*]. Were sorry to learn that Marcus is getting no better. His case is hard indeed. We are anxious to see you all, and shall probably do so at no very distant day. You are aware of the state of our business affairs Every body is failing -- and nothing is doing -- Never was such a time before. And yet never was there such abundance the country through of the necessaries of life.

The prospect for the thousands thrown out of Employment for the winter is forbidding indeed -- Already is our city full of suffering and beggary to an unprecedented extent --

As my relations to the school do not hold me here I think we shall flee from this center of disaster and gloom to spend a few weeks at last in the society of our friends in the country. I do not yet know where we shall go -- but before very long I think.

You speak in your last of any garments which I may have worn all I can -- Particularly of my overcoat -- Whatever I have I shall be glad to put in your hands. My overcoat is not exactly worn out, but is too small for me -- So I shall need a new one for that season if for no others -- Especially in the country -- So if you still think you would like it, I will get it to you in some way.

All kinds of goods are being sold [now?] by one merchants at reduced rates -- Every thing for ladies wear can be bought at cost or less -- for cost -- the great want being money -- If you or your family need -- you can buy cheap by sending to us.

Everybody <has> not broken, is trying to sell his stock on hand in order -- to stand it through -- You have no ideal how sad a fix things are in -- and I cannot tell you.

Our school has opened unusually well -- but I am afraid it will not grow as usual. It now numbers 20. I do not teach much -- Have one private pupil.

Gertrude [*Gertrude Day Grant*] will be glad of the letter we are daily expecting from Sister Caroline. She wished her thanks sent in return for the assurances of your last -- and sends love to you all. She is anticipating much in visiting my friends in [Conn?] and her Uncles in Mass -- Boston & [Westfield?] --

Remember us to all relatives and friends who you may see. Write ere long -- Love to all your little circle --

Your aff. [*affectionate*] brother
Jno. Grant. [*John Grant*]

[Addressed to:]

Dea. [*Deacon*] Elijah Grant
Millbrook
Conn. [*Connecticut*]

Gainesville, Sumpter Co. Ala [*Alabama*]
April 2, 1857

Dea. [*Deacon*] & Mrs. Grant,

My dear Brother & Sister,

I was wonderfully refreshed and strengthened by the peculiar genial atmosphere of the "Indian Summer" after my arrival at Tuscaloosa [*Alabama*], October 11. From the first of December through the winter months, I suffered from various symptoms. In the coldest weather, (meaning once down to 4° above zero,) my breathing organs were quite embarrassed, showing that they would not well sustain a northern winter. The two weeks of vacation at Christmas, I was

most mostly confined to my room, & also that cold week from Jan. 17 to 24. Besides this time, & a few other additional days, I have taken charge of the opening exercises in Mrs. Stafford's school of 100 pupils, for half an hour. Tues. Wed. & Thr. Mornings. This has sometimes been all I could do. Till Dec. 18, I was at Mrs. Stafford's. Then I went to Mrs. Maxwell's, & have not again been to Mrs. Stafford's because I could not well endure what I could not help feeling & doing, where so many young ladies were accessible, & needed so much done for them. They board 20 more or less.

Early in March I accompanied Mr. & Mrs. Maxwell to Mobile [*Alabama*]. After resting there through a long rain, we took boat, by "the inner passage" (inside the islands) & over a part of Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans [*Louisiana*], 180 mil [*miles*] that Paris of the U.S. The Cathedral, the Battle Ground of Jan. 8, 1815, "The Levee" several miles in length, a place of immense business; the peculiar site of the city; "The Cemeteries" in wh. [*which*] all their dead are entombed above ground, (because the crust of the earth over the water is not thick enough to dig a grave) -- & were well worth seeing. Fortunes there are made & lost by variations in price of produce almost in a day. One man, a Scotchman McMahan deals only in lard. Sometimes he has bought & sold 200,000 pounds in a day, on wh. [*which*] his commission was \$2000. One firm of Spaniards, has during the last 25 years accumulated a fortune of \$400,000 dollars, by dealing only in Spanish Cigars. This one firm, and Capt. McConnel, who is continually passing to & from Havanna, trade with this Scotchman, Mr. McMahan; & from these alone he makes enough to support his family, & his office or place of business.

I came up the Tombigbee to this place to visit some ladies of Ipswich [*Massachusetts*] memory. A line from Tuscaloosa [*Alabama*] mentions the death of Prof. Tuomey of the University of Ala. [*Alabama*], who taught in Mrs. Stafford's school. He was distinguished for his great attainments as a naturalist. Mrs. S. [*Stafford*] depended on him to teach Chemistry, mineralogy, Geology, Botany, & Conchology. He was born & bred in Ireland, & he had a large <of> supply of Irish wit, & good judgment in using it. -- a very interesting man—adhering to the R. [*Roman*] Catholic form of religion, tho [*though*] worshipping with his wife in the Episcopal Church. His family, including two lovely daughters as all his children, I suppose must be left destitute of pecuniary means.

Next week I expect to return to Tuscaloosa [*Alabama*]. This excursion has done me good. Tho [*though*] yesterday and today, I am trying total abstinence, excepting gruel, & mostly lying by to get rid of some ailments. I have written with great rapidity, that I may send this to your son John.

Have you succeeded in gaining some statistics of our ancestors of the Grant family? I want a list of all you have, sometime. Perhaps I can have it thro' [*through*] John.

Probably I shall not leave Tuscaloosa [*Alabama*] before the first of May. Tho [*though*] my movements must be regulated by my company of wh. [*which*] I have now no knowledge.

Remember me kindly to each of your children & to inquiring friends. Your aff'te [*affectionate*] sister

Z.P. Banister [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*]

Cousin John, I should like to have you send this to your brother Phelps's wife & request her to forward it. I think of her & hers with much affection, & I cannot write them.

Flemington [*New Jersey*], March 23, 1861

Dear Grandparents,

I did not see much that interested me until I got to New York, As we approached the city the lighted windows looked like rows of stars at even distances from each other.

I did not expect to see the streets paved, I had always thought that only the sidewalks were paved; neither did I expect to see so many railroad tracks in the city.

In [*P.T.*] Barnum's Museum I saw so many things that I hardly know where to begin or where to end. But I saw all of Mr. Adams' bears. I saw the great sea lion, and a seal, and all sorts of fishes, and every other thing imaginable. I saw a play acted which I liked very much. I do not

know what was the name of the play but in it there was a funny old man who pretended to have traveled a great deal. He told his lady love something about his travels. Among other things he spoke of meeting a saucy woman and he called her Miss Vinegar.

At Newark I saw Mr. Lincoln [*Abraham Lincoln*] while he was passing from one depot to the other in an open barouche drawn by four white horses. It seemed that he had nothing to do but sit in his carriage and touch <and> his hat and bow first on one side and then on the other.

I had a better visit at Uncle John's than I expected to have. I went to the Episcopal Church when I was there but I never thought that there were such funny services in any Protestant Church.

There is an observatory on the top of Uncle William's house, and we can see all Flemington [*New Jersey*] from it, and more too.

I like to stay here very much. Aunt Mary asks me to stay here and learn to write and read. She says it would be worth more than a hundred dollars to me if I could be a good and fast writer, and she thinks that I might become so by practice. And she thinks it would be worth as much more if I could get rid of what she calls the dreadful habit of drawing my words when I read. But mother thinks that Aunt Mary is not well enough to have the trouble of me and I don't believe she will let me stay. I would like to be here and I would like to go home too. I was glad to have Grandmother write to me. Mother thinks that Uncle Marcus' letter is first rate because it tells some particulars.

Your aff. [*affectionate*] Grandson
E.B. Grant

[*Addressed to:*] Mr. Joel Grant

Colebrook
Ct [*Connecticut*]

Ipswich [*Massachusetts*], Aug. 20, 1838

Dear Brother Joel,

Yours of Aug. 8, was duly & gladly received Aug. 13. I had previously learned that you were in Md, [*Maryland*] am happy to find you situated among a kind people, though I can imagine that it may require skill on your part to prevent their kindness from encroaching upon your time, & you will not always probably be able to do it. Do you find them an inquisitive people? I would suggest your guarding well your cash, & other valuables. You speak of their manners being somewhat peculiar. I should like to converse with you about them. I suppose slaves are common.

I was interested in what you said of your journey, valued your remark respecting Mr. Tracy, & was pleased that notwithstanding the heat, &c. you enjoyed the excursion. Hope you will ever be disposed to enjoy whatever falls in your way suited to excite pleasant emotions. Sometime I hope you will find it convenient to stop at Philadelphia a few days. Hope you have some acquaintance there to show you places of interest. Dr. James Patterson, (who with his household were patterns of Christian hospitality) is now no more. I stopped with his family once when there. The waterworks, Franklin's tomb, the House of Refuge, a Jewish synagogue, the porcelain manufactory, the Widow's Asylum, the hall where congress formerly assembled, & Pratt's garden were the principle places I visited when there. The new fountain, Girard college & many other things you will like to see. It was the advice of the good & accomplished Rev. Mr. Stevens who died at Paris, to a young minister who was journeying to see all the works of nature & art that he could to treasure up knowledge of men & Things as far as possible, & to be sure to consecrate all his acquisitions to God. Would not such advice be apropos in your case?

As I think it not consistent for me to return home to enjoy a visit at this time, though nothing would be more congenial to my feelings, I think of more things which I wish to say than I can put on paper. I will hope however, that we may yet behold each other's faces in the flesh. The day your letter came I learned from a letter Dr. Anderson wrote Miss [*Cynthia*] Farrar, that the reinforcement to the Murathee mission will not go out before next spring. I have not determined upon any course for the coming winter. Miss [*Cynthia*] Farrar is still with me & will remain till the

close of this term [at Ipswich Female Seminary], Sept. 18. Aunt [Zilpah Polly Grant Banister] gives her her board, & she instructs me some in the M. [Murathee] language. I have paid my board by instructing a class in Whateley's logic a work which I wish you to understand. I have been spending a week & a half at Manchester, with Aunt [Zilpah Polly Grant Banister]. During that time as I had become somewhat tired of study, I left all my books at home & rested. Last Sat. my birthday I returned. I have been calling myself almost 28 all summer, but I believe I made a mistake, & that I am only 27. For one lesson while at home, I wish you would get each of the children to remember the year in which they were born, & brother try to do them good in every way you can.

If I could see you we would have a talk about personal appearance, politeness &c. I feel that these are matters far from being despised. I should judge from what you say of your location in Md. [Maryland] that your situation would not be very favorable for this kind of improvement. But as Miss [Cynthia] Farrar says these little marks of gentility & politeness cost nothing, & do give us influence, they should received attention. Do nothing in your own room that would offend persons of refined habits, & delicate taste. And let your personal appearance be neat & always respectable. I have sometimes made mistakes upon these points, & probably shall make more, but I intend to try. Can not you do something in this respect for those at home? Next time you write, mention any thing you please upon this subject & also about your society in Berlin, the state of religion in the vicinity, the opportunities for general improvement & I wish to know the ages, the general character of your school & your plan [. . .] in teaching. I visited a school in Manchester last week. It was a [. . .] one, there was excellent order. They read & spelt well. Aunt [Zilpah Polly Grant Banister]. says she can judge of a school by their reading & spelling. I look upon Aunt [Zilpah Polly Grant Banister] as one of the best, & most judicious persons I know, & value all the time I have to be with her. She writes no friendship or business letters, & finds it necessary to deprive herself many privileges & to take special care, that she may plan for the school, & be able to speak to them from four to six or seven hours a week. She wishes love to you. Whether you write her or myself, we shall both get the intelligence. Her expenses are necessarily great. She rides considerable, as that is her best medicine.

I wish you to sing some wherever you are, & think you might be a help in a choir at Berlin. I hope our brothers & sisters at home will soon learn to sing. <Where> How shall we direct our letters to you in Md. [Maryland] I find many things unsaid, but I must write a little to mother & if the thought should stray along your convolutions that my advice borders upon the officious, your generous heart will I think & rightly too impute it to my anxiety for your welfare. I may not write you again for some time but ever remain

Your very aff [affectionate] sister
Mary Grant

Ever dear Mother,

I thank you a thousand times for your letter of July 14, & a few times for your last. You had not time I know or you would have written more at that time. I do not wish to complain, but I did feel some grieved that Mother or Daniel or John or father did not fill out the sheet, or that they did not even send love. I want to know whether you have any help, whether the children do well, how my cousins Margaret, [Dinian?], Maria, Elizabeth &c. are employed & how Amanda is doing &c. I want to know about your religious joys & sorrows, about our church Sab [Sabbath] school & I wonder if you cannot all fill out a sheet while Joel is at home or soon after he returns & tell me of his visit. The school at S. [South] Hadley closed Thurs. of this week. Dr. Hawes addresses them at the close. Miss Caldwell then closes her connection with the school. Mr. Burgess has visited here & spent nearly a week. He left Aug. 1. He is in good health & I enjoyed his visit. He has been preaching in NY [New York] for three Sab. [Sabbath] & will be there next Sab. [Sabbath]

Those capable of advising me as well as myself very much doubt the propriety of my being engaged with the care of a school next winter. Miss [Cynthia] Farrar who is a very valuable character is decided. She thinks I shall not [unsure where cross-writing continues] it not best. I find mother in Aunt [Zilpah Polly Grant Banister] & Mrs. G. Aunt [Zilpah Polly Grant Banister] is not known this way at all by her inane commencing with P. & when you send love as I always like you to do to her, please use some other expression. Miss [Cynthia] Farrar wishes a kind

remembrance to my dear father & mother. I wish your prayers & desire that you may be blessed & sustained.

Your aff [*affectionate*] Mary

[*Writing in margins:*] About John's going to Md. [*Maryland*] I do not know but it may be best, you could take care of him. I wish he had chosen the bible for his counselor. If he should go, I think it might be best for Daniel to attend the district school & give a good deal of attention to singing should there be an opportunity. If there is a singing school, it appears to me it would be well for Martha to read & study at home, & attend much to singing. Here I would say to mother that I learned some in singing by singing with her & Martha would learn more. If John remains at home it seems to me that Daniel would do as well to teach next winter, & after having taught a season, he will be better prepared to profit by going from home to some established school. Aunt [*Zilpah Polly Grant Banister*] wishes her love to each of you. My love to each of the cousins.

If our people have no letter paper, will you procure some. I think they should write all their letters upon such paper. Mrs. Howell sends love to Emiline. Eno. says she shall write her friends there soon.

Very aff. [*affectionate*] Mary

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[*in pencil:* John Cowles Grant to Abigail Cowles Grant]

[*penciled on back*] I send this of Johns just received – send it to sister Caroline if you think best. I think his descriptive powers are pretty good

H March
Mrs. S.E. Edwards
326 Fed St.
Camden

Mr. An Mrs. Aaron Butler
Cape May

Harlem, Ills. [*Illinois*]

Dear Mother,

I have hardly written you a decent letter since I have been pedagogy but it was not for lack of inclination but rather of opportunity, for when in the schoolhouse the young ideas get noisy & want to run around & play & that joggles my desk & ideas & when boarding around I find writing materials scarce.

I have got a gay little school of 36 promising youth all of whom expect I doubt not to be Presidents & Mrs. [*Harriet Beecher*] Stowe's in time, their ages vary from 4 to 20 & some of the boys could throw me out of the window with one hand if they possessed the inclination; one of my boys is going to be a lawyer or Bank Prest. [*President*] for he can't write legibly to save him, probably he will go to Congress if he don't he ought to.

Boarding round is the largest thing out of the penitentiary. I have as good as there is around, and I must say that I never lived so well in my life as I have here, all sorts of every thing & so much of it. I find one trouble that is sitting, eating, & cooking all in the same room, but am getting used to that so I don't notice it except when they have babies to cry while their mother is cooking, if they were not so dirty I would try to comfort them a little my self but as it is I let them cry.

The Scotch have a regular oldfashioned bluestocking Presbyterian Church a little way from my <*adec*> academy in which primitive religion is shown in some of its beauties; service commences at 11 o'clock, about ten they begin to assemble, they come in crowds, families & tribes, by ones' tens' & forties,' after discussing the marriages & deaths of the week past, the prospects of the weather for the week to come, each one meantime informing his neighbor that it is a fine day, they go in to hear words of burning, soul-stirring eloquence for an hour & a half; the

complacency with which the Fathers in Israel sleep through the sermon is very refreshing & the regularity with which they wake for the singing & prayers is marvelous: all stand during the prayer, & sit during the singing; they have no choir or instrument, the Deacons saying they will "ha' na' sooch thing en Gods hus." The singing is conducted or led by an old cracked voice brother who makes terrible noises which all follow as closely as they can & for this interesting performance he is paid \$60. per year: there is one old man just like Mr. Storms, who takes his snuff as regularly as he wakes up, & spills about half of it over his coat collar, making it snuff-colored, a very fashionable color just now.

I went to a scotch party N.Y. [New York] night & was very much amused, pleased & instructed. Some of the older girls who don't go to school & "went for me" & tried to steal my heart I judged from their actions, but I had seen such before & if any one <was in the least> had any advantage I guess it was,

Yr [Your] aff [affectionate] son J Grant [John Cowles Grant]

Box 300 Roscoe

[Addressed to]

Mrs. Caroline Grant
Norfolk
Ct. [Connecticut]

Indian Territory [postmark Highbuck] June 3 1849

My Dear Wife [Caroline Burr Grant]

I love to write to you, and I have run on before the teams to save a moment to set down upon the grass and hold the paper on my knee and do so. I am determined to have a letter ready to send from Ft. Laramie [Wyoming], & I will try to have a long one. Perhaps I shall meet some return teams and send one to be <mailed> mailed at St. Joseph [Missouri] or some other place but you must not make much calculation to hear from <you> me.

We left St. Joseph one week tomorrow and have traveled some 80 miles, the first day we traveled 4 The second crossed the Mo. river [Missouri River] 4 miles from Town and traveled about 5 miles the 3d 20 miles or more the fourth 25m. etc.

Our company consists of 9 wagons 33 yoke of oxen [7?] yoke of cows and I don't know how many persons but 30 or upwards including some 7 or more of the female part of creation. We crossed the river with four wagons in company and the rest have by their request joined us. Just overtaken 17 wagons in camp they be by today it being Sunday and have been detained by sickness in their camp<ed>.

We have seen 14 new graves by the road side since we left St. J. [St. Joseph] all I believe died with <col> cholera and all came up the river This is but a small mortality in comparison with the report we heard from what we were told was reliable information viz, that in the first <14> 140 miles there was 300 (and (upwards) new graves. This was told by a citizen of St. J. [St. Joseph] who started for Cal. [California] and returned, after he had gone that distance beyond the river. A Justice of the peace in St. J. [St. Joseph] told us that he was his neighbor, and his word was truth.

He reported also that hundreds were sick, and deaths were of almost hourly occurrence, but we have heard that his report was a great lie.

Since writing the foregoing we have passed one more grave and 2 wagons have joined our company.

June 13 We are now at fort Kearney [Nebraska] on the Platt river [Platte River] from 250 to 300 miles from St. J. [St. Joseph], have passed 20 graves since writing before making 35 in the whole distance a small mortality for the great number of people that have passed.

Our company has been again increased by 4 wagons and since diminished <by> to the same No. [number] that crossed the Mo. River [Missouri River] together, They could not keep up so we came on and left them. We are all in good health and good spirits have not seen a dozen Indians yet but expect to every day, passed a place Monday morn. where a camp of 500 had just left, about 40 soldiers from the fort were in pursuit of them to recover some cattle that there had

been lost by emigrants. They returned last eve. but saw nothing of any Indians They did not try to find them for they followed them but one [1/2?] day at the rate of about 2 miles an hour and then left them.

Another Tribe the Shians [*Cheyenne*] were on this road about 6 miles from us <last> night before last but they had gone up the river [*Platte River*] before we came along. We shall probably fall in with them on our route. This is the Pawnee country here the Shians [*Cheyenne*] belong on the other side. before long we shall cross to the North side then I suppose we shall be in the Shian [*Cheyenne*] nation.

We keep watch at night live as well as any body can wish to and enjoy ourselves as well as anyone can who is travelling.

Last night there was a thunder shower and the wind blew a hurricane which rather disturbed [us?] but not bad. Such storms are common on this <side> great prairie we had just such an one last Monday morn. before day light. Had no watch out last night brought up our cattle and picketed them i.e. drove some stakes in the ground and tied them <to them>.

The road has been very good since we left St. J. [*St. Joseph*], on continued prairie the whole distance, unbroken except by an occasional <the> stream, lined with a very narrow strip of timber. How much farther it extends I know not. Grand Island in the Plat [*Platte River*] against us is covered with timber, all the wood we get here is from the Island.

Expect to leave here tomorrow. Mr. Cone and his company are before us. he promised to wait for us but is pushing on with all speed. let him go

The mail from Ft. Laramie passes here next week as I am told, I determined to mail this here hope to get another written to send from Ft. L. Letters may miscarry from this wilderness, dont be disappointed if you dont hear from me again, I want to write to Abby but can't now. Give my respects to all friends

Your affectionate husband
Daniel

[Addressed to] Mrs. Caroline Grant [*Caroline Burr Grant*],
Norfolk
Litchfield Co.
Connecticut

Jan. '50

I suppose this sheet will make double postage but I dont care for that, I pay a dollar to get it carried to the states, & I suppose it will be the same whether I send one sheet or two. The man that takes it leaves for the states on the 16th of Jan. and will take the Feb. boat, he is from Mo. [*Missouri*] has made \$1,500, and thinks he can't stay from his family any longer He run a carriage from Hangtown to Sac. City [*Sacramento City, California*]. will not be more than a year from his family. I have been able to preserve your letter sent by Dr. [Blye] and have just read it, & will answer it. The logs Mr. Root was right about. You did right about the saddle. Mr. Tichenor must have been mistaken about the dollar, for I paid him the common price for all he did. The long dress I did not want, but shall I ever get home, should have thrown it away as I did a good many things, if I had had it. I sent a letter from Ft. Larimie [*Ft. Laramie, Wyoming*] in wh. [which] I enclosed a lock of hair, but perhaps you did not get it. Will send another lock in this, my hair is short now, cut it myself, & clipped pretty close. I will give you some description of our company. We have 2 houses built in a small <rav> ravine, about 2 miles from the road leading from Hangtown, & Weverville, to Sac. C. [*Sacramento City, California*] about 45m from the City. Our house is 14 ft. by 12 ft. with a chimney at one end, built out side. My chums are Walter Young, of Sheboygan [*Wisconsin*] & Joseph Ludington, of Mil. [*Milwaukee, Wisconsin*] Young is a tailor & not very agreeable, though a tolerable good fellow. I worked with him, from the commencement of my mining, till <...> December first. Then we separated, & for three weeks, not feeling well, I did not mine. He is very profane. Ludington is a very pleasant young man 20 years old, also profane but not as bad as Young. Young left his wife with her father near Diesner's mill. He is 35

years old. At the other house is Mr. Burlieu, from Sheboygan 25 years old, quite profane but a first rate fellow, also Mr. Peters fr. [from] She. [Sheboygan Wisconsin] 25y old very profane, but a good companion in every other respect. Mr Jones from the lead mines Wis. [Wisconsin] 35y old I guess, uses profane language some, & is a clever man. The other (for there are four) is Mr. Matthewson fr. Hartford Ct. [Connecticut] A fine young man, does not use profane language, but is not so agreeable as I wish he was, a good companion though much more so than Young. He is my present partner.

Last week we took out \$168, 80, \$68, of it in one one day. We are at work in what is called dry diggins, or what I should call winter diggins.

In wet diggins there is too much water in the winter and in dry diggins no water in summer. The wet are much the most productive.

A good many came from the States last summer and got from \$1500, to \$10000, and returned, are at home before this time, but big strikes though somewhat common, are in proportion to the number engaged, few & far between.

The mine<e>rs however almost invariably make money, some spend it fast as they get it, others save it, some soon as they get a few dollars go with it, to the gambling table. I have heard a report that a young man came into the mines, & was successfull, took out in a short time \$5000, went to Sac. C. [Sacramento City, California] and bet it all at once, at the time telling the gamblers, that it was the last bet he ever should make, whether he won or lost, & if he won, he should go home, but if he lost he should go back to the mines, He won, took his \$10000, & went home. Every store almost & every public house is a drinking & gambling shop. The Sabbath is not regarded here, except as a day of rest, and not even for that by some. Probably 99 out of a hundred of all the inhabitants of Cal. [California] are in the habit of using language. Yet there never was a country in the world, where there was better order, & less crime.

I enjoy myself very well. You know I mean as well as I can. My greatest trouble is I am separated from my family, and can't hear one word from them or any of my friends. I never could put up with it but I think the Lord had a design in my coming therefore, I try to be content.

The Indians are somewhat troublesome in some places, not far from here, they burnt a sickman about a week since. They sometimes steal oxen & horses and other things, but if they steal to much extent, the whites raise 30, or 40 men, go in pursuit kill all they can, recover the property & take what they can from the Indians.

The country is generally barren, producing little except trees, which are scattered all over the mountains. below the mountains there is no timber, or anything else except on the ranches, as the fertile spots on the rivers are called where grass grows luxuriantly.

The winter is delightful, so far, where we are located, but a little higher up, the mountains are covered with snow. I think every day how you are hemmed in with snow & the cold wind whistling through every crevice, while I can sit by the open door, & write or read without fire, and be warm & perhaps a little too warm. A little fire though is generally comfortable.

Oxen are generally worth about \$200, [] & cows from \$100, to \$150, dollars a apiece, milk at Sac. C. [Sacramento City, California] is \$1, per g't. Almost all kinds of business is profitable.

The rainy season is not so unpleasant as I supposed. Sometimes it rains for 3 or 4 days so hard that we cannot work, & sometime will be wet for more than a week, raining more or less every day, then a spell of fair weather for a few days, or may be a few weeks. The nights are frosty in fair wether. The rainy season continues 3 months, & generally commences between the 20th Dec. & first Jan. This season it commenced the <first> second week in Nov. so I suppose the rainy season is pretty well along. Today is the 10, thursday & the third rainy day this week. I probably shall not make any more than \$20, this week, perhaps not that.

I have written a long letter for me. I dont know who there is to read it, but some of my friends are alive. I dont know which of them. I will put a few verses in to this <...> for [Abby]. I clipped them from a Newspaper I hope that I shall see my father & mother a gain, but I fear I shall not. Your affectionate husband

Daniel [Daniel Grant]

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[Addressed to] Mrs. Caroline Grant
Norfolk
Connecticut

Marysville [California], Dec. 9, 1850.

My Dear Wife,

It is a long time since I wrote home, longer I think than it will be again. You may expect a letter every mail after this, or twice a month. I am now in Marysville [California] & have been for some time. As long as I remain here, or where I can get to the P. O. [Post Office] I shall send by every mail, & I would be glad to receive by every mail.

Have had no news from you since M. [Marcus Grant] arrived because I suppose, I have not sent for any or have sent but once & then the express did not return. I shall send to Sacramento city by the next mail, to have letters forwarded to Marysville [California], if the P. M. [Post Master] will regard my request I have no doubt I shall hear from you, but it is very uncertain whether he will, Post Master are either exceeding careless here, or else exceeding indifferent.

I have been searching for a piece of land for M. [Marcus Grant] & myself & for cows that we could buy but both are very difficult to find or at least it is difficult to find land at the present time that suits in quality & location, six months ago I could have found it.

There is a place about two miles from here where I think to go & build a small cabin & if I can get a few cows, & keep there I will, & when M. [Marcus Grant] comes we will decide whether it is best for us to stay there, or not.

M. [Marcus Grant] is still on the Yuba river & I suppose doing pretty well, I have not heard definite from him since I left him, some six weeks since, suppose he has had no opportunity to send.

Marysville [California] is a flourishing place, & I think will continue to grow for a time yet, the city as it is called is regularly laid out the streets crossing at right angles. It is a very pretty location, & I think healthy there were two or three cases of cholera [cholera] when it was so bad at S. City [Sacramento City, California], but I can see no reason why it is not healthy.

The buildings are mostly made of cloth & almost every house is a store, tavern or some other kind of shop. A great deal of gambling is done every day, every tavern is furnished with cards & tables for the accommodation of visitors, & loafers many is the game played for a drink & even for money, the montebank [montebank] is the principal bank here, there being many of them, but Faro is common & Rolet, [Roulette?] Ronda & all other kinds of games are always to be found.

The stores are none of them furnished with stoves, but the weather is considered warm enough to throw the doors wide open & admit all the air.

There are but few women here of the right sort, but plenty of bad ones. It seems that bad women & gamblers are good associates.

Yesterday I attended church, meeting was held in the court house. The minister is a young man, & pretty smart enough for this country I suppose, he told us that he wanted us to contribute enough to enable him to live, said "the laborer is worthy of his hire," & "all he asked was enough to live," & I am sure it [will] not cost him but little more to [live?] here with the high prices, than it *is* does most of our ministers at home. You must not think that it is for want of talent that he will live cheap, it is the absence of false pride, & a sense of our wickedness in this country, & a desire to do us good, he is some like that man we liked so well in Wis. [Wisconsin], I have forgotten his name.

Do you think I thought of home while I was at church, ah! you know I am thinking of home nearly every moment, but the impressions were more vivid when there.

I thought to write a full letter this time & give you a good deal of information about myself & other things here but, I think I must cut it short & see if I cant do it next time.

The last letter I sent home & contains ½ an oz. gold dust M. [Marcus Grant] wrote in the letter, he stated that I was going to packing, so I did, & succeeded in getting the load to the place, but on my return I lost both of my mules for which I paid \$165.00 I then gave up doing any more packing. Send your letters to Marysville pay no postage unless Joel continues to be postmaster I am pretty well. Your aff. [affectionate] husband
Daniel

<There is something of a revival here I hope you & Mary [*Mary Burr Hill*] will remember & pray for us all that we too may be blessed I went to meeting last Friday there was a very full prayer meeting Halsey Stevens & Ralph Cressey and others have hopes think Erastus & nor Ralph haven't been awakened R. could not very well attend meetings, I believe it began among the Methodist

Mrs. Rebecca Sexton Canfield has a son 6 days old we had never though of the thing till Mrs. Welch told of it yesterday Elmore Canfield's wife has one 3 weeks old we heard for the first time today There was a man killed yesterday in Capt. Duvals shop by the burtsing of a grind stone

P. Burr [*Pamela*]

Burr]

Jan 25>

[Addressed to] Mrs. C. Grant
Norfolk
Conn. [*Connecticut*]

San Francisco, Cal. [*California*] March 3d, 1856.

My Dear Beloved Wife [*Caroline Burr Grant*],

I had no intintion yesterday morn of trying to describe a day in S. Francisco [*San Francisco, California*], but as there are some incidents which interested me, I think they may not be altogether uninteresting to you, & to begin with the morn. I will try.

I arose about my usual time (six oclock) & after my mornings shower bath, attempted for the first time since I left home to dress myself like a civilised man.

I had the day before purchased a few articles of clothing & with other things some white shirts & a black silk cravat, the first in this Country

It was quite an undertaking for me to don a white shirt "with a standing collar" & it was after seven before I was ready for my mornings promenade, but I was at last in the open air the streets were as usual alive with carriages & pedestrians moving in all directions. I took my accustomed walk to a high sand hill in the south part of the town (I forgot to mention that it was sunday morn.) which overlooks the city.

No incident worthy of mentioning occurred during my walk but </?> as my rout was through China, as it is termed here, that is where the China population live & trade, it may not be amiss to notice there market.

With the heathen Chinaman the sabbath is as another day, their market was filled with such eatables as Chinamen are most fond viz. pork, chickens & fish, of the flesh kind & vegetables which were strange to me. Other articles were inside their shops & as I cared not what they had there I did not examine. I shall have occasion to mention the chinese again & will now return to breakfast.

My breakfast consists of coffee, beefstake & cornbread, after breakfast a little rest, then the electric machine which ties my arms in knots, after which I generally spen[d] the ballance of the morning in reading or writing. So far this is the description of every day.

Being desirous to attend church & also being a perfect stranger here I examined the daily papers to learn where to go, but no notices fell under my eye that quite suited my fancy. I therefore made inquiry at the office of the hotel where I am stopping, (it is a temperance house for someone to attend church with me, but no one was at hand who wished to go to church.

I was however told <where> that probably Dr. Scotts church on bush st. would suit me better than any other & received directions how to find it. I immediately repaired to church, was told at the door that the seats were free & I could sit below or in the gallery. I chose the gallery where I had a good seat. I was not yet aware what denomination worshiped there but thought I could soon learn.

As I was watching the gathering congregation the sound of the organ fell upon ear. O! what a sound the first I have heard in Cal. [*California*] It caused my hart to leap into my throat. I

scarcely knew what to do with myself, but imagine if you can what effect it had upon me when the <q> choir commenced a chant. I was surprised. I cannot describe my feelings. In an instant I was transported in imagination, across the american continent. I was <in an> for a moment by your side my dear wife, but it was but for an instant, black reality snatched me away & I was again sitting in the church trying to listen to the chanting of the choir, but I could not listen, my thoughts were <far> with you. I was in short quite homesick. My eyes overflowed with tears, I wished myself away. I longed for solitude but I could not well get away. amongst my purchases were a pair of boots which I had on. They made an awful squeaking, so much so that I dare not attempt to go out therefore I was compelled to remain. The services continued. When the congregation rose for prayer I rose with them. By so doing I was brought in sight of the communion table. I perceived it was covered with the emblems of the sacrament & as the minister was engaged in prayer was several times overcome by my feelings. How vividly did every sound, every act, every sentence bring to mind my home, my friends & all that I hold dear. How often did I think that you probably were attending afternoon service in your church, at home, at the same time that I was tending morning service on the Pacific coast.

I soon ascertained that the church was Congregational. Eleven new members were added to it, most of them by letter. One family from New Haven Ct., [Connecticut] a man his wife & daughter.

About one third of the congregation I should judge were ladies, & of the communicants one third gentlemen & so two thirds ladies.

Notice was given of services in the Chinese chapel at three o'clock. A Chinese convert was to be baptised by Mr. S[pure] the chinese missionary in Cal. [California] He, the china[man] has been recently converted from heathenism. The first convert under the labors of the Rev. missionary. The chinese have a very pretty chapel erected by subscriptions & the aid of the missionary soc. [society]

I attended the chinese meeting in the afternoon My mind had become more quiet & though at times my eyes would fill with tears I was pretty well able to control myself. I enjoyed the meeting. In the eve. I again attended church at Dr. Scott's place.

Dr. Scott is a very smart man. The <g> choir in his church consists of four persons, two ladies &c.

I ought to let the close of the service in the eve. close my narrative, but a little incident occurred on my return which I somehow cant help naming. I strayed from my way <. . .> & if I was apt to get lost probably should have been on this occasion, but it is difficult for me to get where I cant find my way out as long as I have my liberty.

On my way a round, I passed through some streets which were pretty quiet, not so many promenaders as in some parts of the city. As I was walking a window was thrown open by my side & a female voice called for help. I turned aside to see what was the trouble when I perceived a man in the room where the voice came from. As I walk to the window The man came to the door & opened it. It seemed that he was trying to make some disturbance with the woman I just said come friend don't be making disturbance here & he walked away with me I suppose the woman is "one of them" & I did not care much for her anyhow Though as I was not sure of that I was determined to rid her of her present trouble & then let her take care of herself

I have written one sheet to you which will go with this

You inquire in your letter what nursing I have I am not often so sick but that I can wait on myself when I am some friend is generally to be found

I will now close Don't <laygh> laugh at me now for writing such a bundle of nonsense
Give a kiss to the children

Entirely thine
Daniel Grant

[Addressed to] Mrs. Caroline Grant
New Mareldoro <Mill. River>
Berkshire. Co/ Mass

[On side of envelope] If not called for in 10 days return to John E Benton

Lansing Mich
Call Box 812

Lansing June 3./ 89

Dear Cousin,

Many, many years have sped since we meet [this?] last winter I think. [R?] received a letter from Jesse Benton of [Montana?] saying yourself and husband were in Mill river did not learn how long it had been since your letter from Kansas [by sore ly spirst?] wife and brought up by her is in Enon Barber. Co Kansas farming and selling [mechenery?] as that is his vocation the latter in perticular his naim is F.W. Benton (37) years old never has made large acumalations I am more ingaged in helping him [abought?] \$2,000 Mrs Benton and myself (who have been marriade more than thirty years) live in this city wich if the census was taken would be 14,000 or 15,000 it being the capitle city grows substantial but not as fast as the western towns we retired about 12 years ago in good shape say more \$40,00 I speak of the amount for the reason that people always wish to know: just as if money makes the man: we had two daughters given us (one left) who is 29 years old married and lives eight miles from this city farming on an eighty acre farm wich I bought and gave them paid \$4,000 for it they make a little have no children

My darling Bertha my pride and blessing whome resembled me so very much died five years ago at the age of 22 so you see I have no grandchildren onely [my?] first wife Fred has two daughters whome I have never seen one 8 the other 10 write me nice letters but I take but little stock in the blood of the tribe: remember the hotly contested land suit wich I had with the family more than 30 years ago at Cleaveland Ohio

Fred's mother who is now 63 lives near Cleaveland has ben marriade near 30 years her husband is an illiterate fellow some property [pay?] \$20,000: 20: I was through the town one year ago met her on the street had not seen her for 30 years she was pointed out to me of corse would not have known her: as I had no fears of being known by her gaised on the girl that I once thought beautiful she once weighed 125 would have said then 200 how strange she appeared: did not disern one action to remind me of fame of long ago: I write or speak of her as we talked of the affair when we last met in Norfolk the boy Fred I sough onely once untill he came to me when 24 years old he was fareley educated: staid two or three days was up once or twice more before going west Fred and his step Father cant agree so I help him hopeing he will yet do well: our home is one block from the capital squair in the center of the town and we try to take comfort in our old age I am most 61 [Ms?] Benton 55 yet there comes to my mind the memory of youthful days I remember the kiss you implanted on my cheek at my old home a day or two before you first went to [Miseonsoa?]: remember the Berkshire hills with there senery attractions and all the acquaintances of youth and many times think it would have been as well or better if I had have remained in the land of my youth although I mite have obtained but little of this worlds goods: when I pass away a smaller [amount?] to leave perhaps would be as well or better to leave behind: well how many children have you what are they adoining many things have changed in thirty years all the old ones have gone and many of the young Erastus how many children has he Lesse says that he and his wife parted 4 or 5 years ago and Erastus is marriade once more was it his first wife after living together more than thirty yes forty: years where is your sister Mary how large a family has she I have received nothing from my Brother Warren for six years Albert dont write so I have got his boys to write: how large a plase is Mill River <...> what for a country is Kansas for farming was through that 'reagon' 8 years ago this month on a flying trip did not stop to investigate: their towns seamed to be growing finely can you give me Warren [Bs?] address well Cousin you are in the land of your youth that land that is dear or should be dear to every one I hope sometimes to tread those hills once more but then the gayety of youth with its happy dreams have flown life is a [faleuer?] at the best how I longed at 20 to go to the great west how I pictured this level country withought a mountain or rock hardly a hill: although blessed with plenty the picture that fancy [drue?] has fallen far short in every respect. Well I will close by saying if these hastey lines are though by you worth of reply address

John E Benton
Lansing
Call Box 812 Michigan

My regards to Mr Grant in running my eyes over this scribble discover many mispelt words but think perhaps you can construe its meaning I never could spell or write
