



Tipton, Missouri.  
June 7, 1867.

My Dear Willie:

For a long time I have been intending to write to you; to-day it is so hot, that I have to stay in my room & do it.

On Tuesday of this week, we had a Sunday School picnic, in a nice grove about a mile from the village. We went from the school-house in a procession, with three or four banners; there were near a hundred. By & by came a wagon loaded with baskets of food brought to the school-house by the people. After the children had played for three or four hours, the food was placed in order, on table-cloths spread on the ground; there was roast turkey, biscuit & butter, pie & cake, sandwiches, pickles, sardines, tea, &c. A great deal was left, which was sent to the poor. Then the people came together, & heard speeches & good singing. Then the children played an hour or two longer; swings had

been prepared by hanging ropes from the branches of trees. Then all went home, many in wagons, many on foot. Every thing passed off well, & every body was pleased.

This is a very different country from Kansas. The prairie is more level; the country is more full of people; every where you go, you find large farms. — A great many boys & girls ride on horses. But there are fewer birds; the country is not so pleasant looking; the people are not so nice. But the houses are better, & there is more fruit. We are now eating strawberries, & had cherries days ago. The peaches are partly grown; there will be very many, & many apples & grapes.

There are many black folks; last Sabbath they had a meeting of 200. They have been slaves, but now they are free, & go where they please, & work for whom they please. A great many of them can not read; some learn; some don't care.

But I want you to understand that New York is a much better country than Missouri, for boys to grow up in. Here there are no such nice churches, & organs, & seminaries, & academies, as you have. — There are no such nice Sabbath Schools as that in Le Roy, with their fine singing. I feel like a hungry man; I want to see such things again. In the great city of St. Louis, they have them all; but the children in the country know little of them. So I want you to work hard & learn, in those fine schools, all you can, while you are there; then you can help teach here, if we think best to move. It is a great thing to grow up in such a place as Le Roy. Nothing would please me better than to see you a good player on the melodeon. If Martha thinks best, & has time, this summer, I hope you will take a few lessons. Your aunt Ann, too, is a teacher, & perhaps will help you.

I have heard nothing, for a long time,

of the hen-house, nor of the garden; don't know whether you had a few pears, last fall, on your trees, or whether they blossomed this spring. The thorn hedge, I think, for want of cutting, must have grown up thick & high. Did the crab-apple trees in the yard bear well? & did Martha eat the fruit?

Now write me a letter; let me know where Urania Bryan is; about your studies, garden, hen-house, Bryan; whether you like the new organ; who yr SS. teacher is; whether Mr. Russell is in the academy, &c. &c.

Yr very affectionate father,

A. North.

The Hebrew word for jackal is שׂוֹאֵל שׂוֹאֵל. The word of 1 Sam. 13: 17 is the jackal tribe of Ben-jamin.

My Dear Willie:

Tipton, Missouri.  
Sep. 26, 1867.

I have just got back from Boonville, a town on the Missouri River, about twenty-five mile north of Tipton. Went to drive Mrs. Dr. Brent in a buggy, who wanted to go & see her father. The Brents are the family I board with. It is now fair-time; there is a collection of pigs, sheep, cows, horses, mules, &c. at Boonville, the county seat of Cooper County; & they have what they call a tournament.: Some boys ride full gallop, (one at a time) past a little ring as big as the palm of your hand; the ring hangs about as high as their heads; they must put the point of their spear through the ring, so as to take it along with them; to do this on a gallop requires a steady hand. The boy who hits the ring the most times, is crowned victor, & gets \$20; the next best \$15; next \$10; the poorest out of four best, \$5. They call this a tournament; the real tournament I think you will find described in Games' History of Chivalry, a small book about as high as your head, in the first book-case on your right, as you go into the library. — But all this is very

unprofitable; ignorant boys do it, & I fear they will never know any thing higher & better. As I was leaving Boonville this morning, I met negro boys, & white boys, <sup>on mules</sup> & wagon loads of men & women, driving into town to see the fair; there they will stand all day in the sun & dust; I wd rather read about Alexander, & Diogenes, & the great men of other times & countries.

Before I started this morning, I went to look, for a moment, at the Missouri River; it is very wide, & steam-boats go on it up to Montana 3000 miles, carrying passengers & goods, & bringing back furs.

I am glad you are going to study music, only I fear you won't stick to it. If you wd learn to play on the melodeon, I sh'd be very glad indeed.

I find some mistakes in your letter. You must always begin the name of a place with a capital: Greece, not greece; Boonville, not boonville; the title of a book, too, sh'd have a capital: Universal History you have rewritten universal history. Alexander the Great, not great; so Tuesday you have rewritten tuesday. You must put three weeks not with a figure, 3 weeks. Blacksmith & weeks, you sh'd begin with a small letter, unless they begin a sentence.

I hope you will before long begin to read bigger books than Parley, such as Rollin's Ancient History, & Wm's Life of Alexander the Great, & Goldsmith's Greece & Rome, & England, all in the library. I read Rollin when I was a little older than you. Southey's Life of Lord Nelson, & Peter the Great, are both there; I think you might understand them with a little help from Martha or Bryan. You must read Robinson Crusoe. It is high time you had begun your Latin; but I think this must wait a little.

After all, I can not get you to tell whether Mr. Russell is in the Academy; you forget it every time you write.

Peaches are plenty here, & grapes; but the apples are not so good as ours in N. York. The farmers build small houses for drying fruit; there is a room as big as your bed-room, with many shelves, & a stove with a very hot fire.

I hope you will pay much attention to your spelling; Bryan spells many words badly. Martha he spells Marthy. I want you to have a good education for two reasons: 1. I shall not be able to support you. 2. Knowledge is a kind of property you can not lose. It won't fall out

of your pocket; nobody can steal it; it can not be brought up; & bad men can not cheat you out of it; you can not make a foolish bargain & trade it away.

I am sorry you have changed your name; it is not William, but Willie, a different name. So your mother told me.

I study a little Hebrew every day, so as to teach you one of these years when we can live together. It is an easy little language, & by reading it you can understand many things in the Old Testament a great deal better. I send in this letter a piece about Samson's foxes, which, when you & Martha have read, you must put in the great scrap-book back of my seat at the study-table, among the other pieces you will find there. What you don't understand, Martha will explain, & show the place on the map.

Don't forget yr prayers every night & morning.

Your affectionate father,

A. North.

The Boston paper sent me \$3 for the piece about Samson.



Tipton, Missouri.

Nov. 15, 1867.

My Dear Willie :

I must try to write to my baby oftener; I am reminded of him every day by seeing many children, black & white, in the streets. It is now woom weather here, so that children build stone houses, & sit about in the dirt, out of doors. But I suppose you are getting larger than these children. — Our S. School is flourishing; last Sunday I presented four nice books, in the presence of the congregation, to as many boys & girls who had got the largest number of verses. The books had been bot for this purpose by an English, or rather Welsh gentleman. To each boy & girl receiving them I made remarks. — My Bible Class, too, is very prosperous; new boys come in frequently. We are in the plagues of Egypt, the frogs, & flies, & cattle-sickness, & chain-lightning, & darkness, & bloody water, & grats (not lice) &c. &c. Pretty soon we shall come to the pass-over, & the going out, & crossing the end of the Red Sea, & journeying to Mt. Sinai. Hope you will read some of these things for yourself, in the book of Exodus, & find on the map where it was. The boys of the Israelites must have had a nice time in the

pasture-grounds of Arabia, in hearing their fathers & older brothers tell about the plagues, & the journey. What a grand sight the mountain, Sinai, must have been; they had never seen any mountains in the flat country of Egypt. And in the wilderness they must have had a nice time in tending sheep & cattle; in wrestling; in catching gazelles; in looking after the young lambs; in watering the flocks; in milking; in song-singing; in hearing the scribes read out of the manuscripts about things in the book of Genesis; in gathering manna; in fighting wild beasts when they came for a lamb; in hauling or <sup>helping haul</sup> down the tents when the shekinah moved, & then in driving stakes & putting up the tents again, when the shekinah stopped; in hearing the grandfathers tell about the brick-making before the plagues, & how big the pyramids looked. And when they took turns in watching the flocks at night, they must have told stories & sung songs as they sat together; they must have looked at the moon & the stars, & had names for many of them. Some of the ignorant "mixed multitude" that went out with them, (Ex. 12:38) who were not Israelites, sometimes worshipped the stars, & the Israelite boys told them it was wrong. They must have had a nice time in leaving the

new song Moses wrote for them just before they went into their new country. (Deut. 31:30 & 30:44) I have often tho't what happy days: those thousands of boys had in the desert, forty years, while they were learning the things they had to understand before they settled in Canaan. And then, after they had got through the wars, & when each boy found out what Canaanite house & lot his father was to have, they had to go to work in the vineyards, & picking up olives, & taking care of the sheep & goats, & asses. (1 Sam. 17:15 & 9:3, Is. 24:13 & 17:6.) They must have had to climb the olive trees a good deal. Some Sunday night, Martha can show you how they did their work, in Gahr's Archaeology. You ought to get a place on the map every day.

The other day, <sup>15</sup>I was walking along the rail-track, a prairie-hen flew against the wires & fell down close to me, stunned, so that I easily caught her. She was fat & heavy, from the corn she had stolen in the great corn-fields; we ate her the next morning for breakfast.

The prairie around the village is strewn with old bones of the beasts that were killed in the war by the soldiers who camped here—bones of horses, cows, calves, sheep, hogs; also a great many old tin pans, cups, coffee-pots, &c. jammed & rusty.

When you write to me, I wish you wd tell me what mountains a man standing at Nazareth wd see around him. You can tell from the map of Palestine in the study. Dr. Robinson sat there.

I hope Bryan has copied for me the Song of Deborah in the Biblical Repository 1831 June. I forgot to speak of it yesterday in my letter to him.

I should be much pleased to hear that you have read some of the battles in Rollin, of Alexander, & Pyrrhus, & Hannibal, & how Xerxes lashed the sea, to punish it for destroying his bridge of boats; & how he sent a letter to a mountain, & how the Greeks beat him, & he went back in a boat. I should like to have you read in Morse & Parish's History of New England how the Pequods were destroyed, & in Botta about the battle of Bunker Hill. In the Life of Nelson, Martha will find for you the battle of the Nile, & another account of the same battle in Alison.

When you write, let me know where Urania Bryan is, & her father & mother.

I hope you will write to me before long, & tell me whether the new organ is fine toned; who preaches, & whether Mr. Poomelee is there.

Are there hens in your hen-house?

Your affectionate father,

In the great blue dictionary of the Bible, you will find a picture of the gazelle. }  
I saw one in a ship from Arabia. }

A. North.

Tipton, Missouri.

March 3, '68.

My Dear Willie:

It has been too long since I have heard from my baby; I want a letter from him.

I have walked out a mile or two to-day; but it is cold & muddy. A large flock of wild geese flew over, just now, from South to North, which, with thunder & lightning, shows that spring is near. The shop-keepers are sending for garden-seeds; people are carting manure on to their gardens; & the snow-birds are no longer seen. We shall have the singing of birds, & the sprouting of grass, several weeks earlier than you.

This is a country of drought. To get water enough to wash in, is not easy; & the poor beasts have not drink enough. Your good well, and the creek at the bottom of your garden, and the cistern, are pleasant things in my eyes. When I have washed my hands & face, I carry the water down stairs & pour it round the little lig-

num vitae & other young shade-trees in the yard, to keep them alive, till the time of rain.

You remember Alfred Hawes. He wrote to me lately, that his father has left him some property in Indiana, but that he can not sell it till he is of age next August; so he wants to come here & work till that time. I found him a nice place, & wrote to him; he may come; it is not yet certain.

Our Sunday School is flourishing; I expect to canvass the town with a blank book, & find out all the children we can get. The Bible Class, too, grows larger.

I should like to hear whether you expect to go to school this summer; whether you have learnt any thing on the melodeon; whether you have read any history.

Let me know what is the post-office address of Urania Bryan.

Hope you use your tooth-brush every day, without fail. Is it very cold & stormy?

Is your sister Ann's p.o. address as it was? Love to Martha & Bryan.

Your affectionate father. A. North.