

It would be better than stopping in Broadville over night unless
if Mr Solomon comes with you don't let him pass by me without calling
tell him so. If you love me let me see you before a week from next
Monday night

Yours truly
George
Mine Pet

Solomons Corners November 21 1850

A month has almost passed since
I was at Ogdensburgh writing for you little did
I think at that time that it would be this long ere
I saw you I received your letter just in ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~enough~~
time enough to answer it either Thursday or Friday
and by your writing thus I thought surely you would
be here the next week but week after week has
gone by and I have fretted and fretted untill I
begin to think that I do have ~~the~~ ^{the} hardest time
than any other man in this world The wages
I am to receive would be no temptation or inducement
for me to live over the last Six weeks but enough
- I do not dare to send you any money in this for
fear you may be on the way thither (see how I flatter
myself) you must beg or borrow or something else if
you are out - Do not wait any longer for Mr Solomon
if there is one dot of man about your Father he will
come as far as R Point with you and you can
stop at Beldens and write me to meet you there
or come through the Boats leave the R Road dock at Seven
PM or upon the arrival of the Cars but if you would
manage so as to come to Broadville in the Canada Boats

Boston Nov 22^d 1855

Dear Father & Mother

A Dela manifests no disposition to write to you by Tommors mail I thought perhaps a few lines from me would be better than none

Ellas has been sick this week but we think she is over the worst of it now - G.B. has grown heavy since he came home is very well and has learned to fiddle he is a good boy and a great deal of amusement for us

Dela is very well and full of business sewing sewing big dresses and little ones C.C.C. made 3 new comfortable

unds we have had it so cold that we tried one of them and have concluded that they are a good investment -

I am in hopes to move some time during the month of Dec but as yet cannot tell for certain the time -

Has S. James accepted your offer on the Land -

Did you get all your produce harvested before the frost

Yours Truly in haste

George Willard

Swiston, Oct. 23rd, 1860.

Friend Dalton,

I recd. a letter from you to day. Indeed I had been looking for it a long time, but could have well born to have waited longer for it had it not brought the sad news of Jones's death.

Although Jones was not an extra bright scholar. He had, it is true, a ~~an~~ mind, and an intellect, dear to him as life, and which he labored steadily and patiently to improve. On this account of thought the more of him. Had he chosen rather to spend his time in the company of others, and in idle frivolity, then he could not naturally cling to his last actions as manly and noble. But he was young in life; energetic in the pursuit of those aims which were ultimately for his benefit, and thought no difficulties too great for his removal - and for this, we all loved him. But so it really is.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
I was going to say enough of this, but no - never, a school mate is not to be

forever parted with, without lasting emotions
and sighs of regret. All that we can
now hope for him is, that he has been
found faithful in the discharge of his
better and eternal duties, those duties
which would rather save, which we are led to believe
materially affect one's future existence.

Weller wrote to me that his Father and
two Brothers were deathly sick with the
Typhus fever. He had a hard attack
of it too and I tell you it made me
feel bad, I greatly dreaded to hear of
Weller's death. - Oh I expected it. But
by God's good grace he was spared.

I have lately been attending
our County Teachers Institute, and having
good times. I was chosen Secretary for
the last night's closing exercises.

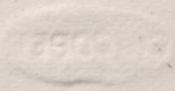
Miss Mary E. Byrnes read a beautiful
essay. The last evening there were some
very fine speeches made by old teachers.
Mr. J. W. Brown of Cornsboro made
some most witty remarks, while relating
his experience as a teacher.

I have received since two or three
letters from Hetchum. One from a
young Damsel of Albany together
with her Photograph in a Card. - "Oh!"

After I had received the photograph
I wrote to Bishop and let him fall on
his face to find out from whom it came.
He could never do that! I have too, a
very fine correspondent, a lady in the
Normal School now! Ring in Balcom!
The first term that I was in Albany
I did not make the acquaintance of
but one or two girls, but the last, "Oh!"
had I the wings of a Dove, how soon
would I fly away and

turn a gill-loose and she is like
a young horsing snare cold, turn a
boe in too, and Oh! Balcom! God only
knows! Albany spoiled eye, I must
confess. Between Taylor's Brewery and
the Normal School I am about ruined
forever. Let I would give \$5.00 to see the
old school once more, and all in it. Mrs.
Balcom, Miss "Fuggins" was an old
girl after all. Bishop used to make
all sorts of fun out me about her name
but it is that for ever, after all, and I'll bet
that it is paid for yet! Do you remember
the time you + Bishop were on my bed?
Do you remember the awful, horrid
and pusillanimous of Merriam?
He was an awfully small mean boy.

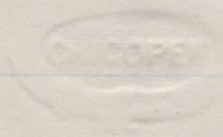
I say boy, for there is no man about
here now, and there can never be, so long
at least, as there is so much God.
I should like to know how Herriest
is thriving. When I left Albany, Mrs.
Leslie, our landlady, was very sick, and
could not get up off of her bed, I wonder
how Goodale and Dusenbery are
getting along, I hear that they have
an Assistant teacher of Mathematics
in Normal S. I am not going to teach
this winter. My throat is too sore, I
wrote to our Commissioner Aldrich for
a Certificate, and he sent it right along,
but I think now that I will not teach.
The weather here is pretty bad. Rains
nearly every day, and is raining now.
You must write to me again, I
like first rate to receive letters from
my friends and as well to write to them.
I should have written to you long ago
but I had lost your address.
I wonder what has become of Lillies, Sutton
Higley & others of that stamp. Miss Hazard
is back to graduate. Recd a letter from Prof. Jewell
the other day. Write soon. Respectfully Yours, J. S. Miller



of the present day. They wish to commence where their mothers left off. but I told Ada that I was worse than nothing as far as financial condition was concerned & had nothing but myself to offer her. She thinks she can be happy with me, & that we can help each other & I think so too.

You just write to her & I will stand all the blame without saying anything about it.

I hope you will see Ella Timison for I shall expect to see her at Christmas & will want to know how you all are. She is a nice girl & one whom you can trust. A better girl I never met.



she is not like Ada at all,
 Ada has dark hair & eyes, &
 a dark complexion, while
 Ella is light. It was getting so
 dark that I have to open the
 blinds to finish this must
 go down town & mail my
 letters so can not write
 much more now. I wish I
 could see you all. Ed Easton
 wrote to me some time ago that
 he was coming to the city this
 fall, so I am looking for him
 every day now. You remember
 he was one of my classmates.
 Mrs. Redwine is coming down
 this week so I shall have company.
 Tom, Vedder, Adas Bro. is with me now.
 Please write soon & often
 Your Loving Bro. George F B Willard