

Augusta, Jan. 17, 1836 - 41

Dear Mrs. -

When I come down to the office this afternoon, I went to my trunk and took some two or three letters received from you a week or two since, and read them over at my leisure, not having time to read them thoroughly at the time of their reception. I was so much pleased their tone and spirit, that I thought I would take this evening (Sunday) to myself, and make an attempt to pay you, and have a letter ready against an opportunity presenting itself by which I can send to Boston - perhaps, however, that will not be this month. So much for preamble - now to the conclusion:

I have been to meeting all day, and have heard two excellent sermons from Rev. C. Gordon of Waterville, with whom Mr. Drew exchanged. The Universalists of this town dedicated their meeting-house on last Thanksgiving day, and have had preaching constantly ever since. I have attended every meeting, and have derived great pleasure thereupon, - thus affording myself a striking illustration of the force of habit - for when I used to go to meeting occasionally I used to consider it as a kind of burden, but now since I have been in the habit of going to meeting every Sunday, I think it would be as much of a burden to stay at home. Well, when I came out of meeting this afternoon, I fell in with Samuel Ames, with whom, by invitation, I walked down to his boarding house, and there had a friendly chat of an hour, or so, upon things in general - more especially on family concerns. I must say that I am disappointed in the man. I took be a kind of an honest old jogger, not remarkable for intelligence or sagacity. But I find him to be a man of no very mean parts - far, very far above mediocrity among the Jackson members of the Legislature; in fact, if he was not I would not own him for an uncle, for a meaner, more ignorant and despicable set of creatures the world never knew than all the Jackson members. Mr. Ames left his family all well as usual with the exception of a slight cold which (his wife ^{who} had. Aunt Lucy Benjamin is boarding there this winter. He said H. G. O. M. ^{was sick.} (Mr. Ames) When he ^{was} in Bangor on his way up (here

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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Washburn Norlands Living History Center
 MMN # 101602
 Date: January 17, 1836
 Description: Elihu Washburne on winter activities and clothing, Augusta

Now to things of a more domestic character. By Dr. Bradford, I hear from home nearly every week. The Dr. boards with his hon. son-in-law, in Hallowell. Nothing occurs on the "homestead" worthy of notice as near as I can find out. At the first time of Doctor's coming down, he brought me some letters- one from father- one from Mary, and one from Wm. Drew who wrote that the old "nigger" plum was dead, and that he wanted me to write an epitaph, and, also, to send him some sugar plums. I will give you an extract from father's letter: "Warren Coffin is keeping school- don't know but he gets along pretty well. The annual New Year's day was celebrated by a sleigh ride and ball here. 27 couple rode to Grop's in Turner- took dinner, and returned to Burnham's [You must imagine to yourself where Burnham's is, for I don't know.] where a ball and supper was had."

B. J. Bicknell and Steadman Kendall are at Topsham making sleighs. They have subscribed for the journal, which we send in the direction of "Bicknell & Kendall". I had a letter from "Dr. Doe" a few days ago. It was written in his usual quaint style, from which I suspect that he is "enjoying the blessings of God- of course." I had a letter from Israel about the last of Dec. in which he sent some 10 or 12 subscriptions for the bi-weekly. He gave an account of a superb sleigh ride which they had, down there, on Christmas day. From all accounts I expect Israel is doing pretty well down there. I suppose, however, he writes you all about his business, a thing which he does not deign to do to me. S. B. Morison is keeping ^{school} in East Liv.

We, you are aware, print a bi-weekly in this office during the session. It makes us a good deal of hard labor. On the nights which it is issued we do not get through until 12, 1 and 2 o'clock at night. So the time I get to sleep I have to improve, and in fact do improve- a stranger, to call me in the morning, would take me for the Genius of sleep from the dominions of Somnum on a visit, so essentially do I "snooze it out." Mr. Severance is senator, and a great honor it must be too to be an associate of such learned men of Isaac Strickland John Swift et als., and I believe he begins to think so. He goes up to the State

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House once a day, and stays about two hours and then comes ⁴³ back and goes to work the same as usual. This State now has the meanest Governor, the meanest Council, the meanest Senate, the meanest House that ever any State had. I would not do the injustice to any other State to think it has such a despicable set of officers. I do not blame you for leaving the State, and if it does not rise from the degradation into which it has fallen soon, — I'll l-e-a-v-e it (Now if this should only get abroad, the Whigs must certainly carry the day next fall)

I had the pleasure of listening, last eve, to one of the most interesting lectures that I have ^{ever} heard. It was by Br. B. Thatcher Esq. of your city, on the subject of the "Boston Tea Party". The Lecturer went into a great variety of detail considering the space of time, in which he had to deliver his lecture. At the close of his lecture he was most thrillingly eloquent. I might write a whole ~~lecture~~ letter about it, but I have written so much now, and so fast, that I am as "tired as a dog".

I understood that you was coming down this winter, but you mention nothing of it in your letters. Can't you pop down and take a peep at us, down East?

I suppose you have opportunities of looking into the Mass Legislature — the Suffolk members have got into a brush about a Councillor, how they vote? "Old Ben Russell" ought to have the office — he shall have my vote.

When ^{are} you going to Raynham? Write often — and long letters — and tell me what cloth enough for of a good ~~quah~~ quality for a suitcoat would cost — don't think of getting one, however, till next fall.

I am,
with sentiments of respect & esteem,
Yours,
E. B. Washburne

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