8-19-1855

Letter to John Butler, Eliza (Smith) Butler and Matilda Smith from Isaac Smith

Isaac Smith
Margaret Smith

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as Mr. Smith cannot fill this sheet I thought
I would write a few lines or nothing worth writing. I
went to see all of you very much. I often think of
the two little children and went to see them very much
if you only knew how Bery takes care of them. I go to
fields it would make you very glad. I know the Boys
have got to be a great help. They have brought all the grain
this year. They carried 11 loads of oats and 10 loads of
wheat. We received your nice present, so much
of it to Buja and with it also you had rather we
would when Buja opened the letter. I thought
that but soon found that it was all you must take
that to him himself. He would not take a horse for
give him nor myself. The price of corn in Oregon
the State is quite high. We are now going to
Sana Lp. and next fall we give you. I know how
your children are doing, but it seems to me
that they are not doing so well. I wish you all well and
I hope that you will hear from me soon.

Margaret B. S.

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I write you a line to let you all know that we have not forgotten
you. This is true from being the case. I think of
you as often as I did the season I first
left you all. Margaret Reid a letter yesterday
from Aunt Julia Murphy & Elin. They told you
had but there a day or two back and that
you said you had wrote some letters to us
that you had neither heard anything of since.
They never came to hand. I have received three
letters from you in eight or nine weeks, one in
June 5th, and next fall and one from me. I
do not know who has any letters. I have wrote
since that time before and not less than
a half dozen. I did not believe that letters
got lost on the way. I should get out of
Fayetteville very soon. I am going to
Henry Good and these letters this week last
half of December. These lines leave me all
well except the cold. It is going to cut
there it is a little more cold here among
these old Baptists preaching in our neighborhood
to day. Your brother & mother was there & came
home this week and spent the evening there.
May is some request so Thrashers have not. I am not quite I am a little bit in the other
that month's report is below if you know of anything personally about them. I wish you
would write to me what kind of a bit the place it is, where it is made, and what it costs.
I wrote to you last summer to send me a new
piece of bit by letter. If not received or
read any number of it in your letters I will
still like to have it if you could get it.

The horses had a very dry season here. This
season it hasn't rained since the first of
June not withstanding the garden stuff looks
well. I have a very good garden this year.
I wish I could look up. I have some in evidence
of a gold mine discovered by the Columbia. The
location of the mine's not yet ascertained, but we will know all about it short time. I am sorry to hear that
our newspaper has failed again. Pakistan means more
here, but there are plenty of catties where the bees are
large enough to have. It is now July
and I must come to a close. Write soon.

John Eliza Butter
Matthew Smith

Isaac Smith
Bridgeport O T August the 19th 1855

Dear Brother & Sister

I write you a few lines to let you all know that we have not forgotten you, this is fare from being the case I think of you as often as I did the season I first left you all Margaret read a letter yesterday from Aunt Julia Murphy & Lisia that stated you had bin thare a day or two back and that you said you had wrote five letters to us that you had not heard anything of since thay never came to hand I have received three letters from you in eighteen months, one in June 54 one last fall and one January 55 I dont know how many letters I have wrote to since that time to you, but not less than a half dozen if I did not believe that letters got lost on the way I should get out of patience I have wrote to several others besides you and got no answers, amongst them was one to M Lucus, J Whitman, J Struges, & Henry Ground these letters was wrote last fall & winter. These lines leaves us all well except the babe it is trying to cut teethe it is a little unwell on that acount Tare was Baptist preaching in our neighborhood to day your Father & Mother was thare & came home with us and spent the evening they are both well & cheerful as could be expected, you Father is very much concerned about William he is afraid he will come to want. Elijah and folks was up to see us the las of the week, he met with quite an axident got a load of lumber at the saw mill and had just put his wagon box on to the ? on to the load of lumber and came in to the house to get rety to start home and his horses took fight at the ? or something and run away, thay did not go fare till the wagon came on cuppled? and the lines got fast to the fore wheel and stopeed them, it did not hurt his horses but it nearly spoiled his wagon it broke one wheel and injured two others very much broke one axel tree both holsters & two standers They are all well and have got the largest and fatest babe I ever saw in mi life its rist is exactly the size of mine the rest of your kins folks & acquaintences are all well as fair as I know.

I am through with my harvest except cleaning up some wheat I raised a very fair crop of wheat and oats I had to work on the old plan cradle my grain and then tramp it out with horses, this I
dont like the little boys bound as fast as I cradled we cut and shocked two acres per day, I cradled more this year than I ever did in one year before and stood it better thay is some reapers & thrashers heare but not plenty. I see a reper advertist in the Atlas that reaps & rakes & mows if you know anything favorable about them I wish you wold write to me what kind of a Mashean it is whare it is made, and what it costs I wrote to you last summer to send me a western fruit book by Eliot, I have not received it or saw any mention of it in your letters I wold still like to have it if you could get it. we have had a very dry season heare this season it hasnt raind since the first of June not withstanding garden stuff looks well I have a very good garden this year times is looking up heare some in consequnce of a gold mine discovered up the Columbia the extent of these mines is not yet as ceartaind but we will know all about it shortly I am sorry to heare that frit in you section has failed a gain, peaches missed heare, but thare are plenty of aples whare the trees are large a nough to bare, it is now bed time I must come to a close write soon

Remains your Brother till death

Isaac Smith

John & Eliza Butler
Matilda Smith

we have school handy this summer

as Mr. Smith cannot fill this sheet I thought I would write a few lions I nothing worth writing I wont to see all of you very much I often think of the poor little children and wont to see them very much if you only knew how Berry takes on about Uncle Johns folks it would make you sorry for him I know the boys has got to be a great help they have bound all the grain this year they halled 18 loads of oats alone and stacked it in the stable Rufus can hall wood go to hill & so on Matilda we received your nice present we to much of it to buy a dress with it unless you had rather we would when Rufus opened the letter he thought it was to him he said he would not take a horse for that but soon found out his mistake you must give him and myself the prise for naming the babe for you John I wont to see you and talk to you very much but as I am at present deprived of that satisfaction I wont you and Eliza to write a long letter Lavina I am sorry you have forgot your old Aunt and little cousins so quick write to the children they live very lonely Isaac you must me a good little boy and try to learn all you can if you live to be a man you may be a youseful one Erastus you and Ganville must make hast and learn to write so you can write us all the news the children says they wont you to send Aunt tilda by letter and they will pay the postage give my respects to all that think us worth inquiring after give my to James & Mary I wish you could all see Lides boy it is a perfect show it is bedtime so good by to all of you

Margaret B S