

Willow though not to  
myself down the  
"crowd" as the  
gentleman remains  
standing when I  
spelled January  
January, & Cal-  
down there for.

Give my best-  
love & kind  
remembrance to  
every member of  
your family.

Yours,  
Charles.

Concord Feb. 20. 1875.

Dear Cousin,

Your letter was joyfully  
received notwithstanding your  
people out there where the ear-  
sets think we Easterners have  
not very much thought about  
Oregon. I have always been  
delighted to hear from Oregon  
myself & know that the others  
have also. Tell Cousin Willie  
that his letter will not remain  
unanswered any more than  
a week or two longer.

These Saturdays don't amount  
to much anyway. Calls, writing  
compositions to correct, mending &c

take up so much time that - there  
is no time to hear myself think  
just a minute quiet - all day  
long. It is an improvement for  
the other days however. I don't  
feel too sorry that - Providence  
prevents your teaching. It's a  
tormenting life to lead the best  
you can make of it. I do enjoy  
it sometimes that - is a fact -  
when I have a nice school,  
and all goes on well. it is  
all right. But - this year I have  
an awfully hard school and  
since capital punishment is  
not allowed in the school room  
I have to endure it. I have a num-  
ber of very nice girls too. But they  
are mild & there are a great  
many of them and I am very  
tired & it is hard work. How-  
ever the year is more than

half gone and I guess I can  
contrive to exist - quite comfortably  
with what - help I can receive  
from all the nice books I can  
read. I talk as if the world  
was all a hollow show don't I.  
I am just - a little tired &  
reckless that - is all.

I have managed to do  
one good thing and that is to  
own an unbridged Webster  
by spelling down seventy five  
of those Buckeyes. My good  
fortune did not for sake me  
there at - least.

Isn't it a pity that my  
penmanship does not correspond  
to my orthography?  
Wednesday Mar 3<sup>d</sup>. Not quite  
finished yet you see. I don't  
know what I shall do. I have  
neglected to answer the letters

of my correspondents this winter  
worse than ever before & now  
I have a host of letters to write  
write I must for I can't exist  
without letters. They do me  
so much good. You ought to see  
the way I see Mr Camp when  
he comes home from the office.  
Every day I resolve not to ask him  
because I think that he will  
give my mail to me. But every  
day regularly I decide it is  
the safest way to be sure &  
say anything from the office.  
Fortunately I usually am com-  
mended. Oh! we had another  
Spelling school here last week  
Friday evening. There were two  
prizes offered one an elegant  
copy of Milton to the best lady  
speller & a copy of Shakespeare to  
the best gentleman speller. My  
good fortune was <sup>again</sup> to win the