

Letters from  
Jeremiah Whitlock to  
his son, Friend Jay Whitlock  
1855-1866

Galway 13th, April/55

My Dr. Son Friend

Yours dated March 18th came duly to hand, it found me quite unwell & am so now, hence the reason that your favour has not received the attention that so much labour demanded. You must be satisfied with the persual that I gave to it, and the few brief remarks that I may make to write all the ideas, that those & similar pages suggest to my mind. Would require time beyond my command as well as skill that I do not possess. I never having been a polemick(?). It is true that I saw nothing new in the persual of those pages, & it is also true, that I saw nothing to envy, and but little to admire from the fact that it is but the repetition of what I have heard before, both from the lips & pen. I don't say from abler men; but in the first place I say for thirty years I have noticed a certain class of men, denouncing all creeds. Saying that the bible was creed enough for all men. I too watched those men, and also the creed mongers as they pleased to call them, and am personally acquainted with some of them & their history. And am prepared to judge which of the two classes have subserved the cause of humanity most, or done the most good in the world, and on which of the two classes, rests the broad side of the divine approval, the conclusion that I have come to, is that, that to admit the dogma that they advocate would be to deny the one only true & living God, and of course, the worship he demands of his creatures, which is spiritual worship, and to introduce polyism which would be a natural consequence, if not unavoidable and what would be its results? As like causes always produce like affects. The answer to my mind is plain - it comes not only from the antidulivion, but from the postdulivion pagan nations whose judicial blindness is apparent in all its effects. To say nothing of the still more degrading & absurd worship of fourfooted beasts & creeping things. The legitimate fruit of natural religion of which you say so much, & if I understand

you right, you say that all mankind are religious; that the most benighted portion, & the greater part of our race have a religious veneration for a certain preexisting Something, and which is eternally to exist, which is inexplicable, and which they have no clear conceptions of; there can be no doubt but if all mankind enjoy religion, because all mankind have naturally a veneration for: and worship of: some object: then they must have this natural religion: this I don't dispute, nor do I dispute, but, that they enjoy all that, that religion reveals to them: it is all it can reveal, or do, for anyone: - every nation, tribe, or part of tribe or part of nation, kindred or to \_\_\_\_\_, of this greater portion of our race, have these peculiar views of worship, as well as objects of worship, and yet they differ no more in their views than in their modes of religious worship & hence these multiplicity of Gods worshipped & all equally honest in their views: there seems to be a defect somewhere, is it in their religion? I think it is, for neither their religion nor their Gods seem to do them any good, what will do them good? for certainly they are not advancing, & it is certain that there is no middle ground, they must either raise or fall from a given standard, for certainly, Pro \_\_\_\_\_ is the Doctrine, again I ask what is going to do it? Will heathen philosophy, or pagan philosophy, or, Mormanism or the Miller dilusion or the Greek religion or Mohamaddonism, or Spiritualism or Roman \_\_\_\_\_ do it? No. Why? Some have been trying for centuries & the world is no better for them, but the worse. Others of them are trying & what is the result,! \_\_\_ Evil & only evil, in my mind. Roman Catholocism, is one of the most damning her \_\_\_\_\_ in the world from it - being so well \_\_\_\_\_, all the above named isms have had and are having their day & it would require an age to tell in detail the vast amount of evil they have brought upon the human races all these mighty empires put together under the spacious garb of natural religion, would fail to reclaim the world (not to say redeem) or any part of it! It is a great work, and requires

an omnipotent power, that power is in the religion revealed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, that religion is experimental and practical. That Gospel is omnipotent; inspiration tells us through St. Paul, that is, it is the power of God unto salvation, to all that believe, it saves men from their sins, it saves from judicial blindness, and all its train of evil, it saves with an everlasting salvation! it makes man through faith in the atonement, all that man is capable of being made in this world. There is no higher power, it makes man happy and holy beyond conception, in the better world, its tendency progresses upward assimilating in moral purity the creature, to the Divine creature, it has done it in all ages of the world and is doing it in this our day, that gospel stands out the most conspicuous & prominent, in the history of the whole world; in every variety of form in which that history has come down to poor frail man, and no man has any moral right to reject it if he rejects it is at his own peril, whatever may be my condition in another state of existence: I do most devotedly thank God that I have never doubted its divine authenticity or powers, while on the other hand, all the before mentioned dogmas have a direct tendency to infidelity debasing the man both mentally & physically. I have observed in many instances that when man embrace any new theory, or dogmas, differently from what is taught in the Bible, it soon becomes the all absorbing theme, or in other words, the whole ideal of the man is absorbed in it; and are what we call men of one idea. Such is the fact of the Mormon history, the Miller delusion, and it is equally so with Spiritualism, so called, in order to sustain Mormonism, it became necessary for them to throw the bible one side, to make room for a new & better revelation, & what are the results! look over their short but sad history for the answer: Miller's delusion was predicated on the and his deluded followers(a portion of them) went so far as to say that unless what Mr. Miller had said & written was true, then Bible was false. Mr. Miller has gone to his reward & his works do follow him. The Bible lives & the earth rolls round. If we see no change in the

natural world. But we do see a great change in many of his followers for the worse. Spiritualism in my judgment, is still more ridiculous and absurd, it is no new thing under the sun. We read about it in \_\_\_\_\_ and other Books of the Old Testament. We have a description of it in the prophecy of Isaiah, and in no place is it mentioned but as a warning to the people. Except in the case of the ghost of Samuel, raised by the witch of Endor; Now why are all these things so! There is no accounting for the diversity of opinions, any more than for the diversity in these books, only on the ground that we are not all just six feet & five inches. I have noticed too, for some time, this one fact, that the true reason why all men do not come to the same conclusion from the same process, is that all do not profess alike in quality or quantity the same intellectual powers, one man with a peculiar organization of his mental organs can never see the same object in the same light. That another man sees with a different organization of his mental powers, one man sees twice as much, in the same object as another man possibly can see and what each one sees is better evidence to him (although \_\_\_\_\_ not see half as much as the other man and perhaps that not half as clear) then what the other man sees, this is natural, and yet when a man finds from experience and comparison, that there is a constitutional defect in his powers of perception, will if he is honest, benefit himself by the man of superior mind one man is familiar with the history of our race from Adam down to the present time. He sees them as far as the light of history, \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_, shows them, & he sees them under every variety of circumstances, individually or collectively - and judging from his own experience & his observation of men under different circumstances, enables him to come at correct conclusions as to what manner, this is all owing to the peculiar organization of his mind. Another man with the same history of facts before him and \_\_\_\_\_ and the same opportunities for observation, investigation & comparison, can never arrive at the same conclusion. I mean from the evidences that come

through his own senses alone: it is true that mind acts on mind, as matter does on matter and thus it is that men do the thinking for the whole race, all are selfish, some ambitious, none are too honest, all love power if not power they love preferment, most of men rather live on the sweat and muscle of his fellow than to labour & sweat for his bread, hence the difference in different denominations, and their tenacity in defending \_\_\_\_\_, I have no objection to there being different denominations of christians, when civil & religious freedom is tolerated. It is as necessary in order to preserve the true religion, as it is to have two branches in our legislature, in order to guard against the abuse of power and to protect the rights of the people. I think it far better to tolerate creeds and religions than to have but one to rule, the history of the papal church ought to be a sufficient warning.

We remain your affectionate

Parents - J. and M. Whitlock

R1822/6

Galway 16th Jan. 1856

My Dear Son Friend Jay Whitlock

Yours of Nov. 25-/55 came duly to hand was read & reread & with increasing interest at each time of reading, it found our family in health & spirits. Circumstances easy, future prospects unchanged. We rejoiced to hear of your good health & prosperity. Hope with increased temporal things. That your virtues will also increase, always with a Heart abounding in true gratitude, to him from all Blessings flow. In answer to your inquiries in reference to your Grand Parents on both sides of the house I will tell you all that I know. On your Mother's side and Grand Mother's side, perhaps you know as much as I can tell you as regards the Brocketes. Grand F. Chung was a man of more than maximum size & strong muscular build and when in his prime but few men equaled him for strength of nerve(?) or motion a man of high order of intellect and honorable in his all dealings with men and universally beloved, broad range of thought & of indomitable courage, with strong powers of insurance, possessed the social qualities in a high order, was a perfect figure of the man and extremely handsome. They were undoubtedly of noble origin. Grand Mother Chung(?) was a Day. Her name was Olive Day. Know nothing of her pedigree. She was tall, handsome. Slender built and as spry as a cat called by those that knew her best. Above mediocrity, both mentally & physically. In my judgment they were a cross of the English and Scotch, but then we have no evidence of the fact. On our side, your Grand Father Whitlock and Great Grand Father are built much alike. My Father some taller, say half a head. The Whitlocks were a hard strong built people capable of enduring much privation and hardship, men of undaunted courage, as regards integrity above suspicion. Kindhearted men of great muscle with strong tenacity to life. The old stock living to

great age. My Grand Father and Great Grand Father Whitlock were born in the State of Connecticut. Grand Father was born in Fairfield County Ct. My Grand Mother on my Father's side is of Scotch extraction. The old stock were from the north of Ireland, their name was McGuire, were protestants and belonged to the Church of England and hence their excuse for being Tories in the Revolution. Peter Guire, Grand Mother's brother, followed refugeeing on Long Island, was caught by the patriots, cropted(?) & branded. They then gave him his choice to cross a mad stream at an extremely cold & high time of water & save his life if could, or remain with them, he chose to cross the stream. Succeeded, & went to Novo Scotia, built him a gristmill there & made a pretty good fortune. He lived a bachelor slept in his mill alone when his friends that sometimes stopt with him. Could not, one morning after sleeping alone was found dead in his bed. The McGuire Family I know nothing of only what your Grand F. W. tells me. They were a hardy people of strong minds & muscle. Brave & generous, the old stock lived, most of them, till 100 years old or nearly, & some over that age. The above is as correct a history of their pedigree as I can give without any record or written history of their own furnishing which it seems they have failed to do. In regard to my own dear Mother, I have no data or record by which to take the first step in tracing her pedigree. I suppose from all that I have been able to learn since her death that she was a poor orphan child, and perhaps an outcast upon the cold charities of a selfish world I cannot say of her. However, as was said of the King of Salem, whom Abraham meet on his return from his slaughter she was without Father or Mother. The first I learn of her is that, while she was young put out to a family by the name of Roberts in the Town of Milton to be brought up to work. The family were in moderate circumstances. Thence her opportunity for learning were limited. She learned to read & write, knew nothing of history or grammar, indeed those branches were but little taught in common schools in those days. She was a good housekeeper.



Her name was Mary Hustace (as Father has it in his family Bible). She was exceedingly good looking light-skin, red cheeks (when young), black hair, black eyes. Some taller than Dorliska, and as handsome figure as I ever saw possessed of an amiable disposition, cheerful spirited, of a generous philanthropic nature, rather slender in her framework, but beautifully formed, with slender constitution. I describe her from personal appearance from memory also her disposition & habits. The other properties above mentioned I have some knowledge of my own, my impressions have been strengthened by the knowledge of those who knew her from the time that she was married till the time of death, Feb. 9, 1811. They all agree in the same thing those of them with which I have conversed for the last 20 years, never mention her name but what evidences their kind remembrance of her, by their tears. I was 12 years old when my Mother died. With her was buried all my earthly hopes. When my parents first went to keeping house they had one hens feather bed, one cattail (so called) bed and other things corresponding. My Mother was ambitious, a woman of considerable compass of thought, and as far as I have ever learned, was universally beloved. Her parentage I know nothing about nor have I ever been able to learn. I saw a woman once while a small boy. That was said to be my Grand Mother. She was a poor woman poorly clad. My father gave her a pair of shoes and some other things. I might have been 5 years old at the time. That is all that I know the matter. Grand Father Whitlock is enjoying himself this winter much better than the 2 or 3 winters last past. Your uncle & aunt Jane with your Mother and myself made them a New Year's visit. It was pleasing all round. Uncle Simon's people are all well as usual for them. Ira is about to leave his Fathers, talks of going in business(?) as partner with Hiram Clark at Fondas Bush. The business(?) will tanning sheep skins to make Buckskins mitten of. I hope they will prosper in their undertaking. They are both inexperienced in the business(?). They will find some difference

between sheep skins and fat sheep & hope some difference between raising them bread meat & potatoes themselves on their own soil, and having it all to buy. They have made then arrangement to commence some time in Feb. as we understand it. Sidney spends the winter with Ira. I think probably will work Clarks farm the coming season. This is near conjecture, however. Hiram C. stays with his Father this winter. It's good for his father. Winter has sleet & cold, plenty of snow and good sliding. Our people forgot to put the beans and corn in the box with your other things. Am sorry for it. Never mind it, I bring them out when I come & if I don't get there in time for the coming season we will have them on hand for the year. We can't have everything just as we want it. When we want it. Have patience and all will come right in time. Keep an eye to the old landmarks, and eschew all those vaganis(?) called new revelations. Their name is legions when taken together but singly terminate inoism. Do this and you will come out well in the end. Except a Father's Love & blessing jointly with the family.

Jeremiah Whitlock

F Day M \_\_\_\_\_

P.S. But little fruit in  
all our country except currants

R1822/10

Galway 9th August 1856

Dear Son. Your kind notice dated July 30th just here and read. I am glad to hear of your convalescent state. Hope you will soon recover your former good health. My health has been good most of the time during the summer. I have labored hard, laid stone wall, dug ditches, dug stone, plowed some, been constantly employed. Have given the old cow shed a thorough repair from the foundation to the top, put two plates on the west side so as to bring both roofs alike. Put in new floor timber some 16 in. The floor is now firm like the barn floor. Shall now enclose it as soon as it is cool enough for me to work out. The farm looks well. This season grass better than for many years last past. We have 5 acres of wheat. It is fine. Corn good, oats very good. Buckwheat stout, potatoes promissible. Pastures abundant. Stock all look well. We have 12 the best pigs for the season we ever have. Your Mother's health has been poor. This season by far than for many years. She is recovery her wanted cheerfulness. As her nerves gain strength then her mind becomes better. She and Dorliska are at Glenfalls spending some few days. Just R. a letter from them. They are enjoying themselves finely. Will be home in the forepart of next week if the weather should be good. Dorliska is cheerful and happy and has been so most the summer. Li\_\_ is well, and is first rate housekeeper. She wants to know whether she has got to come out to Minnesota to get married to you or you come to Galway for her. Hiram's family are in usual health. It is a gneeral time of health in this section of country. I attended the funeral of Hiram Carpenter's wife two weeks ago tomorrow, and the funeral of Colonel Stillwills' wife one week ago last Thursday. She died very sudden, from a paralytical attack taken while out milking. She has no doubt exchanged a world of trial and trouble for one of uninterrupted peace and glory. Your

Grand Father fails quite fast. Will soon leave these shores and cross over on the other side of Jordan. He says he is expecting and living in daily preparation for it; as regards Abel's matters I have but little trouble. He is of a peculiar temperament, is unsettled in his mind more or less of the time but come around after a short time and settles for a season. I have no fears of his leaving me, and should he do so it will only be the worse for himself. He is easily excited and for the moment carried away in his imagination until he finds himself without bottom or shore, sail or rudder, then reviews his past history and then concludes he had better stay on the old homestead. I think he would be much more contented and happier in himself if he had a wife of the right sort, and I think so of yourself. It is very rare that a man or woman are fully developed until they are married, for reasons that can be drawn from natural laws (not the law of habit) which it is unnecessary for me attempt showing to a man of your imagination and mind. I am very sorry for your misfortune in having that judgment to pay that you spoke of in your letter to Abel. It may in the end be of much use to you. I can as easy laugh over such losses as most of folks can grieve; they give me but little disquietude only as others are interested, and then only from sympathy. I think however it is always best to be just, before being too generous. I have done a hard day's work today and suffered some from a hot sun, and not having accustomed my fingers to the pen I find my nerves almost intolerable and myself unfit for the task of writing. But having so few children, & those at so small cost, I feel it a pleasure to answer all the letters they take the trouble to write to me. In regard to the Button lot, that does belong to Abel. The Deed was taken in my name for reasons that you no doubt understand. He has no trouble about that. He has a deed now drawn in his own name. It should never be sold separate. We have barns and buildings enough for both lots nor do I think he wants to sell it. I can

do much better without him, than he can without me (egotistic you say). This farm judiciously managed would yield a net income, on an average of 10 years from \$500 to \$800 a year beside a good living & all necessary improvements. Such a man as Ira Whitlock would do it. I don't want him to stay on my account, to his disadvantage. All is done that parents or sister can do to make him happy & contented. I do not think that he has sufficient confidence in himself, to strike out for himself & run the risk of doing better. He calls all things his & I am pleased with that, & as I before said if he had a wife that knew how to prize a good home, to counsel & advise with him it would make a new man of him, he would not only be happier in himself but would make others happier around him. I don't know that my children will ever appreciate the interest I feel for & the pains I am taking to make them comfortable & have them respectable in this world, & the prospect that grandchildren will ever raise up & call me blessed, is still more doubtful. It is a long time since I made up my mind to take things just as they come & make the best of them. I would be much pleased with a grandchild even if its mother was not all I could wish. I very much dislike the idea of substituting a cat or dog for a child, yet I am so constituted I can be tolerable happy under any circumstances almost. This letter is written with the imbecility of child, it can neither instruct you, nor amuse. It cost but little to write it, & it will cost you but little to read it. So it is of but little consequence anyway. We have had a severe drought this Season. Since Sabbath morning it has rained more or less every day. The ground has more water in now, than at any one time at this season of year, than for many years last past. There are thousand of acres of corne, buckwheat, oats, potatoes in this & adjoining counties. That all the rain that has recently fallen can never restore in my opinion. We have not suffered very much in Galway. Wheat generally looks fine with us, as also all small grain. The crops on the G\_\_\_\_\_ farm look better now than for 10 years

R1822/13

last past. I shall start Tuesday morning for your Mother & Sister. They have visited Uncle Seth Spragel(?) family, found them all well and a hearty welcome. Mrs. Ames well & present. She has a family of interesting children. One a daughter of more than ordinary intellect, accomplished & well educated. Calvin is, I believe, married not \_\_\_\_\_. However, Delia married a Baptist Elder lived with him some two years, did not agree well, after several partings, have now separated forever. She is with her parents fat as a boar. I commenced this letter just before sunset, it now about 8 o'clock, Saturday night, all quiet & well. Family pleased to hear from you, either by letter to me or any member of the family. We are about the only family that corresponds with each other of the F. Whitlock. Your Uncle Robert used to write quite often till recently. The reason of it I suppose is because we cannot make it convenient to entertain his wife & family during the warm season of the year, when farmers have their heart & hands full, to attend to their own matters, in their dairy & harvest. Write as often as convenient, some of us will try to keep you posted on all matters interesting the family. Good night, and may God bless, guide and direct you in all your ways in this life & finally bring you in to Eternal life, my Dear Son.

J. Whitlock

R.822/14

Galway 20th October 1856

My Dear Son Friend J. Whitlock

Yours dated October the 8th. is before me, and I hasten to answer it, although not addressed to me, thinking that perhaps a few lines from me might be acceptable, in your present bodily and mental afflictions, which I very much regret; they are however what mortality is heir to, and cannot be avoided, and therefore must be endured, and the best way, if not the only way, to make them tolerable, is to indure them, patiently. My own health is good and has been during the past summer, with slight exceptions. Your Mother is 100 percent better than she was in the early part of summer. Doliska & Abel are well also; our help in the house is first rate. The man on the farm is good to work as can be, but lacks judgment. I think I told you all about the crops on the farm in my last letter. Potatoes rot very much in many places. Apples has not been as scarce in 50 years as now, worth from 4 to 8 shillings in the orchard per bushel. We have all we want for family use and some 30 bushels to spare. Your Grand Father and family are in usual health, as also all the other Whitlock families. George W. has sold his farm for #16,00, and is expecting to go to Indianuu near \_\_\_\_\_.

Whitlock has the promise of one \_\_\_ houses to move in to.your Uncle Hiram is still anxious to sell & get in other business. Since I last wrote you I have learned the true pedigree of our ancestors Uncle Peter has been here for a visit and by inquiry found him well posted in all the facts relative to the pedigrees of our ancestry. The Whitlocks descended in a direct line from the family of old General Bullstrod Whitlock, who served in the English Army. Have the reputation of a man of high order of intellect, brave and skillful as an officer. Sound and discretion as a statesman, athlete & of vigorous body as well as mind. He enjoyed in an imminent degree the confidences

of his government; one of his grandsons was also a general in the English Service, and had the command of all the British forces in Canada some 40 years ago. Supposed be of Welch or English descent probably a mixture on Grand Mother Whitlock's side. She descended in a direct line from General McQuire of Dublin, Ireland. He was born in the north of Ireland as an orange man and also a General in the English Service. Was a man of the first order of talent & of undaunted courage yet cool & self possessed. Uncle Peter thinks that Grand Mother is a great grand Daughter of the old General. So much for them. As to your Grand Mother on my side, I have always been deeply afflicted in my mind because I could get no clue satisfactory as to her parentage, as my Father always had an abhorrence to the English custom of falling back to their ancestry or to some coat of arms for a character to recommend to places of profit & power. He said a man should live for and earn a character, or it wasn't worth having hence his indifference to such matters. Uncle Peter has let me into the true history. He says that my Mother descended in a direct line from a distinguished French family on her Father's side by the name Housten or Huston. He thinks the former (but recollect his given name) who with his colleague by the name of Charles Janett, were sent over to this country as Ambassadors from the French Government prior to the insurrection of which Louis Phillippe was the victim. The troubles then in France, and the unsettled state of matters there were at such a height that they preferred staying in this country to returning back to France. Grand Father Housten married a lady by the name of Chelsy (origin not known) of whom my Mother was born and the only child. Her Mother died when she (my Mother) was about 5 days old. Her Father died when she was about 5 years old, after which her Uncle David Chelsy (her Mother's Brother) took her to bring up and educate her according to her rank. Her Father's property consisted mostly in money. Her Uncle David being made her guardian Uncle. Previous to her Father's death, the property was put



in his hands for the purpose above named. Her Uncle David invested the money in trade, broke down, and thus left one of the sweetest buds of humanity destitute and penniless to the sympathy of a cold heartless world. She was born at Kenelerhook; the next we learn of her, she was with a man by the name of Lott Osborn who took her to bring up and where suffered incredible hardships and enjoyed but limited privileges for even a common education. The next we find her living with a man by the name of Noah Roberts, a Tory of the Revolution, where she fared no better, and it was there that my Father found her, and she became his wife, by whom he raised five children, 4 sons & one daughter of whom your Father is one her eldest, and taking them on an average they will compare favorable with those of whom Mary Magdeline was delivered of. So you see that we have descended from no mean stock. Had the generations next preceding us been properly trained, and brought up, with reference to our ancestry we might have been, and probably would have been a family as distinguished for moral and intellectual character as the Adams or Hancock, Webster, Clinton, Clay & a host of others, now are; the Blood is there. The stamany and Iron will is there. So much lost at least to the family; if not to the world for the want of proper Early culture. But I find an excuse for it all. The majority of us born in this country were born in obscurity or at least impoverty, without the means to educate (if indeed not without the will), their children. I have thought the latter was the excuse, particularly with myself, when a boy 7 years old, my desire for an education was more ardent than for any object this side of Heaven, and for which I would have exchanged all else for, and all though a feeble and sickly child, I did not give my darling object, until my Mother died, while she lived she encouraged my plans for future operations, with her death, and a change of circumstances, died all my fond hopes. When I was 16 years old I made an attempt to get a common education, met with but little encouragement, frowned by a jealous Brother. I then swore on the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ that if God spared me I become the Father

of a family. They should be educated if they would be. If I died a pauper. Fro my earliest recollections, I was anxious that someone of my family relatives might become a man, distinguished as was Washington, Jefferson or Jackson, but I shall die with hopes deferred, in one of my letters, I told you that my Grand Father was a Tory in the Revolution. It was a mistake. He did not take an active part - either way he held his property in such a way that it would have taken from him, had done so, I feel afflicted that you are so indisposed in body, and mind and hope you may soon recover your wonted health and spirits. Hope you will not sustain any loss, by the fires in your vicinity. This letter has been written by piece meals in the hurry of business, hence the blunders. I hope you will succeed in being elected to the Legislature. And should you, I hope you will be equal to the task. Have the moral courage to do right regardless of consequences. Stand on your honors. I remain as ever your Father J. Whitlock.

North Galway  
Feb. 27th 1864

I hardly know how to direct this letter. The difficulty in not knowing the party that I am to address, inasmuch as a good portion of your last letter dated Feb. 7th to your Mother is somewhat ambiguous. Therefore am in doubt how to make my address, whether to say my Dear Son, as formally or my Dear Children, either would be very pleasing, but the latter more so, in your letter of the above date you at least intimate that you are a married man. It affords us much pleasure to think that we have the addition of another Daughter in our family. This more so because we never had one so easy before. In entering in this union you do so coolly I have no doubt, and if so it is one of the happiest unions mortals ever entered in. We wish you all the pleasure, happiness and prosperity growing of such situation, at your age it is unnecessary to advise as your opportunities for observation have been abundant in the selection of "Husband and Wife". I have no doubt that you in making your selection for a wife has been governed by prudent forethought. No doubt she is worthy of you. If so it only remains for you to prove yourself worthy of her. It would be gratifying to us to know something of her pedigree. Is she goodlooking, is she healthy, is she a smart practical business woman. If she is, or a fair \_\_\_\_\_, it is enough. If she is, it more than an even offset against money, or the fashionable etiquette of the day. We would all be very glad to see you at our place that we might become acquainted with our Daughter. It would afford me great pleasure to be at your place and spend a portion of the coming summer with you.

As a family we are in good health enjoying the comforts of this life-- anticipating the happiness and pleasures of that better life, held in reservation for those that Love God, walk humbly and do justly.

We have been having a very pleasant winter. Been quite mild most the time, but few \_\_\_\_\_ cold days. Good sliding in our region of country during winter. Our crops were very light last summer, oats excepted. We sold all of our stock of cattle but four cows and one beef. Winter only about ninety sheep let out about sixty or 70 sold 40 or 45 keep 6 horse kind 2 hogs 60 fowls. Think we have enough to carry all through till grass.

I think this is the only letter that I written since wrote you if you tell when that was as I suppose you have it on file.

You say that you must build a new house. I suppose it is necessary since you have a new wife. She may be new to you as wife but old in experience in all domestic matters, which you as much new, as a watch needs a mainspring.

How in order is peace, prosperity and long life. It is necessary to be cheerful under all circumstances, in order to affect this most desirable of all objects. We with each other in promoting each the other happiness. You are too old, now, to let little bickerings or that green eyed monster to have any place in your domestic affairs. I do not write this advice because I think necessary to you. Yet it will do you no harm. I don't know how it will be about taking the job of building your house. My kindest regards to my children in the west.

Mrs. K Whitlock

Jeremiah Whitlock

Born 1797

North Galway April 10, 1865

My Dear Children, it is a long time since I have written to you or any one else, so that my right hand has lost its cunning. Yet not having the pleasure of seeing you for a long time, I thought I would address a few lines to you hoping that they find you in the full tide of peace happiness & prosperity. Both temperally and spiritually. We are always pleased to hear from you and should be more so to see you. We are all in usual good health, Doliska excepted. She is in pretty good spirits and keeps her courage up. Is not strong but tollerable comfortable. Is about the house much of her time having the supervision of matters as formally your Mother is as proud as a peacock of the birth of her Daughter Kate who was born to her out of due time, being sixty-five years old, and is as much with her Grand Son as a Grand Mother can could be. She says she loves both Daughter and Grand Son as none but a Grand Mother can love, although never having seen either, it has removed her age about ten or fifteen years to be called Grand Mother. She says it would be a great pleasure to her if you were near her that she might hand out many things to you. That might be of much service to you. So far we have had a favorable spring, snow left us without any frost in the ground. One good warm rain and a few warm days would bring grass right along. I have kept my stock yarded until the present and shall until the first of May. Stock all looking well. Abel is breaking our young horses, or rather they are breaking him. We are plowing our ground for corn and potatoes. Weather favoring shall potatoes this week.

Elizabeth has just stepped in says she wanted to be remembered to you all. Sends her kindest regards to Father Mother and Son.

From your affectionate  
Father and Mother  
Jeremiah and Matilde Whitlock

Friend & Kate Whitlock - - God bless you all. Amen.

North Galway April 15th '66

My Dear Children consisting of Son, Daughter & Grandson, it is with pleasure that I now sit down to address a few lines to those whom I love, the above may appear paradoxical, from the fact that my of love does not agree with my acts. I confess that I am delinquent in not oftener expressing my kind regards to those that I profess to love. My professions are sincere but my acts do not come up to my professions. We often think and speak of you, feel anxious about you and feel a deep solicitude for your health, happiness and prosperity. We would be much pleased to see you all often, speak and think of you. You Mother feels very anxious about you. She loves her son Friend as only a mother can love and says she knows that she should love her Daughter and Grand Son. Dorliska is not recovered her usual health - keeps up good spirits. Mother says that she wants to see you, she wants to help you, she has many things that she can spare that would be of use to you and a pleasure to her to bestow them on you. The distance that separates us forbids the thought of seeing soon very soon. It would be difficult for us, at our age to make a journey to your place. Mother has been quite uneasy in not receiving your usual birthday letter. She imagines as sick. Mothers would. That you are sick or something else has happened to disturb your peace and prosperity. I am in tolerable health as also Mother, and Abel is in usual health. Very flushy(?). <sup>So</sup> /Much so that it worries him to follow a plow. He does more work than he ought to. So far as work is concerned I can out do him. Abel has many strong friends throughout the county of first class men; he makes the best justice in the Town and as good as in the county. Speaking of Dorliska, she has not near recovered her health. Keeps about house. We intend to help you and have had on my mind to do so for a long time. I spoke to Abel about it not long since, thinking that a few

hundred (?) might be of service to you at this time.

After receiving an answer to this I will write you again.

Mother says you must not call her Grand Son Jerry but Friend. She thinks there is much in a name. We join as parents our children in our warmest love to you all. May God bless you all with a sound mind and body in basket and store.

Mother says you must when you write tell all about the particulars of the Baby.

Most respectfully yours,

J. & M. Whitlock