

W E Y M O U T H
JUL 25 1851

BOSTON B.P.

Miss Anne G. Chapman
care of Monsieur Langel
6. Pembroke Villas.
Richmond.

Ms. Mr. Chapman
Dear Mr. Chapman
20th no year given
Weymouth July
Aug.

116.a



Ms. A. 9. 2. 31. 10

on her side). The difficulty from-
ing out of the delays before Richmond
is not ^{the} disaster or desert itself: — it
is, that the army is a skeleton. These
things are not permitted to be told —
I hope no one wishes to tell of them,
unless for the purpose of amend-
ing them: but public men are
obliged to say, for the sake of the
recruiting service — "I know a
little town in New Hampshire
that sent 17 men to the army
of the Potomac. They are all
dead: — not in battle." and
I know a N. E. Regiment
that started for the Potomac 900
strong. There are but 60 left."
All this is needed to show where they
are, to those who would stick the
broken dish together without the
sticking-stuff. This last levy will
be filled up, — but it is draft
work. McClellan's mistake is fatal

out. Foster, in the N. Y. "Spirit" of the
times, has attacked him without re-
serve. Yet there is much to encour-
age. The confiscation - Bill (in effect
an Emancipation-bill with
claps on) has passed. The S. C. planta-
tions are free & under special
Gov't protection. The blacks are
volunteering wherever permitted.
But we must not linger so; -
for every minute weakens public con-
fidence in the Gov't. Even the little
Nickel cents are now brought up,
& postage-stamps are a legal
tender; & the Gov't financiers
keep making more & more
paper-money; since which, I
am getting into merchandise.
you are tobacco. Will! I am
Opium. Henry is, I believe,
pepper. Young Lowell is alcohol

after all; or was. He ^{was} carried
to a farm-house off the field, &
some one has gone on to find
him, of his Boston friends. Poor dear
Mrs Leno is dead: died in much
suffering, being of a very strong
frame, at her boarding house.
I have just written a letter of
sympathy to Mrs. Leno. She said
to you about Mary - "My
mother felt my altered social po-
sition much more than I do." Neither
Mary nor I can tell whether she
meant to convey that she was
turned out of Boston Society, or that
she had not gone into gay company
since her brother's death. I met
Mrs Dr. Howe at Ticknor's book seller's
(not long since). To something she
said, it became me to reply, "yes -
Mrs Leno is such a good woman!"
(I forgot her words which called for
my reply: they were nothing very
pronounced.) ~~She~~ I believe
she is on the whole," was the

Told her that McClellan was
all that was, of most admirable
they & the army swore by him.
They had returned to recruit in
Western Mass^{ts} "George, the
movement is not as full as it was."

(Among the things that were, I
take it.) She sees why was all
called 30 years' war; & why Poland
was divided, & why William
the Great could not save his
Country in a short time &
the like. Poor dear Buckle! —
You would have been a widow on the
best support. Think in

— There a whacking succession of
sounds: — it was prophetic, as
we call your cat, in a very strong
convulsion. I magnetised her &
it evidently got her to. I don't
think what it could be except
that she heart-fasted too heavily
upon bread alone. I forget what

I was about to say, when this in-
terruption occurred. I had now it comes
to me - think what risks travelled
run! - imagine a page of Deary's
journal beginning thus. "A very
quiet Sunday in the country
with an excellent furniture fam-
ily; tho' the rain prevented the
Aunt of the house, named Washington
Weston, from going to Church. Every
family has a son named Washington
& this family formed no exception.

He came as near to this ^{Catastrophe} ~~and~~
as this, - that, hearing us say
"Wazyzy," - he jumped to the con-
clusion of calling him "Washy" -
No thing doubting but George was
his godfather. Nobility accidents
repeated it. It rained all night - we
harrowed two tons of hay out. But it is clear-
ing this morning. I see in the Stan-
dard weekly the following.

"To the list of intelligent Englishmen
who have taken of our affairs ought to
be added the name of Commodore Deary.

