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**DESCRIPTION OF REPRODUCED ITEM:**

Elizabeth Huntington, ALS (Elm Valley), 1837 Apr 17, to Edward. In: Porter-Phelps-Huntington Family Papers (Box 12, Folder 4).

Elm-Valley April 17<sup>th</sup> 1837.

Dear Edward,

What a changing world is this, which we inhabit. William has determined to go west, and is settling all his affairs herabouts, with the idea that he may take up his residence there; not that he certainly shall. This arrangement, as you may very naturally suppose, does not quite suit the feelings of his father, to say nothing of his mother, who without doubt loves her children quite as well as any one else does.

My position hitherto has been one of uncommon tranquillity. Very few at my age can recount such a variety of blessings as have been strowed along my path, and few still have so seldom felt the correcting strokes of adversity. And yet how often do I meet with occurrences, which bid me arise and depart. Perhaps I am as poorly prepared to leave the world as any one, but I do very frequently send my thoughts upward, in the chary hope and expectation that ere long the sins, and sorrow, and pains of mortality will have an end. And if the time is short, how foolish would it be, to waste in fruitless repining, the precious remnant that is left. Thanks to the Giver of all good, that the light of life, and the hope of heaven are still allowed me; were my mind as much under the power of darkness, as it has at sometimes been, the counts which now call forth my next most devout thanksgivings, would fill me with dismay and wretchedness.

When we part with William, we shall probably have Bethia back again, who has been staying with Helen since Charles left. Mr. Fisher is expected on Wednesday. I believe they think of going to Darfield for the summer, but their plans probably are not fully formed. - Frederic came home Saturday and left us this morning. He is in good health & spirits. Charles Hitchcock, has come to <sup>with his wife</sup> Hadley to try the effect of farming upon his health, which is no better than it was last winter.

Wednesday afternoon. The account you gave me in your letter of March, of your visit to the Lunatic Asylum, was highly interesting. Perhaps I feel more for those who are Distempered in mind, because I have known something of it from my own experience. It would seem as if their situation required not only the physical aid of their friends, but the united earnest prayers of every benevolent heart. They have become incapable of <sup>rightly</sup> exercising any of those powers, which seem essential to the Christian character. And if as the case may be, they were deprived of reason before they had become reconciled to God, their prospects must be dark indeed. - It is not pleasant to suppose such a case. It is painful to think that any should be ever indifferent, for a moment indifferent, to the concerns of the soul and of eternity. But we are compelled to believe that multitudes are so, and this makes the duty of intercessory prayer more binding.

I have finished reading the Physical Theory of another life. Some of the first chapters were rather too deep for my feeble mind. But the thirteenth, which treats of the survivance of individual character, and of the moral conscious self, I was delighted with. I love to contemplate heaven, as a state of activity. The angels are represented as "flying very swiftly". They are said to "excel in strength." - And our Saviour says also of them that "they do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven". He also says that the spirits of the just, "shall be like the angels of God." What privileges are these? - How animating are these hopes! - How carefully should we "examine ourselves to know whether we are in the faith!" that there may be no doubt as to our title to these "exceeding great and precious promises".

What do you think of Mr. Ware's Poem for Music, the Feast of Tabernacle? - Probably you have heard it performed. It is thrilling only in the reading.

Theodor has received the picture, The game of Life, or the chess-players. It is a most astonishing specimen of the art, and wonderfully adapted to impress the minds of all who examine it. I think it may have more effect, than the greatest eloquence of the living preacher. -

your brother Theophilus and Theodor, are ploughing at the mountain, thus beginning their spring work. Theodor has hired a boy by the name of William Water sixteen years old, nephew of Bothwell. Theophilus has been requested by Caleb Smith to take his eldest boy for the summer, at seven dollars a month. Perhaps he will, if he can turn it to the old account.

Your father is very busy piling up wood, and bringing in ships. I hope he will not forget that the people of Athol are depending upon him to feed the flames of holy love in their hearts, and that he should not offer unto the Lord of that which costs him nothing.

We went over all the way to N. last sabbath to hear Mr. Fessenden preach, and see him look into <sup>the</sup> northeast corner of the church. I own I felt a sort of disappointment when I saw him go into the pulpit. But before he had done his sermon, I felt that it was wrong, for his sermon was very ingenious, and besides I wish to consider the minister whom I hear preach as a messenger from God and endeavour to derive instruction and improvement from his teaching if possible.

I send by William a little bundle which I will thank you to hand to Sarah Phelps. I will thank you also to tell Sarah that I had intended to write Lucy Parsons this afternoon but shall not have time. She will oblige me by saying to her, that I have a deep sense of my obligations to her for the multiplied testimonials of her friendship, and that I hope nothing may take place to weaken our mutual regard for each other. From a passage in her letter to me some time since, I find she has some charge against William. I trust she will not insist upon my taking any part in the quarrel, for I am a decided and avowed friend to Peace.

If you have any reluctance to giving Sarah this message, I will not insist upon it. Many thanks you for your letter written on her birth day which she received last evening.

Your affectionate mother Elizabeth

Mr. Edward P. Huntington

Boston

