

4-1-1854

## Letter to Eliza (Smith) Butler and Matilda Smith from Elizabeth Hutchinson ("Lissie") (unfinished and unsigned)

Elizabeth ("Lissie") Hutchinson

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/butlertranscripts>

---

### Recommended Citation

Hutchinson, Elizabeth ("Lissie"), "Letter to Eliza (Smith) Butler and Matilda Smith from Elizabeth Hutchinson ("Lissie") (unfinished and unsigned)" (1854). *Butler Family Letters (Transcripts)*. 23.  
<https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/butlertranscripts/23>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Butler Family Letters at Digital Commons@WOU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Butler Family Letters (Transcripts) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@WOU. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@wou.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@wou.edu).

now in my nest, (if you do not chastize me for this) I will tell you about the silks and nice things I have omitted to give a specimen of their knowledge. I will state one case which came immediately under my own eye.

One evening while sitting in the presence of one of the afore mentioned personages it came about that I asked her how old she was. She said she did not know though she thought she was about sixteen. Her husband spoke and told what year she was born. She was near twenty. I think Oregon will sometime be a very pleasant place to live. ~~I think~~ the folks will very soon become aristocratic ~~though~~ on account of the wealth and beauty of the valley there are a great many rich men here.

it appears we are destined for years to mingle in our common herd with the sap heads of every country and clime. Schools and society are in the lowest degree. The climate is very different to what I expected. it has been very cold this summer we have been obliged to keep a good fire all the time and sleep under three or four covers ~~every~~ night.

Our gardens are backward. we have not had any vegetables yet except lettuce. times are very hard, there is very little money in circulation. this makes it very hard for new comers to take a start. I must tell you about our camp meeting which commenced two week ago last Thursday and lasted until the next Tuesday morning we heard some good sermons though there was but very few conversions. they were ~~ever~~ heretofore Presbyterians. there is more of that denomination than any other in this vicinity. though I speak with some uncertainty, for I have never heard the numbers of any but they seem to be in the lead. if you ever get this letter I wish you would answer it and tell us all the news. tell me all about what you are doing what improvements the children have made tell Lavina to write to me tell me what has become of Mary G. your affectionate sister  
 Elizabeth M. B. Hutchinson

Tuckamute Apr 1854

Dear Elisa;

It is a little more than a year, since we left our homes, and you, and all the rest of our dear friends, and started on that almost endless journey to this great land of Redskins, and wild cat.

But luckily we all reached in safety, as you have long since heard; no doubt to this great journey <sup>with</sup> its numerous inconveniences, and dangers; take many and ~~beast~~, through a material change. you and even women it seems to arouse and set to work all the selfish and beastly passions, a natural consequence, when all restrictions are taken from over them.

we reached Elijah's on the 10<sup>th</sup> day of Aug with our two little ones. Robert was just a week old, he was born on the Cascade Mts on the 3<sup>d</sup> of Aug.

we stayed with Elijah 9 weeks, and then started ~~since the plot for I was~~ killing a musket on my hazard up country about two days drive from E's. while on the road Mr Hutchinson took the ague and a few days after we stopped I took it also. then we were both sick with our little babe four weeks old and living in a house without door floor or chimney and cracks in the wall large enough for a dog to creep through. well I had several hard shakes and then got well. but Mr Hutchinson had it five <sup>months</sup>.

June 29 1854.

Dear Eliza you see by the previous page that I have in days of your commencement a letter to you.

But I have almost forgotten what I had intended to write, ~~and~~ no difference, all has probably been written previous to the date of that, and this. even the crying of the babes of trouble.

Excuse me for taking the same short journey told me you wonder what the reason is that we do not write more positive and tell you all about the country and how each one is satisfied &c. Well in reason is his dare not write the truth and conscience won't let us write lies. So we write nothing. Perhaps I am mistaken may be we don't know the whole truth and are afraid to write a part, lest we be mistaken and thrown in the lie. But Eliza what I am now going to say to you, pray take for the truth to the best of my judgment we are all well and all of the Kim folks ~~except~~ Berry Smith. he has had something like a white swelling on one of his legs his doctor says it is worse if such a thing can be. I have not heard from him since a week ago last Monday. Eliza Mother and I want see him we think it doubtful whether he ever get well. Mother told me that he said if he died he did not want to be buried here and if he ever gets well he intends to go back to Illinois.

Mother is grieving herself to death about leaving home she has failed so much that she hardly looks like the same person. You must write to her particularly.

she felt bad because there is nothing written to her. She thinks if she could write she would not treat you all so. You know it makes one feel more like they were remembered if their name is mentioned. I am sure this letter will do you more good, than if your name had not been mentioned. The day before yesterday <sup>Mary Ann</sup> come to see us for the first time. She talked so much about Monmouth and the folks there that I could almost think myself there. She is the worst whipped woman you ever saw she says she wonders that she could be so blinded to her own interest. She says if they do not go back to Monmouth it will be Gross fault.

Paradise has grown more since she left home than she had for several years before. She looks considerably like a woman and every hair on her head is full of ambition. She begins to talk of Silks, Spanish <sup>style</sup> Saddle <sup>ties</sup> young Lawyer &c. But Lill as the red men says, we Ad Swampen non comat un that is man of the first standing. I must tell you something, Mrs of Oregon.

They are from eleven to twenty years old. from eight to twelve hands high, <sup>and</sup> some a lilly white, others a light chestnut sorrel, <sup>or</sup> dark brown <sup>or</sup> hair. dressed in all sorts of pretty prints from Geese and dit.

Made in bright. to come about half way between the wire bender and their delicate walkers. just below each wire bender is tied, <sup>a part of it</sup> the leg of their dadys breeches or something similar. Now when all this rigging gets under good headway of a moderate walk it presents an aspect mighty of not.

Whether is spending the week with Elizabeth, Mrs. Eliza, and me. I would wait for her here this morning if the mail would wait for me. I would wait until she comes so that she might first see me. I put it in my letter so I may tell her.

Some how I don't feel in a spirit for writing but I must say a little more to you. I wish you would go to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> garden place and look at all the flowers and shrubbery which Mother and I have planted there with <sup>our</sup> own hands, and tell us about them. go to the graves and look at them for us. I know this will be a pleasure to you for the remains of that good old Mother of yours lie there. Oh! how often do I think of her and you, <sup>and</sup> all the rest there. but alas! it is to me as though my Soul had fled to another world and was looking back to think of time regretting my evil thoughts and deeds. there is this difference I am still on earth (I was obliged to pause and think how near I was to its edge before I could proceed) and can ask my fellow creatures <sup>and my God</sup> to forgive me all these wrongs this I cheerfully do. Will you grant it! And last of all will you go in the east room below stairs and the west room above and think of me. for within these walls many a cheerful and hearty laugh has bursted forth from a happy and careless heart which is now far far away throbbing with care and great anxiety for the welfare of those which are a thousand times more innocent. ~~Alas!~~ go in that old kitchen and the west room below stairs look in the corner next the dining room and what an image do you see there! Ah! I need not ask it is one which will never fade from your mind's eye until death shall have transplanted you and her in the garden of paradise never to be torn away by the rude hand of time but there to dwell in happiness <sup>forever</sup> with its author. Since writing the above Douglass Butter came here direct from Isaac Smith he says Berry is better he is able to walk about the house the rest of the family are all well.

Give my love to all your family and particularly to John.  
Tell him I will write some to him in Mr. Hutchinsons letter  
I have no more to time to write though I quit reluctantly.

Your loving Sister

Lissie.

Dear Analdada;

I have said all to Eliza that I know about the  
kin folks. But I must say to you that I have not forgotten  
you I looked at that little lock of hair awhile ago but could not  
see, whose temples it once adorned so it was only the reflected  
image. write to me and tell me all about what you are  
doing; whether you have pieced any quilts, what you  
have done with the Texas trunk, what do you keep  
in it, how many <sup>to-nas</sup> new dresses have you got, who does  
Emma Whitman have for beauty, when is Margaret  
going to get married, does Muldab have any Beaise

Wednesday Morning;

W. B. Ground has just received a letter from one of  
the Turner boys stating the death of Uncle William  
the sad accident of Granvill getting his arm broke &  
this is very distressing news to us, poor old uncle I  
suppose his Soul has taken its flight to another world  
you must write and tell us all about what he said before  
he died, where he is buried and what the family are  
doing. Did he suffer much, did he look natural when  
he was dead, How does Aunt take his death?

Mr. M. is waiting for this letter to take it to the office or I would  
write more I have been so hurried I fear you cant read it  
if not send it back and will write you another  
Reluctantly I bid you good bye. Your friend Lissie

# Butler Family Letters

## Digital Collection

Western Oregon University Archives  
Hamersly Library  
345 N. Monmouth Ave.  
Monmouth, OR 97361

*For permission to use, copy, and/or distribute the materials in the Butler Family Letters Digital Collection or for more information regarding this collection, please contact University Archives at [libarchives@wou.edu](mailto:libarchives@wou.edu) or (503) 838-8899.*

Title: Letter to Elisa, unsigned from Luckamute

Date: April 1854

Transcription:

Luckamute Apr 1854

Dear Elisa;

It is a little more than a year since we left our homes and you, and all the rest of our dear friends, and started on that almost endless journey to this great land of Redskins, and wildcat.

But luckily we all reached in safety as you have long since heard; no doubt. This great journey with its numerous inconveniencies , and dangers; take man, and beast, through a material change yea and even woman it seems to arouse and set to work all the selfish and beastly passions, a natural consequence, when all restrictions are taken from over them

We reached Elijah's on the 10th day of Aug with our two little ones. Robert was just a week old, he was born on the Cascade Mts on the 3d of Aug

We stayed with Elijah 3 weeks, and then started (excuse this blot for I was killing a musketo on my hand and made the pen give down a little too much ink) up country about two days drive from E's while on the road Mr Hutchinson took the ague and a few days after we stopped & took it also. there we were both sick with our little babe four weeks old and living in a house without door floor or chimney and cracks in the wall large enough for a dog to creep through. well I had several hard shakes and then got well but Mr Hutchinson had it five months

June 24 1854

Dear eliza

you see by the previous page that I have in days of yore commenced a letter to you. But I have almost forgotten what I had intended to write, no difference, all has probably been written previous to the date of that and this even the crying of the babes of trouble

Excuse me for taking the same sheet poverty told to me you wonder what the reason is that we do not write more positive and tell you all about the country and how each one is satisfied. Well in reason one reason is we dare not write the truth and conscience wont let us write lies. So we write nothing. Perhaps I am mistaken maybe we dont know the whole truth and are afraid to write a part, lest we be mistaken and thrown in the lie. But Eliza what I am now going to say to you, pray take for the truth to the best of my judgement

We are all well and all if the kin folks except Berry Smith he has had something like a white swelling on one of his legs his doctor says it is worse if such a thing can be. I have not heard from him since a week ago last monday. Eliza Mother and I went to see him we think to doubtful whether he even get well Mother told me that he said if he died he did not want to be buried here and if he ever gets well he intends to go back to Illinoise.

Mother is grieving herself to death about leaving home she has failed so much that she hardly looks like the same person. you must write to her particularly, she feels bad because there is nothing written to her. She thinks if she could write she would not treat you all so. you know it makes one feel more like they were remembered if their name is mentioned. I am shure this letter will do you more good, than if your name had not been mentioned. The day before yesterday Mary Ann came to see us for the first time. She taked so much about Monmouth and the folks there that I could almost think myself there. She is the worst whipped woman you ever saw she says she wanders that she could be so blended to her own interest. She says if they do not go back to Monmouth it will be Ira'a fault.

Pauline has grown more since she left home than she had for several years before. she looks considerably like a woman and every hair on her head is full of ambition. she begins to talk of Silks, Spanish, Saddle young lawyers etc. But Giee's as the red man says are ad Swampum non comatum that is men of the first standing. I must tell you something about the Mrs. of Oregon they are from eleven to twenty years old from eight to twelve hands high and some a lilly white other as a light chesnut sorrel and dark brown hair dressed in all sorts of pretty prints from Geise and dirt. made in bright to come about half way between the wire bender and their delicate walkers. just before each wire bender is tied the leg of their dady's breeches or something similar now when all this rigging gets under good headway of a moderate walk it presents an aspects worthy of not

Now in my next, (if you do not chastize me for this) I will tell you about the Silks and nicer things I have omitted to give a specimen of their knowledge I will state one ease which came immediately under my own eye

One evening while sitting in the presence of one of the afore mentioned personages it came about that I asked her how old she was. she said she did not know though she thought she was about sixteen her husband spoke and told what year she was born. She was near twenty I think Oregon will sometime be a very pleasant place to live. the folks will very soon become aristocratic though an account of the wealth and beauty of the valley there are a great many rich men here

it appears we are destined for years to mingle in one common herd with the sap heads of every country and clime schools and society are in the lowest degree. The climate is very different to what I expected. it has been very cold this summer we have been obliged to keep a good fire all the time and sleep under three or four covers every night.

Our gardens are backward. we have not had any vegetables yet except lettuce. times are very hard, there is very little money in circulation this makes it very hard for new comers to take a start. I must tell you about our camp meeting which commenced two weeks ago last thursday and lasted until the next tuesday morning we heard some good sermons though there was but very few conversions. they ? ? ? Presbyterians there is more of that denomination than any other in this vicinity. though I speak with some uncertainty? for I have never heard the numbers of any but they seem to be in the lead if you ever get this letter I wish you would answer it and tell us all the news tell me all about that you are doing what improvements the children have made tell Laura? to write to me tell me what has become of ??

your affectionate sister

Elizabeth M.B. Hutchinson

5th [no other date listed]

Somehow I dont feel in a spirit for writing but I must say a little more to you. I wish you would go to [?] place and look at all the flowers and shrubbery which mother and I have planted there with our own hands, and tell us about them. go to the graves and look at hem for us. I know this will be a pleasure to you for the remains of that good old mother of yours lie there Oh, how often do I think of her and you and all the rest there but alas it is to me as though my Soul had fled to another world and was looking back to through time regretting my evil thoughts and deeds. there is this difference I am still on earth (I was obliged to pause and think how near I was to its edge before I could proceed) and can ask my fellow creatures and my God to forgive all these wrongs. this I cheerfully do. Will you grant it!

And last of all will you go in the east room below stairs and the west room above and think of me for within these walls many a cheerful and hearty laugh has busted forth from a happy and careless heart which is now far far away throbbing with care and great anxiety for the welfare of others which are a thousand times more innocent

Go in that old kitchen and the west room and below stairs look in the corner next the dining room and what images do you see there! Ah! I need not ask it is one which will never fade from your mindseye until death shall have transplanted you and her in the garden of paradise never to be torn away by the rude hand of time but there to dwell in happiness forever with its author.

Since writing the above Douglass Butler cam here direct from Isaac Smith's he says Berry is better he is able to walk about the house the rest of the family are all well.



Mother is spending this week with Elijah, Ira, Eliza and me. We expect her here this morning if the maid would wait I would wait until she comes so that she might put something in my letter She sends her love so I put it in.

give my love to all your family and particularly to John tell him I will write some to him in Mr. Hutchinsens letter I have no more to time to write though I quit reluctantly.

Your loving Sister

Lissie

Addition to letter

Dear Matilda,

I have said all to Eliza that I know about the kin folks. But I must say to you that I have not forgotten you. I looked at that little lock of hair a while ago but could not see her whose temples it once adorned no it was only the reflected image. write to me and tell me all about what you are doing, whether you have pieced any quilts, what you have done with the tenas trunk, what do you keep in it, how many new dresses have you got, who does Emma Whitman have for beau,

Wednesday morning;

W.B. Ground has just received a letter from one of the Turner boys stating the death of Uncle William the sad accident of Granvill getting his arm broke this is very distressing news to us. poor old uncle I suppose his soul has take its flight to another world you must write and tell us all about what he said before he died, where he is buried and what the family are doing. Did he suffer much, did he look natural when he was dead, how does Aunt take his death [M or M] is waiting for this letter to take it to the office or I would write more I have been so hurried I fear you cant read it if not send it back and will write you another. Reluctantly bid you good-bye

Your friend

Lissie