Princeton Oct 13 1847

Cambridge port Oct 21 1847

Mr. Dear Grandmother,

Since you inquired why I do not write,
I thought I would on this rainy day, there being nothing to do.
I have been farming it a little this summer, with father and Smith.
We had about an acre of corn and a quarter of potatoes, the rest of which
were kept and I took. I mean helping. Father helped us gather a little. We kept
a horse and cows. I take care of the horse and Smith the cows, and Sibby Hoyt.
Mr. Hickney and family have been here from Hallowell. His Emma
and Iaid a week. Mary went on a visit to Bangor this summer, and stood
visits. Father and went up after her, and stood a week with Mr. & Mrs.
Theodore Brown. He has got a mapple of jack-rose. I went to ride with
one oar, and fell down and broke the shaft of the waggon. I expect to
go to school this winter. Though it is the only one of us that goes now.
My horse's name is Jenny Lind. This summer when I was taking care of
her, she kicked me, and gave me a pretty hard smack, but I got
over it in a few days, and loved her as well as ever. The man that owns
the house we live in, and that lived in the other part died last war leaving
a large family, but they are most grown up two sons and three
daughers. Father has bought a lot of land and plans some of building
next year. Now is all my friends out west. Giving love to
them, all the folks send their love.

Your affeionate Grandson

Saml. McSporroy.
Dear Mother,

I open Sunday's letter to write a few words. He is now a great boy. Mary is taller than her mother, and we see how it is that one generation goeth and another cometh.

We have but little that is new in this Eastern world. The Liberty Party sold out, now know at Buffalo to Martin Van Buren for a mep, not of Pitts but Revolutionary. It was contemnible judging but I fear it as well as I can and try to swallow pretty tiny or all—but the Whigs give us some hard cuts about him as what we have said of him.

The American Board greatly improved this year in its action upon the subject of slavery. The Executive Committee at Boston have written a letter to the Choctaw Missionaries up to the mark upon the subject taking Anti Slavery ground though out. There is but little interest in all this region upon the subject of religion.
One subject of excitement after another rolls over the public mind, and eternity is forgotten in the strife for worldly objects.

We have all enjoyed a good share of health. Through the furnaces of Little Caroline it now a fine talker catching every word she hears.

Johnny is in fine health too. He is in the reader on a little practical watch. So that I call this the furnaces of the family.

Write as often as you can. Please give me some news from Sybil. I have not heard from a long time.

Your aff. Son
J.C. Lovejoy

Papa, Dear Brother. You know the old saying "out of sight, out of mind." How true it is in general I do not think, but in the present instance I do not think it will hold good for although I have not talked to you but once since coming to Iowa, that has not prevented me from thinking about you, and I know you the very idea to attribute your silence to a want of thought about me, so that, I think, we can fairly conclude that the old saying is at fault sometimes, though it may be respectable for its antiquity.

I have not heard a word from Princeton directly since your letter to Hugh about a year ago, although I have heard from Cousin by way of the Emancipator, and I suppose you have heard from me through the same channel. But I should like to see the inside of a letter from you, too, and I have about come to the conclusion that the only way to get at it is to let you see the inside of one from me. It is too bad to be so mean and yet be far enough without hearing from each other, especially in the age of the world, in the light of the 19th century, when many are working to and for a full knowledge of increasing. We are isolated enough with regard to each other at the best, without making an arbitrary gulf by an act of conscience. I might enlarge upon the subject, but will leave it for you to consider and the full consideration, hoping that the result will be a letter from some of you, filled with instructions, information, admonition, and matter for reflection and profit.

I suppose that you know that Rev. Cookson here has another girl added to our family (the little Plague is()['y] now). She is just beginning to talk a little and is a sight cuter chance of a girl. You would say so if you could see her. She was sick too, fell with the same, but is well and happy and smart, and so is Mary. I had a kick of fell lost fall and to Air Majer, and
she is not very well at present. My own health is good, although the heat has been very trying, I have been feeling the heat to that extent and I am very thankful to be able to sit down and write this letter.

The crops are pretty much recovered from the frost, although the yams have not much, and the potatoes have quite recovered from the frost. We are living on the place at present, and we are pretty much reduced to the things of the south as well as ourselves. But we are strong, and you have to be in order to survive in the South.

I have been at the meetings, and your Sabbath meetings, for I miss them very much, as this is a perfect world in that respect. We have no preaching except occasionally one old school or Methodists, and we have had little fellowship with any other sects, as they take good care to avoid interacting with any unorthodoxy in their religion. I am enclosed with this, and I hope you will be able to be there in time for this subject which I want you to have presented to it and send not the answer to this.

The season this far has been exceedingly cold, and a poor prospect for good crops. It is that kind of weather that is not the kind of farming, and festivities and mildness, and crops and land are very much written in the Book. I should have been back at the end of the term, but I am writing to the blood of the unsaved. I am by its inhabitants, and the people of the South.

Do not slander that the land is or of a nature. I am filled and the Jews are as they are in the case of the nation of the Magician. I do not think of anything else to write at present, but hope you will send me news from time to time.

Margaret and the children send love to friends.

Direct to Exeter, Agassiz, and Tuggs to Cuba.

[Signature]

Phil E. Lovett
John Smith, Hampshire Colony Congregational Church to which I am connected. 

Greeting.

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you.

And much as these have written in my mind, some questions of conscience the solution of which I find it difficult to make. I have thought it good to write unto you for assurance your collected wisdom might give me some satisfactory advice upon the subject, and that thereby I might be profited. And what is more important is the question of a person in such a situation to write to such a church whom he believes that when he cannot follow the prescribed rule of the sacraments to belong to such a church. In addition to this, the church here is an Old School Presbyterian church and the minister who supplies them with a spiritual meat, teaches that when a Christian commits sin, it is not the man that does it, but sin that dwell in him, that is as I apprehend, this is a piece of the rite of the rite which observes still remaining in force, and is still undigested after a face of six thousand years. Now is it my duty, to go and listen to such preaching and to follow such back advice? If it is I would like to know it, as I have serious doubts about it myself.

If there is a church of the Presbyterian Methodists not far from here who abjure slavery, but have some ceremonies among them which are not exactly conformal to any denomination, such as gatherings, shoutings and the like. Now as which is most conducive to growth in grace, to join any of those or to remain connected with your church although Hebrew to you.

The church that is in this house salutes you.

P. S. at the Scotch Grove Cove.