

[Letter Elihu Burritt to Almira W. Strickland, April 15, 1849]

Mrs. Almira W. Strickland

New Britain

Conn[ecticut]

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15 New Broad Street, London, Sunday Evening, April 15 [1849]

My Dear Sister:

As I am alone this evening, I take the opportunity of sending you a word of affectionate remembrance. My mind often dwells upon my native village, whose name seems intended to be a fixed souvenir of the great and noble nation from which our forefathers sprang. I suppose you must have felt ~~crossed out word~~ my long absence—that instead of a three months sojourn in England, I have been here nearly three years. But I trust that none of you have felt that I was not where Providence led and placed me. I am sure you must have all been rejoiced at the great and marvellous success which has crowned my efforts in this country. The hand of our father God has been with me, truly, and I hope I feel suitably impressed with His loving kindness. When I review the steps by which He has led me from my youth up

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to the present moment; how He has raised me up from a low estate and made me to stand as it were, before the princes of the world; how through my small talents or efforts, great movements have originated, which bid fair to sweep over the world, drawing in their train stations and governments, I think I can say meekly “Not unto me, but unto my maker be all the glory.” I am now on the eve of leaving for Paris, where I go with my colleague to institute preparations for the great Peace Congress in August. I know not what may befall [sic] me there, but I feel to trust myself in His hands, who has led me hitherto. I expect to be gone several weeks and to see the great Laurantine [?] and the French President. I hope you see the Citizen regularly and that you find my family letters almost equivalent to letters direct to you. I think you must enjoy the reading of these familiar letters. In fact, you must hear more and oftener of my personal doings through these family letters, than you did when I was in Worcester. God has raised me up

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dear & precious friends in this country. The circle of my correspondence is very large and increasing every day. You will see this from the “Spirit of the League,” which I suppose is published in the Citizen ere this. And now how are you all getting on? Are you all well and prospering? I long to hear from you all. I wish I could write you often, but I have a vast deal to write on the mail day for America. Just Friday, I never went out of doors for 16 hours, or ate any dinner [word crossed out] until after 9 P.M. The next day I had one of my nervous sick head aches, from which I am now recovering. I wrote to George Burritt by last mail, inquiring about his engagement to [indecipherable] & girl in Elyna [?]. I have suggested the idea of his removing to Worcester when an opening shall occur. I should be sorry to have him settle down permanently in a Western village. I should like to have you write me and tell me all that has happened of witness in New Britain—marriages, deaths, etc. Will you please send the enclosed to those to whom they are directed. Can you get thin [underline in original] paper like this to write on?

Affectionately yours,

Elihu Burritt