

VALLEY TIMES OFFICE,

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> 1869.

My Dear Brother,

"This day do I remember my faults," (or words to that effect.)

The receipt of your last favor determines me to wait no longer, to reply to the brotherly message you sent me long ago. It is two or three years since I have attempted to write other than the shortest business letters, (except several ineffectual attempts to answer yours.)

I was greatly interested in your letter and proud and thankful that you had been able to accomplish so good a work in your chosen field of effort. I have sometimes met Owen of our class, who always has something to tell me of your achievements, and a few weeks ago I had a long talk with

my old school-friend, W. Scott Belden, who was in Raleigh a few months and who was well informed as to the trials and triumphs of Judge Tourgee. And now that I receive the "Greensboro Register" I read with no less interest whatever I see concerning you.

I wish you God speed in all that you are trying to do in North Carolina. I think I know something of the state of society there, and of the opposition you have to meet. I imagine that it takes more backbone, more devotion to principle, and more faith in its triumph, than most men possess, to persevere in the work you have undertaken. I question whether I could dare, or endure, so much as you have.

And I am glad that success has rewarded your efforts - both for your cause and for yourself. The offices you hold I am sure are worthily filled, and I trust they yield you a hand-

some revenue. — "The laborer is worthy." <sup>2</sup>  
I have acquaintances in the south  
who are mere political adventurers,  
"carpet-baggers" in the most offensive  
meaning of the term — who care nothing  
for the interests of the people they repre-  
sent, or of the land they have adopted (tempo-  
rarily), but are simply "on the make." I  
care not how soon their career, in  
that role, is ended, nor by what means.  
But may God keep you, and such  
as you, for the good work you have  
chosen, to do, and may He prosper  
you in all things.

And what about Russell? I  
was in rail-road employ when you  
saw me in Philadelphia. I followed  
that business about a year in all. It  
did me some good, I think, — taught  
me something of the more active bus-  
iness world, — but was too much like  
the army in this: I was only a ma-  
chine, operated and, for all intents and

propozes, owned by, "the Company." I wanted to be under my own command -- so I went into business. Now Hornellsville is not a very large place. nor is a country newspaper a very extensive or important enterprise, but I have had all the business I have wished, in running this concern. Concluding that I had gotten into the groove in which I am to run, through life, I determined to become thoroughly acquainted with my business in all its branches and so, for two years, spent a good part of my time in the composing and job rooms. I flatter myself that I am a fair "practical printer," but I don't intend to spend much more of my time at the case. I hope to be more in the "sanctum" hereafter, if I have my health.

For a year or two I have been suffering from dyspepsia, -- induced perhaps by too close attention to business, --

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I don't know what, — and have been in the blackness of darkness, mentally, a good part of the time. I am better now or this letter would not be written. It seems to me that dyspepsia is almost as great a calamity as insanity.

I am married — and most happily so. (After two years' trial I can speak with confidence.) Wife knows all about you — all that I knew — and knew it long ago. She is wonderfully interested in you and yours, and has many times reproached me for my long delay in writing to you. She tells me to say to you that we are coming down to see you (I hope her information is reliable.)

Some time ago, — last spring, — I planned a trip to Virginia and North Carolina with a friend, but, perhaps if he had not "backed out" I should, — at least we did not go.

I do not go to Rochester often, and rarely meet a class-mate or school

acquaintance. As you may imagine, I get no letters, for I write none (or have not for a year or two, but mean to do better henceforth.) Attending the Army Reunion at Chicago last winter I met Leonard and Pettingill. Saw the former a few moments at his brother's place of business. Had a still shorter interview with the latter, in which nothing was said about his North Carolina campaign. You know our relations were never cordially friendly. I just happened to hear of John West's death. So much for '62.

You heard, of course, of the death of Dewey and Richardson. My old friend Ernie Boston has married one of Richardson's daughters. They live in Cleveland where he is doing a prosperous business.

As for me I shall probably remain here; at least so long as my parents, now getting old, shall continue to object to my going away. I see

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nothing very brilliant in the future of the enterprise in which I am engaged, yet I hope to accomplish some good in a quiet way

I thank you much for your contribution. Had thought of asking you for sketches of scenes and incidents around you, but, had you the time to devote to it, I presumed you could find an organ of wider fame and influence, to publish your contributions. But anything which illustrates this Renaissance period of the South has both a present interest and a historical value, and is gladly published.

I presume, on the strength of our old friendship, to ask that you will believe my loyalty to it, is as strong as of old, in spite of my long silence.

Pray do not wait as long as I did, before replying. And believe me

Yours as of old

R. M. Tuttle.

This morning  
 I went to the  
 school to see  
 the children  
 and to see  
 the work  
 they were  
 doing. I  
 was very  
 glad to see  
 them and  
 to see the  
 progress  
 they were  
 making.  
 I hope  
 they will  
 continue  
 to improve  
 and to  
 become  
 more  
 useful  
 to the  
 world.

R. M. Smith