

Worcester November 20th 1840.

To Doctor John P. Green

Philadelphia Penn.

My dear brother

We received a paper from you day before yesterday, saying; "please write me a letter". I was vastly pleased to hear from you, but at the same time, I thought that it would not be at all out of place, for you to write us once in a while -

I should think you could write a very interesting letter about the novelties etc. etc. in the city; I should desire no better opportunity than you now have for finding materials of which to compose an epistle. Therefore it seems you have no excuse for your neglect in sustaining your part of the family correspondence. On our part I think you have no reason to complain, for our materials for correspondence are exceedingly dry, compared with yours. While you have the whole city before you, a city new in almost every respect to you and us, new scenes, and new occurrences, coming up daily: we have quite a different stock to draw upon for the substance of our letters; we have no novelties, no varying scenes, nothing, but what is perfectly common-place. But does it seem from the number of our letters, that we find any great difficulty in writing to you? no, certainly not, to me at least it is a great pleasure; then let us solve this enigma; what can be the reason why you do not write us?

If the expense of postage prevents you, then take advantage of private opportunities; if none occur; then write by mail, the expense weighs nothing in comparison with the pleasure, which a letter from our absent brother gives us. It cannot be selfishness, it certainly must be a pleasure to you to write to your friends, your love for them, cannot be so soon chilled, nor should it ever be, this love is the band which unites us, this it is

Letter from Samuel F. Green to Doctor John P. Green
November 20, 1840
[John P. Green Mss. – A.L.S.]

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which makes us sympathise with each other, makes your pleasures our pleasures, our sorrows your sorrows. This love should continue to burn as long as "the lamp of life", it is implanted by nature, it should be cultivated, it should be cherished, and the best manner in which this can be done in the present instance is by frequently corresponding with each other. If for one will continue to do my part, whether you or any of the rest do, or do not. I consider it a duty, it is following in one sense the golden rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them". But enough of this. Your well known industry, still shows itself by its effects, we have been out of decent wood for about a month (though I was by no means sorry, for it did a great deal towards clearing up the old stumps &c. about the yard) but yesterday, Dr. Goddard and Chamberlin, drew up the remainder of your wood which by this time is pretty well seasoned - and which makes us quite comfortable. How do you get on with your Thesis? I think the composition of a good one, will be of vast advantage to you. I hope you will bring it home with you, for I should like to see it amazingly. (Do you intend publishing it in some medical periodical: if so, do send us the number. "Burns and scalds" forms an easy subject for a dissertation. I think by looking into this subject thoroughly, the investigation may prove a great safeguard for you, in keeping you away from "gunpowder" and out of hot water. How is it about the college? do you think it superior to the New York institution? if not, what is the reason that a diploma obtained there is thought superior to, one obtained at the New York college? I believe the lectures cease in March when I suppose, we shall see you, do come home full of news, and take special care of your diploma lest it should get soiled on your journey. On Wednesday last I commenced a series of the head ache, I do not know how long it will be before I shall have completed it, but I hope the time is near at hand, for I am already quite tired of it. Doctor, don't you

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suppose this is caused by a change in diet, I have been accustomed, for something like a year past to eating salt fish, but lately beef and fresh pork have taken its place, Andrew and I went out on a hunting excursion on Wednesday, after having tramped around for about five miles we started a partridge near home, but we shot nothing except the top of a bar post. We went out, preparatory to taking a jaunt to Royalston to see Colonel Arnold, and hunt, but a short time before we intended to start we heard that the Col. had gone to New York, therefore we shall be obliged to defer our journey until some more convenient time. What gave rise to our determination to go, was this, Our neighbor Mr Gibbs, took four of our horses to go to Troy N. H. after some monument stone, and if he had an opportunity, to trade two of them, for shingles, or stock. As Royalston lay directly in his route, Father determined to give Oliver a chance to go and see the Colonel - While he was there the Colonel offered him the use of his gun and ammunition, if he would stay one or two days - But Oliver concluded for certain reasons that he would not, therefore Andrew and I thought that we would take the Col's offer to ourselves - and as game is said to be rather plenty there we may perhaps stand a good chance of getting something.

Father is now reading Nicholas Nickleby which he thinks more amusing than Don Quixotte -, since he began it he has followed it up pretty close once in a while, when reading, it he breaks out into a hearty laugh; I think he has a remarkably "keen perception of the ludicrous";

Our turkeys are as fat, as you can reasonably expect turkeys at large to be, we intend sending one to Grandmother and Aunt Lydia and another to Cousin Oliver, I was in Southbridge about a month ago, Julia Lydia and I spent the evening at aunt Calista's together with the Cousins Leabury every thing there looks pleasant and comfortable. Cousin Oliver has his hands full of business, he inquired after you particularly, I think you ought to write him a long letter -

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Father is now reading Nicholas Nickleby which he thinks more amusing than Don Quixotte [sic], since he began it he has followed it up pretty close once in a while, when reading, it he breaks out into a hearty laugh; I think he has a remarkably "queer perception of the ludicrous;"

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and one to Grandmother and Aunt L. We have not heard from Julia for this long time, I don't know whether Doctor Butler is elected or not, neither whether Julia is satisfied with her situation or not. I am in hopes we shall see her with us thanksgiving, I wonder if the time will ever be, when we shall all meet together again on earth, I think it rather doubtful, but I hope we may have many happy meetings more. I don't know that Wm will be with us to carve, as since the last Thanksgiving quite a change has taken place

Doct. John P. Green

Care of Mr. Wm. C. Chapman

Philadelphia

Penn.

determined that I would ^{write} the pleasure of writ-
ting you a long letter to send by him when he did go.
I hope that when you are studying medicine you
will not neglect the study of the bible, for it
should be the guide of our lives, it shows us the
way of salvation through Jesus Christ, the only name
given under heaven among men where by we must be saved
Samuel J. Green

in his circumstances, I hope he will come, and bring his wife with him, if we can get a pan big enough to make a plum pudding in, that will satisfy us all; I suppose your being here is out of the question, but you must make up lack of turkey and pudding on the 26th with a mental feast. I wrote you a short letter before this to go by Mr. Cator a day or two since, but as he, as I afterwards learned did not then leave I

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/signed/ Samuel F. Green

[Addressed:] Doct[or] John P. Green, care of Mr. W[illia]m E. Sherman Philadelphia Penn.

Transcribed by James Copeland