

Rochester July 31st 1862
Thursday - P. M.

My Darling

I am sick to day.
Have been lounging around on the
and lounge all day until I am tired
of them both. I cannot read or see
so I will write and notwithstanding
my portfolio is crowded full of letters
from old correspondents some even
bearing the date of April. I don't
want to write to any one but
you. and I am too pettish to
and deny myself and do what
I don't want to, but I suppose
I should have a letter from you
before this, but it seems I am
not to have. I have come to
the very wise conclusion not to
fret but wait patiently. I think
you are undoubtedly very much
engaged or I have feared you were
disordered again and could do nothing

I have made a very great effort not to let this worry me and it does not very much. I have tried to trust God for anything that may come to me and I feel in my heart that if the worst does, He will help me. I want to see you so much, Albin, I want to talk to you. I am so happy sometimes in my faith and trust. I wish I could be always good.

I had just received a letter the third which I have received writing to her. I know it was very wrong to neglect her so but I know that you will not wonder that I did it even if you do think I should not have done so. I wrote her on Sunday last and tried to make amends for my neglect. She wrote me a long tender letter and seemed hurt and grieved that I had not told her what she had heard, by

demanding her right for an explanation from you. I almost wondered that you thought I had written her about it. So you think it would be natural for one? It don't seem so. Lizzie didn't know when she wrote that I had been allowed a little hope again, and she meant her letter for a balm, but if it had come to me before you wrote me, it would have been a "poisoned arrow" where it was meant to be a cure. It would have hurt me so. I don't believe Lizzie understands me. I think I never knew any person whose heart was from that my former notions that her but somehow, she don't do just as I would like, in dear, you must not tell me it is my own wicked heart that won't let me see Lizzie as she is. You know I opened my arms to her and would love her because you had

wished me to. and though I foolishly
wrote you soon after I met her, both
you had written to be with me
having said, you far as well as
I that it was of course, I was prompt
-ed to it, at first simply because
you loved her and when I knew
her, for her gentleness, confidence
and loveliness, even my heart and
determined that I would not be
her. A some time ago, I had
need to be that I fear would
take away the some particular
of her character. She is a very lovely
girl, very sweet, and I am very happy
that I have a place in her lovely
heart and she is mine though I
fear I fear I could not stay
in her heart. I am spending a very
quiet peaceful vacation. I think
I need but a visit from you to
make me really content.
I was weighed the other day
and read, I have some happy
friends for me. Pretty good sac-
rifices don't they think? I
I am getting on well and nervous
and (ever) the best news -
I did not intend to, write to
you when I began but I have
scribbled on all random it seems
Goodbye Lovingly yours
A. J. ...