

Camp University
Community Inst Penn
Aug. 15th 1868

Dear Mr. [unclear] I would
[unclear] delayed answering your letter until several
[unclear] accumulated to an affair you will think
[unclear] into the bad habits of the golden times.
[unclear] had a queer fit for a few days. I
[unclear] as the [unclear] and [unclear] a letter from
[unclear] father" my, as you say, may worse
[unclear] raised me exceedingly more perhaps than any
[unclear] kind would be supposed to do. They contained
[unclear] announcement of having given any letter
[unclear] was to the reporter for publication
[unclear] thought. But I heard that you stopped the
[unclear] and embraced him, I could scarce
[unclear] I have always been
[unclear] about the publication
[unclear] have written - and have especially
[unclear] County papers
[unclear] now to know that the editor
[unclear] with the documents
[unclear] I cannot conceive what should

possess you, — I know my feelings in this
so well, to do any such thing. I am crazy.
or is the prudence of my wife a mad?
I would rather have forfeited six months pay than to be
known that you did this. If I supposed
there was any danger of this, I would never have
written a word to any one. Do you not remember
what I told you, when Capt. Chalkman's wife published
one of his letters to her. I shall never dare send you a
page, more than the very bare facts and as few as poss-
ible of them, through fear that they will be published, —
published in some little contemptible County Sheet, at that.
I live in perfect dread of the day when those papers
shall arrive in camp. Every one will know I wrote
the articles, and a super mortification could scarcely
be prepared for me, than to have it known that I would
write five or six columns for that paper. I cannot
imagine, how in the world you come to entertain
the idea even for a moment. Have I not a thousand
times expressed my horror of such a thing? Was it not
one of the very reasons of my short and indefinite
letters which were so unsatisfactory to you a year
ago, and a year before that also? I thought you had
learned better than to have reduced me to that necessity
again.

As to the poetry — where the world
Emma was your delicacy, when you gave

That editor? I actually shuddered for
you. I really tremble when I think of some letters
which I have. You say you "took a hint." I do
know you gave you the hint, but it was a dim
silly one. Besides, it came near getting me into trouble.
I had sent it to a journal of some worth (whose ed-
itor is entirely unacquainted with our private relations)
the good will of which I am anxious to obtain. Im-
mediately on the receipt of your letter I posted one to
him, giving an account of it and withdrawing the ar-
ticle! If it reaches him in time, it will be all right. If not,
he will think I have been playing a double game with him.

Now don't for Heaven's sake ever raise
another such a rumour! Don't
think me angry. I am not. I was vexed at
first, but now feel only regret that this should have
occurred. I know you did not mean to see or trouble
me. I know you would forego anything pleasing rather
than do so. You were only weak. You yielded to the
feeling of vanity and the persuasions of well-meaning
but inconsiderate friends, who knew nothing about the
feeling I had, and cared nothing about the consequence.
I will wager something that father did not advise the
movement.

And now about Angie. Her
state is excessively angry. Her
character is entirely unaltered for. Confess

1848
M. J. C. C.

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