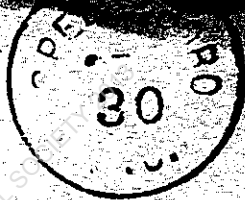


If not delivered within 10 days, to be returned to



Mrs. Emma K. Torque  
#227 West 6th St  
Erie  
Penna

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Greensboro N.C.

Sept 29/1878-

My Darling Wife:

You, no doubt, think that I have been very neglectful in not writing to you before; and yet I do not see how I have done so. You can hardly imagine how hard it is to write you on the campaign - I am perfectly overpowered with the uncertainty of the throw I am making - I just cannot write to you about it and, somehow, I cannot write about anything else. Yet I think I am going to win. I cannot see how, nor understand why. So far as I can see, everything is more against me, than ever before, yet I think I shall win - I know I do not deserve it and can give no reason to myself for thinking so -

You cannot imagine what pleasure your bright letters give me - I am so glad you are happy. And tomorrow is your birthday - I shall be here and shall think

of you all day - Our regular joint  
convoys begins on Wednesday - I  
know you are always praying for me  
and I think it must be on account  
of your prayers that I hope to win - I  
know you are happy and whatever results  
to me ~~of~~ ~~happiness~~ while that  
is so. They have all gone to colored church  
to hear Dr. Thayer - I did not go because I  
had to write to you - Miss Hall is here. She  
is a very pleasant young lady - It is perfectly  
evident why she came here to teach with  
Thayer - She just adores him - I doubt think  
he knows it but she will find a way to  
inform him, if they are over there alone for  
a year, and mistake her, sadly.

Tom Owen died of yellow fever at Ref-  
uge Miss. last week, poor fellow. It  
makes me very sad. I cannot help  
thinking of him a great deal - He had  
considerable life insurance which will  
last his family some time - I suppose.

I am very strangely situated. I wish

you were here and you are glad  
you are away - I am afraid I  
am not my old self - I do not satisfy  
myself on the stump - My head does  
not seem so clear and I cannot  
renew myself to the old resoluteness  
of purpose - I go on ~~as usual~~,  
but somehow, I cannot get ~~entirely~~  
right - I am afraid I shall not sustain  
myself always in the fight - Yet I believe  
I shall win - The hard, honest money idea  
is hitting the people and making friends  
where I did not dream that it would.

I have written (as C) a little poem en-  
titled "Bill Reeling" which they have  
printed here, for the benefit of the Yellow  
Fever Sufferers - I will send you  
some, as soon as they are well out -

I have not had a cent of money  
yet for the campaign and fear I shall  
get none - I sometimes tremble when  
I think what may be the results of  
failure, but I put it away and go

blindly on - I get sick - oh so  
sick of the whole matter, and only  
keep up for your dear sake. God  
bless you Darling!

I have been trying for two days to  
get my letter for publication and  
cannot get on to write one, at all.

I am glad to hear that Lodie is so happy  
and contented - She is a little darling and  
her papa never forgets her -

Yet it does make me so sad to think  
of you - You are so far away, so separa-  
ted from me and I cannot believe  
that I shall ever see you again - I  
try and try not to feel so - I am - oh  
so happy, in your joy, but I cannot  
think that I shall ever see or share it.  
God bless you dear. I shall think of you  
all the more tomorrow. Forgive my weak-  
ness and if I never see you - if I do  
not write you again - forgive me and  
love me still. Again may God bless you, dear  
and sweetest and noblest of wives - In ever affection