

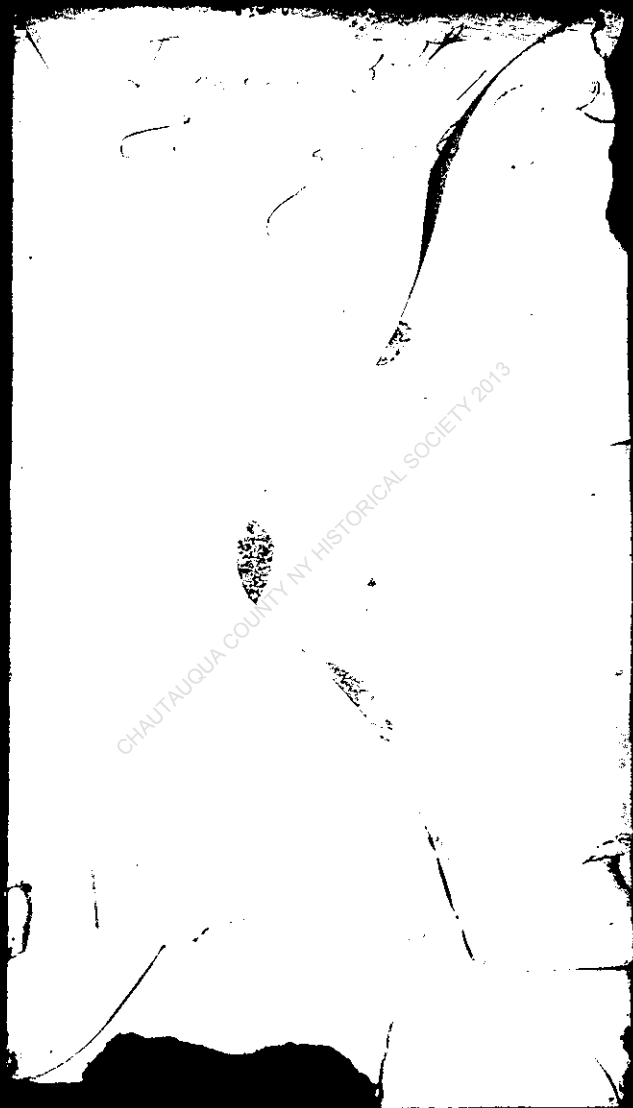
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CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2008

Richford
N.Y.

Care, J. B. ...

1867



you find the reason for my long silence,
I get it. I hear by every word that
you're sure you're not at all, I know
of a better one, more of your. The
much better. Of course this dish not affect
my feelings. Forwards. I'm sure I kept thinking
there's what an experience it is. I have been a
Gamer. I've been a doctor. I've been a
think that she's a good thing. I've been a
her own. I've been a good thing. I've been a
and a look. I've been a good thing. I've been a
what you say - that's a bit of a doubt. I've
then I'd like to see that. I've been a
of his integrity with James and Annie, as a

I hardly know how to write
to you last night. I am so tired that I
don't even recollect me of the impression
any finishing the letter, for I fell fast
without looking up from the sheet.
I know that you will not ask me to
give you my confidence, for I
I have shown you enough of my wretched
wretched self. You will not be sur-
-prised or grieved at anything you find
in it. — You wish me to say just
how I am and if I "use two crutches
yet". Yes I use two crutches and lab-
le around in pretty much the same
style as I did a month or two months
ago. As to how I am I don't know —
neither good enough to live nor bad enough
to die, I guess. Though really I believe it is
generally thought that a man should
be better to die than to live. It must
be wrong, however, for if living is not
more terrible than dying, how much
of horrible evil has not God appointed
unto man. It cannot be. Life must be
more fearful than death.

I have
written you about things. You know I have
a letter of hers — more than a month old
which has never been answered, and
I don't know as she is in any manner

then so bright! Then, it seemed that
happiness was surely at our threshold
and we but waited for the to come, with
bright dreams and anxious hearts. Now
all is darkness and even hope — the
last one who left Pamela's bosom — has
fled from my heart. And you too, my
darling — my dove, — my cherished one
you too, are dragged down by my ship
's wreck. Could I have foreseen the events of
the present, the trust of years ago, should
never have ripened into love, in your
bosom. God forgive me, for the wrong I
did in asking you to share the frail bark,
which I knew could only bring me and
misfortune, to all who embarked in
it, as trusted to its stow-chess. But
your hope that two hearts in the same
world see Emma my bride, and I dare
hardly hope that I may ever see her by the
blessed name of wife, dwell in my dreams.

The past year, - how much of evil
has it brought to me! I almost pray
that I may never see another! And
you, - I thank God, that I have known
your true, pure, unselfish, sacrificing
love! That I have pressed you to my
bosom, called you "mine" and known
the sanctity of maidenly devotion; and
yet, when I think of you, I weep (I
think) that you should love me now.
Why did you ever love me! Surely, it is e-
= wrong, that I should be stricken in my
youth, should lose the hope of marriage
and die unwept - - save with tears of pity.
Well, well, - Allah if Allah - as the Mos-
= lem says, "God is God," and the acts of his
hands are pure and right. Heaven for-
= give my murmuring, and if it con-
= sist with the Holy Will, may the cold
hand of death, ere long be laid on my
complaining lips. Methinks I could
rest sweetly in the grave. There is no
pain, no sorrow, no blasted hope

no regret, no shame! How
wonderful is the mystery of Being!
If it, - can it be true that there is an eter-
nity of evil as well as of good? Can it
comfort with the goodness and mercy of deity
that evil should be co-existent with him-
= self? I, - I, - Forgive me, Emma,
"God is God," and we must, trust His
wisdom and mercy. "God is God," "God ^{can}
eternally exist as it is, it is the beginning, the
end and the sum of all human wisdom.

But I have a host of questions to answer
by your especial request. And first you wish
to know if I "did it," i.e. was cold and formal, as
you say I was, in my letters, just to punish you
for being so foolish. Foolish, Emma? In what
respect, pray? In longing for me! I know not
why you should call that "foolish". Perhaps, I did
think it best that you should not give Albion so
much - not quite so much - of your heart and
fancy. If I did so, it was in consideration
of your own interest, and not from any sel-
fish wish of my own. Perhaps, I did sup-

perceives a little of my true worth of feeling and ardor of expression, for this purpose but because I feared you would diminish your own happiness thereby. And then, you wish to know why I had not said, one day when you came to see me, that I did not like those chemises, or if you only imagined that I did so. I guess it was not wholly imagination. Anyway, now was it yet really address. You know, I did not slight your beauty, that I did not regard it as an unpleasant thing, as you please to call it. No, indeed, but my heart was too full for dalliance, too full of love and gratitude. O Emma, you cannot imagine — I cannot tell you how I felt then. The tide of happiness that surged through my heart could not find expression from my lips. It may be strange that you remember so minutely, the circumstances of that day but it would be wonderful if I ever forgot it. The sand lies for ages where the last wave left it, and when it hardens into rock, the mark of the rippling water is not effaced.

Adeline
Ch. W. Longenecker

It's mighty well he did not associate your name with theirs, in the Catalogue of his special friends. I should have had that the reason, if he had. At Mrs. Gould's I had a pretty full account of the thing from beginning to end. The good people were as considerate with regard to my feelings as if I had been one of their own family, and you may imagine how my cheek burned when I saw that even with all their charity and good will toward me, they could hardly speak respectfully of the Misses Gilborn, who one of the girls said, "had almost lost their good name, by constantly associating and appearing in public with the scoundrel." Perhaps I did not tell you truths just about them. Perhaps some of my words were not particularly complimentary.

to your parents. I can't
help it and would not if I
could. I don't think anything
I said then will hurt them any
and I know you and your sis-
ters ought to be grateful for it.
Now every time I have undertaken
to write to Georgie I have felt just
as I do now only more so.

And when I had almost re-
solved this I got a letter from
Wat detailing his sayings and
doings in camp. It seems Georgie
had recommended him to receive
special notice & consideration
and so added another monstrous
great link in the chain of his folly.
I heard of that first ⁱⁿ with a letter from
Morton Gould and if I swore some-
one could blame me.

Now I suppose Georgie feels
terribly about my silence, but
how the @-! can I help it?

Abbie