

Arundelquait Feb. 18th/62

Friend Tongue -

Believe me
I was agreeably surprised a few
days since to receive a letter from
Kingville, and still more so
when I found it was written by
yourself. Tongue henceforth let us
be friends! That is do not let us
misunderstand each other.

If I thought I could act dishon-
orably toward one whom I knew by
the name of friend. I should hate
myself sincerely, and therefore I of
course detest anything that savors of
dishonor in a friend. In so far as this
then I think we are very nearly alike.
But just here, I conceive, lies the

difficulty with us both, is in respect of friendliness. Now I am ready to strike hands with you, yes more than ready, I am anxious to shake hands with you, and pledge to each other charitableness. Don't let us stand upon punctilios. That has ever been the fence which has separated us, and through which we have been cautiously peering at each other, ever since our acquaintance. Let's make a gap wide enough for the ingens corpus, of each of us, & unopplied with all our honor, & etc. to walk through and shake hands, with candour. Just assume I urge henceforth, (i.e. if you will) that I am your friend, and whenever a doubt arises, throttle it at once by referring to that standard, as to an immutable fact. I do believe (human vanity will show itself) that if you knew me, you would, if you could not like me, at least not censure me so often. It is not from

any idea that I am lovable, that I ventured to make that last remark, but on account of my knowing your philanthropy.

Sincerely I lamented your misfortune on the field of battle, but I dreamed not that you were so injured as to be in danger of your life. Had I done so, my pen would have been sooner occupied in writing you words - no! not words but breathings from my soul, of sympathy and cheer.

And yet I must own that I have not loved you as I would like to, and as I hope to yet. I care for but few friends - but I those I want, very near, and very dear.

In Seneca, I have I think found one of the above sort. Why I never knew him or he me, until just as we were dissociated. He is eccentric but true, generous and noble & I am proud to call him friend and understand the word. I have been teaching this winter, have been out of college since, but shall return D.V. soon. I hope this will find you better, and that you will believe me Your friend
R. D. Pettigill