

Kingsville Ohio

March 27th 1862

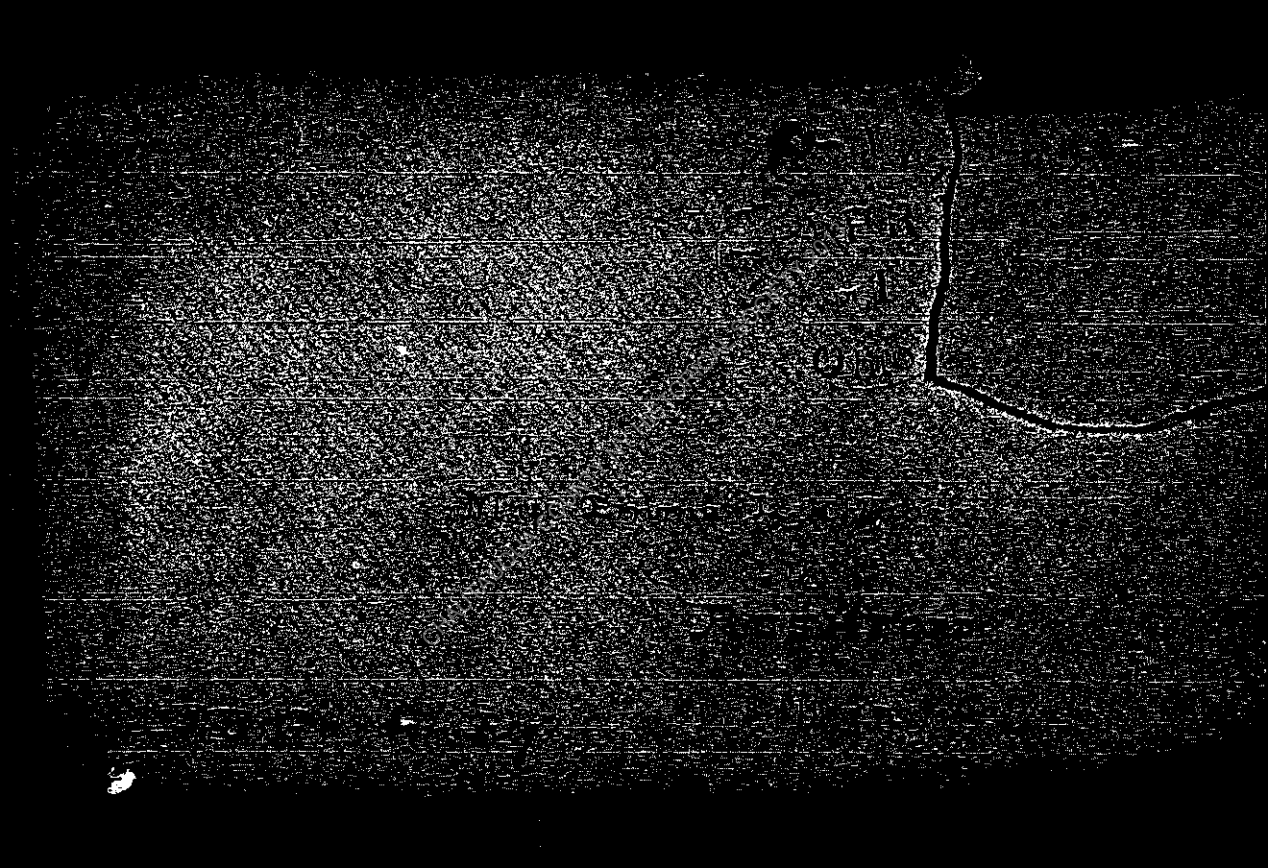
Emma

Did you get that letter from me, which you were so anxiously expecting, "tomorrow," when you wrote? I hope you did, though I must confess, I do not know how you could possibly have done so, as I am not aware of having written but one letter, during the past week, save the note to you, and that was to Mr Anderson. I presume, however, that the anticipation did you quite as much good, as the reception, of the letter would. You know it is a favorite theory of philosophers and theologians, that the pursuit and anticipation of happiness, is more pleasant than its possession, in other words that the pursuit of happiness, is of itself, the only true happiness. This being admitted, you ought to be very thankful to your considerate friend, for not writing to you according to promise. Now, you need not think, that I am putting the sword into your hands, by which you will defend and justify some of your short comings, in the future. Not a bit of it. I shall prevent that, by reminding

you, that I have repeatedly denied the applicability of
this principle to myself, how true ~~even~~ it may be of
others. You will recollect, that I am no believer in the
favorite theory of many, grounded on this principle, that
courtship is more fraught with bliss than matrimony.
I do not believe it. Well, I did not write to you
simply because I was too lazy to do so, or else be-
cause I was too, — too careless and indifferent to
everything, to care about writing to you, or any one else.
I have been down in the woods, with Joe, almost every
day during the week, and sat around the sugarhouse
while he attended the fire, reading, talking, smoking or
playing chess, as the case might be, and sometimes do-
ing two or three of these things at once. Yesterday, I ruined
the programme, by going to Loxon (about two weeks since
I was there before) and visiting, during the afternoon, with Louise
Gould at Mrs. C. Barrett's. — Was a very pleasant time.
I did as I always do when I call on Louise. She will
make a noble girl. The ~~Devil~~ or Providence, one or the
other, seems to have a special spite towards me. The bottom
of all my pleasure has fallen out, and I am again flat
on my trading. I was not going to touch on it, and

you could not now be hard to do it. I
was glad it is so, for I am convinced, it would have
been not only, very unpleasant, for me to have done so,
but also, very impotetic and unprofitable. I don't know
now just what I shall do, but I suppose Providence
does and I will find out, before I do it, I guess.
I shall keep my eyes and ears open for a chance
somewhere, and have no doubt I shall find some-
thing to occupy my time. This, it would seem, would
disarrange my plans somewhat, for the summer
but I guess I shall not let them affect me much.
I intend to pursue the course I had marked out for
the summer campaign, and let the Antislavery Soci-
ties succeeding, take care of themselves. It is not my fault
if it is so. Well, why should it not be? I cannot see it is
true, what is coming; but I will work in the pre-
sent, and the future will be the present, in due season.
And so, Leggie told you how blue a letter I
wrote to her, did she? Naughty girl! I'll give her a
scolding! I have no memory of the letter itself except
that it was short and blue as ink. I remember
she would rather I would write her letters to her.

Joe is lying on the lounge, reading the "Herald".
one of Scott's words. His hair is about twice as
long as you ever saw it. Oh! No, you saw him
last Fall, didn't you? Well, it has not been cut,
since then and is almost equal to Absalom's, I should
judge. By the way my own is getting quite long, so
that I wear it fasted in the middle, in true patri-
archal style. Oh! I am so glad you have dropped
your robes of blackness. I shall dream of you now
every night, for six months, as standing at the gates
of morning, clad in a rainbow. Do you re-
member a year ago now, — a year ago tonight?
Ah, happiness! Did you hope I might be with you, to celebrate
the anniversary? I don't know but I might do it,
now that my stomach has grown out again?
I suppose Angie is with you now, but I know
you will be lonely, when night comes. Strange Emma
Strange Abbie! — I have just been having a
sort of theological discussion with Joseph. Career seems
we have them exchanging. Wonder, wonder where it will
all end. Do you know — of course you don't — I am going to
board in an Episcopal family after this week and am sort
of wondering what will come of it. I know they will spare
no pains to induce me to join that denomination. I
am only afraid they will not be willing that I should take
any more time, now that I shall hear so much of "the Church"
that it will breed a sort of disgust for that also. And then I
cannot imagine what in the world I should do.
Good bye, wife & children.
C. M. W.



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