

Three months had passed. Two of them easily - when I wrote
 thus in my journal. They had been the grave of my "Half-life".
 The dead Past had buried its dead. The live Present had built
 its tomb. "I will not be unhappy" was the epitaph of
 buried hopes. No more refinings for forbidden fruits - no
 more yearning for a love that came not. I accepted my
 fate. Two busy months - two months of full harmonious self
 sustaining life. Action, thought and independence. new
 scenes and new duties, awakened my spirit from its old Sandy
 life, and changed the rough country girl, to the busy city
 teacher. I held in my hand the wages of those two months,
 the first fruits of my labors. It was not much, yet what a fever-
 ish glow that sweat earned gold sent through my frame. It was
 the earnest of full life. I knew that I had left the chrysalis
 I knew that the future would be full of dust and heat, action
 and suffering and while I mused my thoughts went back to
 my life by the Sandy as if it had been a dream. I retraced it
 from the first, sitting there by my window and gazing down upon
 the broad Ohio, whose placid bosom the setting sun was gilding
 with its mellow light, my eye wandering now and then from
 the boats that rippled and splashed in its bright waters to the
 green terraced hills of the Southern shore. I wondered if the
 Sandy flowed as brightly as when I paddled in its waters
 I wondered if George Hammond crossed to our house as
 often as when I rowed him there. I wondered if his laugh
 rang as cheerily, if the sunset light nestled in his brown curls

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as I saw my name in the bold almost rough hand writing of Tom Sullyers. Half wonderingly I opened it. A letter fell at my feet. I snatched it up and glanced at the superscription. That too was Louis I was disappointed. ^{What} why? My gaze fell upon the remainder of the package and my question was answered "Janet Rainford" There was no other word. This was not Louis writing. Next quiet almost delicate yet compact and firm. There was an air of refined strength, of unmanifested power in these few letters. They had a look of cultivated manhood, of gentlemanly independence which belongs only to the handwriting of one who has thought and acted for himself, who knows no master and his own will, no guide but his own reason. Tom Sullyers could not have written that than he could have painted the rainbow. The fetters which he had worn by the Sandy had seared the wrist too deeply for its muscles to act freely as ever as this. Habit and ignorance do not loose their hold upon their victims in a moment. True self-reliant thought is not born in an hour. I knew of but one who could have written that. Lips could have not said plainer than each letter spoke to my throbbing heart that name. The divine told me that my shackles no longer burned. Half unconsciously I turned the package and broke the seal. A paper box within contained an envelope, cards stamped "Miss and Mrs George Hammond" at home. Some pieces spoke on the following note.

Tacet:-

We have not forgotten my earliest
 Randy friend - but with regrets that you were not
 present to share our festivity, we send you these remembrance
 from our wedding feast. May the bliss of which
 it is a token, be a swift & be a swift pres-
 age of like joy to you -

George Hammond.

Simple words, - kind, friendly, unassuming. I was
 remembered - as the "first Randy friend," - Janet Rams-
 ford - Nothing more. He knew me as the girl who had
 shared in his projects, aided his plans, and received his
 instruction - He did not dream that I was a woman
 who had looked up to him with the yearning tenderness
 of first love. - "Tacet" - I remembered how sweet
 that word once sounded from his lips - How like a pri-
 vilege it seemed afterwards to hear it screamed out
 at by any sharp-tongued step-mother as she called
 me to some household work. "Tacet" there was some-
 thing genial about the word. It showed the frank
 unconsciousness, and the whole act told of the ten-
 der memory of a fraternal friend. Somehow it
 soothed the tumult in my heart, and I was glad
 that George Hammond remembered me even as a friend.
 Was there not a full warm manhood about him which
 made me his passing regard an honor unto

any woman? Get how much more my heart had craved - You - even now while it offered the measure of gratitude for what it received did it not longingly ache for more? Could it subdue the wild longing? Could it give friendship where it longed to bestow love -

It crushed the crackling mate into my breast and went and stood by the window - A pot of ~~double~~ three violet double violets, which have the hue of the summer sky which they do are even looking up to, so deliciously immersed upon their petals stood beside me. I turned my head on my closed hand and crushed my elbow down upon them - It sank through the tender rings until the white clear was stained with the dark mould. The night had come down upon the busy city - There was no moon - but the street lamps, - give here and there and the lights from the streets and windows of Co. vine town flushed on the rivers bosom and came bounding to my gaze -

It was one of the warm mawk nights of the early summer - The southern breeze played half-felt with my brown curls - and brought to me the perfume of green fields and leafy woodlands to my nostrils - I almost forgot that I was not by the Pond - It must have been long I stand there for the city clock was tolling twelve when I - started to the windows -

near that I was standing there alone - looking
 out on the light gossamer beams of the midnight
 striving to forget the love which had filled my year-
 sympathetic heart - The perfume of the crushed flower
 came up towards ~~them~~ and captured my ^{thought} ~~attention~~ - I took
 away my arm and raised the tender stalks as they had
 stood before - tenderly repentantly - Simpler and richer
 came its soft perfume - Tears were gathering in my eyes -
 I kissed the crushed stems blessing the little flower for its
 ministrations - My heart was full - I trusted the all-
 wise and ~~the~~ good - I would accept the fate ~~the~~ gave -
 I would not murmur - Yet my heart was barren - and I
 would not praise - His ~~good~~ never was great but ~~arose~~
 from out the solitary tree whose branches stretched up
 beside my window came a flood of melody - Some bird
 that lodged among its branches had wakened from ~~the~~ the sleep
 here of the summer night and amidst the glimmering of
 some distant lamps for the first beam of day was pouring
 forth his matin song of gratitude and gladness - The song
 rippled and flowed amid the darkness - It filled my doubting heart
 with its significance - The strong glistening tears burst forth - I
 feel upon my knees and abbed forth a prayer which
 might have been a psalm - of rejoicing - The bird song
 swelled and floated out upon the silent night - The light burst
 full upon my ~~heart~~ soul - My lips were weak to speak the
 gratitude I felt - ~~It~~ They were dumb - The bird song died in
 one sweet lingering trill, like the echo of the last "Amen"
 in the cathedral aisles - when the lumps are gone with

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and the newspapers Depart -

The struggle was over
and I considered now that there had been ^{one} ~~any~~ ^{ever} ~~any~~ for a
~~time~~ I rose from my knees and stood before the
mirror - I read the note again and saw that my check
did not flush - I loved George Hammond as a brother
as a friend who had brought light to my path -
No more - I bowed my hair, ~~before~~ ^{the} for re-
turning and smiled when I thought how these short
months had changed the crisis looks - ~~and that~~
Was the change typical?

The first
thing I saw upon awaking was the envelope directed
by Tom. Payless lying upon the floor I rose and
opened it - It was a note sent merely to acquaint me
with the reason of his sending the parcel I had received by
the cleaner of yesterday a package from Hammond with
the one directed to me enclosed - Not having time to come
myself he had sent the ~~boy~~ boy who ran of errands in the
quay - He said nothing of the contents of the package
he had received further nor did he refer to the
marriage of Hammond - I remembered his look
in the street and thanked him for his thought-
fulness - Did he know my weak need? Did he
also know my strength -
It was several days
before Tom called to see me.

We, the undersigned, citizens of the county of Ashtabula
most cheerfully unite in recommending Mr A. W. Bourge

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CHAUTAQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2008

When he did come it was evening. A band had just been discoursing sweet ~~pleasant~~ ^{effervescent} music. I was filled with pleasant thoughts. His face lightened with a glad surprise when I returned his ~~pleasure~~ ^{greeting} cheerily. He looked at me with earnest peering eyes for a time and then threw off the constraints which had for some time marked his manner towards me.

"What has happened" said he "to make you so much like Aunt Gold tonight?"

"Am I like her?"

"Yes" - hesitatingly - "and unlike her too" - I touched a curl that had strayed from its place, and removed it unceremoniously, told him my story - "Oh, I know" he continued "your exterior has changed with your change of habit and occupation but I was thinking" -

"Your eyes tell" - I knew his were staring at me - I knew his thought - That next day I to ask it! Yet he said -

"Well what were you thinking?" I looked into his face before he replied & fine warm tinge was lighting his cheeks & nose and brow - his lips were firm - almost stern - but his gaze was ~~was~~ ^{was} tender as almost ever - as he replied -

"I was thinking - what I had no right to think" - I had a memory in those times. My eyes sunk again to the floor - I could have sworn that the warm blushes were shading each other over my face. I was surprised in. I had not looked for so much strength as such.

We the undersigned citizens of the County of Ashtabula
cheerfully unite in recommending A. W. Thomas for
appointment as a Notary Public. From long and
intimate personal knowledge we believe him capable
and and worthy

We the undersigned the undersigned

We the undersigned

We the undersigned

We the undersigned

We the undersigned

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members beneath Travis rough exterior. The silence be-
came painful - From it stretched out my hand to him
and said

"Well let me be frank of old tonight"

It eagerly
it eagerly and said

He clasped

"Will you, then I will tell you why
I came here tonight."

And so we sat - hour after hour - while
the day faded and the night came - He told me why he had come to Cin-
cinnati and what he had ^{long} ^{since} ~~come~~ come with his plans and hope
for the future as if it had indeed been part of old - He came he
said from the Judy Country at the instigation of ~~Howard~~ on
account of the ill feeling among the Indians towards him after
he had revealed their plot to the company.

I knew another reason and the flush upon his face told
that he was not unconscious of it since coming to
Cincinnati he had worked constantly in the company's yard
He was bright and sold shovels, swift and studied
cool. He could tell by its weight and lustre its sensitive
value and special properties. He understood its use and
preparation. He had mastered the trade as it existed.
He had picked the glossy masses from the tomb which eyes
before had been a garden and followed it until it shone
its fiery translation behind the glowing grate and brilliant
glorification in the beaming coronal of the chandelier
After careful study he had decided that there
was waste in the consumption of this great iron

of nature. He believed that the coal beds of the earth were inexhaustible if properly used but at the present rate of consumption he saw that they would not be so - & he had striven to try every means to prevent this but had hitherto been unsuccessful. He was going now to one of the eastern cities to perfect his knowledge of the material - of its scientific properties - by the teachings of some of our most eminent chemists - He had devoted himself he said to the accomplishment of this great end. He was sure that this great necessity of life might be so cheapened - the ~~cost~~ ^{expense} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~it~~ ^{of} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~limit~~ ^{limit} the supply that none, not even of the heeded poor in our cities need lack the comforts and health which it brings. He believed that this was his peculiar and appointed work and to this he was willing to devote his every energy.

The city clock tolled the hour of ten and I sat in silent wonder gazing into the face of Tom Doyles - glorified as if never before had been to me with his honest enthusiasm and high resolve - I could hardly believe that he was the same Tom Doyles who used to rove about on the Sunday and whom I had pityingly refused to love a few months before - But the measure of my surprise

and his old comment was not yet fulfilled. As the sound of the Quaker's Clock faded away he apologized for the length of his stay and added that he could not think of leaving the city perhaps not to return or to return and find our relations changed, without expressing great thanks for having ~~been~~ ^{awakened} those desires and as ping-pong in his breast. He perhaps would not entirely forget his old friendship by the Sunday and would still permit him to make me the confident of the good or ill success of his enterprise, ~~and~~ would I permit him to write to me occasionally? — but then he held out his hand to say "good bye" — I took it — my cheeks were burning and my eyes moist — I could scarcely command my voice to ~~only~~ ask if he wished ^{to} bid good bye to Janet by the Sunday. Then he put his strong manly arm about my waist, drew me towards him and with tearful eyes pressed a kiss upon my lips — and was gone.