

This passage occurred to me at once and reading your  
letter it is my opinion that he refers to a more than merely  
sensual pleasure, as incident to maternity. It would seem at  
least to refer to some sensation I had been accustomed to  
feel, to think it the same. A narrow passage always occurred  
at one of the early incidents of maternity, and I suppose they  
did. You and I should suppose that if it were productive of  
any pleasant sensation it would be more often referred to by tonic  
ters. Do you know that I was surprised to know what made you look  
so happy whenever my lips were there until you told me of this sweet  
sensation? I was and had concluded that your thoughts of the time when  
soft lips would press your bosom, and of the joy it would give me  
to see you do so. Strange creature ~~and~~ you said then  
like such real like in the very earnest which some have promised to  
you were that what we would be if we should change places? What  
part of a man you would be? I could be so and I know you would  
make advantage of it. I could decide that I should be a different  
sex in the very passionateness of our nature, but I do not know they  
hardness. Strange creature, mutually and strange still  
is the mysterious spirit that binds us together. What is it  
in every animal that is nothing which we sometimes love and  
we are that it is. I want to know your and happiness in the  
fact that I do not know its cause or origin. Do I feel this in  
myself? I feel it in you merely because you are a woman. Is it as some  
say of the matter to marriage always, where its objects are full  
filled, is it merely an instinct for reproduction of the species?  
It is merely a difference of organs - the distinction of male & female  
that attracts us towards each other? The heart, I think, the heart  
is the same tells us that if it were true we should be expected  
to be attracted towards anyone who bears the same sexual distinction. If  
the question would be then attached to you were you  
at least this is the question proposed by those

who adopt the theory of marriage and its nature which  
I have just stated. To answer this in the affirmative of  
course would be just as absurd as to have given a like  
side to the former instances. I shall not however deny  
that I should like you were you a more Metaphysical and  
logical person. The only man I know who resembles you  
is Tuttle and I can sure I like him. It is then the  
union of both these, your womanly nature and some  
qualities of head and heart which formed that bond of love  
which unites us so closely. It is because this union is form-  
ed by the Divine Mind & element which we cannot fully ap-  
preciate that it is, to us, mysterious. It is thus that the har-  
mony of our hearts becomes, to us, a product of divine  
Wisdom. It is raised by the mutual forbearance which  
we bear for each other, by that undoubting trust which we both  
feel. If ours is not a life of happiness, Emma I feel that it is  
the one heaven has marked out for us. The very purity of our  
love marks indubitably its sacredness. Think you anything but  
the sweet love ~~has~~ on our part, could have preserved you  
a maiden until now? And would anything but this  
Divine influence have preserved undimmed until now your  
trust in me? Of course not. Thus we are not only "strange  
beings" but the subjects of laws mysterious and strange.  
O! My Love, it is a deeper power which binds us together.  
Within a week it's very strength was evident and I cannot  
tell you how, my Darling, but when you know, as you will  
know before long, the history of the past four days and see  
how your love and your happiness have clung to me and  
how buoyed me above the waves of despair and destruction  
I know that you will forgive your fears and thank  
me that my hand has rested in your bosom, that my  
lips have touched its long hallowed surface, that my

eyes have given you all - all that you have and  
could have ever do with it, as Love and Duty had  
taught the sacrifice how less complete, had your trust  
been perfect it would have been ungrained. For you remain  
for my darling that I once told you that by your nature  
you were binding me to you with links of steel. These  
links have been sorely tested during the past few days, and  
had there been the influence of one particle less, their strength  
would have been vain. Had you ever shown the least sign  
of distrust, had your love been one what less perfect  
than it is, or your devotion one hair's breadth less exalted  
it would not have sustained me. It did, thank God,  
and your true womanhood for it. Do not be frightened  
Love I know I am almost dead in my language, and  
I have reason to be so. I have been so terribly tempted,  
so fearfully tried! I have not dared to think until now  
I have done everything but think. I have not dared  
to be alone last night. I should give my life for my  
I have passed away the time - I don't know how.  
I have a sort of recollection of innumerable games  
of chess, of a cross chime, and a frequent melancholy.  
Everybody thought I was a little blue because I was so  
intensely worried, but the truth is I was almost des-  
perate. It is all over now though so you need not have  
any anxiety about it or me. I presume that when you come  
to know the cause you will think it disproportionate to its  
effect but when you consider how long I have been  
and how much I wish you were here and that I could be any  
where but on the same pillow with you tonight. I know  
it would be a great relief to me. I remember  
that few days ago, I was in the same state that you, that God has watched  
me and upheld me, and I am now as you are.



I am not going to write so dolefully any more.  
I did not mean to do what I have done. I had quite  
advantages over the other side. I was so situated - and  
by some friends of mine, as to become the confidant of  
a lady under very peculiar circumstances and in  
matters of great delicacy. In explanation, I chanced to overhear  
a conversation between an inquisitive old maid and  
a young unmarried lady whose confidante she had been  
before her marriage. The married lady was, as you would  
say, in a very prosperous condition, but showed it very  
little. She is a very pretty lively little body and I had seen her  
a score of times, and in almost all sorts of attitudes with  
out suspecting anything of the kind. It seems however  
that the lynx eyes of her maiden friend, ~~and~~ or pretended to  
see what was concealed from mine. It may be true that they  
were sharpened by suspicion or rumour. I am quite sure  
they were by envy. When I first heard their tones, this wretched  
specimen of a passionate woman, was bantering her friend  
about ~~so~~ ~~and~~ but trying to draw from her as I could easily  
by ~~peaceful~~ confession after ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~situation~~ ~~with~~ ~~what~~ ~~she~~ ~~attended~~  
in circumstances she might chance to elicit from her.  
After some trouble she succeeded with the silly little woman  
told everything imaginable - and I frankly confess more  
than I could imagine - with a naive and simplicity  
that really charmed me, and her companion sat glum  
over what was to have been her to know what to  
say for her to appreciate. I hated her. The whole thing was  
supremely ludicrous and I have dared to vent a genuine  
sneer against her. I respect the little wife however for everything  
but her garrulity and could easily excuse that if she  
were a man. Wasn't that quite an advantage for  
a bachelor colleague? I remember once wondering how  
women talked to each other of such affairs. My curiosity  
is quite gratified and I satisfied only I would like to know  
that little woman know that I heard it.