Davisboro, Ga.
July 10th, 1862.

My dear Billy:

Four nice, affectionate, and sweet-timed letters came two or three days ago. I had just mailed one to you when this one of yours was put into my hands, and so I have held my self off for a few days. I am turning my face Westward again.

I have my most profound sympathy in your present profound affliction of the heart. (I am not sure that it is exactly accurate to speak of profound affliction, but let that go as expressing my idea of depth of affliction) I have been along the same road myself, similar in all points to your experience was mine with the dear little girl of whom I have told you. For whom I can’t help but entertain a sort of far-away love. My only hope is that you can not become so deeply a stray for it is no fun to be stuck on a girl for several years.
all the while camping around the con-

viction that you are making a fool

of yourself since for one reason or

different you cannot marry her.

I imagine that I will not be altogether

as pleasant a mine, for I had a com-

panion in connection to the one just referred

to, in the hope of a strong sus-

picion that I had been jilted.

though the girl declared with tears in her eyes that she had never

intended to lead me on, I always thought almost to convince

that she was trying to wash a

falsehood with those tears which finally drove me from

the house — for they are something

that I can't state.

But your case is different.

You are here, your head in love with

the girl and have made up your

mind that you can't marry

her even if she is as anxious as you

are. You have no despondent

pride to afflict you as I had. Still

the case is bad enough to make

you lose much refreshing

sleep, and demand pity any

man who can't sleep

you are in any humble

opinion (which I give free of

all charge) making an ass of yourself.

You told me before leaving

Georgetown that you considered

marrying the girl because of the

difference of your religious views.

And yet this or your day, after:
Telling me this, you write a letter which you say "if I am not content, I will make her say something." You very significantly understood the word "something" and so I suppose that about the upshot of it is that you have proposed to the girl—not formally, not vitrially etc. I don't know, but I am afraid you are laying plans now to make yourself unhappy. You spoke tone when you were in full possession of your reasoning powers. You wrote that girl when from a combination of cause, you probably were not in full possession of your reasoning powers. In the first place to be left undetected an abandoned hole as you described Pierre to be was alone enough to upset you. Then to be left in Pierre while you were in love with a girl you had just left was clearly calculated to make you think of that girl; and the miserable mess of your surroundings only heightened the charm of the court maiden. You had left beneath the Shadow of Alma Mater's Towering Hips, or words to that effect. Etc.
ine that Libby’s charm, stood out in the coldest of cold relief in your mind against the harrowing loneliness of being hotel accommodation, and stage-journeying maniacs with boat, who showed much consternation to the proprietor. But solemnly Dilly, you ought not to have driven the girl to the well so early. Because in the first place you don’t know whether you really love her with anything more than a diluted article of what is called puppy love (if that term be correct, then I am at least hours in my time been a puppy just as you now); and with your straightforward, conscientious, way of looking at things, I know you will hate like everything to tell the girl after a while that you were mistaken. I didn’t love her at all—that is if the prevalence, herself that she loves you, which brings me the second reason why you ought not have pulled the trigger so plump in the face at the early hour in the affair. This reason is that if you really love her, and went her consent could love to clear to her through all your life our life, I am afraid you have
performed your chance. For perhaps she may be reticent filled
with potential love for you, still be a yet entirely without any
actual love for you at all. In other
word, her may not be or yours
a love at first sight. Even
if you push the crisis on too
soon you may kill your chance,
for awakening that potential
love into actuality. (If you get wise
here as is probable, just confer with
Tom Jones—J. C.); whereas, if you
wait to give things time to develop
she may become satisfactorily in
love for you to keep the question suc-
cessfully. But enough of this.
One would think from the way
I have been writing that I am a
connoisseur in the art of love,
matrimony & c. When I am a
connoisseur in almost anything
the party knows these things.
Beside, there a right good need to
the lecturing advising you on
matters of the heart when you
have been making that very
subject a matter of special studi
for some months post—sickly
by the neglect, I fear, of Philosophy.
By the way, I envy accounts
for your losing that Philosophy medal
now. I was at least a less understand
how you lost it, when I knew that


You kept your room so constant during the year. I suppose that after
 xm's circus came through you did nothing but sit in your room
 and think of Libraries. I thought you
 will judging, for I couldn't see
 what else you could be doing.
 But six pages, having a fraction
 of a page about Libraries is enough.
 I shall put this picnic of
 which I wrote you. Had a delight
 ful time. Met no end of girls,
 and eat no end of Chicken
 barbecued pork, buns, mutton
 kid etc. etc. along with pies, jellies,
 puddings, cakes, fruit etc. I suspect
 that if I could have myself alone
 among the girls I should soon be
 stuck as hopelessly as you are.
 But I shan't have myself alone
 to you may continue to take
 up funds to meet the loss of
 that ten dollar matrimonial
 wage of mine. I'll tell you some-
 thing from which you may extract
 actual medicine of hope. I
 never enjoyed a picnic so much
 since I have been going to picnics.
 I said this one. Must confess
 the enjoyment was due in very
 large part to the presence of the
 grounds of one particular young
 lady. You are welcome to all
 of consolation on the 70th gest
time that you may be able to draw from this statement.

Have another look, Mr. Milne, at Miss, an acceptance of the position offered me in that office. I am
strongly tempted to try persuade you that your interest demands that you study law in Washing-
lon, but it would no doubt be too selfish. But, Lord, how glad I should be if you showed of
your own choice decide to come to W. instead of going to Harvard? It would be a selfish joy, but I
would at least be clear upon the point of having done nothing to bring it about. Should I think
that perhaps you may decide to remain in Washington. The
library is the advantage in Washington for studying law,
and as from the law school, particularly favorable. You
have acquaintance of mind
there; and I do really doubt whether Yale or Harvard can,
in your case offer, all things
considered, superior advantage. This it is not my selfish at-
dis to think that you may now be
that they persuade me; but at any rate turn to persona-
dic.

If in which I shall board in
The college I think. In fact I have written to
sister and she wanted to
point, and have no doubt but
it will be all right. I do wish
I could have you for a companion
throughout the two remaining
years of my life, though I
expect it would be consulting your
own interests to go to Harvard as
you had decided, and I
could never get my own forgiving
men to stand in the way of
your interest. Even when I could.
If you do go to Harvard, one thing
bear in mind my dear old fel-
low—it will never do for you
to get to drinking. Tasting.
You don’t do anything of the kind
know for the sake of future
will begin it. I feel a think you
can like me in one respect—

You could never hope to drink

cease with what they call “modera-
tion.” Hence your only safe
try is to do as young I have always
done—never come at all.

must get up in order to meet
the train, on which one of my multi-
hundred brother is to arrive. Give
my best love to all your father’s fam-
ily.

Mrs. Wright.

Don’t fail to write one word. Don’t

letter; don’t fail to notice that the
line is still at its signal to at least 16 days
unpublished in this paper. A.B.U.
July 19th '82

Mr. W. L. M'Laughle

Redwood

Oak. Ind