Washing.Ind., D.C.
Jan. 31-1883.

My dear Billy:

Your letter came tonight, and I answer at once, because I am full of overflowing with assurance.

I cannot make out the first new data of the letter, but from the data on the inside (Jan. 15-15) the letter should have reached me two days ago. Perhaps the history of the days is due to your care in saying it there to your old habit of your peculiarity, in your pocket that length of time before mailing it. But no matter about that. The letter, for which I have been waiting with some degree of anxiety, is here very anxious at an end.

It gave me very much pleasure to know. First because on its face it is
a Declaration of Independence; some of the leading features which characterize the grand Fourth of July document are wanting to be dean, but nevertheless, it is a patriotic, substantial Declaration of our independence, and I am only bring time to my American citizenship when writing militarily investigating specific (unidentified) matter, I arrived at (figuratively, let it be said) prostrate myself before it mobile merely because it is of the same general as the common "Who in the course of human events, etc."

It gave me joy, in the most plain, because it achieved one of the successes to which I had begun to give way, that you had been offended or what would have been worse, hurt by what I had written. I suppose now you will wonder how I could have thought that you might have felt hurt by what I wrote. But marvel not, my boy; I did not
know but you had been persuaded (to the consubstantiation) by those who are living in the faith (by those who are walking in the faith) and those who are walking in the faith. And surely, now, who is giving me the balance of the family no little concern because he is persuaded by the eloquent follies of a girl of whom he is enamored, into the myriads of convictions of the truth of the myriads of absurdist arguments by people in a normal state of intellect, so, however true my proposition might be to say, from false the converse of it may be true. And, however, will order my vehicles, as conclusion, vehicles may be true. I knew it to be possible, on the hypothesis of your being in love with this girl, for her to persuade you by just such powerful logic as this, coupled with monograms into that species of asthmatic which would be (subjectively or at least metaphorically) even though the subject-matter of that asthmatic was
a most pleasing address.

But you were with neither persuaded past argument by the little, nor mad with me, nor so far prospected by the rather darkness returning supercereal (good, very good) of facts as to be unable to form a declaration of deed which, if it were not signed a private act, might fitly take its place alongside those of the masculine stroke of T. Jefferson's firm hand before mentioned. Then you rejoiced.

And not consume the paper with overlay that I think you desired might be my opinion on this point was no doubt, entailed with sufficient clearness in the letter to which your letter is an answer, and other answers. I mean these before I wrote that letter, had begun to think that you were being "held up" as I assumed.
say. I soon at last began what
not sure to the work of discovering
whether the view as elusive 7 how-
not as I had grown late in the mat-
ten. It was not long before I reached
the border land) (good again) of moral
currents, but that currents was still
wholly or intangible. There was noth-
ing on which I could put my finger
to substantiate it. But even so, it
did grow spread itself through my
mind that I decided my duty
by you stood between me & her door,
do I called no more. My reason
was that you would naturally
suppose that I consider it a
properly safe & "sulit" than to hang
on & continued my visits & intima-
ted nothing to the contrary in any
letters. I didn't know enough—or
rather my knowledge was not of
such a nature as that I could
communicate it by you without too much of risk of doing the girl injustice. For, as David said, I had nothing of evidence upon which I could put my finger; it was all conjecture. By continuing my visits, I reasoned, I could build up a higher pile of evidence, but so far as I knew and nothing more could have been gained.

In order to put you in your proper light, I did not want more as to the quantity of proof, but, proof of a different quality. It was no chance of getting it by continuing my calls I ceased. Since then these tangible facts, which I had before you came into knowledge, you have based upon them, rightly, I think.

Now as regards Molly's letter, regarding the "sporling" of the horse: The chiefs by Pen. I told him...
of it, he struck his foot in it of course, and told you. Then she says I purposely refused from mentioning it, because of a possible injustice that it might do the girl. For so far as she knew now, Penn may have slipped the handkerchief into her pocket without her knowledge, so she may have been neither directly nor indirectly a party to her possession of it.

Inquire Molly about the same time that I did you; as ever, considerately brought up by the revelations of that Tuesday, when Penn was at the college. I discussed the whole matter with Molly, I mentioned to this affair of the handkerchief, and though there no circumstantial recollection of having done so, I am sure on a prior principle that I did him I had not mentioned.
it. I saw no reason for not doing so, if I did not say them in open words that I did not want it told you. I don't suppose I used the open words, for that was the most vague dream that he was going to write you on. The subject of kissing at all. When I got his letter in which he incidentally remarked in his incomplete way that he had said something to you about

Papa. The handwriting, I was worst about it; I tried to that in my next letter. I threw out a footer to you not get from Papa as what he did say. For I defy mortal will to form any idea from what he wrote me as to what in particular he did say to you about it. But as the old Plutarch has told you or it: There is no help for it. But justices to

44 I mean the could not
up before the "complete course of justice" as Shakespeare puts it, but justice to
time on this particular point requires
that you have in mind that, so
far as I know, the war neither
directly nor indirectly responsible
for Preece having the bit of silk.

Mrs. Preece mentioned the fact that
he had the household help it occurred
to me at one to ask whether it was
with her consent, but some or Irish
one part that asked some questions
or made some remark. So the
conversation was so turned that it
escapes my mind what he was
gone, and consequently when I
write you I gave him the benefit
of the doubt I didn't mention the
matter at all. I mentioned it
to Molly because I'd not the
most remote dream that it
would ever reach you by that,
since as it ought not there
many amuse
marked your, at once I did
not see that any harm would be
done there by informing the thing
of it. Had written him before to
launched a few of his library there
disbolder at you on the subject
of love sickers love madness;
be launched one at least it of course
it has to make a mess of things
as it played through the sky.
With regard to Paris I don't
see worthy anything, as I have no
earthly concern with him, can
as he was a factor in this prob-
lem that I have been pondering
in my head over for some time &
which, I may add, had troub-
led by me as in my days of
analytical geometry, calculus,
mechanics I submitted prob-
lems to you for solution, for
solved this one with perfect Latin.

But to return, as

regard Penn I am not concerned.

You can adjust any matter

between you in your own way. Libby

has been my theme. Libby dismissed,

as I do here dismiss her, thank

the lord. You I can resume

on chat, of things in general

as in the older time. I have

talked learnedly of love until I

conjure my throat is dry, my
tongue is exhausted to the utter

most area.

I must bring this to an

despair halt just here. It was

a considerable musing of my

time to write this much

to night—

From our very much

of love, but I am with it.

Thank you often, the bay
Dr. McDowell has a very accurate reputation.

Lately, he is not to the

drum. I have seen Mr. McE.,

as he might be without en-
dangering his health, but

I think otherwise he is not to

bad for a boy bromoising

over with animal spirits.

I don't think he is doing

any more, or Mr. McE. would

tell me of it.

He has not read any

thing about it.

Good night,

With me soon—You

an officer at the largest

livery stable upon me as

authority for anything shall

hold you, in any correction

given you may have. Down

and nothing but even can

so far as you may wish it to

be so considered. Yours truly,

A. S. Wright
2/10/83

Dakota Territory

M. W. L. McLaury

C/o Judge A. M. McLaughlin

Dear sir:

W. C.