

Livingston, Ind.

May 14th, 1865.

Wm. Peckemangh:

Dear friend,

I have just returned from church where Father Sargent delivered an eloquent sermon to a crowded audience. Thought, unfortunate for the equilibrium of the good pastor's temper, they were all crowded on one small bench. If the water had not prevented Mr Jones and Fannie Turner from coming up today we intended to go to Mr James' visiting.

Although I wrote to you but yesterday I will now write in answer to a letter which I received from you last night. The paper which accompanied it served as

pious reading for me today.

I want to ask you a serious question - Now don't fancy that it is anything about "sassafras" for, if you remember, you have already satisfied my curiosity on that point. But - I want you to tell me what you have done with Johnny. He promised to come home last Monday; yet, almost a week has elapsed since that time and he has not appeared.

The sentiments contained in the letter which I have just received remind me of one that you sent to me about one year ago. Cousin Anne wished to read it; and after concluding its perusal, made some comment to the effect that your manner of writing was at variance from your style of conversing.

I replied: that what I had ever believed your disposition to be had seldom been confirmed by associating with you; but, that in corresponding with you my tact had been more flattered. And added that my unnatural manner was probably somewhat contagious.

Anne said "persons should be careful lest their own actions become instrumental in causing them to give their affections to the ideal instead of the real." I have frequently been struck with the force of this remark, while noting the subterfuge which is sometimes resorted to, in order, that one's disposition may appear what it is not.

'Tis folly indeed for one to thus tamper with his own happiness.

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What though such artifice be
wreathed with blossoms of success;
their bright-petals must ultimately
sear before deception's withering blast.

Do not imagine that I have
any thought of implying that you
have been playing a disingenuous
part; for I regenerate you, as I do
myself, from having had any
such intention. For aside from
the boundless confidence I repose
in you I can't believe that
either of us have such queer
taste as to fancy an embarrassed,
unnatural deportment as
pleasing.

I presume that you are
now absorbed in getting up
appropriate "spread eagles".

So often I think of the arduous

task which you have assumed
and the vast amount
of energy which will be
required to overcome it—
—seemingly this thought would
cause one to waver were he
not impelled onward by
the imperishable spirits of
hope and ambition.

I have a faith that a
noble ambition can never
be in vain. — Believing if
this earth has no fountain
at which its thirst may be
quenched; that, when life's
shadows are dispelled by
Eternity's day, every pure emotion
will experience such wondrous
enjoyment and ecstatic delight
as the dull, common mind
may not now grasp or
understand. If this is not so,

why is it - that such
aspirations leap from the heart -
as give mortality a foretaste
of heaven?

I should like so well
to see you this evening; really
it seems a long while since
you were here. As the water
is up I don't know when
I shall have the pleasure
of hearing from you again.
Nor do I know when I
shall get an opportunity
to send this letter to
Landview. Hoping that fortune
may favor me in both
respects, I remain as ever,

Yours,

Mollie