

Bloomington, Ind, Feb, 12th, 1860

Miss Nollie:

Believe ^{me}, I have had an arduous task since I rec'd the notice from my most esteemed friend, Miss Annie, that you said if I did not write you a poetical essay, that you would come "right here" and pull my hair. I at first thought I would not write it, so you would come (you always do what you say you will); but when I thought of having my hair pulled by you who always pulls so hard, I thought I had best write a Poem. So I set "my wits to work to get a subject that I "could make lots o' rhymes on," and had great trouble to get one to suit me; at last I got a glorious one for rhymes, but "sarn it," I had to put in sentiment that I didn't like just to make it rhyme - you know I'm death rhymes. But this is an "awful" sublime Poem, and I know you are nearly dead to see it; so turn over and you have it, I composed all of it by myself

1 High diddle diddle, the cat in the fiddle;
The cow jumped over the moon —
The little dog laughed to see the sport
(That wouldn't rhyme)

The dish ran away with the spoon.

2 The cat got out and scratched about
To see —————

Pshaw! I don't like the sentiment,
and the objections I have are these: 1st
"The cat in the fiddle": I haven't so much
objection to that (if she wouldn't scratch
the paint off the fiddle) as I have to
the cow's jumping over the moon;
because it was such a long jump,
the children had to do so long
without mush and milk; and
some in consideration of the long
jump may justify the dish in
running off with the spoon; but
you see that is not a good excuse for
the dish; because it didn't know how
soon the cow would be back. But

the most serious objection is that the "little dog laughed" which was not right in the little dog. He had no business laughing at the old cow; for in the first place, he ought to have considered her superannuated age entitled her to the respect of all little dogs, especially when she was about to take such a jump; because, you know, that little dog didn't know what accident would happen to that old cow - she might have killed herself, - and the little dog laughed about it too, - and may be got all the other little dogs in the neighborhood laughing about it. Now do you suppose the cow would feel after coming to life, and finding a laughing committee of dogs? I guess I'll not continue this "little dog poem", because I don't like the sentiment, - and you know I am always a sentimental individual, and don't say what I don't believe

only in poetry when I want it to rhyme.
though the best of my poem is equally as
sublime as what I send. Why don't have
this Poem published, for people will
think it is a translation of Horace
or Homer, and I don't want them fooled.

I am not well today - I went to the
theater last night, and laughed until
my mouth was some larger than usual
in consequence of ^{which} I had to have four
stitches taken on each side; and today
it is quite sore; in other respects my
health is good; except ~~as~~ disagreeable ~~feeling~~
feeling in my head, which has grown
so it had to be banded, and ^{not} used to it yet.

I am getting a long very well with
my studies, and have my health well.

I would be much pleased if you
would be so kind as to write to me.

My respects to Annie and yourself.

Respectfully,

Miss Morris Emick

P.S. Feb. 13th

Please to excuse my manner of writing
yesterday, and please to write.

C. F. A.