

26 Feb 1865

Sunnyside, Sunday, after noon
Feb 26th 1865

Dear Mollie,

Why it is, that I feel an irresistible inclination to devote the leisure moments of this glimmer to writing you, I can't say. When but two days since I wrote through a poor effort, it was devoid of interest and all regainsments. Mollie this has been a real glimmy day to me since the recent rains. The streets have been full of water and mud, and persons compelled to keep within doors. But few people attended church this morning. I have concluded to "begin" "Early, pretty" and while in the act of leaving my office, getting a call on business to which I have been summoned immediately. "Sunday fees" are always good, by the time that was dispatched was too late for church. Expect you will say "indeed man, neglect thy souls salvation for Green Back Rs." How to devote the remainder of the forenoon was a game, to make it interesting was impossible. To kill time I stood around on the corners, sat at the hotels in the attitude of a professional looper, gazing on the all absorbing topic of "bad oil" which seems to have taken complete possession of our enterprising people. Men from a distance are constantly arriving all with "bad oil in the train!" So here will be the land where fortunes will be made, and lost by adventurers. Fancy that many of "ering and emulous" hopes will be blighted, and the mournful subject find himself penitent. There now seems to be every inducement to encourage one in venturing in legal pursuits. Already some heavy cases are pending, and

nothing developed, to ensure in certain that will pay any one save the
the Attorney. How many times I think of the accident viz. the response
Solitor that I have assumed in the study of law. And ask myself
can I succeed. Some way feel perfectly sanguine though feel
that it will be perhaps after years of hard study, and comparative
obscurity. Yet in the end I believe that all will be well. Am deter-
mined to give my entire attention to the profession, leading a sober
and honest life, even in that there will be much pleasure. Knowing
that one who executes such resolutions will always gain the confi-
dence of the people and succeed in almost any honest resolution
and. With every encouragement from my friends. Though relying
on my own abilities, the undertaking so serious is now begun
in earnest. If failure should be my fate (as it has that of many
a young man, far more noble and worthy) it shall be after
the best and bravest effort. And caused by Providence, or the
want of ability. But yesterday evening my feelings were
shaken at the sight of one of my friends, a young man of
ability (a practitioner at the Bar here) who has the reputation
of being worthy and talented. But alas he like many others has
fallen a victim to the vice of Intemperance. And almost every
morning may be seen shamefully intoxicated, tottering, stag gering
sometimes crawling home to a young and beautiful wife.
Those bright hopes he once had are blasted. Every body has con-
fidence in the man. What must be the feeling of that once
devoted and affectionate wife for such she was. And losing
upon him all one of the worthy and talented men, in whom she
could and did honestly confide. Life and happiness. What
must be that expector tearing that confidence and respec-
t, which causes her to utter that solemn vow. Betrayer.
Blasted,

Could I but ask myself the question, Should King as it is, will any
come to their wilting bright hopes, and prospects be ever then
on the same, evil course? God forbid. Would it ever be poss-
ible for me to lose that respect for myself, and for you, and
that betwixt every noble son, supplied and inspired.
Should I, then unworthy of your confidence, respect and affec-
tion such a noble relation would render me. To this inquires
I can but reply, none are perfect. Even better men have fallen
But that my fate will be that of my prince. I have no fear
other than to guard against such habits, knowing something
of their tendency. Yet many times seemingly such feelings
or fears arise in my mind. And cause me to suspect something
imperfect with the just, where many times I do every thing around
every law, and the birth of new life threatened. A feeling of hopefulness
and restlessness seems to give possession of all my fine feelings
to what, among some, those home of suspense, relief was sought in other
than criminal participation. To some extent I came home
feeling that there was but little to remain here for, left to live for
My ambition for civil pursuits, almost entirely quashed by the circum-
stances of my life I dwelt for three years. Seemingly I could
not live without excitement, and contented, sure where danger
and carriage would be our lot. Feeling that to the Country we
owed all our time. And in that feeling many times almost
resolved to fore ever relinquish the idea of leading a civil life
And with that my long cherished hope of domestic happiness.
To eradicate myself from such resolve cost me much effort
and had it not been for you, and the great feeling of respect
I have ever entertained for you, they never would have been
subdued. And to day, in place of being, anxiously seated in the

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officer in this pleasant little village, surrounded with friends and
much to encourage and render me happy. I would have been
again in the Army. Now I am contented and thank you
for the change. Wholesome and determined to prosecute the
undertaking with honest motives to honor and reputation.
One thing I should encourage than all others. That I have
gained your Confidence and respect. "If I have" If it
has been by any measure of Character, may you never find me
wanting in that respect. Do not on act of mine I hope may
ever cause you to lose that Confidence and respect. For that
once lost your hopes and happiness would be blighted forever.
Every thing that would cause you trouble or anxiety as long
as I live in the future. And that is satisfactory. I come to live but for
you because in that life I anticipate the pleasure of the past
a revival of which could be living happiness. And such such
can be with would be life. And "empty dreams at best" To spend
happiness now, have an expectation, to make something, I mean may
of life swiftly and surely by, but there is nothing, and here.
An evening with a friend pleasant though tedious by bring-
ing fresh to mind the pleasures of other days, and of you
and anxious hopes for the future. Until the realization of those
hopes time at best must be a heavy day. Yet respecting
appreciating of our many noble qualities. And to wear gratitude
how surely and hopefully can I labor for this world's good
until fortune may smile upon me, and enough gained
to prepare a home for you, of which you are worthy, with the
thought of gaining one so worthy and noble. I mean

would be void of soul if not moved for any resurrection.
The horses are dead. Once glowing there is even a cheering
thought to one whose acts are prompted by any noble motive.
Ever something to encourage the worthy and distasteful. Yet may
after a life laid down they have followed a phantasm. And
then concluded there nothing real here below. "Sola". Some way
I never once think this may be our fate. But think that
much sooner than I am expecting something will happily
occur. To give me the pleasure of your companionship
during my most gloomy days. How much better it would
be for me to see it now. There would be none of this. "And
know where to go or how to find a few hours for recreation."
They could be spent where every thing would be cheerful and
pleasant. But isolated to receive all refused energy, and
training something to something thought. But why am I
writing this way a gain. "Can't see". "Moved by the first
gasp". Well what to do with myself this evening
I don't know. Am too lame to do anything unless to do just
what this letter proves. Write an address and a full
"love letter" to you "my dear Miss Mary Ann". And I guess
you will throw it down in disgust. Saying poor boy you
have got love in the brain. And will better tell your
Aunt Library. And get a Bibliotim preacher. a gain
And warm men from the north to come. when they get in
love. About the why I can't pitch out this evening
And go to see some of my old lady friends. As I have not since
I came here. Seen one this morning going to church. The
took a good look. Smiled benignly upon me and went
on his way. Imagine the thought will be no love and

engaged to a crop sizer. But and at party no more.
But I wish to see them, he. & your girl can't catch any
things but small ones here you to church for a fast pole.

Now you see that girl once upon a time fell in love with one
(as I flattered myself,) and I kissed her. But you see she
like this Johnny, some betrays to will in short acquaintance
and has played out. Well six pretty girls are plenty here and
if some of them don't want to marry some of these days. Can't hear
they are old enough. The wonder what has come over the
spirit of my dream that I don't flirt the girls any more
till then I am played out. and have had my heart broken
Can't get married and turned away from the full fronted woman
and disgusted. You know that such inquiries must
a fellow of my perceptible faculties feel flattered.

The church bells are ringing for church "at seven o'clock lighting" But don't
think it would pay to go. So by remaining here can have the pleasure
of annoying you. If you could go to church, would go too, but you must stay
at home like a party fellow. How badly motion go to see you to night, remem-
ber what nice time I used to have going to see my sweet little "Sallie
Ann. I that lived in the Country" Well seriously I have got the blues too bad
to do anything. Can't help but being lonesome without you. Don't appear
like I have seen you for months. Then almost mad because did not
stay longer when there the last time. Might have done so if everything
had been as I wished. and found it so on returning. Can't say how
long it will be before I can have the pleasure of paying you another visit
perhaps some time, because every day I spend out of the office is that much
vacation time taken from my studies and business. and the closer I apply
myself the sooner the object will be accomplished. And then our we may hope
to enjoy the desired association. If it must depend on anything of my own

of this nation every day spent in time and pleasure sacrificed. Not saying
that to spend a few days with you would not be pleasant and profitable
because there is where I spend my only real pleasant hours.

Now I have this evening would ask your opinion on several questions,
venture on any way. Remember what I told you Cousin John pro-
posed to enable us to at once realize every thing desired and hoped for.
I think by accepting this favor (a start) and living economically that
I could manage to make a living. And someday refund the amt.
Though not influenced by his kindness or advice I feel inclined at-
times to accept it, should such a step meet with your approval. And
you feel willing to risk everything and me too. Sensing I could make
any sacrifice for your society, feeling that it would be much better
in many respects, don't wish to excuse you of being in a hurry about
the matter. But some way from that you like, I do think the time long.

~~I have been both directly and indirectly to ascertain your feelings~~
about the matter and have always met with a failure. Am ready at
any time to abide by your decision. And would be perfectly satisfied
as you understand the entire facts, and know the responsibility of the action
you might decide understandingly. I would like to have your exact
ideas about the matter. and your wishes would be cheerfully complied
with. let the matter be considered for ~~that~~ time long or short. and if
every thing "works on the square" Peck consents. You may say any
thing you please to this; only "muddy". I don't write any more letters on
this subject. Have you will advise me, and won't say any thing about it
to bet.

But you will be satisfied with the length of this more than
interesting epistle. Write me soon am anxious to hear from you
Think of me as yours
Henry



Miss Nellie Emmett
Grand River
Indiana