

1882 May 5

How. C. A. Arthur.

You ~~dear~~ good old sinner,
I had just made up my mind
never, never, never again to write
you another word — when I heard
that "Nehemiah" was still to be
"persecuted", & that melted my
hard determination completely.
Poor man, he would be surprised,
if he knew it, wouldn't he? But
really it comforted me beyond
measure. I had been out the
night before, over at Dr Strong's,
to hear the Rev Dr Cowley lecture
about Egypt & Palestine. He agreed
to talk for about one hour, but
he did for about two. I enjoyed
it intensely — a person who has
been dead & buried for five years
is glad to hear about anything
on the face of the earth — but
my spinal column had not agreed

to stand for that length of time, & there was no ozone-generator in the room, (except the undersigned little broken vessel) so, when the excitement was all over & I got back to my own little sitting room, I collapsed. If I had taken a glass of wine, I would have rallied in half an hour - but I hadn't any to take & no one was there to do anything for me - so I lay on the sofa for about three hours, more dead than alive, without the comfort of unconsciousness. Once or twice I thought of pounding on the wall & making somebody come - & then I thought, what was the use in making two women, instead of one, miserable? So I crawled off to my little bed room, tumbled into bed somehow, had a few small rigid nervous chills & fell asleep between three & four in the morning. Can

you imagine my mood, when I awoke? Where would your cheerful ness be, if you had a headache which extended to the tips of your fingers & the soles of your feet? I thought that this was the wickedest world that I ever lived in - everybody in it was an unmitigated worm - & they all were squirming down to perdition, as fast as they could go. I am not sure that I did not think of you as heading the procession. When I came up after breakfast, I pinched all my flowers - geraniums, prim roses & roses that are not prim, alike - by pulling down the shades & not letting them have one gleam of sunlight. And then - then somebody brought me a newspaper. I felt like flinging it in the fire - newspapers make me so sick! - but I condescended to glance at it. And there I saw a paragraph, saying that District Attorney

Woodford was going to correct his mistake & continue the prosecution. And then — now don't laugh at me — I couldn't see anything more, for there were two big tears in my eyes & half a dozen others rolling around generally. They were very cheerful tears, though — the kind of drops that rainbows are made of. But to think that I should have done you injustice! Will you ever forgive me for not having trusted you quite enough?

But are you really, really, really going to be good & never make anyone worry about you any more? If I could feel sure of that, it would make me happier than anything else in the world. You have it in your power to do so much good — & so much harm — that it is impossible to be indifferent as to your actions. If I could know

that you had resolved in the depths of your heart to serve the country faithfully & never let any small or selfish aim drag you from the path of duty, if I should never see you, I would be willing to give up all I have gained in health & lie here & suffer till the end of my life. And if I could think that I had influenced you in the smallest degree towards forming that resolution, I should feel that I had not lived in vain. May I rest peacefully in the trust that you will do right? Will you ever awaken me to a cruel disappointment?

Sincerely your friend,

J. J. S.

[Julia J. Sand]

Saratoga N. Y.

May 1852.

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