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Library

TILTON CORRESPONDENCE.

FIVE YEARS OF ENDEARING NOTES OF CONJUGAL LOVE.

THE ADORED OF EACH OTHER—IMPATIENCE UNDER SEPARATION—DEVOTION TO THEIR CHILDREN—VENERATION FOR MR. BEECHER—NO OTHER MATE ENDURABLE TO EITHER—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

The letters which we print this morning, comprising a large portion of those which passed between Mrs. and Mr. Theodore Tilton in the days of their life in matrimonial paradise, before they had been beguiled thence by serpents in human form, that have been selected by him for publication in order to confute the assertion of Mrs. Tilton that his conduct had made her home and home life unhappy and miserable, are such as no true man or woman need be ashamed to see in print. And yet they are about the last that a true man would wish to emblazon before the vulgar gaze of the unchristian and unrefined. How well Mr. Tilton is versed in the selection of parts of letters to suit his purposes has been shown by his extracts from Mr. Beecher's letters to embody in his sworn statement to the committee by which to prove his charges. That he has made his selections from his wife's correspondence with equal shrewdness to prove her statement false and her domestic life a happy one there can be little doubt.

It is noticeable that this correspondence ends before the Woodhull infatuation commenced. He gives us no letters from her after she had learned that he had eyes and loves for other women, and none of his to her after the demon of jealousy entered his soul—after his eyes had been opened by the taste of the forbidden fruit. Then it was that he suspected others of a like recreancy to their marriage vows. It was only then that he felt himself beneath the virtuous and pure, and wished to drag them down to his own level. Hence his effort to make his wife confess her love for Mr. Beecher, and her guilt with him, and his scheme, in conjunction with Moulton, to procure Beecher's entanglement with the Woodhull clique and his contamination with her free-love doctrines, which they had already espoused in certain private coteries.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

It is the old, old story over again. When Tilton neglected his wife and home to follow after other and strange household gods and the sad truth was realized by his wife it nearly crazed her. She was willing to allow any sacrifice even to the confession of her love (but not sinful love) for another for the purpose of reclaiming him. And then Tilton plied her with the Bible argument that to look on one with love or lust was adulterous in the sight of God equally with the carnal act. It was upon this hypothesis that she confessed in order to lead her wayward husband back to her arms.

Having obtained these proofs in writing, and found a confederate in the sharp commercial man-of-the-world, Moulton, he proceeded step by step to coin them into money. Seven thousand dollars from Bowen, through Beecher's influence, of money earned or in fulfilment of a contract for work on his two papers, and seven thousand more from Beecher himself in the guise of a friendly loan, but for which he failed to sign a note.

What a splendid, shameless wreck is Tilton! Five these fourteen thousand dollars in contrast his former with his present state! To advertise himself a cuckold, and his wife—this wife who only a few years ago wrote so sweetly, endearingly and confidingly to him—a wanton, and their dear children worse than orphans! It does not seem possible to be so lost to sons, and so shameless and bold in the advertisement of that ruin. The reading of the letters below and their careful contrast with the statements of the parties, made before the recent investigating committee of the church, will make the whole story plain to the dullest comprehension. They present a most soul-sickening picture of the weakness and frailty of our human nature.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

SHE PRAYS TO BE WORTHY OF HER HUSBAND.

APRIL 1, 1860.

MY BELOVED: * * * This evening I have heard Mr. Beecher in company with A——— and L———. There was no recognition between Mr. B. and myself, he leaving directly after service, nor has he called on me. * * * Whenever I hear any inspiring sentiment of poetry or music my first feeling seeks God, and then you. This my soul knoweth right well. "Make my name familiar as heaven by your prayers," you ask. Ah, I do, my sweet, and shall I make confession to you? When I am naughty I cannot abide long without a purging of myself, lest you receive the blessing which I, by my willfulness, am unworthy of, and I cry out, "Bless me, *too*, O Lord!" And thus are you evermore my helper. My darling, may God make me worthy to be your wife, in all the largest and broadest meaning of that word, that His name may be magnified through us. Come to me for another Sabbath night. The benediction of our Saviour rest upon you.

SHE PEERS ON HER HUSBAND'S LETTERS.

BROOKLYN, April 6, 1860.

You have been patient and uncomplaining, my sweet, in the matter of my writing you. I know not how I should live without your precious daily letter. They do, indeed, feed me. I have even thought I feel your heart in expression toward me as much in your absence as when at home. * * * I am sure you will be unlike most public men—no thing can by any possibility wean you from the dear ones at home, while your wife is faithful and pure. I have an ambition to help you, but "this kind cometh not by prayer and fasting."

STRANGE WORDS CONCERNING MR. BEECHER.

FRIDAY NIGHT, Dec. 24, 1869.

MY OWN TRUE MATE: * * * I have been thinking of my love for Mr. B. considerably of late, and those thoughts you shall have. I remember Hannah More says, "My heart in this new sympathy for one abounds toward all." Now I think I have lived a richer, happier life since I have known him. And have you not loved me more deeply since you saw that another high nature appreciated me? Certain it is, I never in all my life had such rapture of enthusiasm in my love for you—something akin to the birth of another babe, a new fountain opened enriching all—especially toward you, the one being supreme in my soul.

I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

It is not possible for any human creature to supersede you in my heart. Above all, you rise grand—highest, best, purest, truest. God is teaching me of His great mercy and love shown by His gift of so great a heart as your own to be mine. For many years I did not realize the blessing. What remorse it brings to me! Memories fearful!

But to return to Mr. B. He has been the guide of our youth, and, until the three last dreadful years when our confidence was shaken in him, we trusted him as no other human being. During these early years the mention of his name, to meet him, or, better still, a visit from him—my cheek would flush with pleasure—an experience common to all his parishioners of both sexes. It is not strange then, darling, that on a more intimate acquaintance my delight and pleasure should increase. Of course I realize what attracts you both to me is a supposed purity of soul to find in me. Ah, sweet, never before have I had such wrestlings with God that he would reveal Himself to me, and ever in my ears I hear, "The pure in heart shall see God."

Oh, I shall this promise unto me, my Lord and my God.

Darling husband, have endeavored to express to you, without cant or any such thing, my true feelings as they appear to me. * * * Your own, ELIZABETH.

"WITHOUT YOU I CAN DO NOTHING."

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, January 2, 1867.

MY OWN: * * * What can I say to you, my darling, to cheer you to-night? I think I never chafed so constantly as during this separation. I am so unwilling to be patient until you return. I do nothing well. I used to believe my daily duties would be more promptly and thoroughly performed if I was not interrupted and absorbed by my husband. I have learned better, sweet. Without you I can do nothing. * * * Bye bye. Your own darling.

HER HUSBAND'S GENTLENESS OF REBUKE.

AT YOUR DESK, MONDAY, January 7, 1867.

MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND: I find our language very poor in superlatives when I attempt to describe my soul's love. What a delicious way you have of rebuking and teaching one. * * * Pretending always that you think I am the loveliest and best of little wives. My bump of approbativeness is so thoroughly satisfied when you praise me, though if it be true or not I am content. I go singing and light-hearted about my work. Every difficulty is straightened and life is sweet. * * * What a blessing you are to me in every way. * * * Yours entirely, ELIZABETH.

HER HUSBAND'S LETTERS TO BE A LEGACY TO HER CHILDREN.

"THE SHIP'S CABIN,"
AT MY DESK, January 7, 1867.

MY BELOVED: It is quite time you should have a little insight into the manner in which I am using your hard-wrought earnings. * * * My heart is sick at the figures, while I make confession with shame and sorrow that I can do no better in my situation. * * * Once more I would bless you for your delicious letters. They will be a legacy to my children when I no longer live to preserve them.

I will try to take better care of my wretched self, because the best man in all the world loves me.

UNION OF SOULS.

FRIDAY EVENING, January 11, 1867.

MY SWEET: * * * You write to-day of the love of two interlocked souls remaining wedded for immortality, and ask whether such love is not more tenderly beautiful than those same souls can possibly feel toward God. Darling, I live in profound wonder and hushed solemnity at this great mystery of soul-loving to which I have wakened the past year. Am I your soul's mate? How few find this pearl of great price in this life! I cannot make myself believe I have capacity to meet your soul's want, though you entirely fill mine. When I look at you I say, "Yes, my soul is satisfied—our union is perfect." But when I turn and look at myself as supplying your need I bow my head and pray God to add the needed grace. * * * As to my love toward God I understand it only as I know my love to you—it is one and inseparable. I learned of God, the Father, as I know my children. I learn of Jesus as lover of my soul, as I know thee, my husband, friend, lover, God, lead us! "Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Forgive us if we close we learn
Our human hearts on Thee.

Good night.

HER HUSBAND INDULGENT TOWARD HER IN MONEY MATTERS.

SUNDAY EVENING, January 20, 1867.

MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND: Oh! cruel fate, that parts us when we yearn for each other! My spirit is not at rest, nor has it been during our separation, although God has ministered constantly and consciously to me as never before in my life; yet I long to show you my love renewed and consecrated as I humbly believe it hath been. Thou art, you know I love you. My heart is so full at this moment, and frequently, that I suffer to express it. * * * Above all, my husband, when you are lonely, can I be indifferent? I think not ever again. Ah, my sweet, take the love I offer you, believe in it, to the cheering of your life.

Is not my supreme wish to be with you? Never doubt it. Nothing but the threatened sickness of myself and children deterred me. * * *

Your letter expressing great patience toward me in reference to my finances came yesterday also. I thank you with all my heart. You are magnanimous and generous beyond all men. I long to be more entirely what you need. It is the wonder of my life that you are satisfied with me. It is your great goodness, and not in my merit.

SHE COMPARES HER HUSBAND WITH MR. BEECHER.

FRIDAY EVE., Jan. 25, 1867.

MY OWN DEAR HUSBAND: * * * I think, in reference to Oliver's opinion of Mr. B., as his remarks were made to Mr. Bowen, and they are embittered toward one another, that when Mr. B. said of you you appear very different through the coloring that Mr. Bowen may give it. Oh, how my soul yearns over you two dear men! You, my beloved, are higher up than he; this I believe. Will you not join me in prayer that God would keep him as he is keeping us? Oh, let us pray for him! You are not willing to leave him to the evil influences which surround him. He is in a delusion with Fogard to himself and pitifully mistaken in his opinion of you. I can never rest satisfied until you both see eye to eye and love one another as you should. This will not come soon as quickly by estrangement; but with all the earnestness of my being I commit you both to God's love. He has signally blessed you both, and I do keep His covenant love. While I, so mysteriously was brought in as an actor in this friendship I know not yet. No experience of all my life has made my soul ache so keenly as the apparent lack of Christian manliness in this beloved man. Pray for him as I do. I am her today. She said she received two letters from you to-day. I do love him very dearly, and I do love you supremely, utterly! Believe it. Perhaps if I by myself alone, my husband, friend, God, bless you both. I am striving. God bless this trinity! I can nor will no denial take. * * Heresafer I guard my temper.

You shall have a true, pure wife, by and by.

I am ashamed that I am so often unattractive to the Great Lover of my soul. I am striving to make myself beautiful, that He may admire me. You know full well how far short I come, but this is my aim. If He can only say my life is blameless you and I will then be satisfied. Cheer up, my darling; the work is mighty to which you are called, and God is doing it. Yes, I love you as Mr. Browning loved. Won't you know it? Pray for me always. I pray for you—though I have such assurances of God's love and care for you that you seem high up and safe.

If I could grasp your hand and look into your dear eyes now, I'm afraid it would be more than I could bear. At any rate, I should have a good cry—that I am going to have without you. It always happens when I read to you your words. Angels guard us all. Good night.

YOUR OWN WIFE.

SHE CALMS MR. BEECHER.

MONDAY, Jan. 25, (probably 1867.)

MY BELOVED: Mr. Beecher came home over Sunday afternoon. We went to hear Mr. Beecher, who preached an uncommonly fine sermon on the divinity of man from the text, "Ye are Gods." Mr. B. came home Saturday, looked tired and gloomy, but he said I had the most calming and peaceful influence over him, more so than any one he ever knew. I believe he loves you. We talked of you. He brought me two pretty flowers to you, and said, "Give her my love." What a pretty house this is—I wish I lived here." YOUR DARLING.

NO PICTURE OF HIM IS GOOD ENOUGH TO PLEASE HER—SHE WANTS HIM TO GIVE UP THE "INDEPENDENT."

BROOKLYN, February 11, 1867.
AT YOUR DESK.

MY DARLING: Here, in your sunny, beautiful library, I sit down at the unusual hour of noon to reply to the letter just received inclosing your woe-begone photograph. Did you have revenge in your heart when you sat for that picture, and did you wish to frighten me for the coming nightmares hideous? It is a false representation of my beloved, nor can I take the responsibility of that haggard old face. * * * Oh, how can I convince your heart entirely I love you? God bless you for the confession of your perfect love for me. To be worthy is the aim and endeavor of every moment of my life. Believe this. * * * I am sorry to have you dissatisfied to have for your life's work an editor's. The *Independent's* power is alone, it seems to me, in your editorial and the advertisements. It makes me sorry that what you write is so weakened, and nothing saved. You feel it to be your pulpit. The circulation is large, but it is gained by money and premiums, and I cannot bear to see your beautiful genius in the best part of your life idle. Can you not work for your country by some other channel than editorial somewhere, and rid yourself of the responsibility of the details of a great paper? Then this summer and spring you might devote to reading, writing stories, poetry—in short, a literary life.

I believe you could make money enough lecturing, and I would manage my affairs to join you most of the time. I would make the home of the coming years. Did you think to be like Horace Greeley? Your gifts are too diversified.

I have never had much pride in you as an editor. Indeed, I believe as a poet and essayist I might fall to worshiping. I will trouble you no further, but it would gratify me if you would give a passing thought to these suggestions.

* * * By-bye, YOUR OWN DARLING.

HEART HUNGRY TO SEE HER HUSBAND'S FACE.

THE LIBRARY, P. M.,
TUESDAY, Feb. 12, (probably 1867.)

MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND: My heart at this moment swells and feels out so hungry for you that it makes my head ache. I hope I shall be calm when I first behold your face, and not have one of my enthusiasms. I'm so safe and strong and glad in your love that I am conscious the past year of an entire change toward every one—an independence like unto that which they display who have one of their choice, which often carries a saucy indifference with it; but my state in this is unlike—for "my heart, in its new sympathy for one, abounds toward all." * * * Now, in the light of your home coming, I am waking to a new life. * * * Forgive everything in this wretched scrawl. 'Tis only love the sheet contains—and that of your DARLING WIFE.

HOW SHE FELT TOWARD BEECHER.

SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 1, 1868.

MY BELOVED: In the world I know that now mother, children or friend have no longer possession of my heart. The supreme place is yours forever. Are you really glad to hear this, my sweet? When I read your letter to me it is delicious harmony to my soul. * * * About eleven o'clock to-day Mr. B. called. Now, beloved, let not even the shadow of a shadow fall across your dear heart because I speak of him forth or forever. He cannot by any possibility be much to me since I have known you. I implore you to believe it, and look at me as in the Day of Judgment I shall be revealed to you. Do not think it audacious in me to say I am to him a good deal—a rest, and (can you understand it?) I appear even cheerful and helpful to him. * * After seeing the children I asked him if he would go with me to Mattie's and see the boat. Without any hesitation he said he would. I at once got ready, and I took my first walk, to the Court street cars, without much difficulty, so that I feel free again to go out alone. I went to see the boat. Seeing your dear head, darling, which on second seeing is more than ever to me, Mr. B. expressed great satisfaction with it, feeling it was far better than he expected to find it, and he believed as correct a likeness as you could have. He is very desirous for Mac to try him. Nothing noteworthy occurred save that he left me at the door with the remark that "he had had a very pleasant morning." You once told me you did not believe that I gave you a correct account of his visits, and you always felt repressed much. Sweet, do still feel this? I strive in my poor word-painting to give you the spirit and impression which I give him, and he to me. It would be my supreme wish and delight to have you always with me. This trinity of friendship I pray for always. * * *

YOUR OWN.

SUNSHINE.

SUNDAY, February 4, 1868.

MY DARLING: * * * You say that the four miles' walk at Newcastle "was a whole gospel to my soul." I read that over and over and thanked God with all my soul for giving you that experience.

I see you now walking in the sunshine, heartful, joyful, praising God. You did not heed me then. But I follow on, and would fain catch the hem of your garment as you pass along, that I, too, may have a blessing. I yearn and pray unwearedly to grow worthy of your love.

By-bye. Yours undividedly, WIFE ELIZABETH.

"STARVING FOR YOU."

WEDNESDAY EVE., Feb. 5—IN THE PARLOR.

MY BELOVED: I am starving for you to-night; from some detention in the mails, probably I have had no letter since Newcastle; that is three days without food. Could I see you, how my pent-up heart would burst and overflow on your bosom. * * * Good night. YOURS.

HUMAN LOVE NOT SATISFYING.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 5, (Probably 1868.)
NINE O'CLOCK A. M., AT YOUR DESK.

MY DARLING: My brain has run wild since four o'clock—sleep forsook me. The love of man or woman is not restful, while the love given to God is peaceful beyond expression. Oh! that we might know this blessed experience as a state. * * * By-by. YOUR DEAR WIFE.

ON HER KNEES IN HER HUSBAND'S STUDY.

SUNDAY, Feb. 9, 1868—AFTER DINNER.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have been up in the study, where it is cold, clean and desolate, with my shawl wrapped around me, kneeling at the green lounge where, face to face with God, I sought his blessing for us both. Oh, what strength and power there is in prayer. I feel as though I had my armor on and ready to meet any adversary. Having known this rest and power so blessedly in our experience, why do we toil so frequently with our burdens, when we may lay them down at any moment before One who is mighty and willing to bear them? * * Perhaps I do not know myself—yet, I never in all my life have carried your memory so perpetually and with a tenderness equalled only to that I bore toward my babes. * * * Our home, especially on Sunday, suggests your dear love to my mind continually. I caught an inspiration from the Dome to-day, and wherever I go my heart pours out its thanksgiving. Have you not a reward for all your hard labor? * * * YOUR OWN.

*This allusion is to the glass dome over the stairway, on which are painted the words, "Mine Eyes are Unto Thee, O God."

HER HUSBAND'S CHEERY SPIRIT.

MONDAY NIGHT, Feb. 17, 1868.

MY OWN: * * * Yes, darling, I have fallen (why not say plain?) desperately in love with my husband. I have fallen quite long enough. I cannot tell why such lines as these in your letter depress me: "I am a cheery, good-hearted, hopeful and bright man." In my soul I rejoice that you are, but I cannot help thinking that is because I am not with you! * * * You invite me to "come and abide with you forever." Ah, how willing and proud am I to accept—if I may bless, but I shrink in terror from the forever if I curse! * * * Good night.

Your faithfully, ELIZABETH.

HER IDEAL OF A FAITHFUL MARRIAGE.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 18, 1868.

MY DARLING HUSBAND: * * * I have felt so heartsick that there are so few great men or women. The ideal of a faithful, true marriage will be lost out of the world—obtainly out of the literary and refined world—unless we revive it. * * * I shall have much to tell you of our dear friend, Mr. B. He has opened his heart as you would love and admire him. To believe in one human being strengthens one's faith in God.

Yours always, ELIZABETH, WIFE.

TEACHING HER CHILDREN TO REVERENCE MR. BEECHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, Feb. 20, 1868.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: * * * Yesterday afternoon I had gone out with Bella to do some errands, when Mr. Beecher called with Hattie Benedict Beecher. He held Flory on his lap and chatted with Alice, to their great delight, and left two cakes of soap that would keep their hands from chapping.

I have often thought that the privilege Mrs. H——'s children had of the intimacy with Mr. B. had seemed more harmful than good—so it must not be with ours. We both teach them to reverence the good man, and I believe the foundations of our friendship are so high and pure that I mean to appropriate our privileges to the best growth of all. And you know I have a very high ideal of friendship. By-bye.

Yours forever, WIFE ELIZABETH.

"HER HUSBAND—HE PRAISETH HER."

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 21, 1868.

MY CHOSEN OF MEN: * * * Oh, my sweet, you greatly overrate my attainments to your friends, and create in their minds an ideal which you know by sad experience can never be realized. * * * Think of me tenderly, but tell not of excellencies which have only existence in error. I do sincerely feel that I never knew you, and certainly not myself, as the last year has revealed. * * * Farewell. YOUR DEAR WIFE.

MR. BEECHER'S "DREAMER."

TUESDAY NIGHT, Feb. 23, (probably 1868.)

MY ELIZABETH: Here I am, as I am, as usual, full of thoughts as to how it will be when again we are united. Mr. B. calls me a dreamer. I hope they may prove realities. * * * Good night, my own and only OUR DARLING.

HER HUSBAND AS A FRIEND AND INSPIRER.

MONDAY MORNING, Feb. 24, 1868.

MY DARLING OF DARLINGS: * * * Oh, my beloved, I feel unutterable love and sympathy for you in your new-found work. I know what I say. It is too true you have given largely, gradually and beautifully of your best love to friends—aye, even to your wife—while in return you have received impatience, indifference, and, at not love not deserving the name, in comparison with thine own.

Do you wonder that I couple your love, your presence and relation to me with the Saviour's? He comes up to our sorrowfully and sin-stained and holy place, where I reverence, respect and love with the fervency of my whole being. Whatever capacity I have I offer it to you. The closing lines of your letter to Mr. Beecher: I shall hardly venture again upon a great friendship. Your love shall be enough for the remaining days.

That word "enough" seems to be a stoicism to which you have resolved to live your life, but I pray God he will supply you with friendships pure, and wifely love, which your great heart demands. Your letter to Mr. Beecher is the chief one which consumeth not, though it burn, and whose effects are always perfect rest and peace.

Again, in one of your letters you close with "Faithfully yours." That word "faithfully" gave a great deal. Yes, darling, I believe it, trust it, and give you the same surety with regard to myself—I am faithful to you, have been always, and shall forever be, world without end.

Call upon this assurance implicitly. There are some things we know—blessed be God!

I sorrow more than you can for your lost friendship—as my soul stings with remorse that I was the cause—and yet I believe it was for your best good. Henceforth let no one point the finger at your Christianity. The love which is in Christ Jesus abounds in your soul. * * * YOUR OWN.

STRIVINGS TOWARDS HAPPINESS.

HOME PARLOR, February 25, 1868.

MY DEAREST: I have just returned from prayer-meeting. The room was crowded and the exercises of unusual interest. I am inclined to appreciate your frighten me for that was making my dreams hideous? It is a false representation of my beloved, nor can I take the responsibility of that haggard old face. * * * Oh, how can I convince your heart entirely I love you? God bless you for the confession of your perfect love for me. To be worthy is the aim and endeavor of every moment of my life. Believe this. * * * I am sorry to have you dissatisfied to have for your life's work an editor's. The *Independent's* power is alone, it seems to me, in your editorial and the advertisements. It makes me sorry that what you write is so weakened, and nothing saved. You feel it to be your pulpit. The circulation is large, but it is gained by money and premiums, and I cannot bear to see your beautiful genius in the best part of your life idle. Can you not work for your country by some other channel than editorial somewhere, and rid yourself of the responsibility of the details of a great paper? Then this summer and spring you might devote to reading, writing stories, poetry—in short, a literary life.

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Yours forever, WIFE ELIZABETH.

"HER HUSBAND—HE PRAISETH HER."

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MY CHOSEN OF MEN: * * * Oh, my sweet, you greatly overrate my attainments to your friends, and create in their minds an ideal which you know by sad experience can never be realized. * * * Think of me tenderly, but tell not of excellencies which have only existence in error. I do sincerely feel that I never knew you, and certainly not myself, as the last year has revealed. * * * Farewell. YOUR DEAR WIFE.

MR. BEECHER'S "DREAMER."

TUESDAY NIGHT, Feb. 23, (probably 1868.)

MY ELIZABETH: Here I am, as I am, as usual, full of thoughts as to how it will be when again we are united. Mr. B. calls me a dreamer. I hope they may prove realities. * * * Good night, my own and only OUR DARLING.

HER HUSBAND AS A FRIEND AND INSPIRER.

MONDAY MORNING, Feb. 24, 1868.

MY DARLING OF DARLINGS: * * * Oh, my beloved, I feel unutterable love and sympathy for you in your new-found work. I know what I say. It is too true you have given largely, gradually and beautifully of your best love to friends—aye, even to your wife—while in return you have received impatience, indifference, and, at not love not deserving the name, in comparison with thine own.

Do you wonder that I couple your love, your presence and relation to me with the Saviour's? He comes up to our sorrowfully and sin-stained and holy place, where I reverence, respect and love with the fervency of my whole being. Whatever capacity I have I offer it to you. The closing lines of your letter to Mr. Beecher: I shall hardly venture again upon a great friendship. Your love shall be enough for the remaining days.

That word "enough" seems to be a stoicism to which you have resolved to live your life, but I pray God he will supply you with friendships pure, and wifely love, which your great heart demands. Your letter to Mr. Beecher is the chief one which consumeth not, though it burn, and whose effects are always perfect rest and peace.

Again, in one of your letters you close with "Faithfully yours." That word "faithfully" gave a great deal. Yes, darling, I believe it, trust it, and give you the same surety with regard to myself—I am faithful to you, have been always, and shall forever be, world without end.

Call upon this assurance implicitly. There are some things we know—blessed be God!

I sorrow more than you can for your lost friendship—as my soul stings with remorse that I was the cause—and yet I believe it was for your best good. Henceforth let no one point the finger at your Christianity. The love which is in Christ Jesus abounds in your soul. * * * YOUR OWN.

STRIVINGS TOWARDS HAPPINESS.

HOME PARLOR, February 25, 1868.

MY DEAREST: I have just returned from prayer-meeting. The room was crowded and the exercises of unusual interest. I am inclined to appreciate your frighten me for that was making my dreams hideous? It is a false representation of my beloved, nor can I take the responsibility of that haggard old face. * * * Oh, how can I convince your heart entirely I love you? God bless you for the confession of your perfect love for me. To be worthy is the aim and endeavor of every moment of my life. Believe this. * * * I am sorry to have you dissatisfied to have for your life's work an editor's. The *Independent's* power is alone, it seems to me, in your editorial and the advertisements. It makes me sorry that what you write is so weakened, and nothing saved. You feel it to be your pulpit. The circulation is large, but it is gained by money and premiums, and I cannot bear to see your beautiful genius in the best part of your life idle. Can you not work for your country by some other channel than editorial somewhere, and rid yourself of the responsibility of the details of a great paper? Then this summer and spring you might devote to reading, writing stories, poetry—in short, a literary life.

I believe you could make money enough lecturing, and I would manage my affairs to join you most of the time. I would make the home of the coming years. Did you think to be like Horace Greeley? Your gifts are too diversified.

I have never had much pride in you as an editor. Indeed I believe as a poet and essayist I might fall to worshiping. I will trouble you no further, but it would gratify me if you would give a passing thought to these suggestions.

* * * By-bye, YOUR OWN DARLING,

HEART HUNGRY TO SEE HER HUSBAND'S FACE.

THE LIBRARY, P. M.,
TUESDAY, Feb. 12, (probably 1867.)

MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND: My heart at this moment swells and feels out so hungry for you that it makes my head ache. I hope I shall be calm when I first behold your face, and not have one of my enthusiasms. I'm so safe and strong and glad in your love that I am conscious the past year of an entire change toward every one—an independence like unto that which they display who have one of their choice, which often carries a saucy indifference with it; but my state in this is unlike—for "my heart, in its new sympathy for one, abounds toward all." * * * Now, in the light of your home coming, I am waking to a new life. * * * Forgive everything in this wretched scrawl. 'Tis only love the sheet contains—and that of your DARLING WIFE.

HOW SHE FELT TOWARD BEECHER.

SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 1, 1868.

MY BELOVED: In the world I know that now mother, children or friend have no longer possession of my heart. The supreme place is yours forever. Are you really glad to hear this, my sweet? When I read your letter to me it is delicious harmony to my soul. * * * About eleven o'clock to-day Mr. B. called. Now, beloved, let not even the shadow of a shadow fall across your dear heart because I speak of him forth or forever. He cannot by any possibility be much to me since I have known you. I implore you to believe it, and look at me as in the Day of Judgment I shall be revealed to you. Do not think it audacious in me to say I am to him a good deal—a rest, and (can you understand it?) I appear even cheerful and helpful to him. * * After seeing the children I asked him if he would go with me to Mattie's and see the boat. Without any hesitation he said he would. I at once got ready, and I took my first walk, to the Court street cars, without much difficulty, so that I feel free again to go out alone. I went to see the boat. Seeing your dear head, darling, which on second seeing is more than ever to me, Mr. B. expressed great satisfaction with it, feeling it was far better than he expected to find it, and he believed as correct a likeness as you could have. He is very desirous for Mac to try him. Nothing noteworthy occurred save that he left me at the door with the remark that "he had had a very pleasant morning." You once told me you did not believe that I gave you a correct account of his visits, and you always felt repressed much. Sweet, do still feel this? I strive in my poor word-painting to give you the spirit and impression which I give him, and he to me. It would be my supreme wish and delight to have you always with me. This trinity of friendship I pray for always. * * *

YOUR OWN.

SUNSHINE.

SUNDAY, February 4, 1868.

MY DARLING: * * * You say that the four miles' walk at Newcastle "was a whole gospel to my soul." I read that over and over and thanked God with all my soul for giving you that experience.

I see you now walking in the sunshine, heartful, joyful, praising God. You did not heed me then. But I follow on, and would fain catch the hem of your garment as you pass along, that I, too, may have a blessing. I yearn and pray unwearedly to grow worthy of your love.

By-bye. Yours undividedly, WIFE ELIZABETH.

"STARVING FOR YOU."

WEDNESDAY EVE., Feb. 5—IN THE PARLOR.

MY BELOVED: I am starving for you to-night; from some detention in the mails, probably I have had no letter since Newcastle; that is three days without food. Could I see you, how my pent-up heart would burst and overflow on your bosom. * * * Good night. YOURS.

HUMAN LOVE NOT SATISFYING.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 5, (Probably 1868.)
NINE O'CLOCK A. M., AT YOUR DESK.

MY DARLING: My brain has run wild since four o'clock—sleep forsook me. The love of man or woman is not restful, while the love given to God is peaceful beyond expression. Oh! that we might know this blessed experience as a state. * * * By-by. YOUR DEAR WIFE.

ON HER KNEES IN HER HUSBAND'S STUDY.

SUNDAY, Feb. 9, 1868—AFTER DINNER.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have been up in the study, where it is cold, clean and desolate, with my shawl wrapped around me, kneeling at the green lounge where, face to face with God, I sought his blessing for us both. Oh, what strength and power there is in prayer. I feel as though I had my armor on and ready to meet any adversary. Having known this rest and power so blessedly in our experience, why do we toil so frequently with our burdens, when we may lay them down at any moment before One who is mighty and willing to bear them? * * Perhaps I do not know myself—yet, I never in all my life have carried your memory so perpetually and with a tenderness equalled only to that I bore toward my babes. * * * Our home, especially on Sunday, suggests your dear love to my mind continually. I caught an inspiration from the Dome to-day, and wherever I go my heart pours out its thanksgiving. Have you not a reward for all your hard labor? * * * YOUR OWN.

*This allusion is to the glass dome over the stairway, on which are painted the words, "Mine Eyes are Unto Thee, O God."

HER HUSBAND'S CHEERY SPIRIT.

MONDAY NIGHT, Feb. 17, 1868.

MY OWN: * * * Yes, darling, I have fallen (why not say plain?) desperately in love with my husband. I have fallen quite long enough. I cannot tell why such lines as these in your letter depress me: "I am a cheery, good-hearted, hopeful and bright man." In my soul I rejoice that you are, but I cannot help thinking that is because I am not with you! * * * You invite me to "come and abide with you forever." Ah, how willing and proud am I to accept—if I may bless, but I shrink in terror from the forever if I curse! * * * Good night.

Your faithfully, ELIZABETH.

HER IDEAL OF A FAITHFUL MARRIAGE.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 18, 1868.

MY DARLING HUSBAND: * * * I have felt so heartsick that there are so few great men or women. The ideal of a faithful, true marriage will be lost out of the world—obtainly out of the literary and refined world—unless we revive it. * * * I shall have much to tell you of our dear friend, Mr. B. He has opened his heart as you would love and admire him. To believe in one human being strengthens one's faith in God.

Yours always, ELIZABETH, WIFE.

TEACHING HER CHILDREN TO REVERENCE MR. BEECHER.

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