

weather was so delightful. The beautiful Sabbath day was followed by one of incessant rain, and ever since, the weather has been exceedingly gloomy and disagreeable. To-day it is raining, a cold and steady patten; patten upon the window panes, enough to give one, so predisposed, a violent and lasting attack of the blues. My dearest, I pray you, as you can't come home at present, to write me more frequently than you have of late. It seems so long and weary to receive but one letter a week. Wishing you every prosperity and happiness, I am ever devotedly your own loving

AMANDA.

A LOVING EPISTLE.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 19, 1865.

My ever remembered and best loved: My dearest love, I am again the happy recipient of your kind but tardy favor of Thursday last. I received your welcome letter early yesterday morning, and it was such a relief to hear from you after the anxiety and suspense that I have endured since receiving your previous letter. I felt very deeply troubled and disturbed, My Love, when you wrote to me you had been so sick, and when the usual length of time had elapsed, and I failed to receive my customary letter from you, I knew that my dear one must be suffering, for naught else, I felt assured, would deprive me of the consolation of hearing from you as usual. My dearest, I feel truly thankful to know that you feel some better, and earnestly trust that you may feel the necessity of exercising great prudence and caution as to the amount of exposure, and not only exposure but fatigue and mental excitement you are capable of enduring, and avoid as much as possible engaging in things and fretting over disappointments and annoyances that tend to unnerve and make you sick. I am very sad and unhappy, my darling, when I know that you are not well, especially since you are stopping at the hotel. I feel that you must frequently suffer for many little attentions that are absolutely necessary for the comfort of a sick person, and then I think, dearest, of the many uncomfortable and lonely hours that must be passed by you, with none to cheer your drooping spirits and beguile the dreary monotonous time. I

would, my own love, that it could be my privilege to be with, to wait upon, to cheer, soothe and love you in your hours of pain. Oh, my love, you do not know how happy and what a comfort I should esteem it to be near you in hours like these, for it is at such times we feel the need of a loving, willing hand that would gently and tenderly minister to our slightest wants. My love for you dearest is so deep that I am afraid I would pet and indulge you until I spoiled you, were I your nurse. You must try and mind me for this time about taking care of your dear self; or I am afraid I shall scold you in earnest. Your letter, my love, was so truly kind and loving, that I have felt so happy since receiving it. You have no idea, dear idol, of my worshipping heart—how I appreciate one little loving sentence from your dear finger. I treasure it up in my bosom, and ponder and dream over every kind word and thought for days, yes, and nights together. And when you write me, my dear love, that you wish to see me and be with me again, I seem to live my past happiness over again. I once disbelieved that any mortal being ever could possess the power of rendering me so perfectly happy, or so infinitely miserable. I did not think that our Creator ever endowed his beings with such sensitive and passionate affections. Such feeling existed for me only in tales of romance and dreams of love, until I learned the depth of your love for me, and having probed my own during these many weeks of separation and suffering. I feel so much gratified, my love, to have you tell me that your greatest pleasure lies in receiving letters from me, and in looking at my miniature. My dearest and only real happiness is derived from the same two sources. Your valued gift and your affectionate lines are the companions of many, many lonely hours. Your dear face I never tire of looking at and loving when I am alone and it is ever my constant companion. I sleep at night with it clasped close to my heart; and so much have I caressed and loved it that I almost deem it a part of my existence. I could not bear to part with it, and pray that it may never be my painful duty to return it to you, my loved one, while life con-