

## A WARNING TO ALL OLD BACHELORS.

(Concluded.)

## ALMOST HEART-BROKEN.

CINCINNATI, December 6th, 1865.

MY DEAREST AND BEST LOVED: My dear love, yesterday morning brought to me your anxiously looked for letter of last Saturday afternoon last—the messenger of tidings which has caused me pain and disappointment. My heart seems so sad and discouraged at having its fondly cherished hopes of seeing you ere another dreary week had sped by, thus cruelly blighted, that I scarcely feel capable of penning you an answering missive this morning. It is needless for me to tell you of any disappointment and sorrow when I read your letter, and found that you cannot come “home,” according to promise. I cannot express to you in words my feelings. I had clung to, and nurtured, the hope that you would come in spite of an ever-intruding presentiment to the contrary, and the bitter announcement of your inability to keep your half-made promise almost broke my already unhappy heart. But, my darling; I will try and not murmur. I will endeavor to be patient, and await the appointed time. I will not complain, nor chide you in my letters. But oh! love, the time that you have been detained has been so long and dreary to me, and fraught with so much sorrow (that I would I could bury in oblivion, but can never forget while my sad and worthless life may last), that when I look into the uncertain future, I almost despair of its having any peace or happiness in store for me. I do so much want to see you once more that at times it seems impossible for me to wait, and I feel almost as if I must seek you if you cannot come to me.

But I will still love and trust you, my dearest one, and try to think that when the hurry and annoyance of completing your business is ended your “heart” which I still flatter myself loves me as tenderly and fondly as in the days of the past, when I was so blissfully and unspeakably happy. I presume my love that considering the state of your business it would be inconvenient and

unadvisable for you to absent yourself at this particular time, so I must try and quell my sorrow at this great disappointment, and cheer my despondent heart by thinking and believing that when you are free to return it will not be to be snatched away ere I have scarce felt the joy of your dear presence.

I will endeavor not to blame you for your seeming coldness and indifference, for I suppose you cannot help it, and if I could be permitted to read the sentiments of your soul, I trust I should find them to accord with my own. Truth and fidelity, while one pulse of life remains, I hope is written there.

So, my darling, I'll be happy, if heaven upon my path  
Will scatter all the treasures affection's  
garner hath.  
If the sweet and thrilling music that I  
best love to hear;  
The tones of love and tenderness sound  
again upon my ear.

O, my love, I'll be so happy when your  
dark and earnest eye,  
Whose glance to me seems brighter  
than a star beam from on high,  
When those eyes are resting ever, oh,  
so tenderly on me,  
And I shall never look in vain the love-  
light there to see.

Yes, my loved one, I'll be happy, tho'  
you are so far away.  
When the mingled lights and shadows  
on Lake Michigan doth play.  
And although in thy dear presence I  
often long to be,  
I know that in your distant home you'll  
fondly think of me.  
So, my darling, I'll be hopeful, though  
I very often fear  
Lest my heart should cling too fondly  
to its precious treasure dear.  
And my prayer ascendeth daily to Him  
who reigns above,  
Keep me from making idol, O God! of  
you, my love.

When I wrote you last, dearest, the