

Bridgman Mitterand

1865-1

Mrs Chapman

Madame Leconte's

17 rue de Clichy

Paris



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Ms. A. 9. 2. 25. 122

Mr. James tells
me that Mr. Colth
said I was chary
of my letters and
did not show
them - You would
I see they are
very very good.
Madame Guyon
address is
47. rue de
Chaufeur d'Orléans
I will write to
her with the
Direct. by
of Michel & others
I am at last
writing to you

friend for your two brief notes contain-
ing in those short sentences all that
is most valuable to me how kind it
was of you to write in all the bustle
which surrounded you, but it was
like you is thoughtful and so sweet.

I send you for them, the reward you
desire in telling you that I am not
grieved at our separation beyond
that sense of sorrow that all must
feel who truly love, at being severed
from the being who has become a
portion of their existence, far dearer
than their own - do not think that I
am raising my sentimental. I only
wish you to know how entirely I love
you and how completely you have

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because a part of my future life. When
recalling how shall a period we have
known each other, and, for ^{hours} ~~months~~ you
are removed from me in moral and cul-
tural attainments I am lost in a
rushment at the result which has follow-
ed our meeting; but it is a blessed one
to me, and gratefully do I thank God
for the rich gift of your affection. Know-
ing it to be mine, I am at rest. I want
to clasp my arms round because it is
true, but draw back because we are very new
to each other though that cold water which
I so much dread does roll between us.
In reality I have not the sense of separa-
tion beyond the touch and look of sym-
pathy, for my thoughts never quit you
but I do feel sad to remember that I, we
we have lost three years of happiness
we could not well afford to spare; this
conviction presses so heavily on me that
it would be sin to waste our unreceiving
moments of the time which yet remains

Therefore as soon as possible I shall be with
you, that is a strong reason for present emi-
gration, a joy which I treasure in my heart
to find an at peace except indeed when one
dark shadow will gather over me, a little
cloud now not bigger than a man's hand
but I see on the horizon the wide Atlantic
and sigh at the circumstances that it is
now to divide in my tender little creature
clings so closely to the arms of those I love
that the maintaining of the fibres is nothing off
a portion of my life. Bridgewater Dec 2nd

I have been so grieved since I did not have
been able to finish my letter and dispatch
it to you, but every moment has been engaged
I worked at the box and copying resolutions
until the last minute of remaining in Bristol
and left the last an unfinished work but
the said resolutions were prospering under
Mary's able guidance. she had drawn up
two one to draw the tie between the Board
and British W.S. Socy in which the reasons
a goodly setting forth of sins were heaped
heavily on the heads of the parent Socy
and the other a vote of thanks and sympathy
they with you and your sisters. The Com meeting

came to meet this morning which I am glad
of as Mary felt the responsibility considerable
and was very anxious that all should do
well - she told me that she should write as
soon as possible to you after the meeting to
give you the result, and if the resolutions passed
she was in hopes of getting them into the
British Examiner on Saturday next, when
a letter will appear of Mr. Lottin in reply to
^{my challenge}
~~Mr. Lottin~~, it is a capital one and you
will be delighted with it. We intend to have
some slips taken of it and to have Mary of
the resolutions as they think they will be de-
sirable documents to distribute for and will
gladly it is too true that Mr. Williamson
has nothing more to do with the Examiner
so there is a tower of strength taken from
us. I am very sorry because he seemed to be
sincere and to have to what he intended it
also be a help to himself. We have not seen him
since that dear Interim day. The week before
last Mr. James stayed after a committee to hear
the resolutions and the letter to Mr. Chaiton as
he said Mr. Lottin worked themselves up into
something not resembling a Christian frame
of mind not at all but they fairly came under
the charge of using harsh language. Mr.

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I am assuming that Mr. Shaw has been a
candidate as well, and ~~some~~ other edifying
remarks of that kind, responded to by Mr. I
at length they parted good bye Miss Lottin
said Mr. I. with a melancholy sigh you will
see we have so often as you have done before
late, but do let me know if I can do any
thing for the cause, and when he was really
gone Mr. I. remarked elegantly "he has never
after here still does he not" and begged
that Miss Weston might be informed of this
peculiar state of mind. The box is finished
and a committee of gentlemen meet into
captives over it pronouncing it perfect. This
is as it should be, the offering ought to be
without blemish which is laid on so holy
a shrine. Mr. Lyner who made it brought
a beautifully bound walnut mustard
which is to be his gift and for which his
daughter a girl of twelve years old begged to
be permitted to work the cover. This man's
real love of the cause is perfectly refreshing.
I have been this morning to look at the
display of things which Miss Brouse has col-
lected for Dr. Douglass - it is not large but
many of them are pretty and worthy a

rather objects I could get help enjoying though
contrary to the ^{expectation} ~~expectation~~ a beautiful case
of English, Swiss, and German steel flowers
worth they said 5 guineas, which were ~~sent~~
fits for Boston than Rochester. altogether
there will be a good sized box of goods and
Miss B. hopes to collect ~~up~~ in donations her
sister she clings to her old home spite of
the unhappiness she has had. You can
not imagine what a cry of mourning has
gone forth since your departure from Boston
that dear Mrs. Fiske I love her with all my
heart cannot speak of you all without tears
in her eyes, and the regret is unusual - as
unusual the desire that you should come
again, and so you will, will you not? I told
Mrs. Fiske that I hoped to follow you soon how
I envy you was her reply, and I envy myself
as much as she can do so. It is just a week
today that we parted - how long it seems tho' so
every moment has had as much as could be
crowded into it. A great part of it I spent in
your room, my chosen resting place or rather
working place, in no other would the box have
reached its perfect climax. I was sorrowful to
quit it and St. Stephen which looked

lovely, as I grasped it, so did our dear
Decidua with the afternoon shadows lying
on the sunny grass - it was the last bodily
grasp I had of you and I grasped it tight
ly whilst the last vestige remained, but
steam and iron came little for human
hearts and so they bore me away from my
sweet heavens with unsexed haste.

Tomorrow I accompany Mrs. Reynolds to my
brother, if you can write to me three direct
the letter to J. W. Bagshott Esq. Tredwell
Langport Somerset. I shall remain there a
fortnight, and feel as if I could not wait
so long without a line - still dearest love I
will not be exacting - I can rest in perfect
faith if anything presents your writing -
have this and for just's sake don't let me
see you turn out anything in the shape of
an old man of the sea about your week's
struggles - see at once - believe them that...

we have sent Walter (my nephew) your pre-
sent address knowing it would give him
the pleasure to call upon you, if after knowing
a little of him, you think him worthy of
an introduction to any of your literary friends
it would gratify him extremely - between

you all your love if you can a proud dis-
tinction that of an auto-slavery heart. It
is mercifully benighted now. Thank
my sweet Peggy for her kind note which
shall be answered very soon - my dear love
to her, Annie, and Miss Weston - poor Anne
she is plunged into the sloughs of Despair
for some weeks to come - if she comes to the
surface I will try to console her. You
said write but did you expect anything
so fearfully long? I did not mean it
to be so - but - as Carlyle says - and I would
fain not say your last dear word to be
"farewell" even now, with my sin staining
me in the face - but the time is come
it did this day week and it must be
done - so farewell my own beloved friend
God bless you and keep you - how I thank
him for this new tie to life - life for
everlasting well for ever that it is so
since this earthly scene is fast fading
away. I was ashamed to send you such a
small but have written like the world
yours ever most fondly and truly
Edw. G. L.