

Bethlehem
Oct. 7. 1872

Beloved Gene,

It was only
my own vases which I
wanted to send you, the
one I had told you of
before, the "Resurgam".

It seemed incongruous after
had left you, that I
should have made such
strenuous efforts to reach
you with them at once.

But I had the feeling
that you were sitting out
on the most trackless of
journeys, and that I
should never hit you any-
where.

Oh, my dear Gene, it
grieves me that I can-
not see you. I never
dreamed that you would
wander off so early. I

Do you want some bright cases & put
out post? I am pressing sects
table
presents!

thought I should come
and sit at your feet,
in your own house,
for three or four days,
as you asked me, in the
beginning of my journey. But
I shall certainly overtake
you one more, either
at Providence or Boston.
I shall not call that
last hurried look, a
Good-bye, -

It makes me anxious
when I recollect how
tired you looked Thursday
night. Oh - do not tire
yourselves, with your pained
self. Think how we
love you. -

Give me just half
a minute, some day,
not much more - and send
me the list of your
engagements that I may

know where you are to be, Perhaps I
may have your name than, once, the Ho-
races' night in my case still - and the
"Lying together in silence" I never found
what a power that word will & heard
you read it.
I wish you could have seen Adams' spirit
that night: the man I hated you of, who
was with me: he is that of me: he
heard every word you said: - He is a spite
hearted quiet gentle person: he kept close
under the "Hatching": He said of it, he said
"That's all I can bear" - The next day
he said, "I am hunting for all the time!"
Oh you grand ~~power~~ charming woman,

do you realize what it is to be so great
as you are! and that to have your heart
too! when I said to him "the heart is
not great as his mind," he replied, and
said "If that were the truth, women who
are thus not more." He has a story-
book follows. He the man & the hero-a story-
line. By the pathos and pathos goes
to their side, and the side on the other
the quiet suffering and oppression. The
Miss Mering and I are alone here. The
world are absent; my little son also, with
as much of the world as I can get me.
He will you can see for my Bethelham.
God bless you, my little lady. Goodnight -
Your faithful son's Mother A

1 Helen Hunt.

Your faithful son's Mother A