

Dartmouth Coll. Oct. 15. 1858

My dear, dear Miss Locke,

Don't I pray you, from my long neglect to answer your kind, very kind letter, ~~blame~~ ~~blame~~ me as using flattery, a vain, unmeaning formality in addressing you as dear I am guilty, I feel guilty, I plead guilty for not <sup>writing</sup> ~~answering~~ it sooner. You'd think to have on the day of Court. Let me tell you, as is truth, I never was many times so highly pleased to get a letter. My good br. Abell was with me at the time I fully, as I thought, reciprocated my pleasure. He promised to visit you, in my stead, if he could make it possible. I told Mr. R. that I should I visit the South again, I had but three days to spend, I would spend one with you. You are aware it is presumed that I did not visit that section of the country. Perhaps it may not be improper to say one word in explanation of my delinquency in writing. It is very easy, perhaps you are <sup>know</sup> ~~are~~, in the midst of the busy, changing scenes of a vacation, to defer, if possible, letter writing to a more convenient season; to the commencement of another term. Thus did I, but have not found a very convenient season. Recitation or lectures <sup>or other meetings</sup> are occurring almost every hour. But enough - I want to charge you not to think it 'intrusion upon my time' or 'excess in too great freedom' for you to write me frequently. I shall be happy to write as <sup>often</sup> ~~often~~ perhaps not always so speedily as desirable. I love to read your letters for their literary worth - this is not vain flattery & you must know it. But I love to read them especially for the spirit of christianity & friendship they breathe. They are no icebergs, bare along diffusing chill & death upon us, they come like balmy May, refreshing to the soul, they breathe a spirit subdued & purified in the furnace of affliction. - Your affliction it is plain



As we had not been in vain My sister, God does not send affliction but for our good. We find affliction of some kind. What should we, what would the world be shortly, <sup>in</sup> were allowed by providence to glide smoothly on upon the stream of worldly prosperity & pleasure & happiness, without one shoal or eddy of disappointment or affliction, <sup>to tempt our souls?</sup> we should forget what we are & whither we are going; we should forget our God, <sup>Deut. 8, 14-20</sup> & think of him only to tilt up our heel against him, & should destroy our selves eternally. — I formerly had a dear mate & room-mate, <sup>my</sup> dear friend, a remarkably devoted Christian, but his health suffered by study & sedentary habits, (he was always public) & <sup>at</sup> night he left home & engaged in mercantile pursuits. I remember another dear friend of mine distinguished for an active piety & benevolence. They settled down, they bought they sold. It seemed as if the very breezes of heaven were <sup>to</sup> bearing them prosperity & happiness. Their voyage seemed safe the most desired haven certain. But coming the hard times & storm of late like thousands of others, they stranded & were wrecked of all their prosperity & their many friends of all their hopes. I visited them last vacation, before & after he returned from the cruel jail & what suppose you was their state? unhappy, complaining, distrustful, ah, in they said the blow was from God, they confessed they deserved it all, & I am sure they kissed the rods. They were humbled, their prayers were for grace & sanctification & that they might see their duty. They are happy, & by this failure they have are laying up precious treasures in a safer, surer world. I tell you I was astonished at the sight, <sup>my</sup> conscience smitten in their presence & almost prayed that God would send upon me some signal affliction to lead me nearer to himself, for <sup>his</sup> kindness & long suffering & <sup>do</sup> do seem to fail of their designed effect. But quickly the passage came & comes again to my mind? If they hear not <sup>the</sup> words of the prophets, neither will they be persuaded.



It is a matter of rejoicing, to me, as well as to yourself  
that you find faithful & kind friends in the admittance  
to your wants & necessities & cheer the hours of your solitude.  
Tell me, if you can, in sickness, what of earth is so soft as  
the hand of friendship? what so soothing to the weary  
frame the aching head? That is one of the excellent, the  
blessed features of the christian religion, that it inculcated  
love to our neighbors to our enemy even. & yet so wise & so  
good to us is our God, that at the same time he had  
made it to be more blessed to give than to receive.

You were better it seems by your letter, the past season  
than the previous one, I have been moved to your father's  
house, you will find it, now much more pleasant, A sick  
chamber among strangers, though cheered by a sister never  
so kind, is a solitude still. - But I am dwelling too much,  
upon your case -

You will, by write me again soon, wont you, Our term  
close probably about the 20<sup>th</sup> of Nov. can't you write before  
that time? I can't tell yet in what quarters shall spend  
the winter, I suppose you can't have any fears of remarks  
by others from our correspondence, - the most scrupulous will  
hardly imagine any danger from <sup>it</sup> ~~our correspondence~~ how-  
ever much they may fear & think they see in letters interchang-  
ed between the sexes in ordinary circumstances. But however,  
if it will not favor of egotism, I must be leave to express an  
opinion differing materially fr. the general opinion on this  
subject, I don't believe, as so many seem to, that letters inter-  
changed ~~thus~~ need prove in ordinary circumstances as quivers  
full of the barbed arrows of the blind archer boy, But I  
have not room to do any justice to the thought, & so I don't  
enter upon it. - Do you continue to write poetry still? Have  
you formed some acquaintance with the history of the W. I. eman-  
cipation? if so, I would undertake it, I should like a poem on that



subject. Many pieces have been already written but there is yet room. It affords one of the best themes for poets & orators the world had ever known - it is one of the most glorious spectacles ever presented to the gaze & admiration of man. When Heaven shall see Republican America wash out her blood & stained guilt of slavery; How long shall we as a people continue to subject ourselves to the hisses of tyrants, the reproaches of heathen & to the frown of an avenging God? My heart is full, my bosom swells on this subject but must stop.

Paid, (by 80)

1838

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Wm. L. G. Locke  
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You will perceive that I have written in great haste & am ashamed of the language I have used. I have written it however, because I have a great deal to say on this subject. My kind regards to your father & mother & I am ever  
 Wm. L. G. Locke

Do you hear from your br. & sister at the S. D. frequently or of late? Do you hear from any of the various good friends who were at S. D. with us? I never can forget the pleasant scenes of that autumn. Some of the gentlemen are now in Coll. such as Shattuck & Butler my good friends here also. It is now three years since we took such a pleasant view in Vergil - it seems hardly possible it all seems but as yet today in viewing long years of time in retrospect, it is like looking forward to highest mountains in the ethereal blue they seem but as a speck! I will send you a catalogue soon that shall tell the story of my alma mater how she suffered by having a "nigger" within her walls!! How prophetic that she could be forsaken, false professed, justice & mercy will get false friends.