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<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Holograph signed letter sent to Helen Loguen Douglass</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
<td>1861-12-08</td>
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<td><strong>Collection Title</strong></td>
<td>Walter O. Evans collection of Frederick Douglass and Douglass family papers</td>
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Rochester, Sunday, Dec. 4, 1861

My dear Dear Amelia! I have just finished reading all the letters I have filed, received from you; there are a great many letters from you that I must confess throw me almost out of count, if more than to read them, and whatever became of them after that, I cannot tell. The first letter that I received from you is on file with the one I have received more recently.

Those letters are remarkable; the meaning of many of things can be construed differently. It will take, for example the first, it was I have once before called it a 'shaky letter,' it pretends that you the writer does not care a fig whether you returned home from your visit to our house, and
ends with, I am Your Friend.

However sagacious you are in many things, if you intended to show me an independent spirit in that letter, you took exactly the wrong course, although in my answer to that letter I tried to make it appear that I understood the letter in its offensive sense. That letter gave me good grounds to hope that the dear little heart you supposed to be afraid of being might by me be found. The double-dealing of that letter was to me evil is a source of great pleasure. You will confess that the essence of that letter was all shrewd and that there was no real shrewd intended, that the essence was a kind of blind for your real feeling which deluded by parental you from expressing, as I understand, your first
letter. And as with the first so
any has it been with many others, the
brother arrangement which was
invented by you was intended as
another blind or disguise of your
real feelings, and to me another
oasis in the desert of uncertain
identity of winning your love. After this
oasis was reached and it became
necessary to start on my journey
in hopes soon to find or discover
the another bright spot on which to
be gain a firmer foothold in this
that great desert, unconsciously to
see me narrowing down to accept
this sign of our true love, the journey
was beset with more doubtings, and
no anxieties than ever before, still
there was a small voice whispering
to you to succeed and you will
know the joy of the desired haven
and that if I faltered or turned
back I might not be able to reach
where there was but little to believe for you could only remember the
basis of brotherhood. Soon however your journeyings brought you to
brighter sights and my own dear
Leno was reached again. Thus has
the double writing of your first
card and many of your other letters
led on to glorious results; results
that were intended from the first.

Through the medium of the mighty
seen a love has grown up between
us that baffles all description and
my prayer is that there may nothing
arise that may in any way shake
the firmness of overthrow the founda
tion of our love which we have each
made to known to one another. It may
be easy for you to find a man
to love other than myself, but for
me to find a lady more suited
to my mind and love than my
own dear Amelia never!
the spot of "dear Sister" and my way in returning to dear friend. Remembering that quiet heart never saw Feisty lady, it took but little philosophizing and reflection to bring the same saying to apply to ladies not so fair. I concluded to travel on and my anxious journeys were rewarded in so much that the oasis of Dear Sister and Dear Brother was never forgotten, though it was an oasis of much splendor, beauty and sublimity for the reason that another had been found far more delightful, which was named "my own Dear Amelia and my own dear Beina." After this you started on a journey and was away during the whole winter season and must have landed...
How well I could enjoy myself were you here or I with you in Syracuse, but such is not the case and it may well it is not so. Though a sweet kiss and kind embrace from you is something to travel as far as Syracuse for.

There is no language that can express the real joy of love expression by me when on the Sunday evening after the family had all retired we sat together saying never a word for the reason that words could express nothing of the real sentiments of the feeling that were beating as one, "Yes there were happy moments, can there be happiness? Will not the familiarity of marriage blunt in a measure the real happiness of such moments? I trust not, yet we can see how
other men who are married.

There are some men however who marry because it is fashionable to be married, not slothful to find a wife; and soon sickens of his companion and in life and seeks pleasure in foolish grogshops and corner grocers. I want to marry you simply because I love you, and as my love for you has stood the test of nearly two years, and those years spent in absence from you and a portion of time not even having the pleasure of a letter from you, I have the hope on such foundation that my love and your love may remain undying. Such should be the love of husband and wife. Now my own dear Amelia I shall leave off what may have been to a decided love to read. Remember me to everybody in the family and you
who was first timid friend then dear friend, dearest sister and last of all by no means least my own dear Amelia, the last the broadest, the late greenest and most loving, delightful, fair, and beautiful oasis reached receive for yourself the fullest and highest affection of a heart of love overflowing.

Eve there is true affection.

Love