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<th>Title</th>
<th>Holograph signed letter sent to Helen Loguen Douglass</th>
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<td>Call Number</td>
<td>JWJ MSS 240</td>
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<tr>
<td>Published/Created Date</td>
<td>1862-07-11</td>
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<td>Collection Title</td>
<td>Walter O. Evans collection of Frederick Douglass and Douglass family papers</td>
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Rochester July 11, 1862
My Dear Amelia: One
year ago this morning about two
o'clock, I awoke from a sleepless bed,
filled with hope, joy and love. If
you should enquire what caused
those feelings, I should answer the
pleasure of shaking hands with a
dear brother whom I had not
seen for three months, his fine (to
me) healthy appearance, denote
satisfaction, this caused feelings
of joy and love. Hope, that cheer
ing, encouraging Hope, which when
on the verge of despair yields the
future with such rapture, beautiful
and bright tints that one leaps from
sponginess, all forgetful of the danger
and obstacles surrounding him
and presses on and on. Hope that
cheer on the affection that brings
joy when there was sadness happiness
When there was no pleasure, increased and intensified love, assuring the latent heart and soul affections, was caused by the drawing near of the moment when I was to take the oars to be transferred to the arms of my own dearly beloved, and loving Amelia.

How painfully clear it brought it to me now, one line from the anticipation of much happiness and pleasure, that "Time flies." And who can describe the high bliss and sweet joy of the happy, happy, moments we spent together, let no writer attempt, let no artist pretend to even approximate to describe or picture or the superlative happiness of these fleeting moments, lest he make a mock of them, or paralyze and stumbl the sense of the beautiful which is so foreign to the happy enjoyment of life.

One week more gone, and in that
week I have pressed to my heart and
mind anew to love one of the sweet
and most noble-minded girls. I am not
made that enough to me feel happy even
though she be many miles from me;
is it not enough to make one hap-
py to be assured from her constant
life that her love is returned? Yes it
is, and I am happy! Words! Words!
then ready agents of man's idea, why
oh, why have you not the power of going
the
soul
in
and
fullness of that love I bear my
own sweet Nellie?

Fisher returned quite elated
with the celebration at Ithaca, he
met Mr. Loguen there, thought he
was looking very finely, heartily and
well. I wish now that I had
not gone, but business at home....
have prevented my staying all day. Dear Amelia, for your own health I will not smoke anymore. Remember me to all that is of your wish.

Ever Lovingly,

Leans &

Sat. Aug.

I have attempted to write a good letter to you but a few lines fail to me. I will not hear this up, but send it forward and I will go. Leans

1862