

2.
Note: my translation of old letter (dated: ?)

What period of history (American or English) is he speaking of????

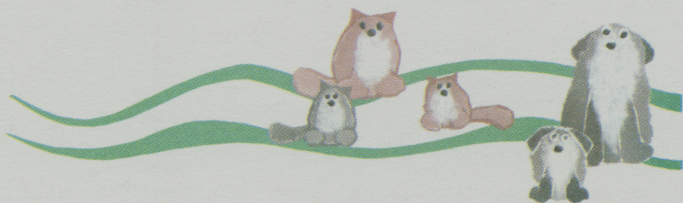
What war is he writing about? Throughout the writing he uses a
word I cannot "translate": h e n r y -- ???

mark

What is to be done with this Bleeding Tenderness of yours; for heavens sake, temper your sensibility with a little Discretion, my beloved Emma; your elegant and affecting pages penetrate ~~my~~ ^{my} soul, the Tears of anguish mingle with those of Admiration as I read them; yet let me implore you, strengthen your mind a little, lest you wholly Debilitate mine. Let not your henry Disgrace the cause he is to ~~-----~~; nor sully the Profession he has chosen. Dear Unhappy Friend, make one great and generous effort to ~~-----~~ ^{LIFT} your Drooping spirits, to sustain your Wasting frame, and to preserve a life so Valuable to me, that the same stroke ~~---~~ I cannot pursue the subject ~~---~~ rouse, rouse yourself, my Emma, for my sake let all your fortitude be asserted. We are both young. There is the same Protecting Providence by Water as by Land; in the fields of War as on the Plains of Peace. The future is a Wide space, and may contain within its Circle a Thousand blessings; Struggle then against the storm bravely. Your inferences ~~ces~~ ^{ces} are ~~too glibly~~ ^{too glibly}; Various opportunities will offer Doubt not to ~~-----~~ our generous intercourse. The Wide World of sentiment and sensation still opens upon us by aid of this little friendly instrument. We may range through those Paths which Ocean seems to separate. However remote you should still learn to think in a superior blessing, that in some part of animated nature there still remains the Counterpart of Emma ~~---~~ Congenial as Dear ~~---~~; one Whom no circumstances ~~change~~ ^{can} change, but Who must remain true to every touch of joy, and every Trembling of Wee. Look, Emma, at the Paltry Passions, and Vulgar gratifications of Common Life ~~---~~ of Common ~~---~~. Look attentively at these, and then examine your own heart ~~---~~ examine mine. Consider the pure nature of the affection that unites them. Does not the superiority of the attachment make you generously Proud. O Emma, you ought not to be Wretched. We both have reason to be discontent ~~---~~ Does Emma still weep--let her rather gratefully acknowledge.....

to your...

What is to be done with this bleeding tenderness of yours; for heavens
sake, temper your sensibility with a little discretion, my beloved one;
your elegant and affecting epistles separate me --- soul, the terms of our
union with those of admiration as I read them; but let me inform you
that when you send a letter, I am not wholly satisfied with it, but not
your heavy distress the cause he has to ---; not only the profession he has
chosen, but his very friends, who are great and generous, and to preserve a little
your innocent spirits, to create your waiting time, and to preserve a little
so valuable to me, that the same advice --- I cannot permit the subject
to be raised by you, for we shall let all your sorrows be assuaged,
to you both young, there is the same affecting Providence by which as
law; in the tide of fate on the plain of battle, the future is a tide
space, and you contain within its circle a thousand pleasures; trouble
then assist the storm evenly. Your intention --- is --- in your
travels will offer doubt not to --- our generous intercourse, the tide
field of exertion and sensation still comes upon us by side of this little
fittingly instrument, a may rather than these faint which seem
to separate, however remote you should still learn to think in a superior
feeling, that in a way of animated nature there still remains the Country
part of the --- general as fear ---; one from no circumstances change, but the
must remain true to every touch of joy, and every trembling of Wood, look
towards the happy seasons, and when gratifications of common life ---
of common --- look attentively at these, and then examine your own heart ---
examine mine, consider the true nature of the affection that unites them,
does not the superiority of the attachment make you enormously proud, O mine,
you ought not to be so. We both have reason to be discontent ---
has time still keep --- let your history, my beloved,
.....



A note from...
Martin L Goodwin

06.05.01

OHS: If you can shed any light on these fragments (?), please let me know. In high school (Dayton High) a friend and I did our best to "translate" them. Considering their condition, I think they may be from the 1700s (?). And written by someone closely connected to Palmer's or Mrs. Palmer's ancestors.

- MGB

P.S.

Who ~~are~~/were: Emma, Hammond, Dousia, Edwardand...henry? It appears to me that the writer is writing to two people--or three: Emma, henry, Hammond. ??? I feel that the writer is English, not American; but he is writing to people in America.



the Sisters
of St. Francis
of Assisi
Since 1849

How sweetly, how Elegantly you reprove me, Hammond, and how gratefull, how
 pleasing are the Tears I have shed over the Pages before me. I blush to think
 how far you surpass me henry. Hope seldom spreads her _____ Beams over me in
 these instances Where her sweet Delusions would be the most acceptable, but you
 have _____ me. Poor pathetic Louisa, what would she give to have Edward even
 in the situation of henry. [?] Ava----- impious Despair, I am easier, I am better,
 infinitely better. I give you my word and honour that _____ Yet the dreaded
 day is always obtruding-----it appears like some malignant spirit, crossing me
 at every turn at every _____ step. How perverse is human nature which disposes
 us to reject the joy in possession, and anticipate sorrows which may never come.
 O for the beautiful hour of your return, my friend. It will arrive henry, will
 it not. And in the meantime your sympathising tenderness shall be salutary-----
 indeed it shall. _____ Eyes instantly be dry----your tears will prove
 heresy to _____ the object of my heart. O henry you have touched me nearly.
 The consideration, the single _____ of your honour shall reconcile me to a
 separation---go then---persue the ways of Glory--and O may they speed you to Peace
 ----and to Emma-----.

Now, my ever dear Emma, summon to your aid all your confidence and all your
 courage--the separation moment comes on. The sailing orders are received--
 it is the voice of my Country that calls upon me--calls in the hour of extremity
 ---she summons her sons to Arms in her Defense. Shall I not hear--shall I not
 obey her. Yes, I have the sanction of my friend--I go under the auspices of
 Emma. Her approbation is the _____ (end)

end

how sweetly, how elegantly you reprove me, Harmond, and how grateful, how
pleasing are the tears I have shed over the pages before me. I blush to think
how far you surpass me Henry. Hope seldom spreads her beams over me in
these instances where her sweet delusions would be the most acceptable, but you
have me. Poor pathetic Louisa, what would she give to have Edward even
in the situation of Henry. As for me, I am easier, I am better,
infinitely better. I give you my word and honor that --- Yet the dashed
day is always obtaining---it appears like some malignant spirit, crossing me
at every step. How perverse is human nature which disposes
us to reject the joy in possession, and anticipate sorrows which may never come.
O for the beautiful hour of your return, my friend. It will arrive Henry, will
it not. And in the meantime your sympathizing tenderness shall be salutary---
indeed it shall. Eyes instantly be dry---your tears will prove
heresy to my heart the object of my heart. O Henry you have touched me nearly.
The consideration, the single of your honor shall reconcile me to a
separation---go then---pursue the ways of glory---and O may they all be
---and to Emma---

Now, my ever dear Emma, anthon to your aid all your confidence and all your
courage---the separation moment comes on. The sailing orders are received---
it is the voice of my Country that calls upon me---calls in the hour of extremity
---the summons her sons to arms in her defense. Shall I not hear---shall I not
obey her. Yes, I have the sanction of my friends---I go under the auspices of
Emma. Her approbation is the
(end)

How sweetly, how Elegantly, you repeat my Remembrance; and how gratefull, how Blessing, are the Tears
I have shed over the Paper before me, I think I can assure you for you surpass me Henry; hope seldom speaks
there was some in those instances where his words & actions would be the Most acceptable, but you have
me - Poor pathetic Louisa, What would she give to have Edward even in the situation of Henry; And
impious Despair, I am easier, I am better, infinitely better, I give you my Word and honour that
yet the Dreaded Day is always Obluding - it appears like some malignant spirit, pressing me at
at every step, how perverse is human Nature. Which Disposes us to reject the joy in possession
errors which may never come. O for the beautiful hour of your return, my friend, it will arrive
Will it not. and in the mean time your sympathizing endearments shall be solitary - indeed it shall
my thoughts to your dear eyes, and your dear eyes will be dry - your tears will be
Henry to the object of my heart. O Henry you have touched me nearly, the Consideration, the single
of your honour shall reconcile me to a separation - go then - Pursue the Ways of glory; and O may they lead you
to Peace - and to Emma -

Now, my dear Dear Emma, summon to you this all your Confidence and all your courage, The separation
is - it comes on, The sailing orders are received - it is the Voice of my Country that calls upon me
in the hour of extremity - she summons her sons to arms in her Defence, shall I not hear - shall I not
obey her - yes I have the sanction of my friend - I go under the Auspices of Emma, her approbation in the
and the support of my Father's Army -

What is to be done With Your Bleeding Weakness of yours; for heavens sake temper
 With a little Discrecion my beloved ~~love~~ your elegant and affecting pages penetrate
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 nor sully the Profession he has chosen, Dear unhappy friend, make one great and generous effort to
 your Drooping spirits, to sustain your Wasting frame. and to preserve a life so Valuable to me. that the
 stroke — I cannot pursue the subject — rouse, rouse your self, my Emma, for my sake let all your
 be exerted. We are both young; there is the same Protecting Providence by Water or by Land; in the fields of
 on the Plains of Greece, the future is a wide space, and may contain within its circle a thousand blessings.
 then against the storm bravely, your imperious ~~one~~ ~~to~~ ~~glance~~ ~~various~~ ~~opportunities~~ ~~for~~ ~~well~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~is~~ ~~at~~ ~~your~~
 generous intercourse, the wide World of sentiment and sensation still opens upon us. by aid of this little friendly
 instrument, We may range through those Paths Which Ocean seems to separate. however remote you should still desire to
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 and every trembling of Woe. Look Emma at the Paltry Passions, and Vulgar gratifications of common life — of common
 look attentively at these, and then examine your own heart — examine mine. consider the pure nature of the affections
 that writes them, Does not the superiority of our attachment make you generously Proud: O Emma, you ought not to be
 We both have our content. — Does Emma still Weep — let her rather gratefully acknowledge