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Kingston, Cass Co., GA
January 26th, 1858

My own precious Kate,
My heart was gladdened this morning by the reception
Of your most welcome and interesting letter of 21st and 22nd just and although I
Do not feel like writing and would not unto any one else in the world, this time
I will try to answer it. I have been suffering from a most violent cold since
Saturday and am shuttered with pneumonia, I perhaps would have been much
Better by this time but for the fact that I had to sit up all of the night before
Last night with a patient in the country, and nearly all of the last night with Mrs.
Johnson's little daughter Celestia, who was violently attacked with asthma, but is now
Much better. Not have slept much since Saturday night and being fatigued during
The day makes me feel very badly, but I think I will be well in a few days
I am very sorry indeed that I gave vent to any feelings in my letter if it renders
You unhappy and will hereafter avoid communicating any thing that would have
Such a tendency for however much I may have to endure I would most gladly
Have my troubles multiplied tenfold rather than give you one single pang
I ought to be the happiest man on earth and, indeed, any, one right
To be happy, my dearest Kate, "who professes the affections of a being so perfectly
pure, faultless surprisingly lovely both in person and in character-and
Let fate do her worst, as long as you write-those three cherished words or whether
You write-them or not, as long as you feel what they expect. I can never be
Very miserable. Although I loved you, always, my Kate, as tenderly as I thought
Anyone could, still I did not appreciate you fully, only because I did not know
You as I now do but I now know that you are the best and sweetest creature
On earth and every time I think of you or hear from you I see something new
In your character to love and admire and how I lament the barrenness

Of language whenever I attempt to tell you how deep, how ardent, how serious
And how unchanging is the affections that is now overflowing in this bosom
And how much more deeply do I lament my unworthiness of the heaven-born
Love that you have bequeathed on me, and my utter inability to repay you for it
But Kate if a life of devotion will repay you, it will be my dearest joy to
Offer it provided I should be allowed that high privilege. If not all I can do
Will be to give the world an example of a lover faithful and unchanging
Throughout the greatest adversities.

In regard to my past affliction, I hope you do not think I have as bad
A heart as to murmur at them. No, Kate I agree with you that they
Were all "in mercy sent" and have always revived them in that. I never do
Murmur at anything of the kind for I know that God does all things well
And feel then is justice, wisdom, and mercy in all his dispensations
I, can not express my thanks to your mother for convincing sufficient confidence
To the willing to entrust as sacred a charge to my keeping. I will
Try to repay her by kindness and devotion to you, my beloved Kate, and never

Shall she have to say that I have been remiss in my duty-to you. Warrant-
Ing in affection, this is, provided, the link that chains us to each other
Be not broken. I have very little all will be right, as you say
But since you bid me not to despair, I will not yield to chat
Bitter feeling. I am afraid to hope too confidently for anything
For in such a case the disappointment always been a proportion
To the confidence with which we expect it.
Dear Kate I always intended to have it entirely at your discretion as to
When you should deliver the letter to your father. Of course the sooner
I learn my fate the better for me but do as you think best
I dreamed, the other night that I met you accidently in a store at a
Strange place and that Dr. Leland was with you. I was perfectly delighted
To see you and you seemed so too. I dream of you every night and some of my dreams
Are very queer. I wish I could interpret them all accurately.

I am glad to hear that Dr. Leland family is well and wish you always
To write me how they are for I know I will never lose the interest I feel in them
Nor will my regard for them ever abate. The Dr. has not fared me with
A letter yet. It would gratify me exceedingly to hear from him
I have been flying around considerably since I wrote last. Went to ride two
Evenings last week with Mrs. B Miss Wilson and Miss Carter and
Enjoyed it right much. On one these occasions my horse threw me or rather
He slipped down a steep bank and I tumbled over his head. The ladies
Were very much frightened and some of them uttered some loud screams,
Thinking I was hurt which was not the case. But I was really amused
The fall and everything connected with it was the funniest affair I ever
Witnessed-the ladies having some company by miss Leday and Misses Lester or
Miss Henderson. Saturday night concluded to have a little dance and
Sent for me, not having gentlemen enough to make out a cotillion with
-out me. I spent the evening as pleasantly as possible under existing circumstances.
Anything of the kind makes me forget suspense for the time
Miss. Melissa and Billy Johnson started to ___ to college yesterday. We
Will miss them very much. The young gentlemen are in mourning for
The departure of Miss M. She is very particular and is growing, quite pretty
Mr. E N Johnson who you, no doubt, remember has been discharged by the
New Superintendent, from his post as R R agent of this place and the
Citizens and army indignant for he is a clever worthy man and a most
Excellent officer. The change is thought to be the result of private prejudices
I have written all of the news which could interest you and as I am not
Well by any means I will concluded by reassuring you that you are still
Reigning supreme in my heart and will ever remain dearer to me than any
Object on earth. Do write to me as often as you possibly can for you have no
Idea of the happenings your letter inspires in the bosom
Your devoted Thomas H Jones

PS Since every body knows of our engagement anyhow, I
Have no objection to you telling Ginie all about it
If you wish to do so. Do remind her that she is not
Forgotten by her old friends there are few in
This world who enjoy more of my esteem than she
Does
Ever thine own
Thomas F. Jones