Well "Hugh" told me to tell you that he saw a very pretty girl this morning and would like very much to give you a description of her, but he has begun a letter and has not time now to do so.

We are having some cold spells. We came down here January 4th and began the next day. Our work for the first week was very encouraging, but for last week we did not do quite so well. We have taken orders for about $200 worth of books since we commenced. The first week Ford and I were together but "Hugh" and I were together last week. We have some jolly times and some times that are not so jolly.

Mac Fair and Ford went to Nashville last evening to see their girls. Suppose they are sick glory now.

Well I have had my supper and need a long talk with a Nebraska man so now I am going to finish this letter. "Hugh" is still ferreting north toward St. Louis or something of the sort. But I think he is getting better. Alice had a bad cold writing to Williams.
Well, I expect I had better stop now, for your valuable time.

Don't work too hard. You mustn't stay out too late or smoke too much. You know you are not meant to say "No." Where you can have a good rest and have a good smoke is not where you can have a good time.

"King R" says you must not call on your girl when she is not at home.

I only wish I was somewhere where I could write you once a week. But then I will be married and for all my miseries when I get back in September, I have not locked up a pretty girl twice or once down here, and I will not because I don't want to see any.

Well, I must say good night.

I have not seen my best wishes, and I wrote Miss MC a letter to-day (now this is the first).

Write me all about yourself. I enjoy letters very much. That is about the only enjoyment I can have here.

Your loving friend,

E. P. Calvert
Mr. L. T. Miller
Beech Hill
Massie Co.
W. Va.
Dear Miller, I am sure you're teaching school in the fair goddess of that fairy land.

I see you now, Itera, in my mind, strolling with your quill to some silent spot when night has brought dark and cruel lovers go, and teach them a lesson—O, ye God! Such harsh instructor to such naughtyward.

And when she's fretful, I can see you chide, and strew her cloaks with that tyrant's hand, and then to see her drop her gentle head upon your breast to set her life a way.

Age, do you teach the science of the plane and of the circle?—Ah! I doubt it not. You make a circle of your preserved life, and place it, tangent to her bended cheek, and you to make with that hand, arm of yours a circle tangent to that graceful form; and make a circle with those almond eyes, to gaze on her face on her upturned face. The Mortal Furies drag hine to your fate.
And yet, Tom, Heaven!—there's a man—a man I used to know.
And me think that she—she them them them.
It's not "one." "Little West Virginia"—aye!
And yet they say that them art a man—ye gods!

But now, My Boy, you're never to be the
I would that I might sing a song of thee
I would that I might waft that to the skies;
But—"singing it all!" there's nothing I can say

And now, I swear by all the boys of June
By all the snakes and all the lizards too,
I swear by that crocketts crocets dandy handsome cow,
That I have done the best that I can do.

But am not in it s'parching: so I swear,
By Saint, by heaven—all that's good or evil;
Blessings in earth, or chindi-bips in the air,
I swear that sparkling on do beat the Devil.
Old fellow, I'm a devil of a poet, aren't I?—I am now at school.
At this play time and as I write my "old"
the rumpus kids make day audible with
the shrill.

At least—but you must forgive in thought
I am sure you had a great time
at our college. And on your way home—
"By Venus," I made it half a hour—made the
trip with you. —Ging My —
I miss me. & I think other girl, W. V.,

Now say St. George. My Miswke
Girl in this s tall. The whole town is
paralyzed by her presence. We are going
to row 'till eight. She is going, with another
fellow. We are going to get up a card
with him—then go him up, you know.
She will be any sort of device—am, if I say so.
Well I am just starting to send 10 1/2 miles on my 80 and have a great time.

By the way, some of those fellows who were trying to show my girl, invited her to a dance and left me out through diplomacy—so she gave me the detail—so every day she met tried to find out—so I wrote a poem just for her amusement, but she swore that I must put it in the paper—so I got the proof this morning.

I will send it to you for criticism and that I think it is the stuff.

Yours sincerely ever love

[Signature]
And the little Hiawatha,  
Learned of every beast his practice  
Learned of man the art of spakking,  
Learned the modus operandi.  

And he visited a villa,  
In the glorious mountain region,  
Nestled in a lovely valley,  
By a silent flowing river.  

And he saw the rustic people,  
With their honest hearts Overflowing,  
Gather in the glorious moonlight,  
Gather to a grand lawn party;  
To a lovely leap-year party,  
In the outshirts of the villa.  

And the little Hiawatha  
Saw a gallant of the villa  
Make his suit to Minnie Ha Ha,  
Saw him make his bow majestic;  
Stoop his head beneath the hammock,  
Stoop his form until his beaver  
Rolled upon the earth beside him,  
Fell from off the dandy “donkey”  
Down upon the dandy-lion,  
Down upon the bounteous flowers,  
At the feet of Minnie Ha Ha.  

And another rustic gallant  
Craved a boon of Minnie Ha Ha,  
Craved of her an humble pardon,  
For the fact that he’d neglected;—  
Failed to call on Minnie Ha Ha,  
Since her visit to the villa;  
Failed, as was, his gawling practice,  
To sing her her little love song,  
To make her a little specchlet,  
Make him a little nod to rattle.  

But a youth of more refinement  
Made excuses for his comrade,  
Who, he said were plain, blunt people,  
Skilled in climbing rugged hillesides,  
Skilled in wooing mountain maidens,  
Feeling, caring knowing little,  
Of the busy world about them,  
Far beyond their own borison.  
Some, he said, possessed some culture  
But they spoke but little of it;  
Lost their unassuming comrades,  
Knowing little, caring little  
Guying them even for their culture,  
Which they think is bragadocio.  

Then another stammering mortal  
Made as “jazoo” at the lady  
Ask her when she’d leave the villa;  
Told her how that all had lingered  
Long enough to get their laundry  
Done within that magic precinct,  
Dwelt in peace beside the river;  
Never caring more to wander.  
And hoped that she’d so linger,  
Linger long within their region;  
Hoped that she would like the villa;  
Hoped that he would know more of her,  
Hoped that he’d know her forever.  
Yet another told his riddle.
To the blushing Minnie Ha Ha,
Spoke he of the glorious scenery,
Of the silent flowing river;
How some scenes excelled another.
So he said, it was with woman;
So did some excelled their sisters
As the pearl that lies embedded
In the deep sea’s own bosom,
Doth excel the much eye ball
Of a toad in a mud puddle.
As the crystal tear that gathers
In the dark eye of a woman
Doth excel the briny toil drop
On the nose of a dumb oxen,
Laboring ’neath the yoke of “cere.”
So, said he to Minnie Ha Ha,
Doth your charmes excel the beauty;
Paralyze the boasted beauty
Of the maidens by the river.

Now, by St. George and by St. Dug,
By St. Jack-snap and by St. Bug,
By hag, by gosh and demon foul;
By screeching bats and boding owl,
By witches tooth or gobbins limbs,
By shades of night and nightmare grim,
By cat or scorpion, mouse or hog,
By pig or puppy, dude or dog,
By all that will, or e’er hath been,
I swear, such sparkling was ne’er seen.
Great “Beelzebub!” St. Salomae!
Yea gods!! what fools these mortals be!

P.S. This is the proof which I corrected.
If not called for in ten days, return to
R. H. Fitzpatrick,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
CARTHAGE, TENN.

Carthage, JUN 18, 1896
Sam

[Handwritten note]
Just your Miller, Beech Hill,
W. Va.