Springfield, March 27th, 1842

Dear Speed:

Yours of the 10th Inst. was received three or four days since. You know I am sincere when I tell you, the pleasure it's content, gave me was and is inexplicable. As to your farm matter, I have no sympathy with you. I have no farm nor ever expect to have; and consequently have not studied the subject enough to be much interested with it. I can only say that I am glad you are satisfied and pleased with it.

But on that other subject, to me of the most intense interest whether in joy or sorrow, I never had the power to withhold my sympathy from you. It can not be told how it now causes me with joy, to hear you say you are "far happier than you ever expected to be." That much I know; enough - I know you too well to suppose your expectations were not at least sometimes extravagant; and if the reality exceed, then all I say enough dear sir. I am not going beyond the truth when I tell you that the short space it took me to read your last letter gave me more pleasure than the total sum of all I have enjoyed since that fatal first of May.

Since then it seems to me I should have been entirely happy, but for the never absent idea that there is one...
still unhappy when I have contributed to make it. That still kills my soul—I can not but reproach myself for wishing to be happy while she is otherwise. She accompanied a large party on the Rapid River cars to Jacksonville last Monday, and on her return, spoke to that I hearing it, or having enjoyed the trip exceedingly—how he praised for that—

You know with what sleepless vigilance I have watched you, ever since the commencement of your affair; and all the I am now almost convinced it is useless, I can not forbear once more to say that I think it is even yet possible fur you spirit to flag down and leave you miserable—If they shall not fail to remember that they can not long remain so—

One thing I can tell you which I know you will be glad to hear; that is, that I have seen Sarah, and she recognized her feelings as well as I could, and am fully convinced she is far happier now than she has been for the last fifteen months past.

You will see by the last Vanamo Journal that I made a Temperance Speech at the 22 of Feb. which I claim that Fanny, and you shall read as an act of charity to me for I can not claim that any body else has read it, or is likely to—Fortunately, it is not very long.
and I shall deem it a sufficient compliance with my request, if one of you listens while the other reads it. As to your Johnson matter, it is only necessary to say that what has been done cannot be undone, and that the next commences to morrow morning, during which I suppose we can not fail to get a judgment.

I wish you would learn of Everett what he will take, and come and secure a discharge for all trouble we have been at, to turn his business out of our hands, and give it to somebody else. It is impossible to collect money, and that a man older than here now. Fortunately, you know I am not a very reticent man. I declare I am almost out of patience with Everett and left him. It seems like he cannot write, so the letter he can himself, he gets everybody else at Louisville and requires to be constantly writing to us about his claim. I have always said that Mr. Everett is a very clever fellow, and I am very sorry he cannot be obliged, but it does seem to me he ought to know we are interested in collecting his money, and therefore would do it. If we cancel, I am willing to keep up in a way I say we would thank him to transfer his business to some other without any compensation for what
we have done, provided he will see the court enter a prize for which we are securing.

The sweet violet you enclosed came safe to hand, but it was so dry and mushed to such a extent that it crumbled to dust at the first attempt to

hand it. The price that was bid out of it elapses a price in the letter, which I mean to present and eligable for the sake of her who presumes it to be mine. I renew my good wishes to her as partial and dear to all such of your relatives as

know me. —

Haven, Lincoln