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11-13-1892

## Akpan Papers, November 13, 1892

Arthur W. C. Smyth

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Orlando Fla. Nov 13/92

My Own Dear Darling Bee

I do most certainly ~~to~~ want  
to see you tonight, I am just in the  
state that, to have you, to comfort  
and "pet me some," would do me  
most good, for the past week  
I have not felt at all well, I  
have been taking some medicine  
for billwiness & the effects have  
been disagreeable, but I am sure  
tomorrow will see me much  
better, besides that I have had  
great trouble of mind over  
business matters, so many things  
of importance coming up all  
the time to be decided, and  
just now its peculiarly difficult  
for me to know which is best  
to do, as the season is only just  
opening and so far does not  
look very bright, still this

condition of things frequently  
does us the most good as it tends  
not only to make us more  
careful, but it frightens the  
growers, & makes them sell  
us their fruit on better terms.

I wrote you last Sunday a  
short note not having recd your  
letter, but I got it the next day  
& then on Friday last I got your  
next dated the 30<sup>th</sup> Oct.

I had intended writing you  
again by Wednesday's post,  
but somehow, the time all  
escaped, & I found it too late.

Besides being quite busy & troubled  
about things. — I have one packing  
house at work & have shipped  
four cars 1200 boxes so far  
the first of which I heard from  
today by telegram saying it

was too green & not in good order  
on arrival at Evansville Ind.

Its destination, this has had a  
rather depressing effect on me  
today, which should not be, as  
I have been in this business long  
enough to know that this sort  
of thing must be the case at times.

During this week I expect to  
be well into the season as I  
shall start four more packing  
houses, & then I will be busy,  
but don't you be alarmed, I am  
not going to get so busy that  
I cannot write to very love.

Sometimes my letters may  
be dry & uninteresting, but I will  
do my best my hoping so  
you must be patient with me,  
which I know well enough you will be.

you tell me in your last to read  
a part of it to Gussie, well I  
have been reading a portion of  
most of your letters to her leaving  
out parts that I know you only  
intended for me, I really could  
not help it, for I felt so sorry  
for her, she seems to get so few  
letters, I really think her friends  
over there have been very bad  
to her, not so much you home people  
for she heard from them through  
my letters, but no one else seems  
to write to her, & I think she feels  
it, although she evidently tries  
to hide her true feelings from me,  
she is certainly a good true  
& beautiful Christian. I am so  
glad to be able to tell you  
that she is almost well & strong

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now, she has about stopped crying  
entirely & wanted to go out last night  
& again to night, but I exercised  
my "loving control" & vetoed it,  
which she accepted with good grace.

I have done so little except  
routine business this week that  
I have very little in that way to  
write you, but I did go out Thursday  
night to a combination card and  
dancing party, which was given  
by a Mrs Bowman, at the old  
Sumner House, which she rented  
for the night, it being now vacant.  
Mrs B. is a new-comer here, but Cousin  
knows about the Sumner House.  
I enjoyed it very little although I  
escorted a very pretty girl, Miss  
Mary Rendell. It turned suddenly  
cold & we had no fire, & were all  
very nearly turned to ice. Harold

& I went out to call on Frank  
Boucher & his bride, he having  
just returned from Georgia, where  
he went to see any one of the  
Miss Brownings, cousins will  
remember both of them, for she  
lived here the winter, cousin  
was here. Boucher is a great  
friend of ours now, & he is the  
man who ~~was~~ employed  
to take care of his grove  
summer before last.

I am so glad that he has a  
nice wife, for I have often  
felt sorry for him, living out  
there in the country all alone.

I do feel sorry for your  
"no ask her cant I say our friend  
Marion, it does seem a very  
hard case, but I think she might  
have asked the advise of the

wise heads of the loud, & not  
gotten as good as you gave  
her. It is just my idea, I do  
dislike long engagements so  
much. I have regretted so many  
times that we did not marry this  
summer. I don't see at all how  
it could have been accomplished,  
but I do know I want you now  
& have done so ever since the  
moment I left you, very much  
more than I can express.

You tell her that I cannot  
advise anything about the matter  
of the difference in their religion,  
for I am sorry to say I am too  
now & need advise too badly myself  
to attempt it, but, as to his not  
having much to live on, they  
must not let that stop them,  
for I am sure that difficulty ~~is~~ can

invariably be gotten over by two  
that truly love one another.

I don't at all like your report  
of the progress of our affair with  
your mother, is making. I do wish  
you could get her to talk openly  
about it as I wrote you a short  
time since, for I am <sup>sure</sup> this way  
of nursing it up in her own  
mind all the time makes it  
much worse for you & for her.

Besides you seem to be very much  
troubled & have to keep yourself so  
hard at work that you break down  
to keep yourself from thinking so  
much. Don't say love, you  
don't dread coming to me, do  
you? I know it will be a  
great change for you, but if  
you love me just half as much

as I do you. I know my own  
love, that we will be happy.

I did not lose any of your letters  
had only one of them forwarded &  
that was returned, you may  
depend on it, I love & enjoy them  
too much to let one get lost.

It is quite curious to see  
how well you see through  
Oliver's character, I had just made  
up my mind to just about  
the same sort of thing when I  
got your letter.

I am more & more thankful  
every time I see her now, that  
I am free from her, for I seem  
to see her differently from when  
I was engaged to her.

she sent for me the other day  
& foolishly, told me a long  
account of what some old



old Lady in town had been saying to her Mother about being so sorry for Olive and sympathizing with her & hoped she was not suffering very much, & then she said once or two very rude things, to try to make me feel badly.

I listened to it all & then asked her what she wanted me to do about it, that I would go & tell the old "busy body" that she had of her own free will discarded me, but she said, O, no, I would not have you do that, but I just thought I would tell you how they were talking. I was very much displeas'd with her for siding

for me & truly showing so little  
pride & no common sense, &  
I don't propose to stand it  
again, the next time I shall  
tell her plainly that I would  
not open that subject with  
her again. so if she had nothing  
else to send for me for, please not  
to do it, for I do not care a  
straw, what the gossips about  
this little town said.

My news from Richard  
& the mountains is very good.  
I believe they are all going  
on fairly well, & my mother  
writes me that she is very  
comfortable & happy at  
Sister Maggie's & stands being

separated from sister Mollie  
& her children much better  
than she had ever hoped for.

Addie I understand is very  
happy &c, but I suppose you  
write to her & hear very often.

You speak of July being much  
better than August for us to be  
married in. Well you have very  
ideas by this time in two recent  
letters. & I still think that  
July June would be best.

I cannot tell yet just how  
soon I will have to return here,  
but will know before I leave in  
the spring. I expect now to be  
able to get to England by or before  
June 1<sup>st</sup>. I must for I want to see you  
so much, that sounds long enough  
certainly. Good bye & good night  
My own sweet love, your own  
Arthur

MAY 13 1872