Wentworth Dec 4th 1847

Lip Adams,

With all my heart, Mary, I sent you a merry greeting. May it find you bright & joyous; with no anxious care to deprive your buoyant spirit; with no "thought of gloom", casting their dark shadows over the bright heavens of your hopes; with no sad remembrance, which makes fond Memory whisper an unpleasant tale of bygone things: But may it find you with bright eye & joyous heart, glancing over the mirror of the Past, where the Enchanting Memory is calling up her brightest images to cheer the present hour; or may it find you gazing with still tender delight on the yet brighter scenes, which Fancy paints, with the magic pencil of youthful hope, upon the glowing canvases of the Future.

I hope that you will not consider
I would not have you believe that my object in soliciting this correspondence was for the purpose of writing you a long letter. Long letters constitute a peculiar species of correspondence, which I have never admitted, and which I have no disposition now to indulge in. They call into requisition talents, which, if I possess, I have no desire to cultivate. I hope therefore that you will not consider this a genuine love letter, even should it contain some expressions which you may be pleased to turn into "cotton wool." I know you should judge it to be of the genus of "Apologies where sentiments are concerned," permit me to assure you that it happened in my experience that it was not my intention. My object is to write you a letter even in my sentiments of the highest and purest affection of our nature. To express feelings which so long have been to a nearly heart, letters. They sometimes breach the present voice of Ether Wisdom. If I have failed to do this, I have not accomplished my object. As this is my first effort in letters of kind, I cannot flatter my
self with the hope of complete success.

If in attempting to avoid the formal and prosaic style of business letters, I have been so unfortunate as to fall into the low-sick
shapes of the school Boy, I hope that you will excuse & indulge in me - I wish to write in language worthy to bear my
thoughts & feelings, - these humble but sincerest tributes, - to that existence, around which the dearest, but sincerest wishes of my heart have so fondly clustered. - I wish to write in
language worthy of yourself, - and not as I would write to the gory, thoughtless, & giddy, Beller
who ever panteth after flatting, "as the hart
panteth after the water brook." - If I have
succeeded in my object, I am indeed fortunate
but if I have failed and you know that you
have the charity to excuse & forgive me,
but in saying so you must recollect that this a "first effort"
and first efforts in everything are of a peculiar character and complications. - Yours
They are stiff, awkward, clumsy, and in many cases decidedly green. The character & complexion of the man now before you may perhaps all the peculiarities I have mentioned, and I hope that it may seem to you if it do not interest you.

The excuse for my long prelude, is one that is often made by correspondents, "I have no news of interest to write about." In the present instance, you will find I have no doubt, the excuse to be a genuine one. I cannot flatter myself with the hope of affording you much entertainment. The current news of the country is entirely of a local nature and cannot interest you. The friendly gossip of our social circles, the "quiet peculiar" would appear dull & insipid to you who are unacquainted with the past & characters who act conspicuously in this "School of Scandal." The various reflections of "matters & things," which flit through my mind while seated in my solitary room would be more suited to one of your
an entirely composition. And I dislike it as much as the change of being extraneous. This I cannot think of writing a whole letter about, but all absorbing themes which engage me in the thought of my leisure hours. I found a charm of heavenly beauty in my dreaming fancies. I have therefore written a paper of Algonquin specimens; a little comic out of a considerable portion of nonsense: something that is original. It much that in common places, and upon the whole, I don't know a bit of stuff from which I trust you may be able to weave some homes of the Wheat of excellence. If you should be so kind as to copy this, I will be yourself to plant those best in the fertile places of your own heart, when I hope they will germinate & burst out bringing forth a beautiful harvest of fruit, which I should like to gather when Christmas.

I hope that your visit to London have been a pleasant one. I enjoyed myself greatly in your association. Your visit gave me pleasure for many reasons. I have known long dinners that my parents might be here, who had worn my utmost affections, and the entire concurrence in my choice, added greatly to the joy of my own. I likewise wished you to see the place of my nativity, where are the homes of my kindred and my earliest friends, where once gathered in fond recollection the tender aspirations of my childhood days. Where the bright dreams of my boyhood ambition were formed, where the promenades to lofty aspirations in the opening pastures, and where many a new parent to coming scenes of bliss, which will cluster to the crown. The homes to heart of my own bosom. Then hope, how poor "in these line I live together"! How you look. Then whispering voice of hope that burns such thrilling melody to the heart? So a thing you will not.

I shall certainly expect to see you at home on Thursday, the 23rd, and on Christmas Day, I shall expect to realize those sweet hopes that I have so long neared in my heart of hearts.
But now comes, what I fear you have
some time waited - the conclusion of this
strange and tedious affair of a letter - thank
it in my great fortune to write to you
again, I will endeavour to be more en-
tertaining, - For before that occasion can
occur again, I hope to know something
more explicit about your true feelings
of them you will be dispossessed of the
months of caution & mystery which has
to long enveloped every impulse and
emotion of your heart. - Could I call
this mine? May - this thought linked with
thy name, would give energy to my mind.
new life - breath to my heart, - and bright
visions to my now lapping fancy.

Present my kindest regard to your
Parents, whom I shall ever esteem and
respect, and above all other things, my
most affectionate remembrance.

With feelings of more than respect or
esteem, I remain

Your ever loving

Robert Dick

Mrs. Adams
Mentworth, Jan 7th — 48

Mr Adams

In compliance with your own wishes and in open violation of your express request I have determined to impose upon your notice. I am fully aware that in so doing I assume much responsibility and am in great danger of incurring the fearful penalty which I have so much dreaded, and which you have so often threatened, "I'll never forgive you". For such daring conduct some apology might reasonably be expected, but on this occasion I have not to offer; but am constrained to throw myself entirely upon your mercy. Could you but know the true impulses which have prompted and the deep-soiled motives which have induced me to brave your authority, by this act of rebellion, I should certainly expect a kind judgment. But they are secrets which I cannot disclose, even should they relieve me from my present difficulties. Suffice it, to say that they are connected with the memory of your kindness, the reaching forth of the hand into the utmost future.

As some atonement for this disobedience
I will endeavor to win your favor, by brevity, and fulfilling your last, by directing myself to the purpose in which I sometimes unconsciously indulge, and hold converse with you in the eighth and simple language of love and far destiny. The astonishment may not await me, but if I know anything of your heart, I believe it generous—recollecting the weakness of others—out of it I am willing to turn all of my hopes, my expectations, and my dreams of ambition out of love.

My last visit to your father was distinctly the most pleasant I ever enjoyed. Why, I must I am able to imagine, but I cannot tell for fear that I might be in error, and then turn all my pleasant fantasies to folly. The scenes of that visit were so remote to me, as those of some interesting play, and they now seem so bright out of view in the eye of memory, as if they were again forming before me. It would afford me much pleasure, as well as amusement, if the limits of a letter would allow, to point out the various scenes that were then painted, to send to you some of the thoughts of the Poets present, which gave so vivaciously—our joint reflections, which were new in the utmost hearts of us all. I might mistake some of the conceptions of the picture I would draw—might give it many lights and shades that were not real, but in the main a picture of the truest, and I would not be complete with nature. I have recorded here as much diversity of character in so small a circle as was observable in the world. Sunday—Wednesday—Saturday—shall take an occasion to write out the whole history of my visit for my own satisfaction in coming years. There were many things which interested me much which escaped your observation, and many things I heard which were somewhat mysterious—but none of the arrow.

Since my visit I feel like an almost being. Some mysterious influence has operated quietly upon me. Now my heart beats joyously, and my spirits are never low; and I feel a new incentive to realize the brighter dreams of my young ambition. Now I can dwell with the brighter creations of poetry, not feel some of the spirit of the sacred who formed them. Now I can look cheerfully over the mystic pages of Homer, storing my mind with their noble thoughts and sublime philosophy; for many, it will make me more worthy them.

But I am about to violate my promise which would be some thing unusual with me. I do sometimes observe it in others whom I esteem greatly, at mine—I should like you much to know the great reason you
I am for postponing me so long. This "great season" gives me some uneasiness, but it is the only thing now, which disturbs the quiet tenor of my thoughts, or threatens to mar my hopes. Mr. Logan is one confident cannot be the great reason, neither can Mr. G. furnish one of high import, and Mr. Lancaster to say the least of it is but a distant reason, to influence one who is too near and dear to me. What then can be the reason? My reason will not furnish me an answer, so that I am left alone on the wide field of purest conjecture, but unless I am not dealing with the being of great reason and candor I might feel somewhat uncomfortable in my present situation.

After reaching home, and examining the terms of my return, I find that I cannot be in Va. on the 15th of March as I supposed. My circuit commences one week later than I expected. I will be at your fathers on Thursday the 11th of February, when if it suits your convenience I would be pleased to see you. I must violate your request in this particular or be absent eight weeks. I greatly prefer being consistent unreasonably, to do long an absence in yielding to inclinations which on the pretext by the highest and present affection, I deem is the part of manhood to be weak.

Present my kindest respects to your Fathers and Mother, but be yourself, a proof of my most devoted affection. John. Foreman.

Mrs. Mary C. Adams

Richard
Mr. Henry Ashton returns you his grateful acknowledgment for your kind and courteous letter, which was sent on the 21st inst. It came like a pleasant companion to solace and to comfort, when doubts were gathering thick around the mind, and uncertainty was pressing down upon the heart. It afforded me, at least, that it was not permitted to cast my image still lingering, and I were furtive to hope. That heaven be with it, eternity. I often believe, Mary, that I have worn your love, and I am that in believing. May I never have cause to believe otherwise.

With this belief, I am willing to trust my hopes to the future, which to the young is ever bright, but my heart to thee, who has never "but once" deceived me.

After I feel much gratified at the receipt of your letter, I must confess, that its brevity was by no means agreeable, but I should feel somewhat disappointed in that respect, were it not for your late indispositions,
If I mistake not, you promised to write me a long letter, but all the more put your excuse for non-compliance as entirely satisfactory. I shall expect you to write the promise in future.

I sent your letter over there on four times which extend it to a very respectable length. Even on one great instance of you for no moment suppose that your letters will be "en entertaining on every side" to me. They will even be unusually lettered, if not entirely new.

They perhaps for me a charm of novelty which will always intrust, but they will never seem (if I were cool) of any share in the manner of the letter, what nourishes the "point." the present not the future with your Manners, more thought it is the precise letter writing is certainly a great invention in a sense of the highest phrases. The Pen is often a more faithful support of the true feelings of the heart than the tongue itself. So often sparks of thoughts not in language which the tongue will not utter. That I must conceive, that I press the language of your tongue as that is heart only in your presence, as you have forbidden me for by me up that no other promise in or simple a moment as your charitable liberality will allow you, that if you possibly come, as I am

first of society in language.

I observe that our new object of criticism in your letter, but that is, you greatly want about it, not failed to attach it to my particular person. Do you know it, "as it is," 1845, it would not have been mere thought, but let you attach it to "Bra. Brown," it would have added greatly to my enjoyment. I hope I will acknowledge the correctness of your criticism not perfectly, it is certain I was living to hear of your illness, but I hope by this time you have entirely recovered. I certainly highly appreciate your cheerfulness of the manner of your writing especially. As it was some ease to the heart to myPages. 1st I wish you to come as I leave you. 2nd I wish you were as easy to live as I am to live you. 3rd I wish you would consent to marry me before it begins. This can the three wishes which I desire to be completely with. I ask me other dislike. I must not at present concludedly preface you to any thing. Since have already have more liberty than I
ought to expect, and in return for your many
unexpected kindnesses and favours I am willing
to submit cheerfully to your Mandates.
Although I am a willing subject, I must be peremptory
to say, that your order, to abbreviate myself until
August, is harsh, unjust, unreasonable, and I might
say unreasonable. But I must submit to your
orders in strict obedience. May you please be generous, long wide extending a Cyprian
court and consent that I may visit you the 1st of April
the anniversary of our acquaintance. Can you
sincerely consent refused. May I may I come?
May 2d, and in my heart I will thank you.
In your next letter I wish to know if you
still doubt the sincerity of my love for you.
In every something this, you take wrong at me
much: If a near and dear friend should
doubt my love or even my friendship, it
would mortify me much. But when the
object of my love doubts the sincerity of my
devotion, it crushes my spirits with gloom
but melancholy, and I am always reflecting
that I should be so misunderstood. Derived
such unreasonable suspicions from your
heart, for you ought to know that I love
you. Never say I “Come not” again?
You should ask me “where is my Thought?”
When you tell me, that you will submit
to the Compromise I propose, I think I
ought to thank you for this concession. I think
that you will do right. — that you on liberal
I think that you are generous, — that you ought to consent to my loving you in April, that you ought to write me long letters when I am absent, and converse with me freely and openly when I am present. — That you ought not to doubt my love, and a thousand other things which rush in a current so strong along the channel of thought in a wild, glad and joyous current.

I am quite anxious to receive that letter in which you promise to be more explicit; I wish you would apprise some day for the happiness consumption of one.

Let it be as short a period as possible; this is a matter which I submit entirely to you; provided it comes within the time of compromise (1st of Sept) — Consult your own wishes in everything, but forget not my and my inclinations, altogether.

You have requested me to write you a real, good letter. — A real letter is one containing realities. — Reality is the opposite of fancy, and of course cannot be handsome or pretty. — Reality is often called cold, but then is generally an unpleasant acquaintance. Reality in feeling, is much to be desired. In these particulars I have written you a real letter
My page may well be called a long letter. But there I must stop, as the "tow that went out of site" is the old rules of discourse, and I will leave you to infer the rest. Do I know within how you a rich long letter to say nothing of the great one. I have written you, you will be with I intend, but I could not help following the rule "to write others, as you would have them do unto you." If I hope your thoughts love this rule for you would expect that in your letter. I am say "And you never take pains with any thing. After the commission I ought to be content here. I inflict them and bring my letter to this close. Some ought always to be willing to take what you give to another. Some give pains and uncertain, some own. Therefore to take the pains you give the pains of uncertainty. The pains of absence I. 3 you ought to take the pains of long letters to write thing here.

But now comes the gloating scene of this address coming to rest. I was, when the least important character makes his personal appearance. I have been quite well ever since I have gone last. The circuit this for has been somewhat disagreeable, notwithstanding the inclination of the sea. I have seen the waves roll, the mountains, and the noise of the rushing came out. I have seen Nature in her beauty. Her grandeur and her loftiness. I have vied by the "new by stream. I will not leave many a facet of nature's melody. But amidst all the merits of the Highland, I have thought of my "lost last May." At this sentiment, I think you, you laugh, and think it now out of place. But it is the truth, even though at times it seems ridiculous.

I am at present in Vermont. Among my old friends, not writing my old friends. My friends are all glad to see me, but I no longer see the sunny hours of welcome that used to be the face of beauty, or the time that took the time that one great man. They have given place to a somewhat sequestered and seeming life. Some congratulations. As some means to reflect upon, to reach. And the air is clear, so to enjoy the life, the heat, the sun, the air. My dear friend, I cannot write from what, I cannot write what, and on what authority. But the weather has been late, and to be satisfied with it. Everything is at peace. The sun is still up to four in the afternoon. My dear friend, I cannot write what, and on what authority.
Tell your Mother that I delivered the Present to my Mother, which was thankfully received.

I will send you a copy of my Speech as soon as I reach Wentworth, and have an opportunity of gathering up the fragments.

I think it unnecessary to be so particular in forwarding our correspondence. I have mailed this letter as you requested. I wish you would send me your letters directly to Wentworth, it will not be noticed. But if you think otherwise, enclose your letters to

James W. Dick. 12 October 27, New York and I will do the same, but this will greatly delay our correspondence. Write on a clean sheet and a satisfactory answer, as soon as you receive this. I should be much pleased if you would send me your Decameron for I have an opportunity. And now if you please, "Land of Light" I have one last request to make. Let me come to see you about the 15th of April. By that time I will have been in Florence sufficiently long to attain for my remaining indifference here.

Sister Mary! - Never till the voice of Memory is hushed forever will Florence, St. Clare be forgotten by me.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Remember me to your Parents at Uncle Hild.
Mary,

I left the “City of Daks,” I sent the Neighbors to greet you. May it find you both in health and spirits, as my heart most fondly wishes.

My journey to the city was a long, dreary, and heartrending one; yet a single thought was present—swept to cheer, and even make me happy—upon the thought of thee Mary.

I have met with many of my old friends here, still will make my stay a very pleasant one. The many reminiscences of former days even making for me, and again I can hold converse with the “Old Times.” The weeks two friends of former days, our amount me; the reminiscences of future slips on before me;—why then should I not be happy?

The journey to you is not in the city; of course I shall not see him. In the arrangements which I have made for the 27th, I have asked to attend to your last and wishes. Be sure the brief letter as I write in great haste. I will be certain to see you on the 29th inst. till then “Farewell,” my own dear one.

Yours in sincere affection

[Signature]

Raleigh, Apr 15th
Greensboro, April 15th, 48

Mary,

I hope that my frequent correspondence will not be regarded as troublesome. It is to me a pleasant privilege, which I cannot forego. Thus to transfer my thoughts to thee, I hope that I possess such a show of your esteem and affection that you would not deign me to despise myself. This pleasure, but I know that no further apology is necessary.

I am at my "Old Home" again, and I find that the links of endearment which bind me there are not much strengthened by the reflection that it is to be our future home. I long for the time when I can say with all my heart, "Home! Sweet Home!" There is no place or corner like my Home. If I mistake not you can enable me to do so, my own sweet Mary. I have often determined to reform my sentimental habits, which I know are disagreeable to you, but you perceive that I have not as yet succeeded. I have passed through many scenes since last I saw you, but I have not much or seen much. I have seen much of the bright and natural beauty of our own country. I have missed the stirring scenes of busy life, but I have not for one
I will conclude this letter here, for I know if I were to finish it, you would say "sentimental again."

Don't you think that Old Times is a thing, rather lugubrious? The women, belles, breasts of the coming day, seem too have the same effect on me, that it does on some of his creatures, the moon, sleep, rather late in the morning, or how it clutches better in the Recesses of counting out the minutes, hours, and days of human life. But I will strive to be patient with the Old Times, as perhaps he delays is for the purpose of pleasing you, and I will only promise to make the 25th of October a bright and joyous one as my own heart will then be. I will never say anything more about his ugly habits, but talk of delays.

Just before I left Raleigh and after the date of my letter of the 12th inst., I met with Miss Novice Cogswell, who came to see me, but said little of your affairs. She seems to expect me as a brother in misfortune as she treated me with unusual kindness and cordiality. I did not see the letter, as my time was too much engaged, but after the left the City. But more of those particular events.

I met with a frequent look of yours in Raleigh (Drummond), who I purchased one of your recent novels. It interested me much, as you once told me. That I express my feelings towards you, I must say too much. That I was so worthy of your esteem and affection, as Drummond was of the care and keeping our beautiful Batteries. I have not finished it yet, but I know it as well as the best because a bright & happy destiny. Such as I hope ours may be. I can observe many points of similarity between ours and Batteries. I desire much to prove to you the sincerity of my affection, as I know that you are to be trusted. You were much in me if you be so. I know that I can hold for you a form and direct affection, which I freely accept, as I Courts and keeping our relationship, have been to passify, strengthen, and refine. But why should I say more? My own heart tells me, that now you believe not or willing to trust me.

Since I last saw you, I have heard many flattering reports, which encouraged me greatly. I do not know your affectionate "I love you," but not expect them for a moment with any seriousness, as I do too much confidence in you never to express their true feelings.

I have heard that you have been very well since I saw you. I hope this summer, like the rest, is uneventful. I know that you are not as...
continues your health as you should be, and it has given me some uneasiness. Please be more careful and continue. I am now the center of my hopes and dearest affections, and in regarding your help, your love, this... if you love me, please don't do this!

Know very agreeably I should be surprised to find a letter from you in this evening's mail. Have you written to me lately? If you have, with all my heart I thank you. If you have not, I cannot blame you, or feel much disappointed, as you told me you "hadn't yet".

Present my kindest regards to your parents, and to Lamburn who is to be very "Dear little one". But know that whenever the coming of the next which is always best when I address it to you "Lamborn".

Yours sincerely & affectionately,

Margaret

[Signature]
Kentworth May 15, 1848

"My Own One"

For a while I have secluded myself from the busy world to think only of this. In these moments on the desert, and they always fill my heart with pure and holy joy - with noble thoughts and lofty aspirations.

I have now left the noisy haunts of men, where I find nothing but cold selfishness and self-seeking insincerity, to mingle in the society of silent thoughts with one who at least is a warm and sincere friend.

I have been somewhat gloomy since I left you. Every parting grows more painful, and my heart while wrapt in study, my whispers, "That most true of my life, I love my Mary!"

I ought to love you Mary! Your constant to be mine under existing circumstances I highly appreciate. Occupying the position you do in society; surrounded as you are with opulence; most fortunate as you have been in the
of duty and of love; a preface of duty must
introduce a vast majority of your
ship; you might well claim not to expect to
acquire the heads of the individuals and
wealthy of your State.
But yam have learned to be the pride of care,
who has not wealth, who is not known to
person, and who in the tenderest moments first,
was to you a stranger. Some have learned to be
mine against the wishes of a very kind heart
and contrary to the counsel of many of your
companions and your earlier days. I ought then to
love you as I do! For which should be my love and
your happiness? The object of my life and
future happiness.

Since I left you, I have heard some more
"Reports." I have understood is coming from
No. 6, that in his last conference with you, he
demanded your advice. Immediately he, your
dear friend, he returned to vote, his argument
for your return. I do not know how, while he
should return years. You told him that you could
never leave the home, as it was against the wishes of your
Parents, but promised him already that you
could never come myself. I have since that
would like to see you, and considerate it;
seem to have been engaged in your, not the
somewhat suspects that you were not very
the simplicity of us both. The "Reports" affect me
not, except to alter my materially my opinion
of the 6. This family informs me that I do not
like the 6 what he is in report to have done. I
have never communicated any thing to the family
of my offices. These are many reasons why
we have not written them any thing in rotation in relation to
you and myself. But they have not written
anything with me in my frequent. The Mijan, they are
very determined which have been manufactured
by the designing into certainities. None of the
preparations, which I have been obliged to
make may have been the origin of some of
these rumors. I have not been instrumental
in giving publicity to that which you desire
to remain secret. But I must confess that I
cannot see the reason from such events arises.
In one of the reports that our business is in favor
of the highest person. To you it should not be our
reason. I leave your name, and for me I was
concerned I can not tell what I know it.
I shall leave here this morning for London, where I expect to spend one of the seven long weeks, which intervenes between me and perfect happiness. I shall return to Crownhur on the 13th when I expect to receive that long-looked for letter from your prominent man. I shall see you, I hope, on the 20th when we can finally arrange all the preliminaries. I have written to my friend Mr. P... in one of my letters on the 17th. She is in every way worthy of such a person.

And now, Mary, "Love & Joy", and may heaven in richest blessings be with you.

Yours in esteem, regard & love,

Robert

My dear Mary.


Sir Dick,

If life lasts and health fails not, I will be with you at an early hour in the morning and at your bedside. You by your lady's side look beautiful and demean herself most charming to be attentive, would not be any nonsense in one or two.

W. B. R.

[Signature]
Swansea, June 15th 1840

My love,

I have availed myself of the earliest opportunity afforded me, of writing to you. I reached home on yesterday, and was much gratified to meet with my father, and brother from New York, who had arrived a few hours before me. I have but seldom, except a happier family circle than was open to that evening. It has not all been so often that for many a long month before. We all had many pleasant incidents to relate, and the pains of absence were more than compensated by the pleasures of that meeting hour. There is no place on earth so pleasant as the domestic heart, not but pure hours so sweet, as when affectionate-kindred met. The engaging fable of our conversation, was Mr. Thackeray, and the interest which all manifest to our pleasure which they all seem to feel, contribute much to
my own bright and happy anticipations.

I am sure for the affection to family,

which I have in fact in trust you. Let

they have a deep hold upon my affection.

I feel not almost know how or occasioning

is done necessary to make you attach you to my

family. I have never seen that the pass our

"wishes to try them" and up your our great 

pion to your own little nature. They make us

particular to entertain the facility, yet

they perhaps many of them qualities with which

nature stamps me with. I know you care

out would love them, and they will have for

you the most tender affection. They will

love you as they would love me, and such a

sister attachment cannot be disregarded.

I am in a letter from Mr. Bailey declining

my invitation. He reasons for so doing,

was simply satisfactory, as they were prior

obligations more dear than those which

friendship implies. I have written to

Mr. Phillips, not expect an answer in a few

days. I have written to Mr. Wills, who I

will see sent an invitation to Beaver. And

Mr. Murray, who is, Mr. Barron. I should be in

a moment in but, were it to find in fulfilling

promise which we can so heartily pursue.

I have written to Dr. Dennis and shall probably

have from him by return mail, and I will

give you the particulars in my next letter.

I have not as yet written the early letter of

my farm, but, as far as I, I am not in the Village at this time. I will see

them when I return from the Court. I

will then let you know what I have

done.

I have sent all of my clothing from Belvedere.

I must come by this I do not fancy the girl

pattern, and the order. They will look very well, my

need be light. I have sent your Irish Pear

and I think it is a very handsomely one. The

breakfast is in good style and very showy. The

afternoon was prepared for in fine weather.

The thing is quite large and brilliant. I have

done in Baltimore to obtain the wedding ring

and have it handsomely engraved. Mr.

Barry will be here too moment, and may
Brother tells me that it is a very kind offer you make, I shall confidently expect to hear from you next week, and if you have not written me a kind and affectionate letter I shall be much surprised as well as grieved.

I hope you will lay aside your cold indifference and again at least the woman feelings of friendship. — I know that you can and you must love me. — You have a heart highly capable of the tender love I will use every effort to win your affection. Oh! do not withhold these Thang? — Do not fear misunderstandings. — These will be the finest, only ever I betray that heart theirs, then let me die!

I will write to you again on to day walk and give you more satisfactory information than I was at present able to do. — All then my "lovin' I love'ly one," Good Bay.

Your unloved one,

who loves you still

My own dear Mary

Robert

P.S. — I hope your daguerreotype was before me over the morn & in it the more I prize the gift.
Greensboro June 20th/45

My Dearest One

Your long & affectionate letter of the 15th inst. came to hand this morning. - But I say that I sent it, with heart-felt pleasure! - But I say that I am under a thousand obligations to you for your kindness! - May it was a letter worthy of you! The thought therein contained, and the feelings therein expressed, speak a purity of heart out of sentiment which can alone originate from a noble nature. - I sent it, and resent it, not always with increasing pleasure. - It serves to sweeten the recollections of past joys, and throw a heavenly brightness over the descending picture. But the feelings of pleasure which it inspired were not unmixed with some sat reflections. This one I worthy to be the constant companion and protector of such a being. - Love &
Realize the hopes and expectations which your pure heart has nurtured long and so fondly! how I compensate you for the many sacrifices you are about to make for me: in quitting the peaceful and happy home of your childhood, in leaving the cherished friends of your earliest days, to go into a strange land! with me. I feel the responsibility which I am about to assume, the high and distant duties which I have to discharge. But with a firm heart and high resolve, I will meet them, and endeavor to realize to you the bright and happy destiny from which you long, out of which I feel that you are worthy. So heart worn from my life shall wear great years on your joy is will our participations, in your sorrows I will always claim our4 stience to length. The best how our part to act. Let us fulfill them well. to us love one another with constant affection, and then if kind heaven will but smile upon our union, we will be happy, and never have come to regret that our destinies have been mingled into one.

I will take great pleasure in complying with the various requests contained in your letter. I cannot see the reason for some of them, yet I am fully satisfied that you would not request any thing without good sufficient cause. My confidence in you is so unbounded, that I will submit cheerfully to any request you may deem proper to make.

I have sent a letter to Mr. Rush, who informs me that he will be present in the 37th. and he likewise takes occasion to pay you some very kind compliments, and speaks of you in the most affectionate manner.

I was pleased to learn that many of your friends would visit Schenck with you. I hope not believe that they will visit their visit a very pleasant one. I have invited some of the same local ladies to be present at our Bridal, and I think it probable that most of them
will comply with the invitation.

I was very much amused, but not disap-
pointed at Miss Frank’s ingenuity. She can
verify the old adage, “that ugly folks are
always the smartest.” No wonder then that
she out-witted you — the reason which
you assign is certainly not sufficient. My
family might have had some influence upon
her conduct, but it certainly would not
justify her in thus slighting so old and
confidential a friend as yourself. You
have no right to complain of false friends
when your “Foster Sister” thus betrays you.

With longing anxiety, I await the 27th
May. That day be us bright and as fair as
I would have it be. If life yields, I
will certainly see you then, as my own
loved and loving Bride. — Eile them “my
own one” Good Bye, and may the richest
blessings of Heaven be yours.

I am, Yours devoted

to the pride of my heart,

who loves me not.

Mary

Robert
I hope that no apology or explanation is necessary on my part for commencing a correspondence with you, if there should be. I can simply say that my own inclination has prompted me to enter upon the pleasant undertaking I am well aware that there are reasons sufficiently worthy of solicitude, and I will know that strongly in my conduct, cousin Lizzie, we must not be urged to be friends: - the link that binds us together is one of the dearest and most tender ties, which friendship can never know. - I know that you love my Mary: Know that I love her, and two bless thee thus loving the same object, surely certainly to like one another.
I have succeed by the assurance of some kind notice in winning the affection of one of your most eloquent friends, and I sincerely hope that the same tenet may enable me to obtain your affectionate esteem not losing sight of the distant object of your love. I hope that I have not burdened the line that closes your verse almost into silence, but that the theme will not remain without notice, in my future association with you, to compensate you for a portion of the many proofs of dependence which I have confess. I ought to love you, Cursive Lizzie; you were the companion of my many, child heart. Together you have left the prince of pleasures. Calling the scenes, flowers, of childhood. Thinking from the same crystal hills of purity. Come morning, waking in Fancy. Lizzie, the line bright phases of Cursive's heart. How are you, Cursive, Lizzie? — I feel that I am happy. — Yet I wonder that I can remain. I have known your husband, in every respect such as my heart could wish it. In my absence, come out without facies, I have never
never pictured a more perfect woman: I cannot only love her with all the love and tenderness which the heart is capable of feeling, but I could worship her with the wildness of an enthusiast.

But enough of these impassioned remonstrances: perhaps you may suppose your new boson is a more proper object for your pity and sympathy, there for your censure, not regard and a more suitable inmate for our affections, than for the Sanction of Friendship.

But now, in conclusion, permit me to express the hope, which I sincerely entertain, that this letter will not be an unwelcome visitor, but its contents not disagreeable, and that always in our future intercourse, I may your patron as Constant Begg, and am allowed to address myself as

Yours affectionately,

Robert.
I sing to the Savior of the homy Round all with thine eyes. I'll surely sing,
and with my trembling heart with golden stroke
make the glad melody of my trumpet string

From the banks of Dorn the song shall rise
And plant along its sparkling stream,
Swell on the bough and mingle with the trees
For numbers such are only worthy of my theme

Oh! I would that I could feel the wonders of the
That ever Reynolds left for men, one painter
When numbers swept from his lips, things fell
in yet the monster of long ago his head had pierced

Then could I sing in a worthy strain
Of Old Carolina's gem, the Round all's pride
And in it, for better that my heart in silence lives
At the low solitude and to silence that

A bitter heart now work at the noise of song,
She humbly tribute were seen of them of beauty's heart
But a hour more une - with feeling strong
her never friendships more offering spirit
Miss Mary E. Adams,
Manville,
Virginia.
our sorrows, & when life's pilgrim's way is over, we
conly look into the "dark valley" - with out
our hearts illumined with the hope, that we shall
merit ascent to the Throne of the Eternal, - to dwell
together amidst the joys of Heaven, in the habita-
tions of the blest.

Mary, I feel somewhat sad, and you may
think rather romantic, - this morning. - Yet
I have written nothing more than I felt, and
I hope you will believe in my sincerity.

I can give you but little news. - Since we
left Gravesend Mrs. Dorothy has died. - Mrs. Smith
is ill; but we think she will recover. - The heart
of the town is very good, at present.

Thompson burnt it was moved to Mile End
Dock last week. - John I came to your left
this morning to have Mr. Smith. - Brother
sister & Mrs. Robert, Dixon were with him.
Every thing above lower is dragging on as
usual.

Your car looks very well. - I have plenty
to white working. - Nelson is now busy in
plowing - it is very much, as soon as he finishes I will know you
pulls tugboat & finisher. - Every thing own
here is very dry. - I have your box & news
without. - I will come for Ralph in the
morning. - I love best on in erwanno from
Judge Sanders to stay at his house, and
Inquire to do so. I was employed in
them or from any sort of business. I
think I will go to a practice there.

Your time afforded some assurances
for our town. You know you invite
The Miss Weirs to stay with you this
summer vacation. They go all over the
town and they talk of nothing else. They
on making great proposals come over.

The old man, old woman, the three girls
Ralph & Bessy & old Amos & wistfully all
speak of going & staying with you six
weeks. They expect you to come over the
15 of June and every some of them. If you
do not come, they lose hope of two horse
wagon to go over. They talk and dream
of nothing else, but it concerns the
people of our town very much. But they
are sorry for you. There is so getting clear
of them. I am hunting every for you. If
now but Miss Anderson were to come in
may I do. But I have rotten home. The billows
from the some length of time there to be
with them all. I will try to devise some
way to get you out of the people. If you deign
either you know I hardly can feel. I will
take the post of Phil O’Regan & endeavor to
manage the Rooneys. Soon my love to your
mother & all others. Write to me Saturday. I will
write again soon.

Yours devoted Roberts.