Sidney Place, Dec 29th, 1828

Friend Annabelle,

Now that you are about to leave us, and to depart us of the pleasure of your society for a time, we know not how long. I cannot refrain from expressing my deepest regret at your departure. Without a parting word.

Along the journey of life, we not infrequently meet with persons whom we love to retain in our thoughts, whilst the multitude pass by us, unheeded or forgotten.

By it it is, I will not stop to inquire, but the time will only say, that I take great pleasure in saying to you, that you are not of the multitude, and that you share largely in my friendship and esteem.

I know not how it may be with you, but with me, of all the emotions of my heart, mercy and welcome are those called for by the kindly influence of true friendship.

You will pardon me, I trust, in speaking to you familiarly, as though we had been acquainted for years, for I always speak and write just as I feel, or not at all. Indeed what had called formerly, true friendship? Or why should strangers, having the same journey of life together, continually remain strangers on the way.
Now that I feel myself somewhat acquainted with you, I feel more than ever my wish to return to my delightful village. I am regretting me the pleasure, not only of your society, but also of re-establishing a connection now accomplished by this letter, but also, hearing the improved condition of your health.

You are about eleven miles and dear friends to dwell with, equally near and dear to you. And even if not for the peculiar situation (as delicate health of some of the kind), your desire to remain with either would be fully equal.

As it is, I can only imagine you being driven from the dear friends with your friends.

I hope you may be prosperous on your way to New York with fair weather, comfortable quarters, and good spirits, most of all. I also hope that you may soon have your health and return to the place in the Spring.

With the best friends in the world—two good husbands. I cannot forget to say to you that I feel thankful that you will leave behind for the consolation of your friends, the best sister in the world. If you should ever need this in connection, communication, it is done in a great hurry, and by a mind wholly unsettled.

Ridley Place, 20th Nov. 1830

[Signature]

Mr. [Signature]
To Miss Hamilton Whittock

Dear Miss Hamilton Whittock,

I am not satisfied with what I have written to you, and cannot recite the words that express what I desire, something more congruent to your feelings and more worthy of your notice as a token of remembrance of me.

If I were better acquainted with you, I should be able to know better what subject would be acceptable to you, and should endeavor to shape my discourse accordingly. As it is, I shall speak to you in a vein of thought most consonant to my present feelings, much wishing at the same time that what I should say may prove not unpalatable to yourself.

I can assure you I take great delight in writing to those whose good opinions I much value, and by whom I wish to be held in remembrance. Especially if I can flatter myself that by so doing, I can contribute anything to their happiness. For happiness is the grand object and daily pursuit of us all—And though we never come quite up to it—yet we approach it as nearly as mortals can—while we know to the full enjoyment of true social friendship. And nothing more readily is deemed that state of feeling than the opening the heart to a friend through the medium of writing. Under that influence, the mind unites and grows as it were a purification. The thought becomes elevated, purified, refined, and the heart takes sweet delight unalloyed by the drops of common talk.

You have doubtless long since discovered the insignificance of this world; and how little of happiness it yields. Many of its vanities, and yet how prayers we all and to trust to it, as the only source of joy and pleasure. That the
should not be permitted to take the eulogies of some bits in this life, I can conceive the final and right hand present of infinite is probationary to purify us, and raise our affections above the vanities of this life, that we may enjoy a higher atmosphere than we here inhale. But that but being continually deceived by the fair yet deceitful promises of happiness, hold and taste by the world, should cling to them, as the only power at peace and composure is to make one of the greatest of my trials. Yet this state of things, this profusion of our outward wrongs, is one and known to be insurmountable without a wise and good Providence, and in this thought I have great consolation, I find that is for believing that our Heavenly Father is all wise and full of mercy and on that hope may we not aspire if we put our trust in him? since he is the highest and best source of all true happiness. Turned to the present and the last of human blessings to us, please accept what I have here written in your Friend truly,

W.C. Uxomel