Tuesday night.

You are well aware my darling Alice
that the monotony of the life with us has
in such a thing rendered it impossible for me to find
interesting matter for a letter, and in fact caused a
dearth of subjects for any letters, even of the ininter-
eting class. Of the truth of another lamentable fact
to which it would be useless to repeat I now am also
convinced by experience. Yet notwithstanding these
two most formidable and insurmountable difficulties
in the way of epistolary composition, I cannot
resist the desire which I so continually feel to
write something to you, even though I find myself
inclined to take but one or two dozen lines. It is
somewhat singular, I think, that long and who
had always such a story dispositions, and I have
to take advantage of the facilities for the communi-
cation of our thoughts which are afforded us, find
so much difficulty in raging enough to fill
also a sheet. In the present instance, I find
great consolation in foreseeing the thing is not
from you to carry on this continual correspondence
with you, dedicated as it is.

I called at the office this afternoon and was
somewhat disappointed in being told that
There was nothing for me. The truth is I did not much expect to hear from you by today's mail, for although you promised to write, I knew that you would not receive my letter until last night and I was afraid that you would not mail your answer. I wrote you on Friday, and I wrote you on Thursday, and you did not write me back, but I wrote you on Thursday, and I wrote you on Friday, and you did not write me back.

I must wait until Thursday afternoon. I am afraid it is all your fault, and my fault. I have continued to rain all day yesterday and this morning cleared off, so that not only is beautiful morning I fear I among your by always having so much to do I am the worst that I cannot help. For unfortunately it had a great effect on me. I do not feel like the same man on a clear and a cloudy day. That is if other things are not exactly suited to my liking, for instance if I am not with you, if I am, then I dearly observe whether it is raining or shining. When I went out today morning I had a sort of feeling that the beautiful weather and actually waiting, do you know why? Because I could not enjoy it with you. That was a very selfish feeling, wasn't it? The fact is that selfishness is springing greatly with me in many of the things in which you are concerned. But enough of that for the present.
I did not meet him this afternoon. After the
unusual festivities before the setting of the day and which
were already over. While I was sitting, waiting for the fall
of rain to stop, I heard the young ladies all come down stairs, and
talk along the street. I could not help but be
able to imagine the state of surprise and confusion this
news would have. They were all surprised by the sight of my
frightened physiognomy. It seemed like an exceedingly
unusual event. They are all well except for a letter that has
been suffering for several days with a letter that
beautiful dish. The cat with one, while I was there and
so much beat me at backgammon too worse than that.

Don't game, ace me. Your dear mother gave me a
rose—very pretty. A hand of flowers, or rather I suppose I
must give you the credit of them as the process
not exact them. Mr. Williams brought down the likeness
I am to return it. But I told her that I did not know
whether she cared to keep it, yet as you said
I pointed out I would be glad for to retain it as I had one
that I think that this one on the living is a much
better likeness than the other.

The sympathy of the good people here, so many kind
words. I enclose at present in behalf of your Mrs. Sheldon,
your mother who had become a bankrupt. I suppose that
which all his property will have to be sold. Mrs.
Pimentel and Mrs. Althea are at present in Gloucester.
Would you believe that I have not had a single
visit except to the Saddlers since my return?

Naughty fellow, I am ashamed to go anywhere
now, though I still hope that by making a
desperate effort I will be able to get through.

Let me thank you again and to break
anything with regard to the various enga-
gements here, when I have tolerance.

The clock had struck eleven and I must
therefore say good night, my dear. S. H. W.
Wednesday, A. M. My poor dear, if I cannot take a walk
with you this beautiful morning, I must at least
be sworn to remain for taking up my pen to the
scope of the day. I have time to be happy to
that pleasure, I know it is wrong for one who
have so much to make me happy. It would be
the most grateful for the sake of the invalid, and so
often remember all of the comparatively a
small communication, but indeed I cannot help it.

I took a long walk this morning in the direction
of the tribe and on my return met the Lady
and Miss Davis on their coming. Before they
were near me, the old gentlemen called out to
me with a very kind face (you remember
I mentioned that he came down to the tree)
how are all our friends in Richmond? The
so on his way to the Convention and will ab-