

Tuesday night.

You are well aware my darling Alice, that the monotony of the life which I lead here is such as to render it impossible for me to find interesting matter for a letter, and in fact causes a dearth of subjects for my letters, even of the uninteresting class. Of the truth of another lamentable fact (which it would be useless to repeat) you are also convinced by experience. Yet notwithstanding these two most formidable and insurmountable difficulties in the way of epistolary composition, I cannot restrain the desire which I so continually feel to write something to you, even though I am unable to eke out more than a dozen lines. It is somewhat singular, I think, that any one who has always such a strong disposition, as I have, to take advantage of the facilities for the communication of our thoughts which are afforded us, should find so much difficulty in saying enough to fill up a sheet. In the present instance, I find great consolation my precious one, <sup>during</sup> my absence from you, to carry on this continual correspondence with you, desultory as it is.

I called at the office this afternoon and was somewhat disappointed on being told that

There was nothing for me. The truth is I did not much expect to hear from you by to-day'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 yours in time for it to reach me to-day. If there was to mail to-morrow I could bear it better but the worst of it is that I must wait now until Thursday afternoon! Come, patience! bring all your forces to my assistance.

It continued to rain all day yesterday, and this morning cleared off, so that we had a beautiful evening. I fear I annoy you by always having so much to say about the weather, but I cannot help it for unfortunately it has a great effect upon 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 scarcely observe whether it is raining or clearing. When I went out this evening, I had a sort of feeling that the beautiful weather was entirely wasted! 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 operates greatly with me in many other things in which you are concerned but enough of that for the present.

I did I went down to the Academy this afternoon for the  
up's mail first time since the evening of the day on which  
w that I returned. While I was sitting, waiting in the pas-  
set night bar, the young ladies all came down stairs, sing-  
to mail ing and talking very gaily. The door happened to be  
If it be wide open and as I was sitting near it, you may  
is it be imagine the state of surprise and confusion into  
which they were thrown by a sight of my  
time's frightful physiognomy - it amused me excessively.  
They are all well except <sup>that</sup> Mrs. Lefebvre has been  
suffering for several days with a severe tooth-  
beautiful ache. She sat with me while I was there and  
so much beat me at backgammon too: worse than that!  
For game and me! Your dear mother gave me a  
me - I do very pretty bunch of flowers, or rather I suppose I  
and a must give Lou the credit of them as she brings  
not exact them in. Mrs. Williams brought down the picture  
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 would so, I would be glad for <sup>her</sup> to retain it, as I had one  
of that They think that the one in the ring is a much  
a! do you better business than the other.

The sympathy of the good people here is very much  
wants it? excited at present in behalf of poor Mr. Sheldon,  
thy mother who has become a bankrupt. I suppose that  
are all his property will have to be sold. Mrs. S -  
present, and Miss Mattie are at present in Gloucester.

Would you believe that I have not paid a single  
visit except to Mr Saunders, 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  
yet! Let me charge you again not to broach  
anything with regard to the various engage-  
ments here, which I have told you!

The clock has struck eleven and I must  
therefore say good night - my dearest Alice  
Wednesday 3 P.M. My precious, if I cannot take a walk  
with you this beautiful evening I must at least  
beg you to excuse me for taking up my pen to tell  
you how hard it is with me to be kept  
that pleasure. I know it is wrong for me who  
have so much to make me satisfied - so much to be  
thankful for, to be so often discontented, and so  
often murmuring at what is comparatively a  
small privation; but indeed I cannot help it.  
I took a long walk this morning in the direction  
of the wharf, and on my return, met the Bishop  
and Miss Julia in their carriage. Before they  
got near me, the old gentleman called out to  
me with a very knowing laugh (you remember  
I mentioned that he came down with me) -  
"How are all our friends in Richmond?" "Hee  
is on his way to the Convention and will do =