

To Miss S.*****B*****.

Why should not thy lips
The richest music swell
With beauty to inspire
For thy theme is Miss B. — W.
Synodally

or Lady, if I could write for thee } I would that I might write for thee
The future's hidden leaf
Then not a line or word should be

of sorrow or of grief
No gloomy tear should ever dim
That magic smile of thine
Which tells of joy and peace to him
On whom its bright rays shine

For thou hast been to me a star
A pure and holy light
Like a bright beacon from afar
To guide the wanderer right
Now I have gazed upon thy face
Forgetting all beside
And even now I seem to trace
Thy features at my side

The world is bright before thee, — now
And may the light of joy
That beams upon thy lovely brow
Never feel the least alloy
And may I often — often hear
The music of thy voice
Breathing in gladness, sweet and clear
To make my heart rejoice

My dear William

W. I. — 9^x
Don Aug^t 28 1830 (Kew)

Immediately on the receipt of your kind
letter I wrote the above lines and now send them without any ab-
tention or apology. If they suit you I shall be glad. If not I
must try again. You can alter the first line if you choose as above.
Indeed I think you had better. You can say "Lady" or "Maiden."
I have a letter from Hunter. He seems rather hurt
at something I have said to you (or which he thinks I have said)
in regard to taking charge of an heiress. I hope you will settle this

this with him as he is one of the last whose feelings I would intentionally injure. I wish you would say this to him. He writes me that he is writing a History of Maine. At the present moment such a work would be popular and I have no doubt that it is able to do justice to the subject. I would write to him but must compose something for his Wrappers Gift before I do it. I sent you a few days ago an "Aurora" which I hope you have recd. If you have not write immediately. If you have let me hear the opinion of Hunter and yourself on the tale entitled "Marriage" &c. I wish you would ask Nathl. Bailey (3d Street St.) if Mr Van Wyck has recd. an Aurora from me. &c. So much for literature now for love. So you have had a pleasant excursion. You have pleasure. Did you laugh Bill? How odd you must have looked. But seriously I am glad that you are in love. You may be assured that I take an interest in this as well as every thing else that concerns you. For several months I know not why but it seems as if my heart was growing cold. The things and tokens of affection which once caused my blood to rush through my veins now pass unheeded by. There is not one fair being on earth to whom I could sincerely say "I love you" For you I need say nothing. Now know that I love you but that I do not love your faults. I have drank as deep of the cup of sorrow as yourself, perhaps I have drained the dregs while you have only quaffed the draught. I have hid sorrow under a bright brow and a careless lip but you too will have to drain the dregs ere you learn the worlds bitterest lesson. Perhaps the indifference to every thing which has come over me, is the token of new and better feelings. I have often wondered Bill that you and I are so blind to the greatness and excellence and mercy of our God. I would that we might both realize it. It would make us better, it would make us happier. Religion does not consist in open profession but in earnest and sincere love and fear of our maker

Strange that when we know that he can make us perfectly happy we do not oftener in the stillness of the night lift up our hearts and voices unto Edison. We can scarcely hope for happiness in this world and why? oh! why will we not seek for it in that which is to come. My dear Bill do let us turn to him who has said "Ask and it shall be given" It would be as a spring of joy in my heart to think that we both may be worthy of eternal happiness and that we may meet in that land where no sorrow is. Forgive me if I am too serious but this is a serious subject and there are no other reflections than I have had for years

Write me soon and with kind remembrance to Saunders & Hunter believe me to be

Your affectionate Friend
Henry M. Reynolds

W3351a

S
B

Mr. William Irving
No 35 Exchange Place
New York.

For
Steam Boat 3

W3351b

IRV