

Give my love to your Mother, ^{Hell Gate} Matilda, May 14th 1839
and her husband. Kiss the children
for me, and whatever may happen,
trust in the love of your faithful
cousin

Your cousin John sends
all kinds of love messages
and pretty speeches, which I am such a bad
hand at writing, that I will leave them to
my dearest Emma, your brilliant imagination.
I have just received a letter
from you, announcing really a most important
piece of news. That you are engaged to be
married! I can hardly believe it possible.
I congratulate you sincerely and with all my
heart. But in the first place, my dear Emma,
what is to be your future name? The snow
of us, here at home could make it out.
The all puzzled over it, unable to decide whether
the first syllable was "ma" or "mo", or the
last "my" or "ug". So let me know.

You blame me for not having written to you
since my wedding. But you blame me unjustly.
I blame Aunt Mary for a witness to my
wedding written, and John for having put in
the Post Office two letters, directed rightly
and properly to you. Also one which I for-
warded for you, from Phil. What can
you blame of them I cannot tell. I hope
that this will not share the same fate.
When do you think of being married?
I can hardly realize it, and yet, I do not
know why it should seem more strange
to me, than my marriage. Don't tell Phil
to you. What I would give to see my new
cousin the Doctor. I shall be quite proud of
my new relation. If you do not think

that it would be improper, give any love to him, and tell him that I heartily congratulate him. I would perhaps say more to him, if I were not afraid of shocking your sanctity, by asking you to repeat your own prayers. I hardly know what I write; but if written words can interpret feelings aright, this letter would breathe of nothing but deep love to you, and the sincerest wishes for your happiness. Is there no possibility of our meeting? I do not see any at present; but oh! let us trust that we will meet once again. And when we do, will it not, my dearest Emma, be a happy, happy, meeting. The happiest day of my life, will be that in which Phil returns to me, and except to that will be the day that I see you and see you as I trust and believe I will, happy.

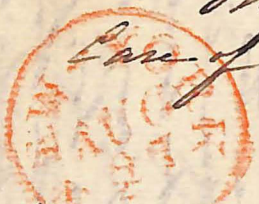
Although I know that it requires no proof to convince you of my love for you, yet, what I am ever going to tell you, I know you will receive as a mark that I love you, as I love few else on earth. A day or two since, I received, with a letter from Phil, a most precious package containing his miniature taken while in Rome. It is an excellent likeness, and I say, that it the handsomest of the handsomeness, my dear ideal of manly beauty. I know that you will agree with me, although Aunt Anne, might perhaps laugh at us both. Yet even she would have to acknowledge that it is very handsome, & also very like him.

Now listen to the promise I am going to make you; that is, if Phil does not claim the picture for his own, which I hardly think that he will do. I do not write from any sentiment of wish, but merely to assure you, my dear Emma, that at my death, when ever it may happen, that picture belongs to you. For as long as I live, except to Phil, that I never part with it. I would not have mentioned it to you now, nor have associated the thoughts of the death of one, whom I know you love so deeply, with the congratulations upon your marriage, were it not, that we know not what a day may bring forth. If I should be called away, without again seeing you on earth, well, but that you claim that picture as your own. No one can dispute your title to it, and I could rather that you, above any other living person, should have it. For I know that you love Phil deeply, if it were possible, almost as fervently as I do. Perhaps you love him more, for it is not love with one it is perfect worship. I have often thought that perhaps I loved him too much, and whether I did not make an idol of him, to my own heart, I do not yet could I wish to lose him. Oh! no, no, it cannot be a crime to love him so, for he loves me as well, and he never does wrong. But enough, without my arguing, and in your next please me to oblige me. I can give you any little information about your family, I have seen some of them. Uncle John is living at St. Louis, and I, but I have not seen Virginia for some time. Julia is spending a week at Goshen Aunt Mary sends you her best love and compliments you over, and over again. The children all send best love to Emma, and little Betty, last words were, as she bid me "good night" Mamey, is Emma really going to be married?

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LD

Miss Nicholas
Care of the Mrs. J. S. Whitman
Belvidere
Illinois
Via Chicago.



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