

Thursday, March 30<sup>th</sup>

Faithful to all my engagements, & never unmindful of pleasure, my reason for writing is at once explained—How much is to be said, I [sic] should be said ; yet I fear your loss must be great, from your penury in paper during your late visit – “But man proposes while God disposes.” I yield to fate, & render to you, according to the possibilities of my portfolio – hence! [?] such of the many very interesting incidents which have already occurred. How short sighted we are, & to what misfortunes do we not subject ourselves in consequence!

The pleasure you enjoyed here, is as nothing when compared to the blissful state of existence of our society since you left – produced by a concatenation of circumstance too ephemeral to be traced by memory’s pencil. Charles, the handsome Charles (sotto voce that villanous [sic] Charles) has done nothing but cross my vision; I meet him every where; he has under gone a change, instead of whispering delightful nothings & drawing exquisite comparisons between sympathy & love in velvet tones, for the too willing attention of Beauty’s ear, he has become the swaggering idler of every ball room & roughly speaks his sophistry, with contemptuous indifference to each passerby –

Night before last he was at Mrs. Carroll’s agreeable party such as I describe him, and at times reclining languidly on a lounge, shooting folly as it flew – “Call you this thing a man”!

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Davis, gave a matinee informally; all the agreeable women, & nearly all of our fascinating men honored the occasion—it commenced at one, & broke up at five. We danced by the piano & had some fine singing—T’was delightful—

Last evening, I spent with Mrs. Sumner, where I met my destiny --her name! none is good enough except my own, until then deep in the recesses of my soul it dwells place cannot claim her, she’s scarce terrestrial. ([?] Miss Fox)

If she should kick me, I shall wrap my self up in the Star Spangled Banner, chant Hail Columbia, for a dirge, & patriotically expire –In using that last word, I’m reminded of Mr. Ramsay, he says the piece of “Love me not” you gave him fainted the next day & has not recovered – his unquenchable love is yours—

Tonight I’m invited to two interesting parties one at Mrs. Markoe’s the other Mrs. Senator Thompson -- But I must decline-for the melancholy reason that Clemmie is very sick in bed – as I anticipated, she caught cold in Baltimore, & has been suffering ever since, & is now seriously indisposed – the truth is, both Laura & herself are shortening their existences by observing all the church ceremonies, in Lent; the best advice to the contrary not – notwithstanding.

Alfred Pleasanton.



– & now permit me to assure you, of the sweet sadness that has shadowed Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ since you were spirited away -- sad for your departure, but soothing from the knowledge of the brilliant career before you -- the best wishes are showered down upon you by all \_\_\_\_

That the Gods may protect you, the Muses & Graces attended you, & Happiness be your companion through life is the fervent imploration of

Your most sincere friend

Alfred Pleasanton

Laura wishes to say a few words\_\_

Thursday-

My dear Harriet,

We were all delighted to hear yesterday that you had gotten home so well & so safely – I only wish that I could tell you the same story but Alas! Poor Clemmie has been very ill & still continues so altho much better – I am afraid that Lent & perhaps the traveling & going to church in a very high wind on Sunday may have all combined but on Monday we went in the omnibus down town & just as we reached Harper’s she was taken with a violent chill & took a carriage & came home -- I continued to the Drs but on my return found her in such a sinking state that I ran in a great fright for Pa & Alfred who gave her raw brandy & we applied a mustard plaster – the next day she seemed very well but yesterday the chill returned & the quinine -- unfortunately acted upon the bowels which brought on a state of collapse so that the Dr. was here all day – we roused her at last by stimulants & to day [sic] she is better again. The Dr. says that her symptoms were very alarming & if she had been an old person he would have considered them dangerous. I was up all night & we were obliged at last to blister the back of her neck & to day am writing in bed on a box\_ Clemmie sends you her best love & as do we all. Do write when you can. Good bye my dear friend & don’t expose yourself this trying weather. I attended to the Wainwright affair.

Yrs most affect\_

Laura

