

Washington, 4 January 1959

My own dear sweet Mary,

Were you not very much surprised at receiving that short card I wrote instead of a letter – I thought it way better to send it before as a messenger to say that I was thinking of you -- you very dearest thought of my life -- & that I would soon dispatch a letter on its way to you with the motto of “va où Je voudrais étre” upon it, a motto which expressed exactly the sentiment uppermost in my mind -- you dear girl how necessary you have become to my happiness – I do not believe you know how you are being entwined with every hope and thought of the future – do you think you do darling mine?

You do not realize how strangely it thrills me at some of these gay parties to think that a year ago at first such a scene this sweetest emotion first dawned upon my heart which I thought past experience had rendered so insensible – how willingly I yielded myself to its sweet intoxication how guarded I was in not letting it be seen lest it would vanish or the spell would be broken – how long the hours seemed & how dull the gay thing was to me if you were not there! Yes, Maime dear & it seems strange to go through these same scenes again – the same but that one bright spirit absent! -- But there the happy thought there comes – she will soon come again – January is fast flying away & February brings back my darling once more to these festive halls – then comes March when I go northward a little before the birds to launch into professional life to fight my way alone – no not quite alone with a good trusty friend by my side [?] the good time comes ‘whereof ye wot!

All goes along here as usual dearest – Congress recommenced today & the Senate went into their New Hall & a perfect beauty it is too – water was also introduced for the first time with the new aqueduct [sic] today –

Last night for the first time for I don’t know how long I went no where [sic] – to no dinner – no party, but staid [sic] quietly at home. Among my other Christmas presents I received a pretty little terrier dog – one of those spry active little imps – he is very young & amuses every one with his tricks.

Tonight there is to be a party at Judge Campbell[’s] of the Supreme Court & I have to go as no one else in the house wants to – the rest, i.e. Harriet, Mrs. Craig & Miss McGraw go to a concert instead.

What a comfort that sweet likeness of yours is to me darling pet -- how much I ought to thank you & your good cousin for letting me have it – these same dear sweet eyes seem to meet mine as kindly almost as the original & nearly cheat me into the belief that I see you dimly as in some magicians mirror.

I expect to hear from my good friend Scharff either tonight or tomorrow in reply to my letter saying that I could be with him at his wedding – I anticipate much pleasure from his surprize [sic] & I hope & believe pleasure at having caused me to change my mind.

I saw your father today for a few minutes at the Senate, but he had not much news to tell me.

I hope to hear that your dear mother is better & that her case is not nearly as bad as she seems to fear.



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I hope to have a dear good long, long letter from your sweet had tomorrow night when the mail comes – it will be a very pleasant thought when I awake tomorrow morning so don't disappoint me dearest as to length –

I hope dearest to be able to be with you on Saturday again – but I cannot yet say positively.

But I must now bid you goodbye for tonight.

God bless you my dear one – from your ever loving

James Buchanan Henry

Your “nameless”

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