

ROSA LIE

I have some books and music of yours in my possession which I think of sending to you whether - what? Tell me what to do with them

Saturday May 11th 1845

My own Dear Charlotte. I fear now that in the letter I sent you by the Western you will find much to pain you. but I do entreat your forgiveness - I am almost frantic with grief and in writing to you have been too heedless of your feelings. Oh! forgive ^{me} dear Charlotte and believe me when I tell you again and again that my love for you remains firm and unshaken. Spite of all the cruel reports that are circulated against you - Fate has done her worst for us (if not for ever) we are parted for long years - and must drag along a wretched existence till time shall prove to the cold unfeeling world your innocence but do not despond. Trust for with a clear conscience and a faithful and loving friend surely you may hope for bright days again -

"It is always the darkest hour before day"

On Thursday last Mr Healy dined with us - he was then on his way to Baltimore - he brought me the roll from you and after having read the

I have been obliged to write this to day so as to put it into Mrs Buckley's hands to forward to the Overseers in Church - as she sends her letter to me - in return

for me a basket containing the rolls intended for the Overseers & care - Father has been made

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letter it enclosed I with all eagerness hunted through and through all the telegrams for your face and can hardly tell you of my disappointment in neither finding that or the other part of your letter which you referred me to - in the afternoon your Mother brought me a letter which explained all and now let me thank you for the pictures which are beautiful and which will give me much pleasure to copy - Father has given me a ~~fine~~ portfolio to hold them - Mr H talked much in your praise at the dinner table which was music to my ears -

The parlours and sitting room have just been papered and painted, look nice and clean - the matting and summer covers in the parlour do so forcibly bring to mind the many happy hours we two have passed there together and the melancholy change that a twelve month has made in my life - our sofa occupies the same place opposite the back-room door as it did last summer but now instead of passing these hours of sweet companionship with you I often throw myself upon it alone and heart broken - praying fervently for death to end my misery - and yet there is not a being in the world that has the least idea of what I feel, for outwardly I am the same as ever, save that

I am even more quiet.

Alfred paid us a visit this Spring and invited Blanch and myself to spend the summer with him at Sacketts both Father and Mother are anxious we should do so but I have openly expressed my dislike to getting home and am trying to persuade Mother to go in my place I hope they will not urge me further for I feel like anything in the world but going among strangers where I shall be forced to talk and laugh

Your Mother came with Mrs Burkey last Thursday to see me and read a part of your letter (to her) to me - my Mother came into to see her before she left me and then in speaking of sending down your picture to me (as you had desired you Mr) my Mr. Thompson it was to be sent here merely for safe keeping said "Oh yes Mrs C send it down to the gallery it will be perfectly safe there" and I like a fool had not courage enough to say no no I want it in my room but perhaps it is as well for I should miss it sadly when ^{the} time came for it to be sent to you - the next steamer will surely bring me my pictures - please let me know in your next letter how your picture must be directed - You want to know how we dress now - in the street in deep mourning but in the house black and white calico wrappers - mine is a black with a white stripe

one inch apart with a plain inside spaces and collar some-
times jet studs or my pearl ones - hair fixed exactly in
same manner as it has been for the last year - ^{I am} ~~Charm~~
than when you left me and have been suffering much
from weakness in the left side which has prevented
me from ~~staying~~ any sort of exercise without much pain
but now I seldom feel it unless I much fatigue myself
I only pray to Heaven your health may become as robust
as mine - In my last letter ~~Dear~~ Charlotte I promised
write by the steamer of the 10th but I must confess to you
with some difficulty I have been able to keep my word
and I dare not now promise again to write though
Heaven truly knows it will not be through any fault
mine if you do not hear from me for I am as fondly yours
I was the 6th of July last - that pledge I still swear - were my
feelings towards you the least changed I should remove
from off my finger for I never deceive either in word or
action - Since your absence the bracelet has never been
clasped - If I am not permitted to write my own Charlotte
you will be able to discover what my feelings towards you
by ascertaining if I still wear that ring -

"Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet
And I must even surmount this last a-dieu
And bear with life to love and pray for you -

Dear Dear Charlotte my grief is too deep for expression
no matter what people may say to you of me never in
question my love for you I am unalterably yours for ever
Rosalee