

M=124
New York, Friday Evening, Sept. 2^d, 1836 -

My own Dearest Lucretia,

I am now in my little chamber after 10, at night and my thoughts are on you - I bought you a dress this afternoon at Stewarts at 56 cts per yd - 8 yds - which the seller told me was enough. I am fearful you will not like it. In your next say whether you want a cape or not. They are very comfortable things. Do you want any thing for a winter dress? That I can get now. This I shall despatch to-morrow - I pray that you may have a good nights rest. May angels hover around you & may you be blessed - O Lucretia my Dearest wife, How I should like to press you again to my bosom & feel the beatings of your heart. - O I have thought much of the prize I possess in your dear self - How valuable is a virtuous woman how far above all price. Our absence however painful it may be to me has taught one good lesson, to value my wife - I am more sensible now of her worth - O Lucretia, have I ever used a hasty or impatient expression to you forgive me, will you not? If I do not love you with more of devotion & constancy as long as we may live may I not know the happiness of being loved. - O if I could I would hover around your pillow this night; I would listen to your breathing, I would gaze with devotion upon your sweet features, and I will not promise that I would not steal an im-passioned kiss - But it is now 11 - I must say good night. Good night. My lovely mate. God will bless you. God will watch over you.

Saturday noon - I shall despatch this today though I can not add any thing interesting. John & Sarah were married I suppose last night & are now very happy. I hope they may live long & happy - Write me long letters & every day & tell me everything about yourself - your feelings - your health - your pleasures &

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your pains, though of these last I hope you are not much troubled.

You ask what book you shall read - really I don't know - I have almost lost the run of books. Read my Dear, just what your fancy suggests - To-morrow is Sunday I will then think of books.

The fact is my business is slow - my prospects by no means bright - but don't for the world give any intimation of this. — There is no knowing what a few days may bring forth — I hope for better things — and as for blues I won't know them — Still the effort is such that my mind is not full of pleasant anticipation.

Excuse this short line & believe

me yours as ever

K.B. Sewall

P.S. I cut this inclosed line from the newspaper on which I was writing, they are beautiful. What confidence there is in love, how often is it betrayed! Be you - My Dearest Lucretia, My Wife -

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