My dear Mrs Ireland— I have written a
short notice of Willie's death, and did
not mention the disease as I did not
know exactly what it ought to be called.
For Ireland can make what situation
he thinks best, and as I never in my
life prepared any thing to be printed
he will have to look over my poor
production and correct its imperfections.
I fear you overrate it though I feel greatly
compliments that you are gratified with
it. Believe me ever your friend T. E.
Please say nothing of our conversation this morning & any novelty, you know to what I refer. —

Mrs. Ireland
LOWLY sweep the winds of autumn
O'er that lone beloved grave,
Where we laid those sunny ringslets,
When those blue eyes set like stars,
Leaving us to outer darkness.
Oh the longing and the waiting!
Oh the sore deserted grave!

Let the grass turn brown upon thee,
Brown and withered like our dreams!
Let the wind mock him (the pine-tree)
With a dreary, dirgelike whistle,
Sweep the dead leaves on its bosom—
Moaning, sobbing through the branches,
Where the summer laughed so gaily.

He is gone, our boy of summer—
Gone the light of his blue eyes,
Gone the tender heart and manly,
Gone the dreams and the aspirations—
Nothing but the mound remains,
And the aching in our hearts,
Ever aching, ever throbbing:
Who shall bring it unto rest?

A BOVE.—A VISION.

Coming down a golden street
I beheld my vanished one,
And he moveth on a cloud;
And his forehead wears a star;
And his blue eyes, deep and holy,
Fixed as in a kinsman's dream,
See some mystery of joy,
Some unuttered depth of love.

And his venture is as blue
As the skies of susannum,
 Falling with a sainly sweep,
With a sacred stillness awaft;
And he presseth to his bosom
Harp of strange and mystic fashion,
And his hands like living pearls
Wander over the golden strings.

And the music that ariseth,
Who can utter or divine it?
In that strange celestial thrilling,
Every memory of every thought,
Every heartache, every anguish,
Every fear for the to-morrow,
Melt away in charmed rest.

And there be around him many,
Bright with robes like evening-clouds—
Tender green and clearest amber,
Crimson fading into rose,
Robes of flames and robes of silver—
And their hues all thrill and tremble
With a living light of feeling,
Deepening with each heart's pulsation,
Till in vivid trance of color
That celestial rainbow glows.

How they float and wreatheth and brighten,
Bending low their starry brows,
Singing with a tender cadence,
And their hands, like spotless lilies,
Folded on their prayerful breasts,
In their singing seem to mingle
Tender airs of by-gone days:
Mother-hymnals by the cradle,
Mother-songs by the grave.

Songs of human love and sorrow,
Songs of endless love and rest—
In the pauses of that music
Every thrill of sorrow dies.

Oh, my own, my heart's beloved,
Vainly have I wept above thee—
Would I call thee from thy glory
To this world's impurity?
—Lo! it passeth; it dissolveth,
All the vision melts away;
But as if a heavenly strain,
Dropped into my aching breast,
With a healing sweetness laden,
With a mystic breath of rest,
I am charmed into forgetting
Autumn winds and dreary grave.
Will my dear One Beloved. please accept these few imperfect lines which have suggested themselves to me this morning and I have written them down as I am alone and not able to be out. Please dont let any one but your husband know who wrote them as they are not capable of sustaining criticism — I dare suggest by the death of Little Willia.

The last sign is hushed, the sweet spirit has fled, and William's frail body now 1ies with the dead. The struggles of agony are over, he will need the attentions of loved ones no more.

How smooth is his brow, white no suffering and strain. His sweet eyes close, as quiet and calm. How peaceful his life that once moaning with pain. Can it be they will never speak to dear ones again?

Our wishes would keep him still longer on earth. For his sweet presence brightened the heart, and the heartly. And could warmest love and devotion retain His treasure. We even would with us remain.

But when we recall his suffering intense, We murmure no longer, that Christ called him hence, It's rest in his bosom, and live in his love, And with darling brother sing praises above.

Bright Heaven in dreams to his vision had come. Now, he finds it not fancy, but his happy home. Where his spirit repose is not broken by pain, And sorrow will never disturb him again.
Could he visit this Earth, one thinks he would say,
"Dear Parents and Sisters, each not see my day
For I was almost dreaming of angels up high
But am with them and will never come back to die.

If my dear Sire permits, my spirit will come
And home around all my loved ones at home
And when one is called, little brother and I
Will meet you and bear on our wings to the sky."

Then rest little Willie, thy plumb're be sweet
And we'll patiently wait till our summons we meet
To join with the loved who have passed on before
And are waiting to greet us on Heaven's bright shore.
Frankfort 17, January 1861

My dear Mrs. [Name]

I have written you twice this week, and now having an opportunity of receiving a letter by a young Mr. [Name], of Catlettsville, who leaves in the morning, I have concluded to write again.

I received a letter from [Name] on Wednesday morning. It gave me great pleasure to hear that [Name] and yourself were getting along well, and that the rest were well.

Mrs. [Name] will please accept my thanks for her kind note. While I can assure you I have a letter written by yourself, and hope you may be able to write, I hope she will write again. I cannot get too many letters from home. I say to her that I beg her letter be written for you, and when she will write one in her own account I will try to answer it. And may write her for what she has already done if I can spare a subject.

I feel very well. I write you that ...
it attracted. Oh! Most wonderful morning!!

The present indications are that the Legislature
may not be in session more than ten days, or
the weeks longer. Of course this is mere
Conjecture, but I think we shall not be
these coming. It is most probable that
the Legislature will very nearly commence
on the Occasions for the Creek.

Mr. Horner Helen, made a speech this afternoon.
I did not go out to hear him, but learnt
from those who did that the speech was
a failure. That, he was by turns, on all
sides, please each side in part, and on
the whole, pleased none.

Mr. Gurney, Power, speaks tonight. I will
go and hear him.

I have written a letter to Miller of the
"Advocate." With no direction to publish
it, but he may possibly do so if he does.

You will see my position is fixed. The
Object in writing it was to get Miller,
right as he had been publishing some articles
that do not take the true ground for us.

Sarah writes that you want a long letter from
me. I am at a loss to know how to make
up a long letter. It must about political matters.

These must probably be interesting to you. Will
one idea seem just? So use that every first
I am writing to you to say that very many of the members like myself are wearing their old clothes. That is just I am not alone in this particular. The meeting and minuets among the members has been quite agreeable. So far my intercourse with the members has been of the most agreeable character. Now what else can I say by way of filling up this sheet. I might devere some space to what parts he returns a love letter, and to do this must not require any effort, only to gain expression to my feelings. I cannot say anything on this subject that you do not already know, but you must hear my letter. And like a young lover, I must be open to that. Do not have to conclude by saying "This is for your own dear self how it is to be one."

I have just this moment learned from the Capitol, where I have been listening to a speech by [illegible]. I was pleased with it, because it so perfectly accords with my own views, and I therefore think it right. Sometimes writing I should expect a letter from you.

I received a note from [illegible] this evening asking if I had heard from you, and complaining somewhat that so, but not
written to him. She also said she had
her ring back.
I will now stop. Having used a
few words to express a few ideas.
Good night.
Give my love to Husband.
W. B. [illegible]