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CHARLESTOWN: THURSDAY MORNING, October 22, 1846.

The Richmond Tragedy.

As much interest has been manifested by the public, for every thing that has any connection with the late tragical murder of DUDLEY MARVIN HOYT, in Richmond, we have concluded to lay before our readers such parts of the testimony, and other matters connected, as partake of the deepest interest.

It is generally known that Mr. Hoyt was shot by Mr. Wm. R. Myers, under the impression that he, Hoyt, had had criminal intercourse with the wife of Myers, and afterwards refused to sign a note, pledging himself to leave the city of Richmond at once.

The following is a copy of the note handed to Mr. Hoyt by his signature: "I, D. Marvin Hoyt, of the city of Richmond, do hereby pledge myself to leave the city forthwith, and to return to it at no time, and at the same time the penalty for any violation of this pledge to be the forfeiture of my life. Richmond, Va., Sept. 28, 1846."

The statements submitted were taken before the Mayor, and were reported for the Richmond Republican, from which paper we copy.

The Mayor appeared in Court on Monday the 12th instant, and took his seat for the purpose of entering into the examination of the charges preferred by the Coroner's Inquest, against Wm. R. Myers, as principal, and Samuel S. Myers and William S. Burr, as aids and abettors, in the murder of D. M. Hoyt, in Richmond, on the 25th of September last.

The testimony brought forward was principally of the character to be expected from the commission of the crime upon Wm. R. Myers, as principal, and Samuel S. Myers and Wm. S. Burr, as abettors—and inasmuch as there is no doubt as to those who were engaged in the tragedy, we will omit that portion of the testimony, and commence with that of Col. Pollard, the father of Mrs. Myers, and follow it up with the publication of the intercepted correspondence between Mrs. M. and Mr. Hoyt:

Witness on the part of Defendants. Maj. Pollard, the father of Mrs. Myers, being called, stated in substance as follows:

While Mr. Myers and wife were on a visit to his house, in Albemarle, Mr. Pollard dispatched a letter to Mr. Hoyt, and that it was intercepted. Accordingly, he determined to keep an eye on the letters for his daughter, coming through the post office. At the time he supposed an answer to his daughter's letter would arrive, it did not come, but shortly after, while his daughter and Mr. Myers were in Nelson, whither they had gone from his house, he went to the office, and received the letter which he held in his hand.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Mayo, the Attorney for the Commonwealth, asked, for what purpose this letter was about to be produced?

Messrs. Lyons and Scott, for the defence, urged the importance of an examination into the contents of this letter as well as others, and proceeded to show that such evidence was to rebut the dying declaration of Mr. Hoyt. The Court having decided to hear every thing in the case, Maj. Pollard was allowed to proceed.

He said, after reading the letter to his daughter in reply to the one she had written to Mr. Hoyt, he at once determined to visit Richmond for the purpose of arresting such proceedings. On reaching the city, he sought Mr. Hoyt, and approached him by saying, Mr. Hoyt, I believe? Yes, was the reply. I wish, then, Mr. Hoyt, to have a private conversation with you; can you accompany me to a room in the Exchange? He replied that his own room would probably be as suitable a place as they could go to hold their conversation; and they accordingly repaired to it for that purpose. On getting to Mr. Hoyt's room, (said Major P.) I told him that I was the father of Mrs. Myers, and was in possession of a letter from his daughter, such as you gentlemen would write to a married lady. Hoyt told him it was written in answer to one from Mrs. Myers. Major P. said that he (Hoyt) did not care to be on terms of such intimacy with his daughter, it would be the means of destroying the happiness of his whole family, and as sure as his eyes were open, he would see her suffer death—if he, or his whole family, might survive him, had to pursue the destroyer of their peace to the extreme point of the universe. Mr. Hoyt's reply was that he looked upon Mrs. Myers as a sister, and he would sacrifice his life before he should suffer at his hands. But (said Major P. to H.) your acquaintance with my daughter must be at an end. I shall, said H., tell you my promise, here? This (said Major P.) I repeated, and remarked, We understand each other, then, Mr. Hoyt? Certainly, said he, and I left him.

While in the Exchange, (continued Maj. P.) about midnight, Mr. Hoyt came, and said he would like to have some further conversation with me. I have thought, said he, as Mrs. M. and myself were so well acquainted, it might be talked about if we were to break off so suddenly. You have an objection, I suppose, to Mrs. M. and myself speaking when we meet.—Here, Major P. repeated to Mr. Hoyt, what he had before said, that any man writing such a letter deserved death, by a public execution, and of this affair, let it destroy the happiness of a husband, and bring disgrace upon my whole family.

Hoyt proposed to deliver up Mrs. Myers's letter, if Major Pollard would give him back his, that they might both be destroyed. The proposition was declined by the latter who said to Hoyt that if he would disagree upon Mrs. Myers and her family, he should not rest until he had looked his (H's) life, and the letter should be destroyed. He then said, I suppose, that Mr. Myers and wife were still in Albemarle, where he had hoped they were to remain for some time, he was surprised, on returning to the Exchange, to find that they had returned to Richmond. Having taken to Mr. Myers, he then entered the parlor, and to his amazement found Hoyt by the side of his daughter. Mr. Hoyt, immediately seeing him, retired. Feeling exceedingly

he went to his room early the next morning, or to leaving the city, and called back on Mr. Hoyt, that he was astonished to find him, after what had passed between them, in conversation with his daughter. Hoyt assured him he was not. Well, said Major P., if this be persisted in, Mr. Hoyt, I will have revenge—and if I should perish in the effort, I shall leave some behind who will pursue you to the remotest point of the world. This conversation between Major P. and Mr. Hoyt took place about the 25th June.

Intercepted Correspondence

We now come to the letters, which were read in Court. The first was written by Mr. Hoyt to Mrs. Myers, as was acknowledged by him to Maj. Pollard. The others were from Mrs. Myers to Mr. Hoyt, and intercepted by her friends.

THURSDAY EVENING, 18th June.

My Dear, Sweetest Love!

While lying on my couch, where I had been for some two hours, thinking of thee, much to my surprise and delight your dear, sweet letter of the 13th inst., was handed me. Little did I think, while having sweet thoughts of thee, I should so soon have words before me traced by thy loved hand, fresh from thy heart; and you may well imagine what pleasure the surprise of the receipt of your loved letter gave me.

You tell me my letter must be placed in the Post Office Thursday afternoon, to reach you on Saturday, and it was past 7 o'clock when I received your letter. The mail leaves in the morning at 8 o'clock. So you see I have but little time to write; but that little shall be devoted to thee, my precious dear one, for you well know my time is never as pleasantly passed as when devoted to my loved Virginia.

You cannot conceive, darling, the pleasure your letter has given me; tho' parts of all your letters give me pain. I hope tho' the time is not far distant when letters from you will contain nothing but what is pure and good for you to write, and for me to read.

Your dear, sweet letter, darling, does give me "proof beyond doubt" how devotedly you are mine, and more proof I cannot give that I am yours devotedly; 'tis a pleasure for me to reiterate all that I have said. You well know, dearest one, how you are loved by me, and I know sufficient of thy dear heart to satisfy me that you do deserve all my affection and I once more tell you 'tis all yours.

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short one, love, I know you do; I almost fancy I hear those sweet lips say yes. How I do wish I could be with you in the country, could we but pass a few days together, your friends would still say, "how changed." Once more I must tell you that I love you, dearly. Last night I had a sweet dream of thee; could you but know all my thoughts, you would say my love was equal to yours, precious angel.

Now, darling, pray forgive me; I really have not time to review the half of your dear, kind letter, and if I am not afforded another opportunity to write you during your absence, it shall be done in person when we meet, and that sweet meeting will soon come, I hope; 'tho' you tell me 'tis yet twelve days off; I hope 'tho' 'twill be shortened. Darling, dear darling; it really grieves me to send you so short a letter when I know you expect a long one, and, to make up the deficiency, you must read such words as please you twice.

Please remember most kindly to your dear sister. Give me one dear, sweet long kiss, in imagination, and believe me yours truly and sincerely.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Dearest, how happy did we part on yesterday. Your words to me were so kind, so good, that I felt as light and as happy as a bird. Oh! my darling, tell me, did ever man have such power over woman as you have over me? Never, never. I may be miserable, bathed in tears; yet one word from thy dear lips can make me perfectly happy, and chase every tear away, and clothe the face in the brightest smiles. Dear love, when you sometimes think of this mighty influence you exert over me, oh! do you not feel happy, to know that the happiness of one being rests with you. There must be, and should be, joy in the thought. Dear one, you have chased away all gloom from me. Now I am very, very happy, for you have said, darling, you still love me, will ever love me, and my God, what more can I desire? With those blessed words, dearest, ever in my memory, I cannot be sorrowful. When I think, mine own, that you love me, 'tis impossible to be sad; there is joy in every word you utter.

Darling one, are you not glad you have told me you love me—because, it has made me so happy. Dearest, you will never regret telling me this, for you would have I to take advantage of so holy a feeling as the affection. Sweet one, you know I am yours so wholly, so entirely, that even my very thoughts in sleep are yours—and I, loving thee as I do, I do take advantage of thy love? Oh! impossible, impossible. Dearest, how I do adore thee, for what you promised me; that in me you would have unbounded confidence, that you would always tell me, when you thought I was acting wrong; that you would speak with me truly and without reserve, and believe you would do so, for in the deep and trusting love of this heart I am your wife. Mine angel, how kind in you to say you will treat me with such confidence, and oh! do I not appreciate it? Yes, beloved, from the inmost recesses of my soul—and dearest I promised just what you did—that you should know every thought, every feeling of this bosom—and now my own darling, will not be the happiest being on earth—only this, sweet one, we loved each other so devotedly—our hearts are wholly given to one another—we have not even a thought for other than the idol of our affections. We have such perfect faith, we have not even a doubt—here is such holy, heavenly confidence between us. Oh! dear, dearest love, are we not very, very happy? Kiss me, mine own love, and say yes! that dear kiss seals the words we have spoken. Dear one, you are so kind to me. Last night, as I kissed you, ere I fell asleep, I thanked Heaven, that it had given me such a precious treasure as the love of you. Dear one, how I love thee! How this heart does idolize thee! Precious darling, remember you promised I should see you at church to-morrow. Do not disappoint me—for oh! how happy thy very glance will make me. Do not blame me for my dress to-morrow—it shall be explained when we meet. Dearest, look at me to-morrow, and see if every look does not beam with love for thee. Remember now, and look at it, you think so, tell me so, by one sweet glance. On Monday, my loved one, I am going to Mrs. C's, as Mr. M. leaves that evening. I shall be at the Exchange Monday, at 12 o'clock. So dearest, you are sitting in the parlor, and that will be better, for it will look as if we meet by accident. I feel rather unpleasantly at being here alone; but I shall trust to you, darling, to make the time pass happily, and you will do so, won't you, Love? Love, I shall have thy dear note. Oh! how I will kiss it. Would that you might see me, when I receive it. I will tell you what you would say—how she does love me! Dearest, once more, I must tell you how happy that blessed promise has made me. When I think of the sweet confidence which is hereafter to unite us, I am too happy. Love you for those words? Oh, dearest, I do worship you, adore you, and they—they are my salvation. A thousand kisses, you dear sweet angel of mine. Dearest love, dearest, to keep your mind waiting, I have but one moment to kiss you for your darling note. You are too kind to me—are you not? No, no! not too kind—for, oh! I love you so dearly! Monday, at 12 o'clock, I will kiss you ten times for this sweet note—but won't you get tired of so many? Say, dearest, to-morrow, remember, you promised to be at church. 'Twill be such joy just to look on thee, and then to see thee in place—how heavenly 'twill be! Come, dearest love, do come. Kiss me, your dear darling, and do always love me as your own pure, dearest

MONDAY, 21st September. Oh, God! was ever misery like mine? Wretched days and sleepless nights. Oh, God! what is my hope now to me! To-morrow decides my fate. I am separated from my husband, and compelled to return to a home where I know not how I shall be received. My father's a stern-hearted man—from him I can receive nothing but unkindness, perhaps cruelty; but oh, God! I defend me from that fate! Oh what if it that stays this hand, when all this misery may be ended in one moment? God! if this life must be taken! I cannot support it. Oh that I had strength to write you, but this poor bosom is agonized for one word. Oh that I could see you for one moment—just one instant—but no, alas! it cannot be! Dearest, for one hour last night, did I sit at the window just over the steps, hoping to see you, but you did not come. My God! just for one hour with thee, I would give up life itself. You ask me if Dr. and Mrs. are kind to me? Dr. and Mrs. are so kind to me, that he will not even see me. He believes I wrote the letters. He says they are so filled with love and idolatry, that he never believed, before, woman did love with such intensity. They are indeed awful letters; every word breathing the dearest, fondest love. Mrs. C—has been like an angel to me. She believes me innocent, pure and heavenly. She feels for me more than I dared hope any one would feel for me. She sleeps with me, soothes me, prays for me, when I am in such agony that I am almost a maniac. Sometimes I have suffered so, that in order to allay my miseries, I have taken 40 drops of laudanum. Every day since that fatal Thursday, I have taken opium every five hours; for without it, I should have died. No mortal could endure agonies like mine. Oh God! when I think on my future fate, I am beside myself—going to a house where I shall meet with nothing save harshness—no being to speak one word of comfort—one word of kindness—all cold, chilling to me—perhaps on my bed of illness, death—no creature to smooth my dying pillow. Oh God! God! the thought kills me; alas! what may be reality! Dearest, never forget—never forget—dearest, never forget—never forget—my last moments shall be spent with you. You shall be sent for—that I promise; and oh, tell me you will not refuse to come—promise me; may, swear it, then I will be happy, knowing the last breath will be in thy arms. I expect nothing from my family but unkindness; and now I wish you to advise me on this subject. Dear one, you are my all, and on you I depend for every thing. I have told you that I have means sufficient to support myself for a year; should my treatment at home be such as to break your heart, you shall be sent for to do it. If they treat me cruelly, you shall not refuse to come to me. I have a very dear friend in Washington, Mrs. H—, a woman of the very first family and standing. She is so devoted to me, that she will refuse me nothing. She loves me, she says, as her child. Shall I apply to her to get me a situation as teacher in some school, or any other employment she might see fit? I can write to her, and go to her, unknown to my family—for perhaps if they knew it, they would not let me go. I have such confidence in her devotion to me, that I know she will not refuse me any favor, however great—indeed I know she would insist on my remaining with her; but that I would agree to only on one condition—that she allows me to earn my own support. Did you know how she loves me, you would be sure that I would meet from her unbounded kindness. Now, dearest, I know how coldly, how unkindly I am to be treated at home. I am now treating me so as to break my heart, and I cannot endure more than I am now suffering. In your letter to-night, tell me how I shall act in this affair, for I will do nothing without your advice. Oh, my very heart beats when I think of the trials before me! Oh you do pity me! Think of me to-morrow, when my fate is to be decided; and oh pray God to have mercy on me! Dear one, I trust you will send me the ring, for now I need every kindness from you, to strengthen and support me; and oh that ring will be such a solace. For the sake of mercy refuse it not. All my friends, believing me to be ill, and having heard of my distress, have been to see me, but my mind is so unsettled, I have seen so many, and I receive some message from some of them. J. W.—has been here every day, but I can see no one. I am in too much agony; and Col. M.—forbids me mentioning the subject to a creature; and dearest, do you not think, in justice to myself, I should have told my friends of this—for when I am gone, they will hear Col. M.—'s statement. He will tell every one. He will be believed, and I shall not be here to defend myself. I am not allowed to tell my friends of all, but I am not allowed to do so. They will hear my accusers when I am gone, and I shall not be here to say I am innocent. Oh how unjust they are to me! In those letters there is not a word said of my meeting once in the parlor. Dearest, once more, promise me never to speak to P. R.— Col. M.—told Dr. C.—that P. R.—told him of things which occurred between us, saying he had them from Boyden, who was "our friend." P. R.—spoke of you vilely, to Col. M.—saying you were only a fit associate for me; also told him of a certain woman whom you had as a—; but my God! I ask is, shun him; for he is the ruin of my peace—so such, could you speak to him? Dearest, I know I shall leave here to-morrow Wednesday, for home. Kiss me, as I kiss you, and tell me, you will tell me, for of danger I shall not be able to tell you, putting it in the office with my own hands. In that letter, I shall form some arrangement by

which you can write. It shall be without risk—for all shall be fixed with the greatest precision. I think now of getting a friend of mine, with whom I am exceedingly intimate, to allow me to receive your letters through him. He is very fond of me, and I know will agree to it—perfectly honorable, and therefore there cannot be the least danger. He will deliver your letters to me in person. In your letter to-night, tell me if you will agree to this. I know you will, for could you refuse me such happiness—separated from you, and not hear from you—this is utterly impossible, impossible. Oh dearest, tell me you will do this, when I write you it has been arranged perfectly soft, I entreat you, as my last request—refuse me not—for, refuse me this, and you take my life. Oh dear! how we will pass the days of absence, knowing that we are faithful, constant—and I feel that ere long God will make us happy. Yes, dearest, I sometimes think this trial which is now so grievous, is to be the means finally of uniting us forever. If you are faithful, it will be so; for ere long, I may be free, honorably free, and then I am yours—Tell me, beloved, you do not believe I shall one day be his? Do you not believe this very circumstance is to bring me to thee? Oh God grant it. There is only fear—that is—change. If we continue to love, God says, we shall be happy. Dearest, now tell me you will always love me, and we will wait patiently for the hour of our re-union. If we love always, there can nothing prevent our being united—for I shall be free, and then I am thine. Dearest, do you think you can stand this test? When you write in your note to-night, tell me, for that will support me when all else fails. I hope the belief, that we are to be one day happy, and I swear nothing shall prevent it, if you love me. To-morrow, dearest, we part, yet 'tis not forever. No, the hour comes when we shall be happy. Oh dearest, the belief that we shall be faithful, constant, supports me. I can stand every thing while you love me. Remember these words forever. Promise me that no being shall have one thought, one feeling of thine. Love for me, and I again swear, nothing shall prevent my being yours, and honorably yours. This separation is a grievous trial, but I will not break beyond it to the bright day of our meeting. I cannot write for alas! I am too weak. Oh dearest, pray for me. Tell me when I am gone, will you pray for me? Oh that those letters had not been intercepted! But alas! it was from no carelessness of mine. I knew not the servant was my spy. I could not foresee this. No, it was decreed by God! all these trials should come on me. I have learned one lesson. I never trust a human being again with a letter, or any thing in the office with my own hands, and I receive them in those hands. No one will I trust, except a man whom I know to be worthy of confidence. He shall be our friend.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

My own fondly loved one, what joy 'tis for me to write you and tell you every feeling of this bosom. How ardently I love you—how eternal is my affection. Darling, my greatest happiness is to tell you how devotedly I am yours. Does not every word, every action tell you this? Oh! beloved could you have heard and seen me, yesterday, how you would prize me. Yes, prize affection like mine, which fears nothing so long as I am surrounded by the halo of thy precious love. Yesterday I was with a man calculated to awe and terrify me. I saw him in the frenzy of passion, and yet I remained calm, as self-possessed, as unmoved as a statue. Dearest, what was it that supported me in that hour? What was it that enabled me to act with such courage? I who once trembled and wept at his very words. It was thy dear love which sustained me. Oh! precious one, you know not how I love you. I love you with a force of which I could not believe the human heart capable—love you as never one human creature loved another. You were to me like an angel of goodness and kindness. You, mine own one, supported me in every trial. I feel that so long as I can clasp thee to my breast as mine own beloved one, I can endure any thing—every thing. What is the world to me—what care I for friends—what care I for the storms of sorrow burst upon me—even in the darkest hour of fate I am supremely happy. I see the storm, yet not even one fear—not one dread. No, in this bosom all is sweet, calm, serene joy. There is one who loves me—he is my world—he is my heaven. Dearest, could you not fall on some plan to let this Mosby know that you are aware of his conduct?—it might intimidate him. He, I presume, is employed by Col. M. as a spy on my actions. Oh, dearest, do you ever think how I love you? How unselfish, how devoted is my love! Dearest, you know I am ready—nay, impatient, to give up the whole world for you. Oh God! that you would consent to this—that you would make me the happiest of women. Oh! did you ever consider how happy we could be together—how long winged with love—I ever near thee as thy worshipping and adoring Virginia, anticipatory every wish—lavishing on thee every devotion—clashing thee in these arms, and breathing to thee these sweet words: Treasured darling of my soul, thy Virginia is happy—oh how happy. She is thine and no power can take her from thee. She has given up all for thee without regret. She would not leave thee for all this world could offer. She loves thee and she is happy—happy. My God, dearest, when I think what happiness is in our grasp. Oh! how can you be heartless? Did you know how I could not suffer myself even to think of it. Oh! this is my moment more than this ever, if I were possible, for sorrow makes me cling closer to thee. Till to-morrow, farewell, beloved darling.

you hesitate because you think my love is not sufficient for this test. You fear, perhaps, I might regret the step after it was taken. Oh! my own one, banish this thought. My love is not sufficient. Oh! its more than sufficient. Good God, you do not reflect how I love you. 'Tis with a depth, a strength, a devotion unparalleled in the heart of woman. I cannot realize this love, for it is boundless, unlimited, and with this love, could there be one regret? No, never—never. Now I swear to you I am ready to give up every thing in life for thee.

Oh! that we could fly to the desert—any spot on the globe would be a paradise with thee. Oh, dear, precious love, for the sake of one who worships you, who does you, I entreat you reflect on this subject and make her happy. Think that the happiness of a being who depends on your power, and oh, I implore you, hesitate no more. Dearest, if I have said aught I should not, forgive me, for all has been uttered with pure, heavenly feelings. Dearest, you know the purity of this heart—you know not one impure thought has ever dwelt there; and so long as you knew me, I care not for the world—I may think of me as they see fit. All I ask is that my dear, loved one, may appreciate me. And dearest, what makes me so indifferent to the opinion of others? 'Tis that my love for thee fills my whole heart. I have not one feeling for another. I have but one wish, one desire in life—tho' that I may always possess thy love. Oh, dearest, when you tell me you will always love me, what joy thrills my soul. Dearest one tell me you will never give me up—that no power of man shall sever us—that you will be faithful to me forever—tell me this, darling, and then I can endure every thing. It will give me strength for every trial. Oh, dearest, my very heart congeals at the thought, were he to forsake me, what would become of me! Oh, darling, it is not this reflection awful? What is the name of God would become of me? Oh! I think—I love not a human being save thee. I cling to thee as my all. My very heart is so entwined with thee, that to tear thee from me would rend every heart string. Oh, dearest, 'tis an agony to dwell on this. I banish it from me. I know my angel will never forsake me. Tell me, so dearest, for these words alone sustain me now. Oh, dear one, I entreat you after you have received this letter, to reflect on all I have done to prove my love for thee. Think on all, but especially on the events of yesterday—that tells me how I love thee, for it was divine love alone which enabled me to brave the passions, the threats of such a man. I, a poor weak woman, yet so strengthened by thy love, that I felt that I could brave the powers of all the world for thee. Yes, dearest, think on all I have done, and then say, has woman ever loved like me? I have so disinterested, for she has no thought of self. She sees every thing in thee, and she clings to thee throughout as her heaven, and no man has power to tear her from thee. Dear love, I am so happy—I have thy sweet miniature. Did you know what a comfort it is to me, you would not regret giving it to me? I do wish you could see how I love even thy semblance: Every night, the last thing, ere I close my eyes in sleep, I press it to these lips, and to this heart. I then place it on my pillow, and rest my cheek on that dear face. Often in the stillness and darkness of night, so overcome by sleep as just to be conscious I am half awake, I press it with such passion to my lips, and feel as if I could never give up the pressure. Then too I long for morning, just to gaze on the precious one of my soul. Oh, how delicious 'tis to kiss those dear lips even in ivory? Darling, would you not like to have my miniature? I should be so happy for you to have it, as I know it would be just such a comfort to you as yours is to me. To-morrow, dearest, at 1 o'clock, and the book, and inside, the note, as we agreed upon. I shall receive it myself, so there will be no risk. Dear love, try and send me a long note, for every word will be so precious to me.

My dear Mr. Boyden: May I ask the favor of you to deliver the enclosed immediately to Mr. H. I would if I could find words to express to you the many obligations I am under to you for the kindness you have shown me, but words are but faint to express the deep gratitude I feel for all you have done for me. I can only beg you to believe me very gratefully and respectfully, Your friend.

Wednesday Night

Wednesday Night, 11 o'clock.

Darling of my soul how I do love you to-night, with a passion, a devotion words cannot express. I have just returned from Dr. C's where I have been passing the day. Alas! a gloomy one to me, for I was thinking every moment when I saw my beloved darling. The first thing I did when I reached this room, was to fly to my dear miniature, kiss it again and again, press it to this bosom with the same warmth, as if it had been thy sweet self to rest thy head on my breast, and I could have pressed it to my dear lips. Oh! how I loved you! I worshipped this picture, you would know how I worshipped the original. After sending you my letter yesterday, I found that I was mistaken in supposing it was sent with Col. M.—it proved otherwise, afterwards, I saw Col. M.—servant, and he told me it was a gentleman from New York. This of course relieved my mind exceedingly; but oh dearest, I have not yet received the Col. M.—called here to day before I went to Dr. C.—and I was compelled to see him. He came to order me as he said to leave Richmond, and says "I shall not go to New York," are there many women who could stand the presence of his manner towards me; I can give you no idea, he treats me as he does one of his servants, yesterday he was so lost in passion as almost to strike me. Oh! darling, could he see him with me, accusing me of things which I never did. Could you see all this, you would not suffer me to be in that room with him one moment. To-day he terrified me so that he made me promise to go to the Exchange—this was the only point I yielded. And now I regret it, although of course I do not intend keeping the promise, yet he has conquered me once, and it will make him tyrannize over me still more. The other day I behaved admirably—I was all calmness, and refused every thing. To-day I lost all my courage. Oh! when I think of this, what his insolent orders to me, I am amazed to think I should endure from any man. Thank Heaven, he has heard nothing of my being at the Exchange lately. He is to be here at 9 o'clock to-morrow, at 11 o'clock to-night, fearing this interview. It makes me shudder to think how I fear this man. If these interviews with Col. M.—continue, it will be my death. Dear love, tell me what to do. Shall I endeavor to see him again? Darling you are my all in this world—I cling to you. Tell me, therefore, which course to pursue. Dearest I am almost distressed to death. My heart feels as if 'twas broken. Here I am with strength, desolate, alone—in the power of a brute of a man, who takes advantage of me. No one to speak with—no one to sympathize with me—no near the only being on earth who can give me comfort, and yet cannot see him. Oh! darling, I know you pity me! Dearest! I tell you I have feared that I should not go to the Exchange on Friday—you know how I implored you to see me here, therefore you know what I feel 'tis to postpone my only joy in life. I will come at 11 o'clock on Monday. I cannot go in the public parlor, for there is too much risk—but I can go to the room I spoke of. Tell Boyden every thing, and he will assist us as best he can. I. Ask him to see that M.—is not about the Exchange, and see that the servants are away from the parlor. When I see M.—I can give you notice, that there is no one about, and then I can go when he has not been observed. Dearest! I entreat you to do this, for it will be my only plan. Dearest, I am so very desolate, I do wish in your note to-morrow what you think we had best do. I am compelled to see you here, for life itself rests upon you. Now dearest, as I cannot see you till Monday, I entreat you to do this, viz: to see me at church Sunday morning and night. As I have often told you, although I cannot speak with you, yet I can see you just to gaze on thee—just to have one look from thee—you need not have one word of church, nothing has been said about that, and I have a good job to tell you, to prove that nothing has been said about church in connection with you and me. 'Twill make you a stern dearest don't refuse me this, for it will be a comfort to me in my distress—at one o'clock to-morrow, I have thy dear note. Oh! how I will devour every word. Good God! if I only could see you now. Till Monday is so stern, Oh! how hard is my fate—so near thee dearest, and yet cannot see thee. Good night, love, kiss me sweetly, think of me every night, with my cheek resting on thy dear miniature, loving you with such devotion. To-morrow thy dear note makes me happy, till then, adieu. VA. 13, Wednesday Night.

VARIETY.

MOSEBY.

Mosby the rose For the very emblem of a maid For when the west wind courts her gently, How modestly she blows and paints the sun With her chaste blushes: when the north wind comes to court her, How rude and impatient, then she chastity She locks her beauties in her bud again, And leaves him to base wishes.

Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

An infirmary has been opened in Baltimore, for the proper treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear has been established by professor N. R. SMITH and Dr. COOPER. Those who have ailments of these important organs may resort with perfect confidence to the professional skill of these gentlemen.

SLANG OF THE DAY.—Question.—Is Mr. Pulk, as Mr. Ritchie says, the Great father of the red man?

Answer.—He said the father of nothing else—R. Standard.

N. P. Willis is about to become literary editor of the New York Tribune.

'I'm a done rucker,' as the Illinois child said when his mother wanted him.

A quick recently offering remedies for cutaneous diseases, said they would cure even the eruptions of Mount Hecla!

The Sunday Mercury tells of an acquaintance who asked another how old he thought Mrs. R. was. I don't know her age exactly, he replied, 'she varies from sixteen to twenty-five.'

Mr. N. P. WILLIS, was seen by the New Bedford papers, was married, on the 1st inst. to that town, to the only daughter of Miss Joseph Grinnell, M. G.

