

C-1

I Love but Thee.

*I love but thee—I love but thee—my only love, believe it,
Thy gentle heart, so priz'd by me, may sorrow never grieve it :
Should Fortune's smile my labours crown, I then with thee
will share it ;*

*And if, alas ! she on me frown, then I alone will bear it :
As down the path of life we stray, for thee I'll cull the roses,
And tear each rankling thorn away that neath its leaf reposes.*

*Come weal or woe, my song shall be,—
I love but thee—I love but thee.*

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Jan^y 23. 1854
My Dear Wife.
I received the package of letters
from you with extreme delight
on the 22nd yesterday so that you
can perceive that our letters are
a considerable time on the road each
way the Mails go inland route
now by Stages as no boats can pass
up the river in winter & as the roads
in the interior of the State are bad