

19  
Fayssoux Collection  
Catalog number 69A  
1830-1858

|            |         |
|------------|---------|
| Box 2      | 2 items |
| Folder 69A |         |

Mr. Thomas Smith  
was Alice Robertson; was childhood friend of W.W.  
In 1858 (Feb. 11), she gave dinner in honor of "  
when he came thru Nashville <sup>to give</sup> speech on Feb. 22,  
He returned to N.O.

*MS*

Orig. is in MS. Div. of <sup>State</sup> Library and Archives,  
Nashville. Owned by TN Historical Assoc.

Gift of Bolton Smith  
2016 Terrace Place,  
Nashville, Tenn.

5/18/77

## APPENDIX IV

## LETTER TO HIS AUNT BY WILLIAM WALKER

Nashville August 28th, 1830

Dear Aunt

This being Saturday I have no lessons to get. I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know how we are coming on and to let you know how fast I am progressing at school. I have to recite five lessons in the morning and five in the afternoon which keeps me very busily employed, my Brother is in very good health at present, I am happy to say that my Dear Mother is quite well I think her health has completely restored at least I hope so, she wanted to go out this summer to see you all very much but Father could not leave his business he says he will go out next summer, I would like to see you and Uncle and little Cousin James very much. Father was quite unwell about a week ago but has recovered again. My uncle Robert and Aunt Adeline and little cousins goes out next week I will send this out by Uncle Gordon who leaves here on Tuesday, all your acquaintances here are well your old Sweethart McGill was up to see Mama yesterday and looks very well. My Dear Aunt you must be sure to write me when you receive this give my love to Uncle Cousin James and to Cousin Elizabeth Simpson little John and James and to Cousin Mary Hood And family. And Cousin Gordons Father and Mother and little Brother sends their kind love to you all. No more at present but remain your

Nephew  
William Walker

## APPENDIX V

LETTER TO MRS. THOMAS SMITH OF NASHVILLE, BY WILLIAM WALKER, 1858

New Orleans, March 3rd, 1858

My dear Madam:

You see I am faithful to my promise. How often and how long since I left you have I thought of the promises - one in particular - that you made me, and how I have wondered whether or not you would be able to keep it. Remember you are responsible if the widow marries within the year - above all, if she thinks of such a step and you do not inform me of it even though I be at the ends of the earth.

Truly and seriously the glimpse I got at Nashville of quiet and domestic life has taken, I begin to believe, some of the temper out of my soul. For years I have seen but little save of the harder and harsher sides of life and I had begun to think myself pretty well steeled and somewhat insensible to the softer emotions. But who can curiously behold the "sheen of beauty's cheek nor feel the heart can never all grow cold?" (Question mark outside quotes) Don't you think, now, that I am pretty well softened when I begin to quote poetry? Really you are responsible for the whole of it; and if I am like a madman who but you has been the cause of the folly?

I parted with Alice and her husband and children at Paducah. After that I felt desolate and alone in the world. Every turn of the steamer's wheel seemed to carry me away from happiness, and I

felt as if my heart strings would break at this tearing myself away from her. She loves me more than most sisters love their brothers; and not only in this but in the friendships I have formed through life I have been particularly fortunate. Why, then, you may ask, should I repine at my lot. Ah, no: you are a woman and will not ask any such foolish question, for your sex instinctively divines all the secrets of emotion and affection.

But what a simpleton and vain fellow I am thus to be writing so much about my own feelings and sentiments. The truth is I have nothing else to write. I am a poor hand at picking up news, and even if I had any gossip do not know what would be agreeable to you.

Have you seen the address of the Americans at Paris to Louis Napoleon on his escape from assassination? If not do get it and read it. It is remarkable how well they manage to make themselves ridiculous. Hon John \_\_\_\_\_ of Maryland and Mr. Pille of New Orleans particularly. Paris turns the heads of other people besides the French.

Do not, I beg you, fail to reply to these incoherent ravings of mine. If no other feeling move you merely pity will make you write to me. But think of me restless and uneasy and pining away - maybe dying - to hear whether or not the widow ever talks of me or not. Don't you melt at the spectacle? Pray relieve my anxieties.

My most friendly remembrances to your father and Mr. Smith; and believe me

Truly your friend,

Wm Walker