

25 Beacon St.

Easter Sunday

Yours

dear Miss Mayes

My sister (Mrs. Geo. Lunt) came yesterday from her sea-home and when I began to upbraid her for not sending you the autograph you requested, she produced the faded thing which I enclose - the only one she could find - and told me that being unwilling to send you that, she did the best she could, cutting my name from a note.

Dear lady you shall have as many autographs of mine as you desire: but do blame me that you 'fear I am jesting' in what I said of your picture. I love to look upon it and imagine how you really do look - for after all the eye is the truest artist - and I am so very desirous to see you that I may

come to your city - partly for that
reason. But if your home is
in the province of New Brunswick
(do I understand you rightly?)
probably on your return you will
pass thro' Boston - may you not?
Do you know this city of Boston?
and are beautiful places by sea
and inland?

Somehow (- I dwell in hope) or somehow
I trust I may be permitted to see
you

My picture - had I one to give
could not possibly please you
because you think me as a
fool and I am really an
old farmer living in the country
or with my sister at the sea shore
and only stay in town to
receive the tuition of a winter
- out of town that mine & you are
and that I am yours
T. W. Parsons

~~Dear~~ Have you received the Card XXX
which I send?

From this day's paper I cut a sheet
of mine with the words 'Transcript',
which might be 'Transcript',
a semi-literary journal of the town.

Excuse my very abrupt ending but I am
called - and must obey the Trinity

in which absence I am
forgot my obligations to you for
which I must believe to be
as I beg you to believe

PARSONS

10, 5-67

25 Beacon St.
Easter Sunday

dear Miss Myers

My sister (Mrs. Geo. Lunt) came yesterday from her sea-home and when I began to upbraid her for not sending you the autograph you requested, she produced the faded thing which I enclose - The only one she could find - and told me that being unwilling to send you that, she did the best she could, cutting my name from a note.

dear lady You shall have as many autographs of mine as you desire: but it pains me that you 'fear I am jesting' in what I said of your picture. I love to look upon it and imagine how you really do look - for after all the eye is the truest artist - and I am so very desirous to see you that I may ["be" cancelled] come to your city, partly for that reason. But if your home is in the province of New Brunswick (do I understand you right ?) probably on your return you will pass thro) Boston - may you not ? Do you know this city of Boston ? and our beautiful places by sea and in land ?

Somehow (I dwell in hope) or somewhere I trust I may be permitted to see you.

My picture - had I one to give could not possibly please you because you think of me as a poet and I am really an old farmer living in the country or with my sons at the sea-shore and only stay in town to relieve the tedium of a winter out of town.

["Did" cancelled] Have you received the Canto XXX which I sent ?

From this day's paper I cut a Sonnet of mine and add thereto something I saw in last night's ["paper"]

cancelled] 'Transcript' a semi-literary journal of
this town.

Excuse my very abrupt ending but I am called and
must obey the time. in which obeisance however,
dear lady, I hope not to forget my obligations
to you for your kind expressions which I must
believe and most willingly do believe to be
genuine as I beg you to believe that mine to
you are

and that I am Yours

T. W. Parsons