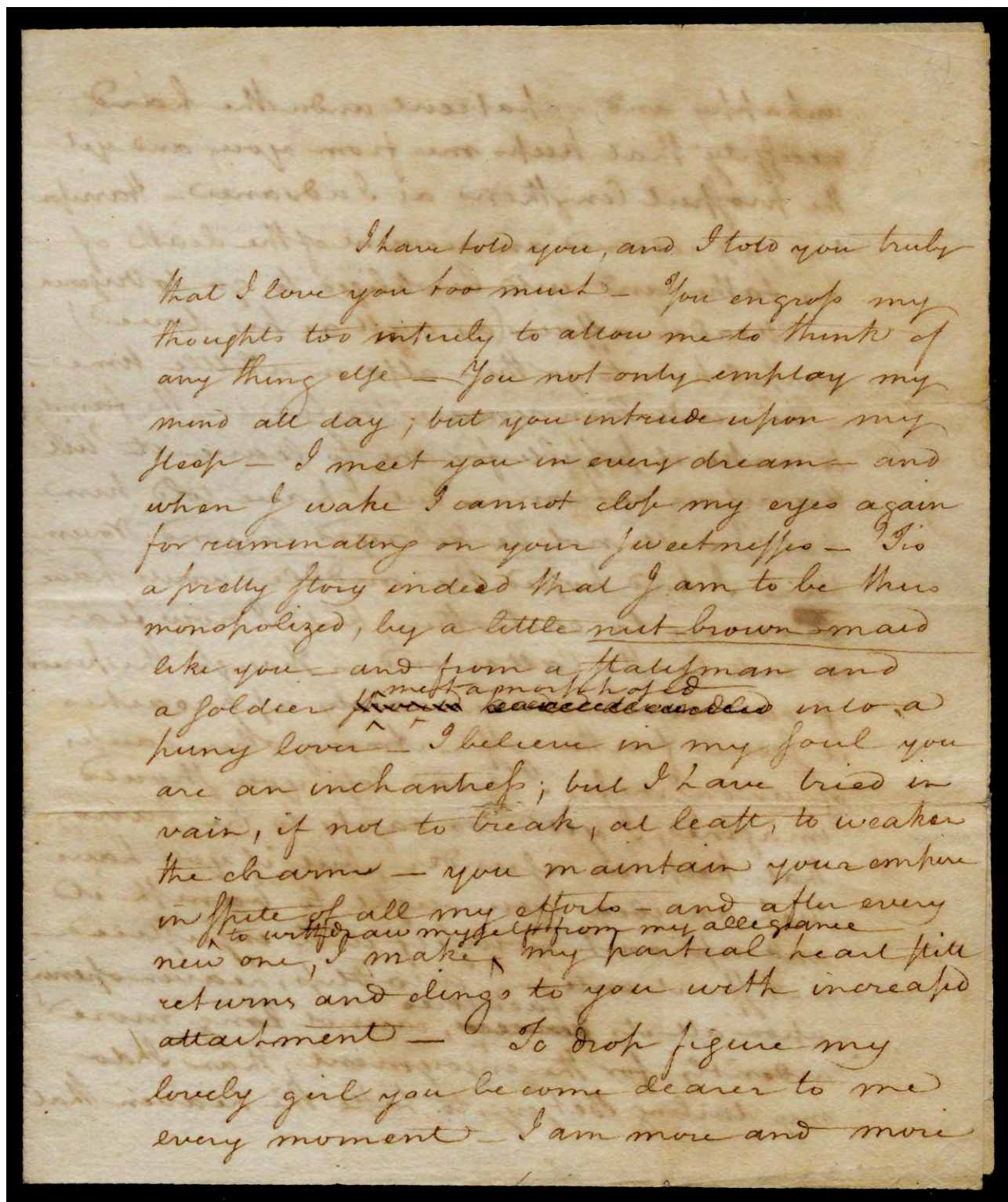


Image



Alexander Hamilton to Elizabeth Schuyler, October 5, 1780.
(The Gilder Lehrman Institute of American History, GLC00773 p1)

Alexander Hamilton to Elizabeth Schuyler, October 5, 1780

Transcript

I have told you, and I told you truly that I love you too much – You engross my thoughts too entirely to allow me to think of any thing else – You not only employ my mind all day; but you intrude upon my sleep – I meet you in every dream – and when I wake I cannot close my eyes again for ruminating on your sweetnesses – 'Tis a pretty story indeed that I am to be thus monopolized, by a little nut-brown maid like you – and from a statesman and a soldier ~~[strikeout]~~ *[inserted: metamorphosed]* into a puny lover – I believe in my soul you are an inchantress; but I have tried in vain, if not to break, at least, to weaken the charms – you maintain your empire in spite of all my efforts – and after every new one, I make *[inserted: to withdraw myself from my allegiance]* my partial heart still returns and clings to you with increased attachment – To drop figure my lovely girl you become dearer to me every moment – I am more and more [2] unhappy and impatient under the hard necessity that keeps me from you, and yet the prospect lengthens as I advance – Harrison has just received an account of the death of his father and will be obliged to go to Virginia – Meade's affairs (as well as his love) compel him to go there also in a little time – There will then remain too few in the family to make it possible for me to leave it 'till Harrisons return – but I have told him that I will not be delayed beyond November – I had hoped the middle would have given us to each other; but I now fear it will be the latter end – Though the period of our reunion in reality approaches it seems further off – Among other causes of uneasiness, I dread lest you should imagine, I yield too easily to the barrs, that keep us asunder; but if you have such an idea you ought to banish it and reproach yourself with injustice – A spirit entering into bliss, heaven opening upon all its ~~[strikeout]~~ *[inserted: faculties]*, cannot long more ardently for the enjoyment, than I do my darling Betsey, to taste the heaven that [3] awaits me in your bosom. Is my language too strong? it is a feeble picture of my feelings: – no *[struck: w]* words can tell you how much I love and how much I long – you will only know it when wrapt in each others arms we give and take those delicious caresses which love inspires and marriage sanctifies –

Indeed my Dear Betsey you do not write to me often enough – I ought at least to hear from you by every post and your last letter is as old as the middle of sept – I have written you

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twice since my return from Hartford –

You will laugh at me for consulting you about such a trifle; but I want to know, whether you would prefer my receiving the nuptial benediction in my uniform or in a different habit – It will be just as you please; so consult your whim and what you think most consistent with propriety –

If you mean to follow our plan of being secretly married, the scruple ought to appear intirely your own, and you should begin to give hints of it –

Tell my peggy I will shortly open a correspondence with her – I am [*strikeout*] composing a piece, of which, from the opinion I have of her qualifications, I shall endeavour to prevail upon her to act the principal [4] character. The title is “the way to get him, for the benefit of all single ladies who desire to be married” – You will ask her, if she has any objection to taking a part in this piece; and tell [*inserted: her*] that, if I am not much mistaken in her, I am sure she will have none. For your own part, your business now is to study “the way to keep him” – which is said to be much the more difficult task of the two; though in your case I verily believe it will be an easy one, and that to succeed effectually you will only have to wish it sincerely – May I only be as successful in pleasing you, and may you be as happy as I [*inserted: shall ever*] wish to make you!

A Hamilton

October 5. 80

I promise you a particular
account of Andre, I am writing
one of the whole affair of which
I will send you a copy –