My heart honestly assures you, dear Madam, of those emotions to which my tongue refused utterance—They are too genuine to be easily expressed—I have ever found it difficult to breathe "The still, small, voice of gratitude" with sufficient gentleness—I hope to see you again on the 14th. Offer my love to Mr. Johnston and the boys—My poor head is in vast pain—however—suffering of that kind is trivial—I have made a solemn vow to heaven, that my sister's name shall evermore be sacred with me—torn from the spot to which my whole soul is devoted I am not susceptible of any emotions except the most tender—my memory rejects all traces of unkindness—and I cherish even more than the affection implanted by Nature—Having been victim of party spirit I shall, during the present year, avoid those members of my own family whose doors are open to receive me—What a life of penance!—The apartment appropriated to me was seldom occupied, I am assured—It is impossible that I can be in the way; with the system which I pursue—The sun shines in at my only window, and compels me to move. God bless you—Of your sisterly attentions I can never be a moment unmindful—

Truly yours, M. C. R—
My heart honestly expresses you, dear Madam, of those emotions to which my tongue refused utterance. They are too genuine to be easily expressed. I have even found it difficult to balance the "lom, small, voice of gratitude," with sufficient gentleness. I hope to see you again on the 14th. Offer my love to Mr. Johnston and the boys.

My poor head is in vast pain; however, suffering of such kind is trivial.

I have made a solemn vow to Heaven, that my sister's name shall forever be sacred with me; hence from the spot to which my whole soul is directed, I am not susceptible of any emotions except the most tender. My memory rejects all traces of unkindness; and strange even more than the affection implanted by Nature. Having been the victim of heavy grief, I shall, during the present year, avoid those members of my family whose doors are open to receive me. What a life is patience!

The apartment appropriated to me was seldom occupied. I am assured. It is impossible that I can be in the way with the system which I pursue. The sun shines in all my only window, and compels me to move.

God bless you. If your sisterly attentions I can never be a moment unmindful. Truly yours, J. B. M.