I received my dear Mrs Johnston's note just after her departure on Tuesday—your goodness can never be effaced—I supposed long ago that I had ascertained all the evils which await one in the dreary shade of adversity—alas! Also; those unwholesome chilling mists are incalculable—Yet a little while, however, and I shall rally again—My presences now, operates like a reproachful conscience on a Sister, and for that—I am treated as a culprit—it is the crisis of affairs—The last paroxism of tyrannic power—exulting over patient endurance—Heaven can not sanction such oppression—even in benishment, from a beloved spot, I shall find comfort—all things will in time be adjusted equitably—

The second summer that I was turned out of this house—Mr. Tucker was daily expected, consequently, it became necessary for me to assign a reason for my going—Judy conceived an idea that Mrs. Taylor espoused my cause—nothing could have been more erroneous—Also; it will never be forgiven—all my attachments are so disinterested, it fills my bosom with anguish to hear any one execrated for appearing to sympathize with me—even when I know the injustice does not reach their ear—For the first time, Randolph Harrison's vivacity has failed in its attempt to reanimate me. In a few months my mind will regain its tone—Then I shall gratify myself by writing to you—A line ever, from your pen, will always afford pure pleasure to the heart of your affectionate N—C—R—

NB—My ink is intolerable—–I wrote by Toney when he was sent in quest of Carlo on Tuesday—
Incessantly, my dear Mr. Johnston, so just after his departure on Tuesday, your goodness cannot be effaced— I suppose long ago that I had acquired all the evils which await me in the dreary shade of adversity— alas! These unwholesome, chilling mists are intolerable— yet a little while, however, and I shall rally again— my presence now, operates like a reproachful conscience on a sister, and for that— I am treated as a culprit— it is the crisis of affairs. The last possession of tyranny— power— exulting their patient endurance— Heaven cannot sanction such oppression— I am in banishment, from a beloved spot, I shall find compensation— all things will, in time, be adjusted equitably.

The second summer that I was turned out of this house— Mr. Russel was daily expected, consequently, it became necessary for me to assign a reason for my going— Fady conceived an idea that Mr. Taylor exposed my cause— nothing could have been more erroneous— no; it will never be forgiven— all my attachments are so disinterested— it fills my bosom with anguish to hear any one execrated for appearing to sympathize with me— even when I know the injustice does not reach their ear.

For the first time, Randolph Harrison's vivacity has failed in its attempts to reanimate me. In a few months, my mind will regain its tone— then I shall grab myself by writing to you— a line soon, from your pen, will always afford great pleasure to the heart of your affectionate N. C. D.

No. Dey isn't unbelievable— Towed by Tony when he was sent in quest of Combe on Tuesday.