

1872 No

Monday morning.



Dear Dorcas

Coming home from my little excursion,
how much was I enjoyed, finding
so friendly a note — You want
to know, how I think on the lonely
pilgrim and how I am — I am
in good health, and I cannot
but think very well on my
pilgrim.

Your prayer, I shall willingly
fulfil; to fulfil the fourth and

is a matter of course. —

Your novels are charming; pray, is
the "Marian S. Malt" really a true
story — poor young wife!

I am very sorry, that the fatal war,
hurts your projects — pray, do all
what you can for your health
and omit nothing, what may be
useful to you! That is my
order, which to fulfil punctually
I pray instantly — I think, any
other transgression of my orders
I could not forgive sooner, but,





~~you~~ Don't Derive profit from
my generosity! —

My mother joins in kind regards
to you.

And then, you will — forget
me not! —

Melanie

Forgive me the many faults;

I never wrote English letters,

