

26th Rain, rain, rain. It is two weeks since the south wind commenced blowing though we have had some pleasant weather. Boats have made several fruitless attempts to go off the anchorage today. Their flag has been at half mast and it is reported that there are a number of passengers on board women and children. I pity them but there is no alternative they must stick to the ships if they can till there is a change of wind. It is not very strong but the sea is very rough about the harbor.

I was glad to receive a little note from you a few days since and to learn that your health was improving. We all see dark days as well as bright ones and it is best that we should. We should become too much attached to earth if it was all bright. — I have felt wretchedly today and might say for several days in consequence of too much exercise in this debilitating south wind. You speak of the dress patterns. I purchased them all at the same time; according to the request I received — yours through Mrs. J. & Belcier. When I took them to the depot, there was a loose piece of paper about them as they came from the store and I marked both but probably Mrs. J.'s was so small Mr. C. thought it might as well be off and did not put on another thinking the letters would make it all plain. I wrote to Mrs. J. about it, but I think my note to you must have been sent before. But I hear it is all straight now. We must be more particular next time. — I shall be most happy to comply with your request if possible but I feel that it would be taking quite a responsibility to purchase a black silk dress for another.

You must not think I write as much to other parents
as I do to Mrs. J. Her daughter is especially under my care
and this is the first year of her being with us - these with
some other reasons lead me to write more to her. I endeavor
to write to all as much as I can consistently with other
duties, but do not think it as necessary where there are
two or three boys who write a great deal themselves.

Mrs. Lucy E. Wiley

Harriet

Lucy

I hope to see you ere long and then we can talk with
more satisfaction than we can write. But the future is
uncertain. A ship came in this morn. bound to the
land of gold - now she lies a dismasted wreck at
the mouth of the harbor, stung with wind -
Mrs. Cooks babe has been very sick with a sort of dys-
entery - Mrs. Hall is gaining - yours in haste
C. C. Dale