

Your pen has been betrayed into an expression in your last letter which I have served as the angel did unto Toby, oath. I have blotted it out forever. "Too much for human nature to bear." When you have read my story you will blush that you wrote such a line, and when you consider what is the cause of your present distress you will be ashamed nay, afraid to murmur.

In my absence, When you have no one to administer consolation to you, Shou. an anxious thought intrude upon you about the fate of your favourite Boy. Look back to this X. volume of the last Epistles of Edmund to Mary
Read

Read the story of Lady Argill and you will not dare utter a sigh for yourself.

Old Governor Nordberg used to say. —

"Dere be one kind of affliction,
" which make folks cry.

" and —

"Dere be one kind of affliction
" that make folks laugh.

The first are such as are related in my story.

— The latter are such as you feel. You have nothing more to do but to drink a bumper to Murray. I wish him a good passage every day for 25 days from this time. — Monday