

Do you know the pain it is to expect  
 a letter & be disappointed last night  
 I expected one — the night before I expected one  
 — each night I contrived not to come home till  
 bed-time, that if I should be disappointed, my  
 whole evening might not be wasted in melancholy  
 to night I thought I was sure — yet I kept out till  
 now — & I dared not ask at the Lodge — I had  
 asked so often — I thought they would regard me  
 with a suspicious eye — I took my keys in  
 silence, & no letter! I am oppressed & I  
 weep like a child — I am forced to comfort  
 myself with saying perhaps tomorrow! So I  
 wash my days! farewell! God protect you  
 for ever with a power superior & with a  
 solicitude equal to that of yr affectionate

Friday 14 Nov. —

T. M.

2. of addressed to Aunt