

3rd

I fear I will tire you out
in this letter, but it has been
such a long time since I last
wrote, I have so much to say, and
will close now without ex-
pressing myself as fully as I would
wish to do.

I thank you most kindly for
the little bouquet, it is the prettiest
I have seen for a long time
I shall prize it highly, for the
givers sake as well as for the love
I have for flowers. I wish I had
some to return you, but my
Shanty is destitute of every thing
like that. I have a little office
in which the Sun never shines
always cool. And flowers, you
know like women, if they ^{inhabit} ~~occupy~~
a cool locality - destitute of the
warm smiles of the Sun - ^{they} ~~they~~ never
flourish, but droop and finally die