

Dark Midland Line at Leam Augth 25/

Dear Sister Susan,

As we are now bound back to Haystack I thought I would write you a few lines, just to let you know that I am still well, and getting along nicely. It is now evening, and little Gus is sound asleep in my berth. I am sitting by the cabin table, thinking of my friends at home. I should like very much to run across the street to see you to night, but I am far, far away from the old Fitzgeralds, and I know that a long time must pass before I can return. But I am not sorry that I started, for I know, if I live to meet William, and find him well, I shall be much happier than I could be at home. When we touched at Haystack the sixteenth of this month, I went ashore and spent the day at Mrs. Gylra's. It was very hot indeed, so that I did not go out at all, only into a store to buy a large Basket. I bought some at the house, like those Peter sent you. Mrs. Gylra said she remembered him well. He bought a Bonnet and some Baskets of her. Fagal looks very pretty at a distance, but when you get ashore, it appears very different. The streets not so narrow, and there are so many dirty Portuguese around me, that I was glad to leave. Although I see some things there, that I shall long remember. Capt. Coon landed fifty-eight barrels of oil, and since then