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My dearest Sister

I scarce know how you will pardon my long silence toward so regular a correspondent as you have proved yourself – don't imagine I rank yr. letter in Dr. S.'s category, however willing I may be to grant you the "height" of epistolic art; for yr. letters, news or no news, as I have told you a thousand times are always equally welcome to me – this I beg you will remember for the future & believe that I shall be more than satisfied if you will only write about yr. own pursuits & what interests you. No doubt you think I ought to prove this by something better than waiting 10 days or a fortnight before acknowledging yr. missives, but "sweet sisters always have horrid brothers" as the saying is, and one hates to be peculiar – of course horrid brothers ought to mend their evil ways, & that's my firm intention.

In my humble opinion there is only one way in wh. your letters could be improved:– they always have affection enough, always news enough (for me at least) & generally wit & wisdom enough – only, for heaven's sake don't adopt Don C's mystical style & say "when you come hither next Summer

retribution; and as every one gives a kick to man or dog alike when he's once started down hill I expect Tom will look about for some one else to tell him how tall & manly he is grown.

If you still spurn Baltimore, what do you say to a trip to Emmittsburg this Summer? if I can so manage it I shd. much like to join you in Frederick & go up to the Distribution but shall not undertake it otherwise, & if I don't go this year when I shall get my degree I scarce think the Mountain will see me again before Tom graduates – of course I have no fixed plan as yet, but if this arrangement is impossible for you (& why shd. it be? the expense is scarce any thing) my idea is to remain here until the 10th July or so, & then come to you at Needwood. I wish, dear Sister, you could, or rather we could, make the trip; for I have never walked over those grounds with you since you were a school girl & I still feel towards the Mountain as you must always feel towards St. Joseph's for "dear is the school boy spot We love to forget, tho' there we are forgot"– Will you think over this plan when Drs. Johnson & Swift grant you a moments time? You told me the Horses were coming up shortly – I hope Aunt H. is still as strong. Good-bye – give my love to the inimitable Bibby & to all at home. – Ever yr. devoted brother

C. C. Lee

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