

Dear Cox.

Sunday 6 o'clock P.M.

Feeling unusually lonesome this afternoon
and knowing of nothing is likely to dis-
= feel that feeling as writing to you. I hope you
will excuse me for so doing in the first place
on account of the day and next in the
selfishness I here display, but Dear Cox do
not consider entirely itself believe me it is a
better feeling, ~~that~~ I cannot tell you what it
is. I sometimes think how can I feel so lonely
when I have so many friends. I have one who
could not be much nearer and yet we are apart.
Dear Cox it seem that I just begin to know
the great great loss that I have experienced.

in the death of one I scarcely know in being
bereft of a Mothers love a Mothers care is
this we were alike. perhaps it is that which
renders your society so dear to me and makes
me find so great a solace in writing to you
I often indulge such thought as these but
no one ever knew it before. I sometimes think
with the Poet

but I expect I } Could I from changefull fortune claim
would have to } The gifts of riches power and fame
be very different } Yet still my first my only care
to hope to meet } My constant wish would be to share
her beyond the grave such though as ^{my} Mothers lonely grave
turn me from the world but they do not
perhaps

tomorrow I will be as lively as ever talk
and laugh and strive to forget I ever had
a serious moment but such a strain cannot
last long I have unmasked myself at
last I can write no more at present

Adieu and believe me
I remain
your
affectionate

E. C.

Try to forget this as soon as read
and let us meet the same as ever
without alluding to the past

Good bye

Dear Cox

Mc Mc Sands
per

