

In your letter you desire "such to me" of
my reply to you or myself. I have
just now written another and distinct
as they did not seem to express ^{would say} what I
intend to talk with you, and I
before my next departure is not far distant
I have always found to say you
with my business on a piece and yet there
is no one else to whom I have the right to
go. I will remember the last time
we met at the old Lane in last May,
as the day I forgot the conversation
on the passage at Fenchurch. The Sunday
morning, (the 11th of April) of which I had no
recollection, but which was
not with such kind conduct &
patience and on your part and
for which I pray always God to bless
you. Perhaps the day you
will come to see me, and then I
can tell you what I want to say,
and you will ~~also~~ know what is best

to do. I expect I spent a
week end. My dear mother, I
think it is such a charming house
to be in the country. To having to
ride and ^{in the forest but of the city} walking in the morning.
I hope you like it as much. I
hope soon to hear from you again.
Please destroy this. I don't want
any one but yourself to see it.

With love from
Margaret