

poor remuneration, for my
loss of your society.

How we constantly in
the society of each other than-
thoughts, unexpressed, wants
of us, the character of words,
and, blind, if possible, more
closely, our hearts. I could, tell
you, civil things, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
reprove me, by a smile, I would
be satisfied that my words were
not in vain. The dream which
I spoke of was, that you had
advised, to our family another,
but the dream was not distinct,
and yet I have I may be able,
to reach home in time.

Margaret

Thy Obedient
Daughter
Houston

Washington

17th May 1838

My dear Sam,

I had a dream about
you, last night, and it was not
unpleasant, but agreeable, and
I would, that I could realize,
the fact, that I was with you.

I have given you the statistics
of the weather, and therefore, I
must keep it up. To day, it is clou-
dy, and damp. Yesterday, I had
fine, and found it pleasant.

I had a fearful attack of
night mews, last night, and
never suffered so much in all
my life from the same. I ate
an apple, before retiring, and

to that cause, I imperte the
attack, for I never eat supper,
and have not eat an apple,
this winter, that I recollect
of, this winter at night.

I would rather sit up all night,
than to suffer what I did last
night.

You will not wish me,
I presume, to write any more
long letters, but are willing that
I should prate about love, or
the cherishing regard, which I
entertain for you. Altho. it is
an apt tale late, you will
be willing to hear it again.

So I may "tell it again," and
if we live to meet, I will tell

you something very pleasant
about "take a drink, and tell
it again." Well I am, I feel, that
I cannot express to you, any
thing of tender character, or that
would make you laugh, or
cry. So you see how deficient
I am in tender material. If
I understand ~~love~~ better with
Ladies, they always cause them
to laugh or cry. If they are
greatly delighted they will laugh,
and, if they are provoked, they
must cry. Now I can not and
long letter days are over, and
what was once fancy, has become
domestic reality. It is to me
so real, that fancy, offers a