

Oysterponds Aug 15th 1836

I have delayed writing to you my dear Emma for a week. A long time you will think for me to neglect answering your welcome letter, and indeed it is a long time, during that time I have not been very well, and have commenced one letter which I attempted to finish and afterwards destroyed. The boat leaves so early in the morning that there is no time to write then, and I am writing before I resign myself to Morphew's. My eyes feel inclined to close and you may expect but a dull epistle and not very long either.

I was truly rejoiced to hear from you, but your letter made me melancholy. Why have you been thus "cast down"? I need hardly ask the question for my own mind suggests the answer. It is no trifling thing to leave your friends, and most sincerely do I wish you could remain with us. "Home is where

the heart is otherwise "lost and dead" and you
will be happy in your mortal home, I have no
doubt after the pain of parting is over, and time
has banished your long painful abode. It seems
folly for me to attempt to console you any more
justly, I am only offering sympathy, my true
sincere affection, and my advice and wish that
wherever you are you may find peace & happiness
You have been tried and afflicted, but we must
suffer your mind to dwell upon those trials and
afflictions, than rather and reflect upon the
things you have and do still enjoy, and draw
from these your flowers the perfume they yield.
I think we shall not
regain here longer than this week, so that now
much I should see you and that is far better
than nothing. I have been collecting some of the
"records of the deep" that are to be found here. I
have done so much and some beautiful ones.
My pen sketches to that I
can hardly make as you will perceive. I would
not send such a volume, but if I do not write now
I cannot write at all, and I cannot leave you
from another week without an answer; you must
excuse the dragging &c.

If you should answer this, I should
not receive it, the mails are so irregular, and
therefore you need not write, for my heart is
so on three days for last Monday, but it is
quite uncertain. Now I must tell you good
night, and may we dream of again. Let the
time I received your letter, I received one from
you at the day's departure. I do not expect to hear
from her again until I go home.
Good day my dear
Emma and although your early years are closed
may your path be bright, and your last days be
rich than your first.
Yours ever sincerely
Alice Davis

48th

Miss Emma Nichols
Care of Judge Hoffman
New York.

