

Galashiels 28 April 1842.

My dear Margaret

I dreamt long & happily of you last night - so now, Tom is gone to sleep I am to write you - ~~with~~ that God will preserve you & your infant son in health and comfort is my very sincere desire - you have got over this trial, it is one, is it not? of late I have thought of you during many sleepless hours, refrained from writing by Post Packet, in case it might grieve you - I should like him to look like you, tell me when you can write

to you & Mr Dawson, forgive my long silence & write me like usual
 Isabella

your eyes are dark, the
above sentence is no disparage-
ment to Mr. Dawson, for you
^{two} are one - but there is so
much that I should like
to know, that never will
reach this length, that it
only makes me sorrowfull
to think about it - surely
we will yet meet here be-
low - it has often vexed me
that you were not here before
you left, previous to your
departure, in my household
arrangements, I found myself
often
saying, what will Maggie
think of this when she
comes, that is almost over

earth, how strange it seems -
but we have reason to hope, that
she is with her Saviour, therefore
far better - but it is just
her friendship, her compa-
nionship, that as lost, we
mourn over - Mr Lees is a
quiet, but I believe a heavy
mourner - no death, for a
long time, we are told has
been so generally regretted,
she has left 4 children -

it is almost more than I am
able for yet, to write about
this, it gives me such a
headache - by this time
I can scarcely sit -

if it had been a more fitting
time I might have told

you of Agnes's visit to Edin's
previous to this, I how your
good Mother came on without
you, as Agnes says, if Maggie
could only have got a peep
of us about Teo time, when
the press door was opened I
every that Mrs M could lay
hands upon, was brought &
put in beautifull order upon
the table, it would have off-
ended Maggie's eye - but
that is nothing in reality, when
one knows the hearty welcome
that Mrs Mercer gives to her
friends - now dearest
friends write me soon, my next
letter will be to tell you more
of my Husband, son, & my goings
out & in - Mothers & Agnes best love

now, you are so far away,
what a difference you will
find, having a baby to keep,
it is just hard work the
whole day, I never have a
minute to sew - not having
a girl to take care of my
boy, just me - I hope you
will be strong & able to nurse
him nicely, I had to give
up at 6 months, head aches
had returned, but are much
away again - when you
write try & tell me every-
thing about yourself & your
little boy - dear Maggie an
immortal soul, committed
to your charge, it is no

light matter —

You will know that our
kind & gentle sister is gone
from us, she died, calm,
praying to the last, no sound
being heard toward the close,
^{but} her arms folded on her breast,
with up turned eyes, her face
wearing a quiet smile, al-
most to the last, ~~quite~~
spoke to each one of her child-
ren, parted without a tear, altho
all brought out of their
beds, the elder ones weeping
bitterly, before her, saw
their infant daughter, with
perfect composure, but
at the first when knowing

There were no hopes of recovering
the only murmur that crossed
her lips, was. "But it is very
hard to part with these children

— but she soon got over it—
she committed ^{them} to Agnes as
knowing her mind in all things
regarding them. She died on
the tenth day, we did not
apprehend any danger untill
two days before, she seldom
had a quick recovery, so it
did not alarm ^{us} so much Dr.
John Weir always saying there
was no danger, it was fever.

Agnes is at the head of Mr. Lees
household, consequently my
mother is much alone, but it
was Eliza's wish — I will

shall the Motherless children
be attended, she used to trust
so much to Agnes in her life
time, our old servant Sean
Gill, (that had only one eye)
is nursing the infant, a fine
child, a few doors from my
house, her Husband is one of
Mr. Lees's workmen - my poor
Mother is much cast down - you
know dear Maggie, how we
love one another & what an
affectionate Mother we have
so that you can imagine the
grief this has caused, every
thing brings her to mind, in
front of the house every shrub
& flower is as beautiful as
ever & she is gone from this