

Bordeaux 29th of Sept.

1835

My dear Mother,

By this time you have received our letter telling you of the death of our dearest little daughter. It has now been a week since she died, and every day I feel more resigned to her loss, I cannot feel that the dear little creature is torn from us forever, no her spirit watches over us, we cannot help feeling her loss for she was certainly a most interesting little creature - she showed a heavenly disposition, and remarkable intelligence for a child of her age, and what endeared the little darling to and more than any thing else was that she was the express image of you. For ten days she suffered greatly, on the tenth or eleventh day the inflammation rose into her brain and destroyed her; she had every attention which could have been given, her we watched by her bedside night and day, and I shall ever think that Heaven directed us to this spot, for surely strangers never met with kinder friends than we have done. Mr. Norton a Virginian who married in this place and had a large family here, had been a Father to us, indeed we can never forget him, he had made us feel as if we were in the midst of friends, and the old lady in whose house we