Probably be back before long.
I write short letters, alas
Maria, not because I have
not a great deal to say and
do not often think and talk
both of you and Sallie and
your mother. But in truth
I am tried out.

Mr. Blades often speaks
of you and Sallie to his
other friends with me. He
holds you up as sort of model.
And you were faithful
good scholars. You will
always have that comfort.
But if there is one thing
more than another that
comes back to me at all
you it is that I could rely
upon you so entirely.
When you write to me tell
me more. If you have chosen
at all I know you have chosen
 wisely.

Good night, dear Maria, with
love to you and to all. P. L. Hale.
The novelty lasts.

The poetry you sent me was very pretty. If you go to Dr. E. as seems now your manifest destiny, Sallie will have to go too—and then your brother will be sorely divided between Stopp and her children. It is easy to tell which will gain the victory in the end. (I know exactly morning when she greets you.) Sallie P. had finished school. I was very sorry to part with her. As she has grown older she has developed a few lines and delicacy of character.

Give a great deal of love to your dear brother and to Sallie. Another sends her love to you all. She is a little better. When you write don't to me as usual. I shall