

Richmond, August [sic] 29th, 1852

My dear Miss Ellen,

I hope you will not think me presumptuous [sic], or forward, in writing you a letter, but I have been thinking so much about you and felt so sorry for you, that I would not get over it any way but by writing to you and telling you, how much I feel for you, in this your sad and bitter bereavement [sic]. I had hoped when I heard of Mas Sam's being out in the porch that he was better, and [can?] not tell you how I was shocked when two to three days after ward the letter came saying that all was over. If I could sit down and talk to you Miss Ellen, as I used to do a good many years ago, I could then tell you how much I feel for you, but perhaps if I were to put it in on paper it would not look proper, but I [illegible] as sorry for you as if I were to fill up three or four pages in telling you so. I was thinking last night, what happy times they were when you were in Richmond a long time ago, and I used to play with you, and how many sad changes have come since then. I hope Miss Ellen, that God, who has promised to be the Father to the fatherless, the widows, and the orphans God will protect you and your dear little child in your loneliest and sadest [sic] moments and that he always will is my humble and sincere prayer. In the words of a beautiful hymn,

God moves in a mysterious [sic] way his wonders to perform
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm
The purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower

God bless you, Miss Ellen, your humble friend,

Rebecca

I hope Miss Emma is well

I had just finished writing my note my dear cousin Ellen, when Rebecca came to my room, to ask me if I would write a few lines for her, to you, so you see I have written at her dictation.