

Leicester, 10 o'clock, Friday Morn'g  
Sept. 17, 1847.

My Dearest May, I find myself completely over-  
whelmed with business, & have only time to write you a line.  
I got down safe, after a pleasant trip, and stopped  
at the Best St. House - good table, Room &c. I  
have progressed so far very well with my business.

George has gone over to Wington - is fuller than  
ever of land trades - talks some about Siggie Finnell,  
but cautiously. Ed. complains this evening quite  
bitterly of the head-ache & rheumatism.

Don't think hard of me for so short a letter.  
I'll tell you all I could write, when I come up.

I have not forgotten you and my sweet  
little one in my prayers, morning and evening, - and I  
know I am not forgotten. May God bless us all in  
our separations and when together.

Kiss the little one a hundred times for me, or  
send it here by telegraph that I may kiss it, - kiss  
yourself in the glass for me.

In haste,

Every yours,

Richard H. Collins.