

Croft Island,
5th March, '92.

Dear Sir,

At the first moment that I felt myself well enough to do so, I write to congratulate you on your marriage, and to wish yourself and your Missus a long and happy wedded life. Father Dan was the first to tell me of your marriage, having come in this way a few days after. I do not know Mrs. C.D., but I expect to become acquainted with her by-and-by when I get well enough to go out on Sundays. I should have written sooner had I been well; but for some time past I have not had much thought or care for reading or writing.

I have put in a poor time of it since X^{mas}, not having been able to go once outside the strand since. Since I wrote you before, I have had two more severe attacks of neuralgia; indeed since X^{mas} I have not at any time been quite free from it. I was obliged to close the School the last three weeks of January; to-day finishes another fortnight at home for me, and I am not sure whether I will be able to open next Monday or not. I had a visit from the doctor, but he failed to do me any good. I afterwards applied three fly blisters to my cheek till they burned it into raw flesh, and they have partially relieved me; but I fear I have not seen the end of it yet, as some of the swelling still remains; and, moreover, some parties tell me they were similarly affected by neuralgia and did not get quite rid of it for 6 months.

Circumstanced as I am, I have no news of any importance to send you.

I almost feel as much discontent,
I'm near as troubled in my mind,
As I was the dreary while I spent,
In Lifford's gloomy jail confined.

But in every phase and turn of fate,
However hard our lot may be,
We've still some comfort in our state,
And blessed with some felicity.

Much comfort in these thoughts I find:—
Things that seem bad, much worse might be,
And 'mong the mass of human-kind,
From pain and sorrow few are free
(none!)

And so, I feel I've been quite wrong
For small discomforts to repine,
No more I'll fret — so ends my song.
Dear friend, I'm ever truly thine,
"Rossanach."

P.S.

I shall be happy to hear from
you soon. If your brother has the copy of
the Gael preserved in which appeared the song
about your uncle's drowning I should like
very much to see it.

Yours &c.

A. J. D.