

New York August 12th 1847

My dear Sir

Three years have elapsed since I last had the honor of addressing you; - not that the abiding feelings of respect and admiration with which I regard you, have in any degree diminished; - but the fervent hopes entertained by me, in common with Millions of your fellow Citizens, were so unexpectedly, and fatally crushed by the issue of the last Presidential Election, that I have never yet been able perfectly to rally from its stunning effects, or to gather Confidence enough to force myself upon your attention.

A calamity of a different, and infinitely more afflicting Character has since fallen upon your family circle, awakening the sympathies, and calling forth the commiseration of all who have hearts to feel throughout our entire Country; - in these, my dear Sir, I deeply and truly participate, and respectfully tender to you, and those dear to you, my heartfelt Condolements.

Among the numerous tributes which the gallantry and noble bearing of your lamented Son upon the fatal field of Buena Vista, have called forth, - I have met none more touching in its inception and Character, than the one herewith enclosed, the production of Frances Jane Crosby, a resident Graduate of the N. Y. Institution for the Blind. It was written immediately after the