

Ralph

Dec. 28, 1870

Chatham Prison

Wednesday Evening

My dear Mary!

I write to you but I have no news of any importance. Mr. Fagan was here to day and he told me he knew nothing further. I told him of your offering to send some one to measure me for clothes and the Governor being unable to answer you. He said I could get clothes of my own if I wished, but that he would provide clothes and as I might not like to take the best material supplied to persons going out, he was thinking ~~thinking~~ the best thing he could do was to give money for buying an outfit. I believe my Commission Suit is here and I asked to see them. You might like to see me going home in my own clothes but I suppose they are all moth eaten. I told Mr. Fagan that whatever was laid before me in this matter I would receive reasonably. So you needn't trouble your head on the dressing of me as you could not do it when here. He thought ourselves were the cause of delay. That my answer to the proposition was deemed reasonable and wouldn't I advise others. I told him how I could not do that; that my own responsibility was enough, and how my motives would be liable to misconstruction.

I wish that these lines may find you well. Settle down for a few days or it may be a few weeks, but settle so to be ready to start up immediately. Since you are willing to remarry one who has nothing to offer you but increased love. If you are able to tell me that you have no unpleasant reflection after your last visit, that you forgive me for any trespass I might have made in your feelings in speaking or in writing to you, you are able to make me happier by telling me so in a few lines. Hal got your father's letter today. I am going to write to Mr. Dyott now, but I have not that extract from your memoir I sent him. I remain your dear friend, I'm afraid I can't learn to call you Mary. Your fond husband, Rossa

I asked the Director to give me permission to write
to Mr. O'Leary, and that I would send him a copy of
any reply to the authorities, but on second thought
I think it better not to write to him as there is
some delay in Portland & it seems an
unfair construction might be put upon what
I would thus do as a remembrance to one I esteem
pretty much. my pen is tempting me to continue
writing to you, but I'll fetter it. Yours. Roscoe



Mrs. Harriet Ross
Cemetary
Cork Ireland

