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August 12th 1840
Bognor.

My Dearest Father,

Altho' this day will be a day of business
to you, yet I cannot help taking a few moments
of your time to offer my congratulations, imperfect
as they will be in this respect.

If my wishes were sufficient to call
down happiness & blessings of all kinds, you would
then indeed be the happiest of beings.

none resembles them more than you do. Would
 that it was in my power to realise what my words
 express. I can do nothing but to endeavour,
 all in my power to please you, & ^{by actions} approve
 & move the sincerity of my words, & of my affection.
 I am at a loss to find words to express

my go
 I am
 Child
 & go
 I hope
 each

49666

Would
my words
and
expressions
express
affection
bless

my gratitude to You for Your kindness to me,
I am sure every one must envy me being Your
Child; for I experience nothing but affection
& goodness from You. You will have nothing
I hope to disturb Your mind this Day, & that
each successive Year may bring with it an increase

of happiness & comfort to you, is the ardour

with of

My Dearest Father

Your most affectionate

& ever dutiful

Daughter

Charlotte