

Buenos Aires, February 9th 1890

My Dear Daughter,

It is with the greatest possible joy of my heart, that I have received from Mr. Salzano your most welcome and loving letter, as well as your portrait, holding your beautiful and dear son, my sweet and beloved grand-son, God bless you both, as well as your kind and good Husband, Coroacy, towards whom I feel very grateful for the great kindness shown towards you and your poor Mother!

Believe me, this is the first letter I ever have received from you, or from any other person in Brazil, since my leaving Rio Grande do Sul in 1882! From that time until I received your very dear letter from Mr. Salzano, I had not the least information or intelligence about you! Of course this was a most intollerable and most painful trial for my poor heart!... And still not one single day has passed, since that time, that I did not think most affectionately of you all, praying fervently every day, nay nearly every hour, to God Almighty and to His most Holy Mother, for each one

of you, that They should bless, protect and defend you all; that they should prosper and keep in good healths all of you, but especially your good husband, that he might always have abundant means to continue providing comfortably to all your wants! I have been all this time in complete darkness about what was happening with you. But I felt a great confidence in the divine goodness of God, that He would grant all my petitions for your welfare, and this sentiment comforted my desolated heart! But if you could have penetrated into my inmost feelings, you would have read in them, how deeply I felt for you, and ^{how} greatly and warmly I loved you all!

How many tears I have shed, thinking of you and of your mother! At times I would perchance meet persons somewhat resembling you, or hear some pieces of music that you used to sing or to play, and could not contain neither the hard beating of the heart, nor the flow of tears! One day I heard singing at Mass the *Sanctus Maria* of Mercadante! My heart jumped! I listened... the voice sounded as if it was yours! My Dearest Corinna! I prayed! I cried like a child! But it was not You! Oh! will I ever hear and see you again?... Yes my dearest child, God willing,

I will hear, see and embrace you all to my heart, in June next! I shall send you a telegram informing you of the day of my arrival. My heart is too full now! I must close this short letter.

And your good Mother! Poor Mary! I shall see her in heaven!

I press you, my darling Corinna, to my heart. Embrace for me your kind Husband Coroay, and tell him that I love him very very much. And to your sweet and beautiful Vivaldo give on behalf of his grand-father thousands of kisses.

My visit to you in Rio Janeiro will be for a few days, on my way to Europe, and it is my wish that it shall be kept strictly confined to you and your dear family.

I leave day after tomorrow for my residence, which is in Chubut, Central Patagonia. Write often to me there addressing me as follows:

Very Rev. Canon Francis Vivaldi
Rawson, Chubut,
Republica Argentina

Love me, as I do you and
believe me for ever and ever

Your Most Affectionate Father

Francis de Viraldi

P.S. Please send me your portrait
in a group with your Husband
and Child.

My Dearest Corinna, you are not only
my only daughter, but my legitimate
daughter, because born of my legitimate
marriage, celebrated in Green Bay in 1858,
and consequently my only Heir. This has
been communicated by me to the most Holy
Father The Pope, and the most Reverend
Archbishop of Buenos Aires, who last
year promoted me to the honorary rank
of Canon of His Metropolitan Church.

I send you my portrait. Don't be shocked!
And I enclose also a photograph, representing
my mission in Chubut, teaching the poor
Indians of that immense Territory.

Be a very good christian lady, raise your
sweet child in the holy love of God, and
never forget your most loving father

(signed) Viraldi