tell me all you do, all you see, to above all all you suffer——

such letters are real comfort to me, the

yesterday I wanted it for I had been

myself very low — in will, in when

been coming to you, unexpectedly, I

found you ill of ague, I say

thoroughly overcome ———

I have no doubt but that the country air

will be a very little time restore me to a certain point, but upon

the whole, year after year, I do not

thinks that I gain neither health nor strength —

it is in this way only that letters care to be taken, it that an absent

friend does not cease to be a comfort —

hence the balance has at last

settled into a fine calm, clear

end which seems to promise a

continuance of what we here——

1791 — 0
The comfort of knowing God hath an home to one who understandeth the feelings, it is partial to me. I shall begin writing again.

Take care of yourself. Think of me, as I dare venture to say I shall ever deserve to be thought of by you.

I walked now to 1. I got your letter just as he was going to send it to me—I shall not thank you greatly; it would come as if you did not wish you knew what I had asked and I thought I did not always do it.

...I could not go to bed in comfort without talking to you about this...in short I do confide the whole of the trouble simply am at present as comun. Heately the objects of my aversions as any thing can be one never has liked...
it will only be longer expecting a pleasure which when it comes I shall hardly enjoy before it will be over.

... I was unwell, low & stupid, so his exact, perfect civility does not inspire me.... I found he walked slowly.

Better side walk, even to the back edge of the green walk, where it had been walking with you! This idea occupied & helped to trouble me. Believe for yourself I never was duller nor had less to say in your life—had I been well in good spirits I should have liked it as it was, it would rather oppressed me, and raised alarm and melancholy sort of ideas— that that being sweet have been in a great degree the abode of yours fate—so cold, so damp, so apparently unlike yourself!—I got then convinced that these

great differences of character are in some cases the leastest thing that could happen, I suppose for more lasting & wide spreading evils.... however you will take me, I knew for better or worse—would to heaven that my better was more worthy of you, and my worse less offensive to myself—

at these times I sometimes fell for a moment as two as I was awaking from a bad dream that had long oppressed me to some state, I knew not what, of cheerfulness, I hope, of gayety, but that! These revellies are not abnormality of the dreamingly long sedentary, for it is that of existence— you know & feel as well, & God help me I will never to you add yet again of sentiments which would all ill express what I feel for you.
It is in all such moments when I am
troubled, overcame, contradicted that my
friends rally at the idea of your Bind
uniform, attentive friendship, &c.
that flattering unity of sentiments, opinio
ions, & feelings which I have heretofore
divided between us, with such certainty
of consolation and relief that merely
from the instability of all real comforts
in this life I can not help sometimes
looking some miserable change in
opinions, or conduct, or, in short, I
know not what depriving me of
the same share I have in your
friendship, even during the short
time that I may probably remain
within its reach, or require its aid.

I want to spend this
idle week in town with you! how
many things we might see places
we might go to, in our own way
that would entertain us both!
Why did I think of this?
Why do I regret a happy access of
which I should not perhaps, have
been deserving, instead of being
thankful for more than I ever
expected.

...but that you had regret it. I know
therefore I should do.

...and of hope & comfort as well as those of
dependence, it to be able to address you equally without reserve in both
makes the one more supportable, the other more valuable.

I have not considered how little I gain
in any thing, & how much my mind
seems to have lost of her powers
for serious, continued, useful applica-

...
...but you are not doing what I know you would like to have done, because you thought it better not to come, given the much more real satisfaction than seeing you for a few hours. 

...in my present weary pilgrimage to—shall not be supported by the idea of spending at least one half hour of the time to superfluous satisfaction—

...under this local memory, as under the satirical imagination of me, extending even beyond myself, to every thing that has deeply interested me—

...why don't you write to me? What are you thinking about?—you know I love to hold you—

Have not thanked you for your letter, but it is my heart and my conduct not my tongue or my pen that can thank you—

...I hope I need not tell you how much I feel this delay—then I found there was no sign of our going to day. So I sent a letter by a military stationer over our green belt to my usual cemetary in back the town. I shall return, with some what new philosophy.

...agreement of temper than I want to do. 

desire, though the day of the day for my mind is attention is already with you, of nothing. But my body remains here Which I trust nothing further will prevent my working into the cause for you to return here at to-dock and.

...whole have began last night before I went to bed, for you, well known what a necessity it always feel to break the fall of parting with anything that really interest me, by writing in one disability—

...nothing of my friend...I have not time...indeed as yet I hardly know how it will feel when left to its melancholy itself, but I hope to have felt a relief. 

...suggest, a sort of mitigated prison, which have been strange to which I easily believe will increase every hand to make my friend more capable of receiving their consolation—...something I think I have not said half enough to you...
but the similarity of our minds, and
days of thinking will, I am sure, enable
you to supply many deficiencies in
my expressionsappersely upon many
subjects, I remember. I repeat there is nothing
I do not wish to have said to you, nothing
you may not say to me. Without possibility
of misunderstanding, offense, mistake, or even --- let me again
conjure you.

I do not feel to have availed myself half as
much as I ought of the four days I have been
spending in your company. My mind
has so cruelly occupied, first with the idea
of speaking to you. Which I had long intended
to talk with having spoken upon one subject
that I seem to have neglected; all others
but with this here to my mind. Mind
you will easily imagine, what my feelings
must have been, or must be, from a
thousand and other things, circumstances
I have at different times mentioned to
you, of what an existence mine has been.

that affection must surely be exposed
by a new sensation of pity, which brought
in, do not by any impiodescence
on your part, do not make me feel it
the consolation. I can from a friendship
of which I have proved my opinion.

of which nothing but the longest desire
from it make me feel a dread of losing;
my mind has not yet recovered. it is
natural a little, but instead of it, it
separated for me, it is still lingering
about the table in your room of the
valuable --- pray send it back to me
for this, I may continue to do without it
in a rainy day like this, when I have
not stirred out of the house, I shall
make a very figure among people.

I shall, whom it is not allowed to be
absent, that maybe, probably, could get
give a feeling for one's presence

--- but you see, I distinctly noticed
at each other. Hence, by one own, to
both parts immediately, indeed. I believe
this trial, between us, will hold almost
without exception.

—if it can I believe, upon any
subject, I would desire to be deceived
upon it, to be deceived, so fated is
you, would to me, the more morti-
fying, more degrading than any
thing I can imagine—while I con-
tinue worthy of your friendship,
your friendship, I must continue
wishing of truth, capable of bearing
it, however disagreeable, upon all
subjects—remember this, because
you, treat me accordingly

but how comfortable it is to be able to
write thus, where one is sure to be
understood, and not to be
misunderstood. To say the truth, the loss of your
society is still too recent for me to feel
past comforts in your company; there are so many things one thinks
of you, one wishes
I should say, that before one can

get pen and ink, or paper, or refuse
to take a "local habitation" upon
papers—I my spirits are much better
than they were, that is to say, my mind
is more eligible composed, more
tranquil, but I have moments of such
low, as no body, I believe, but myself
can form an idea of.

indeed I have little to add. Of my
mind I have given you as true a
picture as I can; all my best
thoughts turn towards you; even
they, you know, are often not without
a cruel alloy, but I begin to have
such an opinion of your character,
especially the truth, integrity, firmness
of your character, as not only a real
comfort to me here, but one likely to
improve every day. My mind
is not got home yet, it is most incom-
monly absent, as I am as one
sleepy as a cat without it; every drive
away from the side of your table and
send it one each.
You letter is indeed "all I could wish" on.

My subject—hearts, feelings so exactly consonant as ours, were I am convinced, made for each other's comfort, support, consolation in that event circumstances they may be placed— but such a blessing would not be part of this world were it unaccompanied with some alloy, of the cruel one. This exists in this case, as it becomes every day more present to one from my increasing sense of all it depletes me of—so it becomes every day more sensible, a fear full of its encroachments—

The welcoming day affects my heart  

Hope lowers my spirits that I fly to you for comfort, but during even before my natural time of hinting to you—

—do not think I mean more on anything but what I say—I am sure I can have no thing to conceal to you—What is appointment

in my mind—hows to the end of and

pen when indulging myself in hinting to you a that this should be of new arrangement, you must believe, as you know how I value it—what I think of your friendship—

always I have got into a way of hinting to you at night, it is then I am most quiet, most undisturbed, most myself, and consequently most with you—

—suspected to hear from you to day, if you have now yet disappointed me in any thing—

I wish to be kind indeed if I have to say that in which I might have the comfort of spending an hour with you—

Can you conceive the melancholy which you felt at repulsing an inclination to come here when only one idea prevents you, that idea, then, it teaches me sometimes to shun, instead of always glazing in your society, it to me so
I am not oppressive that this is the most

forcement courage to act from it, I own I have none to think of it—

—force all you can to take a "local habitation" upon paper. I remember that split

terms between me, must supply the place of mere hours between any other two per-

me equally intimate—

you see how particularly I write of my health

by your whole letter may judge—what I think of detail where one is really in-

interested, if you think otherwise, con-

nect me, by making some letters legible—

I shall understand you—

—think of me at your bench as in your

walks at— for my spirit often hovers

round your thoughts—

not worth speaking of in comparison

of enslaving languor and all its melancholy

train—

you in me. The morale of physique is so

bound together as to bear absolutely to preclude

the sound health of either—

it has been the finest autumnal evening

imaginable, how often have I wished myself

at your side to have thoroughly enjoyed it

I cannot write to you comfortably but at

night— in the day time I am seldom alone

in my own room. I am interlocked, even

wounded with a thousand things which

destroy that perfect communion

of soul which I feel when addressing

you in quiet— thank Heaven! At

last know when I am likely to see

you, I feel queala most necessary de-

temperums—when long without it, I

grow peevish, discontented, irritable,

feel both double force all the smaller

of my situation—for you alone, know

understand, believe, I put me—

— it becomes me to know you there—

you know I allow me to laugh at you

indeed you safely may it is, all but

the consonance of your feelings will be

sent and becoming troublesome—

of— oh! how I envy those who professing that

each morning "opens many, in toms and

are capable of long and steady inward—
reflection, I feel cheerfulness & alacrity from consideration of their situation. I view their difficulties with the means they have either to support or oppose them — my mind is in its hours of solitary thought, which it naturally seems, the no longer equal to — this about for one object to another it often sees all in so gloomy I am just like a light, and almost to get the better of a patience long used to be the chief support of misfortunes. Sufferings — forgive this manner of hinting. It seems that it means more than it says — to you, I say every thing — it is so new a comfort to me to complain, & to be grieved! —

I knew I should waken seeing many things in a different light, this much there are deceases in the mind's eye as well as that of the body, which alter the colored appearance of objects, one feels it as
disease, believes it will be removed, but is not for the time life blind — you know with what pleasure I should have sent for you yesterday morning. I know better at that pleasure you would have come — at the one is a comfort to me, so at the other be some satisfaction to you — you don't know how anxiously I have been to myself for allowing my low spirits yesterday so to deprive one of the pleasure I always have in your conversation — speaking to you upon a hundred subjects — but I felt quite overcome, I had not been ill confined to my room for three or four days. In thinking of nothing but the desire to comfort you, it had been delayed longer than I expected which made me look forward to it with more impatience & then at least I might have enjoyed it, I felt empty, equal to nothing but a sinking feeling of regret at being obliged to part.
With you so soon—I make these apologies to myself for not having enjoyed your society as I ought, for not having been sincere, instead of simply by it—a hearty if of crying would have relieved me & bought me to myself, but I had nothing to indulge it—some apologies are necessary to you for having seen you after this long & heart by appearing in lower spirits than I really am, & died I not feel some of the stubborn stuff of which your friendship is made, I thought I would be afraid of tiring & disgust you with eternal melancholy, dulness & unavailing regrets—but you are one of those few who know & will do justice to what would be in spite of what I, will glad away the rubbish heaped upon a character, to love the good that naturally belongs to it & estimate both things as they appear to be, but as they are—and a hurried half hour like that of your society I do not much regret, it does me no good. Now I longed to stay, that instead of leaving you for a few minutes, I then running away from you, I could have stayed quietly with you all along as you remained in town, have nursed & taken care of you—good heaven that two minds like ours formed to be each others mutual support & comfort in this miserable world should be so cruelly and tantalizingly separated! So aware of all the feel of me. Might be, to each other, as, so forever, feeling deprived—of what some for ever reach one reach, but I ought not to complain—I ought to be and I am thankful all that I get & feel to interest, that I yet feel to be some connect to a being whom my soul approves whose character while I am aware of its failings, acquainted with its faults, appears upon me every day, and whose virtues I presumably soothe my
I can refer to previous expressions and opinions — oh, heaven! If I were doomed to think meanly, or differently from what I do of this character, the measure of my sufferings would indeed be full — I believe I should very soon cease to suffer at all — I shall send you this letter tomorrow, because I think you will like to hear from me while you are confined to a house. I remember all the comfort of your last letter — which I got when ill — this is the only way in which I can come to you while you are ill. I have the satisfaction of talking to you — the comfort of being together to your friendly bosom. — But the idea of never having time to say half I want to you generally puts me out of my head more than half I might say — the being thus alone, if this thought of you, love seems almost all that remains for me in this world, I am there for you, particularly open to its enjoyment — Have not laid a hand to you for these 235 days — I ne know how you are — however I am very glad to be able to do without it; it is a good sign for the moment, I feel particularly low, tormented, or disorderly, if I try to it any only worse. This sounds like no compliment. I just say it, if you will consider it so. — The almost constant sufferings of illness inability of any body's health whose nerves are irritated, or unstable makes one tremble when I hear you complain of it — could to God our sympathies did not extend thus far — But what an existence is that which such circumstances are to debarre! — He seems to me, a most unaccountable mixture of indifference to every thing that can interest him, & attention to every thing that can not —

I wish to remember more of — that I might more exactly figure you there — tell me exactly when you leave it which most interests me —

God bless you, and preserve you, what you are to me —}
I know you are always to say what I think convinced that it always proceeds from anxiety for your safety, your satisfaction, your honor; in short everything that you can be anxious for yourself. Besides I only want you to consider it still, because then I own that whatever you determine on will be right.

I began to feel that had been long without hearing from you.

The parallel that you draw ... may be exact quoted the same, but if I may judge by myself, now different with respect to the comfort, confidence, and security of our sentiments! I thoroughly believe you when you say, that were any change to take place in these, you should feel for me still more than for yourself, for you really know I understand me, and who else does? — that you should like me.

Upon all occasions to say what I think is the natural consequence of certain consequence of the reality of perfect confidence and friendship, I therefore need not separate it; by saying that what particular comfort it gives me, if I declare to you so much as I desire you acquainted with my every thought, that I wish the same perception conveyed it to your mind, as to my own —

you will see by the comment I made in my last letter upon Dominant's visit to us, how much victor into your sense of his character.

I hate to cease off talking to you. Let me feeling that we are to meet so soon, I have nothing to say, nothing at least that I can begin upon, just now, I, yet was you by my side now much, I believe long, to write what satisfaction I could speak to you.

Every mark of your confidence in me, in Latter A.M. and gives the pleasure, because, with respect to yourself, I feel to deserve it —

— And they say I cook well — come I see

— You never always point me, but I have no time to thank you, for life to answer the comfortable letter I have this moment received from you —
To otherwise I am sorry to find the very few things I am really anxious about. As for your health, as you have seen it I shall endeavour to set hard by work at my book, as to my way of life, I hope still with what confidence should I submit any line good, bad, or indifferent to your partial eye— but I am not so justified to find whenever I attempt any thing, how totally unequal I am to doing what can at all encourage my wish to proceed. Nature taught me to think.

I truly, perhaps, upon most subjects, but I was never taught preciseness, arrangement, or a power of expressing myself. My melancholy mind has too often discoloured all objects by the dreadful hue of those which most immediately occupied it— "Something too much of that" for I am going to bed this night to sleep— I wish you may have received half the satisfaction of pleasure I did for

our conversations here—but I no longer talk of my sentiments for you I enjoy them only may they now well be continued.

I delight in your journal your expressions of admiration, of wonder, of disgust, so flattering so oddly mine own! I will some day or other make you laugh by shewing you their ingenuity, their jests— but you are magnificently dry of free time about yourself, your feelings, your adventures; you hardly ever make your appearance in proper personage. I want to see and hear you now & there, but it's always the country, the people, the town—

...... the porcupine is the porcupine is quill—

shave no doubt of caring for upon this or any other subject— but as you will not let me die, I must live endeavors to live, as well as I can—

you know how I love to abuse you. This is a compliment you receive return me at which I am affected, for it is the secret of all manner of regard—
... if you want an acquaintance of mine, I expect you will employ me— I should like the job—

For discretion's sake, if you can not doubt I am sure you know how dear to me any one could be,

Therefore, what was coming into my head upon the subject without prejudice or apology to every body and

I knew nothing about the matter,

whosoever you care for you may be sure I will not neglect to bring it up, and

the rest think not more known of it they are only writing in newspapers and

cold genres and—

I do not think I shall be in town this week with which I can have but one reason to regret— but the dearer you are to me the more comfortless—

see the healthiest state tolerable, of my health to what it is, I could. You come down every now and then to us for a day or two— how comfortably could I spend the next two or three months here, when short days of cold weather give us a quiet never to be lost in—
Summer, but, "curtis murio qui lenge abart vidi." Oh! the comfort of having a Being to whom after having written in the moon, one can begin writing again at night without sampler, without apology - even with out cause. You I swear I have none, but that I like it, so that you value them voluntary.

I can never enough thank you for such letters as the one I received from you to day. I feel the more grateful of the more flatter'd by your liking (even by your submitting) to write them, because I don't believe you were ever used to it, but remember that once began you must continue, for I can never read or do without them, and you should grow tired of writing you must ever let me do it, at least, I can (I would certainly help to fill me) get rid of my importunity on the subject - but why have you any aid in self in talking to me of distant or any other subject - do both yourself and more justice - I love your virtue, because I know your character, I know what it is, not what it ought to be - the only rational footing upon which one human creature can esteem of value another - "quandom magnificus te veteris" never to let the prejudices, the jargon, and the reserve of the best enter into the commerce of two minds which I trust, understand one another as perfectly as yours and mine -

I declare, I would rather have such a letter from you as yesterday than a hundred hours conversation, but I believe both is best -

If you will be dreaming of me, let your ideas of me to night, recovered dwell, soothe (as I ever would) do not disturb your rest -

I think I knew do you good by calling upon you in a mean in town, but none to hurry to confide you how now you
I suppose you it is a practice I mean to continue whereas it is in my power —

Send me a letter very soon — God preserve you to me —

I have learnt to think so highly of quiet, the absence of a number of little tiresome cares, for which the general society is ill suited one — may your mind satisfy. I am at ease about my sister, I think it some settled occupation for itself. I think I have philosophy enough still to preserve to myself a degree of happiness — but as it is my mind wanders about continually on one occupation to another, as if doing nothing to satisfy my interests; it is almost the only thing left to me. Hence, I must derive the principal comfort of what remains to me of life — I feel too the want of more frequent communications with a being who understands me. It is true I should be greatly relieved through it, and I should be happy to depart satisfaction with me. 10 or 12 years hence it is more likely —

I was not sure whether you are disagreeable or not, remembered your own there is nothing out. A friendship of Spenser's kind is of the most indelible kind — I am almost angry with you. You do often appear so cold towards me; you being what you call disagreeable. I don't like the serious good that which you say things about. Because I have often felt it myself — that God knows I generally know the quick too well. But these feelings I am very hardly times proceed from the body rather than the mind; it is some modification of bad health that makes one at times see objects in a false — perhaps I ought to say in an error. Right — upon the whole you will, after all begin to enter into my doctrines — think it so bad a business altogether that that, the one may make very easy or easy to get and through it one should be greatly employed — find the end at no great distance, so then you will be ready to depart satisfied with me, 10 or 12 years hence —

write to me. My dear friend, I require to hear from you. — My friends, per these two
days past has sunk into a sort of sense dulled by melancholy (without any particular cause) which it is but too apt to fall into when long left to itself, in which nothing will be so likely to verge it from as being reminded of, feeling the best blessings of life, of being who bears with all my infirmities, the consideration of what I might have been, does justice to it, or save what I am, to any other creature but yourself. I should feel ashamed of talking so much of myself, I am sure they would feel tired of hearing me, "what have I done?"

— the conduct of Ennius is inexplicable by any other clue but that of tragedy that goes, which I begin to find conduct to so many of the world, that there, the few without it are by no means on a fair footing with them, but "in honores sedes amant, atque genetrix habit," he will some where, or some how be published.

— compliance to your verbal and written injunctions about good terms, sit down to write to you often but, as I have often said, supper when the fire, the table, the room, I my own thoughts and all equally my own, a quiet, but this there are few things in which I do not believe your advice, none in which I should not comply with it then is any degree contributing to your satisfaction. I really know not how to describe myself of the lucurny of a quiet hour at night, part of which I generally dedicate with to make such particular pleasure to you — you must remember that my mind as well as my body is an atrophied invalid, that has lost much of its original vigor as to be incapable of supporting the wholesome discipline that might recover a stronger constitution.

— that the cordial of friendship alone

— that to it I must recur as often as I can. — my mind is no longer capable of much solace. (Solitude to me is a want of frequent communication and the some kindred soul) — hence & nature
infinitely weaker than yours my mind has earlier oppressed & by more destructive, more immediate evils ... its ambitions checked, its hopes lost, its bitters & pleasures confined in an infinitely narrow space - a space however, into which I still thank heaven! has never yet entered.

Je travaille toujours en descendant a Paris, but then to go without having done anything for which I feel nature intended me, to be distinguished by nothing, to perish from the face of the earth without leaving "abreas behind" - to live perhaps in the memory of two or three friendly bosoms, but without having done anything even to justify their paiticity - "guesto et iure" il dure gra" - you know not how queer it is that I should generally write to you when alone, for it is absolutely consoled by the thinking aloud to you, but neither your thoughts nor mine are always coherent & so I am often relieved by expressing them in the same way I should to be in conversation & I know not what even ... I would think of seeing my eyes streaming with tears, my head hanging down two or three times in the course of a letter - a trick of mine for my own comfort & rest, just before I go to bed, that you may not think it seriously of all that goes before - writing it has relieved me do not let it oppress you - take it only for what it is, remember that you see my mind turned inside out, consequently see every grating cloud that traverses it - sometimes looking gloomy, or even falling in rain be assured the atmosphere is always clean in more or less after words - ....... it would be much better than a second journey to you - but for heaven's sake do go to either just yet, I have some fine castles which I should have no objection to transfer half to Greece, an
While theرات are arisen over every instant I am determined always to rebuild — (Nov 19)

— oh! Dominant! Dominant how very Dominant! I could not help giving him a name. Even though you do not know how much I feel for you, how much I cherish my feelings — do not talk of 'Forgetting yourself' not to pry into my indulgence — you! feelings I know would be mine. I might or might, I should love you, much more if you were different. —

... I can not help regretting since you have recommenced seeing them at all, that you do not seem to think this character sufficiently sure to be able to form with it that sort of friendship (the exact limits of which is very vaguely difficult to trace) which always should. I think often of us and then picture a scene in which I feel can alone satisfy tranquility your minds on this subject.

... I want to hear from you, how are you? Do you think the food you eat? I am ever more of the opinion than usually I thought you looked a little like you I think all places equal with those that I prefer one, I am no romantic admirer of the country in this climate did at this season... I look forward with real pleasure to the having more frequent opportunities of enjoying your society in tours, but heaven knows, it is almost to say only real pleasure is that is accompanied as your honors, like all the pleasures of this miserable existence with as much and regrets, to a thousand times telling circumstances, which I perhaps feel less frequently here upon reading over this the beginning of this letter I had for a minute, a sort of poem about writing it. Let it should make more impression than I wish, if that in my mind, but I will not give way to the temple's which I trust...
made too deep an impression upon you, however as you see my mind in all events, I will hope you may sometimes see it gay—I declare I have yet a disposition to be happy, it is something to have recovered that—I do not at all like the footing you are upon with us, it is uncomfortable & unsatisfactory in every respect— At least I shall feel it so, I therefore conclude your visit— ... a little in your own way of part de d'autre, might I should think put you on a much more satisfying footing— ... till the one always truly, I longed to see you, never conceal any such circumstances for me—I have a double right to know them, as being a great deal of importance yours— tell me if there is any new or particular reason for your dwelling so much upon leaving town— when we come to it, then the melancholy idea of future separation, you do not know how you affect me and yet I feel sure that you would never
to you. 1 believe you always believe them, if you are not one of those beings who allow ridiculous false delicacies to be an excuse for the neglect of the sweet duties of friendship.

Many kind flattering friends like — make you remind me of what, the necessity for remembering is one of these things in the world. I feel most severely.

I don't like to send you such an account of myself but it is the truth while I have one person in the world to whom I can always tell it, who I know will be always glad to hear it from me — I ought not to complain —

But the truth is she really made a more than ordinary impression on my mind yesterday (July 24) — you have doomed yourself to receive all my impressions as correct — you had not like a clock — she continued your writing on Monday, because I felt sure of seeing you before, I ought at this instant
I have had the comfort of a letter to answer for you—I am really unfit for any thing, even the enjoyment of writing to you. We were certainly agreeable as above an hour ago. The stomach-ache was hanging over my head, not coming as it ought has given me continual pain in my head, restless nights, and made me most miserably low coming low, low life here. This excellent when left left the bread and salt in our quarters so by no means calculated for those sick in both. But this vile stomach- ache now comes, it makes me so miserably ill, I am absolutely unfit for any thing, I suffer. What I wish is only to have a sufficient quantity of fill the rest of the world for me—

You comfortable letter which I have just received would do me good at any time, but I am glad to be able to tell you after giving so bad an account of myself that I am really better to day— I have the stomach-ache but the depression on my spirits is much relieved. I do not fear there is no pain I would not exchange for it for—

But his ideas often surprise me in a person he ought to know more of mankind. In the history of the human kind— But his is a microscopic eye in everything he is. The bill of Ben. Allin's delight him in last apply this turn to other subjects, you will find the source of many of his opinions, many of his mistakes.
you professed to mine general, ones I mean I agree to a hair I believe, but I find they differ so much from me as most other people that I know either them — except in alike — this if she would always Thanks for herself I would always think she will —

for this year of the human mind I have been in some degree preserved had this been wished for me, the measure of my sufferings would indeed have been full —

I am left to perceive quiet to you — at present our —

you dont know how displease I often feel with myself for being so little agreeable to joy — so much joy — I will say it as I know it am irked. But you in a hurry I for a short time — you must take yourself — for my being naturally concave quiet, I satisfied cheerfull, for God know you seldom see me so —

but you cannot mistake me, I feel in my own heart a sort of assurance that you cannot — Therefore all the apologies are not made to you — but merely to myself —

speed not to you how much I felt running away the thought for you to day in such a hurry when I saw you so long, I grave it so anxious about me, but am that bad as it was, I thought preferable to leaving town without seeing a word more. If you, which otherwise would have been the case —

as to your being love grave, all I can say is that I was so exactly in the same mood myself that seeing you so, doubled my love away from you, together I am persuaded we could have talked ourselves cheerfull in a quiet home time — God might get talking to you in this way, but a real comfort, has not always that effect with me —

I perfectly understand yours but sending to me on Sunday — a few things in God I believe are cast upon me, now should they
for those who feel in a high degree all the many inconveniences of this world, ought not to miss its few real consolations. It would indeed be as cold from cold; "setting one sadly over the head of another." Tell me exactly how you are, as I don't expect to hear from you at all. Can you, I too well know, revive in this case as goes in a day— I am very well I mean to continue to till I see you, that the next time I am ill I may have you to comfort me.

I have been too thoroughly unwell and uncomfortable, for these three or four days, prapped to have satisfaction even in writing to you, continual pains in my head, restless nights & miserable feelings of weakness & languor —

am particular enough? or is there another being upon earth but you! self who would read all this with patience? I have set down to tell you all this to night before I go to bed. Merely for the pleasure of beginning a letter to you, for it is late, I know you will read me if I say any more. My spirits I think are subject to more frequent over coming attacks than they used, it for them I believe there is but one cure, or that you will not allow me even to wish for they are in general indeed a sort of barometer of my health, but how am I to get through the winter with them so much below temperature as they generally are. I am sure I don't understand — however as I do at this time however disagreeable never steps short with one at I dare say at the end of five or six months I shall find them just as good as many other five or six months of which my existence has been composed I hope still to bring myself to you well, the end of next week in the mean time let me hear from you — I do not think the likely to be worse for I think I have certainly turned the corner I am getting better.
You see by the dull melancholy toneology of this letter how little I constraining myself then writing to you, I shall begin writing to you again very soon. So I have felt, knowing but how incapable of so much comfort all this week, till I now take care of yourself. Let me hear from you—
you know whether I like to be scolded by you on any subject, you know I think you never told me enough. It seems to be one of my tests of friendship. One of its privileges that perhaps you think I enjoy the most; but seriously upon the subject of health there is no bodies orders can recommend who from reason as well as affection should follow with such confidence as yours—

...but the means of good information were new within my power at false, upon all subjects my mind has. Must generally discerned, and always rejected—your letter pleasingly I suppose.

...found out that I longed to hear from you to day. My reason most gladly received the letter. Whic I was fearing might not get till Tuesday—

...she does not fast, but -my heaven! now a creature without some idea in common with oneself beyond a cup, be it as an open does dry up both ones heart and ideas. I do assure you, the difference I find in my feelings, sentiments and ideas of things, with almost every body I live with, sometimes sinks me into the lowest melancholy. I have all my life so vehemently it incessantly persuade what I believed to be right acted up to principles which I felt before I couldreason upon them. "Leges non scripta sed ratio—

...yet they cannot be all in the wrong—What their must she do? feel myself so often indirectly differing from them?
Is the corps Lambert would. I am convinced that make no sort of impression on me —
good night, so you will hold me. God being upon us —
— at party to the ball is at an end, their
love so is our perfectly quiet evening,
but the stomach ache hangs over my
head. I will all it makes one suffer
that is a comfort. I trust it will proc-
ure one —
— I know your intentions. My dear
my wishes —
— I fear I think I can trust you now. The
I fear hardly where my wishes or pleasure
is concerned.
—I love to see you. Make yourself as charmin
ing to people who probably knew and am
knows you, as to those who really do —
— but I cannot sit down in comfort to do
any thing I have, without telling you of
my low spirits. Last night. I am silence.
which I was affected. You really pro.
For the particular cause, but purely my mind with you in perfect and unconstrained liberty—yielding to its natural bent—what that bent is, I fear, inevitably become I would betroth conceal from you than any other circunstance of my character, that I think it both my duty and interest to give way to it as little as possible, if I must say in this, my disposition is always more to blame than my morals.

You may judge of the satisfaction I felt for the account you gave of yourself to day by your own feelings on similar occasions with respect to me. The way of judging heaven after errors our in the world may I believe upon almost all occasions be safely used between yourself and me.

I love your dignity as much as my own; but this must you understand me—your ladyhood too long to be uncomfortable. The time is right that the spirit is late.

I am not to bed in peace without telling you how much I felt regretted it for the I am seldom have the comfort of relieving, I must even share your disquiets—perhaps for, very likely it proceeded from nothing particular, I know too well the manner and nature of things that I must, and agonize a mind too painfully alive all o’er—I know that there is but one refuge, which is the 1pm. gathering bosoms of some minded being: that being exists both to you and me. That not always mutually within our reach. Let us blest God, suffer, be thankful.

I don’t see exactly when I can see you, but if [illegible], I am resolved I will write very soon. You have been favorably inclined lately, I find so to have I. But do call at a moment, it will comfort me. There are who have not the comfort of a friend, then woes do not enter into it as others.
The day when I begin being civil to you

Come then best proofs who's gifted to impart
The greatest pleasures to the human heart
These words, gone so, as rolling on the sound
Of forms distinct, and as dull sounds circled.

Imagination come! With thee bring
Mightiest thoughts of him to all the flowers flying,
Come with thy potent spells around the trees.
There more delights than only canst castors
Dispel the dreams that around me haunt.
Diarm awhile the minister of fate
Give me, at least, a transient joy to know,
And snatch some moments yet for wisdom.

Pain I hope,

Jesu roused, I feel thy fascinating power
Regain. The Moses of this lonely land
"What is the keen edge of dire disease—"
"And teach these—winter shades to please,
Come then expect to drown the present
In gay is insipid, dull its storms, yet comes
On by the soothing aid of keeping, God
Are only in some happier part to live.
Recall these evening of a busy day,
When after a long morning of toil, I lay
In viewing the remains of grandeur past,
Of Roman times, luxury & taste—

O heart clouded! May hastens the approach
Of evening, the scene of life that battle
Of my windsors remind me. That it is an
Evening in December, I that Nature is
Dying around me—am alone “far
For all joys that with my soul agree.”

The cooling influence of social society,
Far from friendships, far from every

thing. What can reconcile me to myself,
I often the wrongs I feel by assuming
Leading forward the mind to those

questions in which the soul feels recovery.

Recall that of pleasure, I have known
And make me now enjoy, what's new no more my
At pleasures long forgotten name my soul will
Start of remembrance, what's control,
Shades off the camps that Richard courted
His throne
And law recorded over a moment glory,
With those gay hopes, that animating fire
With all that have to that Taste, our girls,
So youthfull hearts while yet the blood is new,
Endish yet classes ever in Theseus crew,
While yet the Battles of Eustace, Pleasure, fame
Is the unchiefed soul appears the same,
And thousands bright ideas croud the brain.
But no experience, checked, no interest mean
content—

The now no more they grow; this recalls the time
When all these feelings all these joys were
mine
When knowledge first to my expanding brain
So my young desires ambitions mind.

Her sword, first opening on by made me crown
What she withheld still more for what she gave
He! genius arts first shining my ravished sight
And every new review, was new delight—
The setting sun, the glowing landscape that surrounds me, the repose of every thing in the vicinity about me, the moving scene on the opposite side of the stream, compose delight to elevate my mind. I taste that delicious melancholy, that ennui of thoughts of which every thing in society conspires to rob one, or to exchange for contentment of others, dissatisfaction with oneself, mortification, vanity, disappointment, desires — how my mind enjoys these moments of freedom, enjoys the feeling unshackled by insignificant circumstances, receiving no colour but for the composing scene around it — it is in these moments that after wandering with delight through vague ideas of virtue, honour, genius, it finds a better on

My character, Hortensia, recalls delight my various worth, dwells with such delight on my excellence that the pleasure of having known almost compensates for the being parted from thee 2000 — how would the pensive philosophic mind have enjoyed these moments of pleasure? quiet, how would theorising they on — this inarticulate love of nature have about this setting sun — what thought and light ideas would such a mind have suggested to thy enlightened mind? Whatevers had thy conversation animated by the liveliest imagination, guided by the soundest judgement —

Thou art gone then, my dear Endodia, I have seen the last breath quiver on thy seals eyes, the last ray of light beam from thy intellegent eye. Thou art gone to the bosom of a God of Mercy.
who will pity & forgive my errors, &
in doing justice to thy noble heart, and
the spark of his divinity which shines
once more, in thy exalted mind
Thine wilt be regretted by many tho'
hosts only, sought they acquaintance—but few, very few knew thee the slyly
I considered it as an honour to be
visible to thy real worth and
capacity of some
Thing superior imbibed by the powers
of a character when age, opportunity,
or situation have called it into ac-
tion every one is sensible—but it is
only the thinking few who can dis-
cover, not a value upon, the seeds of
greatness, Cherylled up by breeds, the
produce of a strong soul. I can satisfac-
tion — thy once friend antici-
pated the punishment due to thy
errors —

— all I can say is, that thy friend
with you is so totally itself, so unlike
what it is with any body else; that I
so more think of stopping myself leav-
ing to you upon any subject that comes
up next month, Man I should stopping
myself running into any train of thought
then alone, of I should find one almost
so difficult as the other if I found either
necessary — one & another at not a dis-
agreeable one I hope, while these let us
of every thing we said, upon the subject
must suggest to you is, that the friend
while at the outset of an acquaintance,
before confidence had opened. And
character to me, of occasion, had, we
completed it, with such difficulty with-
out trouble brought any ill. But, a
Truth so obstinately to the opinion
itself had, formed of you, must now
be immovable in your regard. He
incapable of any change ever, it effect
by yourself — at us continue their. My
dear friend, so that we are, all we can
be to each other, and without indulging
unavailing regrets for what can never be avoided; be Heaven that we have found a home for our hearts in each other's bosom, which, however much we may be obliged to quit, in all wanderings, all difficulties, and at all times he can recur to with the prospect of consoling certainty of a warm, sincere, inalterable reception —

I need not tell you how much I feel leaving you,xford, indeed, in low spirits then I know I could be some consolation to you — you have often left me in the case, I know exactly what it is — and to the third cause, however much I may regret it, while I love you for feeling as you do upon the subject I can wish you to feel otherwise, or to feel nothing — I am a great thing — more influenced by my absence, life collective within myself than any body —

you have any fume, weather how I shall long for you here! in quietness, in

composes, at least how seldom we meet —and yet I know that unless circumstances came so much more contrary of you, so much more like yourself, that if I had no other reason for regretting it, my vanity would be mortified at never appearing any better —

— you are a goose — what Dragon do you conjure up to frighten and be odds with yourself! —

— if am well enough, enough to like anything except your dear self, over the fire —

your name head in the prettiest thing

that ever was seen, by day light, or ex- activity like — is not that odd? —

I don't know exactly when I shall see you, which I hate —

My dear soul, I knew you would be disappointed at not seeing me last night, as I was disappointed that I could not come — I am sorry for the account you gave of yourself, that I like you to give it —
my own spirits. God knows I have been some of the best lately I have too good cause — but I want to see you some how tommorow for no reason, but that I want to see you — do not hear any thing from you this moont. I felt sure that you would call to night. I knew I felt the only reason, which, I can say prevented you. — But I wish it had not had that effect to night. —I am alone, in pain, care, and longing to see you. — I felt so sure! [he wrote] that I declared you would come that I was thinking of sending to you, it have been tantalizing expectation for me, I do not till now, sure that they would stop at the door — I knew I must give you up now, I have therefore set down to write this note, after which, I perhaps shall be able to read some of my favorite bits of literature while I have had before me all the ever with more attention — but how unlucky that you did not come to night! I could have spent an hour or two with you so quietly, so uninterrupted, and I know not when I can again — I do not know what to have said except I am quite angry with you.
I am in health, Bell. If my spirits will
down, I am sure they will follow to their usual
pitch.

June. I can not go to Bed without communi-
cating to you, my other self, the pleasure
I comforted have received. I am finding
my aunt so much better. 

In health then, I beg - in God's mercy,
at all, all good. In spirits - man -
carefully the same - I read not say
that I long to show you to her -
for with you I want sleep almost as much
as I wanted to write to you -

I slept well the help of a review, and
got the better of the vile irritation on my
nerves, if then, I shall do well - I shall not tell you what my aunt thinks if you
sublime it - that it satisfies me, even
you.

you looked ours yesterday. If you are so
as I could, such of them as at any part in
last time, if any comfort to you. Lead to
me I beseech you. Sir, as I have said the
about obligations &c. I say nothing - words
are, some in the world, but of none between

good and me. If you consult your
own heart, you will almost always know
my feelings upon every subject

but do not my dear soul, get into a
habit of giving me any that you may
fancy I want, or as chance, head me,
mention - as I shall acquire a sort
or receive with you about trifles,
foreign to the painful to my mind.

Sat. 16 July 1793: We are both
persuaded - etched at this moment
our minds in the same manner, but
words to heaven that you came me here,
writing for the cool, quiet country. You
do not know since I feel myself here
how much I regret your being left
in town. In this enjoyable, weather, I
all alone too - at least with no body
you care for - when I saw, I know
how much you felt parting with me
last night! I thought nothing of
your stay while I stayed myself. I
did, I could see you, but now you
idea, fatigued, solitary & me - can wholly never quit me - for heavens sake, do not affect for mine, get away as fast as you can. I can not bear the idea of knowing you uncomfortable, I not being able to come & share it with you - you found me shored up with hurry, but the vexation of various sorts yesterday after the event, I sat like a statue in the same place. I attribute all most till now vice versa. The moment you came, I enjoyed the idea of quiet consoling hours with you - you know how it was interrupted - but how could you suppose that at the moment of parting with you I was laughing at something - a thing believe me could be farther from my thoughts than anything possible. I have how much you were oppressed, I did not dare to show how much I felt it because I knew neither your opinion nor my feeling it. Would be understood.

and believe me, my dear soul, when ever any manners or behavior for an instant shocks you as odd, it is always invariably for some fear of misunderstanding, some restraint, some awkwardness with the people about me - which that is called an odd characteristic - which odd I trust I never can be, least of all with you, for whom I have not a motive that I wish to conceal, say what I do not wish was persuaded by your mind, as soon as it entered mine and upon making up my mental account of the year I really find that upon the whole, certainly come into the country this year more composed. I comfortable, both in mind, I bodily than I remember doing last, for this heaven knows! I have almost entirely to thank you, whose constant
tender unremitting friendship acquires by its continuance a character of reason. In a word, of consolation & confidence which at first (however flattering) it did not possess, I which nothing but time can give to mind capable of feeling all its value. I again repeat that I really think you had better come for a night in your way—tell me about this in your next, I say you are coming—how much you affected me this from you. You can see it in the making you suffer is God knows! suffering Guilt, I to hate the idea of any usage between us, think it so unworthy of friends ever after and then, that I feel satisfied that I am come to you. and I am satisfied that I saw your feel every thing that I could have felt myself on the subject. You do not misunderstand me, I am sure you don't—-it is a deep serious affection of the mind founded on great & intimate pathy both of feelings, ideas, an intimate & thorough conviction of the existence & worth, honor of every good combinable with frail human nature—this is the foundation on which I desire to be adjoined into your heart, & if I am to, you must know by your own feelings here impossibility you are fixed in mine. it is one of the most delightful & calm sunny evenings I ever saw or have. I felt in pain, as here you with me. I should infinitely enjoy the quiet & repose of the scene around me. I remember when such a scene would have suggested a thousand & length hours to my mind, but these sort of distractions & longings count to me—without having ever enjoyed anything, my mind imagination some times a dreamout—experience has degenerated then of the visions of youth, without being accompanied by any thing to mitigate the melancholy it always entails.
I am writing confusedly but I do not feel so. Such a sympathy exists between us that I am convinced you will often enter into my feelings when you can't into my expressions—

I do believe your sincere upon this, and upon all other subjects with me, God forbid I should not—The Blackest moment of my life would be that in which my belief ceased—but my only doubt upon this, or any other occasion is you deceiving yourself—remember this in future if ever I state at what you tell me, by no further examination could I believe fully on the score of sincerity can be wanting between us—I have met with a charming clay in France your friends—Grace. I am so delighted to know one person at least who perfectly enters into my ideas (and not day Yours) upon the subject, who feels what I really began to be afraid—It is a strange difference in my feelings of almost every one else? Was a romantic idea which tho' it seemed realized to me, I should of some day, with anguish to oblige to give up, to feel reduced to the miserable level of the rest of the world—but the comforts, encouragements, I confirm the implicit echoes back every word he says both of the duties, of the comforts, of the character of such a friendship—Long may it do so! Long it will for all change in my sentiments must come, after you say from others but from yourself. This I think my conduct upon a thousand occasions ever since I began really to know you. Must have proved, it certainly will never contradict. I often feel in the course of the day a hundred things that I long to have you think to tell you, when night comes, my quiet comfortable time of writing to you, I think I have forgot them, as I know not which to begin with—As God—My mind is in an odd state, will affect fully to my own reason more consolations than I ever before
thoughts fully reeking in my mind for ever presenting to itself a future life unbearable than the present. The situation in which in all respects I find myself is totally different from what I had some reasons to expect once where at least for what the sacrifices which vanity ambition which I have ever sold you belonged to me in the dawn of life had taught me to look for all the joys which to my other more immediate hopes vocal else in due sense a tenor of mind which as it makes me every day more dissatisfied make with myself makes me less pleasing to others becomes thus at once the cause an effect of melancholy - can one help wondering whilst it touches our amplifies all to gloomies when one feels to certain "sadem" - indeed when much worse for I am sensible of, and thankful for many blessings which in my blithe moments I have had tiptoe have been many cattle. I think then near I am being happy, how little
would as you say, make me see most things in a quite different view, I give my own friends a power of influencing me and instead of casting a gloom on the scenes around me— have lately been thinking of a good deal about myself. I mean about the means of securing as far as I can at least to myself an independence of others that degree of freedom and tranquility of mind which is all I can hope for in this you can assist me in what ever you can assist me in as already done. Your friendship is a part of myself, so satisfaction of some thing much dearer than myself that I can not live without it, nor be satisfied with it nor with the idea of ever being deprived of it, the means of the greatest enjoy I in it has occupied me lately we will talk of it when we meet. But do not in the mean time frighten yourself for the means are not difficult

upon reading was what I wrote this morning. I fear the tenor of it will make you uneasy, I hope you do not suppose me worse than I am but do not perhaps you remember I always here I write to you that every thought, every cloud that passes through my mind, pales comparison upon my paper I am often told by that alone con sidered as resolving—I do not go to bed to night as I did last night with the comfortable idea of washing to see your tomorrows in a dismal melancholy rainy day. You are going away to town with one reason another earth for going I hope God wishing to stay if you do boiling beyond measure what I can never account for myself as to feel severely—-... 's unaccount

ability too is not wishing you to stay, in letting you go, when this
very might be taken with pleasure of the idea of seeing you again — I
saw you last with him, he
might do as he pleased, if I
might do the same — You know
as well as myself every thing I
think on this subject, feel it;
perhaps, more severely, so I will
not allow myself to say more —
but God be with you.
——— remember I count upon
— this wish, I may see you, fulfill
to my ideas, believe & looking so —
I hear I strayed, & disputed you at
the time with what I said on sat.,
it got I dont feel sorry to have said
it, I am sure you never now mis-
understand me, if you would feel
that every word. I said was distin-
ted by a perfect affection & confi-
dence, which you would love, value,
I understand even in its cahsps
— I would like to have back the vol.
of Mont. This I hope I dont want it.

heaven Bless you & grant that if I
sometimes see you, I may be of
times that comfort to you which you
are to me —

— I did not at all expect that the
last half hour of your journey would
be by moonlight in one of the finest
nights I ever saw — Shalt, in a
chill party of people. For when I
heard as little as they for me, I
longed to be with you — I leave you
to guess — indeed the shortest &
busiest of our meetings often teach
me half as much as it can do
you — the other day. for instance
it absolutely made me love when
I had no other reason for loving
— & is it not indeed a very suf-
ficient one? — to have seen the
first of comforts, I not dare think to
earn it — to think with Montagre
be obliged to act with the rest
of the world — you will see My
"how is come" I feel that sitting up —
I interesting myself about any thing late at night has such an effect upon my irritable nerves, that in compliance with your last injunc
tions I am resolved to avoid it; so it is really a great sacrifice, yet they are the only moments I feel truly my own — but except to you I have not the heart little I am myself with such consoling ideas of society who have hardly an idea, a feeling, as a sentiment in common with me. I wish I can get no information, I can not to give it, I got of such ill
ness, and the dying, — out of heaven, but of England — between you and myself I grew dead tired of it (my country I mean) my patience never get teted out two years, I may have been many of it yet to bear — any —
uncomfortably short as the moment was that I saw you to day you did me much good —
which I comforted me, made me feel that I am still known, to felt you, I under
stood — I am to often misplaced, so I soldom myself, that I regard this consoling idea often recalled —
— would to heaven I, any body could but your power of relieving me, seven, — but alas without great sympathy of mine it is impossible in the various nameless evils that burden life, if that sympathy exists the illness in my case I would give the time, be no more —
put yourself in a passion that I like you know, if I could but see you! — but only remember I can never this understand you, so I be degenerated good night would I was doing it in your room at — you would not then perhaps be so exactly exact about the hour of twelve — God bless you —
I have been ill, low, & quiet all day, think how often those in early I have thirsted for you! It is a sort of comfort before I go to bed to think you to the Manx ladies, quite unecessary I am sure — for you
Too often ill, you are often low,
you are often quiet
Instead of thinking you "abroad" I see, I
have long known the truth. If every
word you say -- but how to bring it
about how to use it -- in which
there are more difficulties than any
you can imagine. But how much
I feel you entering into all this, too.
Well I know that nothing but the
most friendships would suggest as
dicating what you say, how much
good your speaking to me upon all
subjects always does me. I trust
you know, it need no assurance of
in the meantime I shall endeavor
to gratify your wishes, in practice, practice.
I know its importance -- Letters time
will surely some time or other come to
me, and I have, not deserved always
to suffer by those, I love
you know how much I regret not coming
here you are, but you & I think certainly
likely to differ upon this subject however
we may regret it. Therefore I don't even
give you a caution on it.

You know the best of my meditations
I have been thinking almost continually
upon the subject of your letter -- everyone
you say in it is perfectly true. If you,
who knows how much lighter is every
duty, to every task, from recommended
I suffered by the voice of friends give
must be certain, that on no subject you
can speak to me in vain. Remember
that, as what you heard say is too long
your letter, I that your promise, the speak.
leoc's you have an opportunity to
speak to me upon the subject I shall
enforce you keep your word. I have too
often been cheated by your answering
to speak again upon subjects you are
often forget. I know the value
of what you say, is always regretting it.

The mind is still to say for itself
I must positively walk, up York Friends
with you, some time or other
they are going a riding, wanted early
in the meantime take a walk
with you.

For my sake take care of yours. Do you
know I have so terrible of saying any
Thing referred upon any subject to you... conduce it would now be such a gene... such a dissect to me, that God forbid! I should ever have that to struggle with... you know not what pleasure I must look... forward to the idea of seeing you... and... that a comfort... the company will be to me for the few days I am in town... have got a cold... am so completely as a cat to day... but looking forward to next week... with a certainty of comfort... consolation... to support... which I know... not how I should exist without... on two days more. I shall hear from you... than heaven!... but this it is... I must assure... and... I am... all right... for a fortnight... as three weeks... without having some... cruel remembrance, that I never am... and... shall now can be in real health... oh... hear some... condition of humanity... how often do I exclaim in the bitter... ares of my soul... for how many unhappy... blessings have I had... how... moderately... in the eye of the world... have I suffered... and yet here it to do over again... see to relieve the first 25 years... of my life... what would be mine?... the feeling at the end of them... a friend like you?... I hardly think... it... I may perhaps in future... enrage that it has never in my... option... carriage at the door... of the things... quitting in... my first... quarter... on if, your dear... so... going on... merely to take... of it, so shall be too warm... Farewell... heaven. I left you... I have slept well... after a hearty... for entreating on my pillow... Farewell, Farewell. — Sept. 20... your coat is my hope... that... comfort... give up... all... idea of ever regaining it... again if you can... as such... I must... it looks somehow like you... is delight... in weaving it... if would not part with it for... the world... the concept... is... make... much... in... the... that... another... to... protect... for... the... kind... of... great... merit... I have... much comfort... much... satisfaction... much enjoyment... in the few days... spent... with... you... in... town... it... get... as it almost always...
The case, I feel to recollect a hundred things I wished to have said to her for you— scarce seldom time to be myself with you. Except in melancholy that I think you hardly get known, your natural manner, what my manners would be when I meet with such beings as you. You would not dislike it; you would no longer find it crowded agitated, and interesting, which I so often feel myself to have been to you. I think this knows your friendship. Will not you interject I always suffer from regret myself— __________ I should be glad if you were able to write to me some time to me. I hope you will be so agreeable that I feel I should not be able to support it long— seizing about in that way too the people's houses, or lodgings. You know the little once time is one's own. But I trust I shall always find some moments to be yours—I have already awakened my favourite, private, then I guessed you heard not say— it is such news haste is time. I think I shall say very well— you will think to— you will. I am writing in most uncomfortable hurry as I sometimes talk to you— god bless you protect you— take care of yourself, in every way. For my sake— let me hear from you— I found myself on my arrival. The first time, in my life, it was half an hour without opening it— I felt some time how to receive anything for you addressed by your hand, in the nothing but the address the I said. Myself described it: you have done as much in your life. I will be I love you. I am glad you went to __________ I should have been sorry to have felt that indeed without me, after spending your days so much together that day straight we were together among the tombs— alive or dead among tombs. May we only go together in all my prayers. They all think here that lass remarkably well to care of you, I do feel indeed. Fare! And you may not go first—
all the what you would have me do, I shall have sate satisfaction in doing that, which even is - since I have felt myself in - I have continually reflected with pleasure & thankfulness on the difference of the state of my mind this, & the last time. I was here - instead of being plagued with doubt, uncertainty & a thousand solemn suspicions of ideas, instead of a thousand & a thousand - quiet moments, & time passing upon a mind that was among friends, instead of wandering upon the face of the earth - to have a home for one heart - oh! if you knew how much more comfortable one goes a visiting! how little in comparison) the particularities, or want of it; they are with the generality of the world affect one - how much more agreeable one can be, how much more one can fatigue oneself with other people, whenever of being able to rest, reverse the one old state of home - but you old know I feel all this & therefore knew my obli-
gation to you, know all they injure me with - and all you are to me - I endeavour to keep your excellent advice in mind, & not stick too much to my way, but it is difficult to get out & remain on - which I am sure the task to learn not clear, but it me itself as small (as I do have it, the particularities in that understanding) this is being as well as yours. So therefore I am not ashamed - if I am presented writing to you as fre-
guently as usual; only one - this is not likely to be your case, thank heaven - I long for tomorrow, which I trust will bring me a letter, for one - but don't doubt it is absolutely exact, that I must always look to this, & never expect any other day. What comfort had in your letters this mon. a few minutes quiet conversations with you (for so I consider it) after a whole week without a single word with you - you don't know, or rather you only know how I enjoy it - I have hitherto done better
in the history of man. I see he will be able to go on so excellently. It is necessary to me — I do not exist without some moments to quiet and solitude in the day. I must sometime be myself, and to be myself I am solitary. I have spent a part of the evening on my own, thinking and reflecting. You tell me to take care of yourself. I declare to you I never thought of myself. I have never been so free from care as to be able to think of my own health. I am sure I never thought of myself. I believe it, and I do believe it, at least any person does, whereas you know I have told you in the greatest need of me — I am not yet in great pain; I know I have no reason to regret the rest of quietness. I don't mind only, of course, for two or three days, I shall be in the way of enjoying your society, Louisa. You know I will go to it with pleasure, and yet I think the best recollection ever more perfectly than others. I shall be very restless at the time. I am the common form of the mind, not the measure of which constitute the essential difference in characters, from here, I imagine more comfortably than any present circumstances seem to promise. I wish to see you, for my health, and I am glad you did not see me ill, I don't know how I have wished for you, and I am glad you did not see me ill. I don't know how I feel more than it does myself. For I cannot help but feel I am preserved. You to me, Louisa — I know I feel your sweetness, but God love you and forget it, sometimes. I don't let Thursday be my only McCall's day. For two months for the same reason, there are about 900 miles of 1,000,000 others.
venes, because in fact nothing intently bad—her errors of her woes are too recent to have resolved themselves into that as briefly of grief, which that removes the languor, the friendless parent of every vexatious consoling affection. Her suffering at once without elevating her, she seems of instance for her head, which her heart alone can give her, and that heart as discord with itself is not yet sufficiently in unison with any other creature’s to receive real comfort from them. I feel so perfectly sure of your sincerity upon the subject of my writing that I seem it going on our pleasure, not your satisfaction, I have no uneasiness when I cannot write but what proceeds from a necessity which I never wish to be without. But my spirits have been deeply, unaccountably depressed since last 4th of May; there is nothing but making a fool of me, the smallest, often
from that I mean to do otherwise. You
know, I don't. My head aches a good
while, but get quite the better of it.
My spirits return. There can't two days
have returned, to their best state.
I mean wish to see off feel them
higher, now do you either, I know,
but tranquill, with tolerable health.
I think, they may be, with toler-
able philosophy. I think they ought to be

Her mind is somewhat more alluring
more capable of interest upon other subjects,
more steady upon her own, but marks
a curious distinction. I have observed
I feel myself with her (I judge what she
me) more intimate, more easy than
was a fortnight ago. While still I am
as perfectly myself as the first ten
minutes we meet, as in ten years, with the
one my mind goes out to meet (a
fellow if you will) with the other it
finds itself, instantly at home with itself.