EX MUSEO 
ARBUTEANO

W. S. LEWIS
Oct. 1793 — Dec. 1793, 94.

Received a letter from you on 6th. If you
were disappointed, me — I have no joy
to find with this unexampled breach,
but that it has absolutely deprived me
for these last three days of the comfort
of saying a word to you —
— I had yesterday said but say the un
exaggerated comfort of another letter. I
am now comfort for you can be
unexaggerated — I do not thank you and
shoulder another for your irregularity
because I have the satisfaction of
knowing that you like writing almost
as much as I do, and like hearing from
you, that therefore more than half
the words that fill up the idle letters
of other people are absolutely use less
between you & me. If you know how
much I feel all the comfort, the old
learning of this thinking together —
but you do, I know you. old. I am only
contradicting myself when I talk about it.
to be agreeable, where I should otherwise
be willing or silent.

I am sure that ever her digestion may
be, it is of a very different tenor from my
nature, as rather of the pure married kind.

of their most exact of all exact people.

You will be glad I have not heard from
you today, nor feel more certain of your
ellok. I mean with more pleasaure

tomorrow—now at all, when you write
is read, I read it two or three times over.

I have often the same feel as when I
hear your carriage—wheels, driving
away for the Gate at 1—it is a long
week, before I am to hear anything
again—

she is now happily out of their reach
as you remember. Napoleon's consolation
"Vaste tei, malheureuse, tu es seule"—
how often has that idea occurred to me
—but I have done—now you will say I
hang upon it if you do, remember, at
least, that I have snubbed, often upon
your motives of consolation in my letter
to you. My best comfort a
some degree again, even while the impression is every moment diminishing asleep in my mind —
... how many things must combine to invoke me with entire confidence!
... I must see how her mind discovers for this shock for it is at present a Chaos
... Trust it well — "work itself pure." I
... first it kill ed them it will be perhaps,
... some valuable than ever —
... we look for the same point of view
... when this is the case, I am convinced
... all people who are neither ignorant nor
... an often sighted see alike — for
... otherwise preserve you... I have upon that —
... whenever I feel in tolerable health and
... spirits, I am impatient to communicate
... it to you... it is often enlarge upon contrary
details!... I dread its not lasting. They
to those to whom one says every thing, that
a comfort to be able to say what one knows
they will, like to hear —
... why you went instead of getting com-
fortably alone. I reading till the same Cabb.
I am quite I know, at this time that I feel
as I ought —
sentation — when the body is not suffering, the mind, however agitated, remains by degree to its natural, so-

libly of thought, & to a healthy time of feeling — and when the mind & feelings are allowed, intervals of care

or at least are interested, without being tormented, the body seems often to acquire a degree of strength which

ought to enable it to struggle against worse times —

I assure you are not yet convinced of that

you and I, were two, separated by two

thousand miles, instead of two hun-
dred, should always think alike upon

all serious subjects, & above all on

matters of feeling — — by eye of little

faith — —

My letter is very short, you would receive the very

news of this letter, if not, you will soon hear from others. I am writing, & I hope, you will

readily believe your friend —

all. Share the toil & trouble — you will
find how exactly we see through the same medium, consequently what a comfort, support, assistance you opinion is we're likely to be to me you and I know our feelings to be always similar in similar situations I have the chance of two judgments on any given case to correct or confirm each other

Thank heaven, as fathers the Bellman that you didn't have no time to read over your letter if you believe you should have burned it—But I don't believe you such a—Goose you know how I love to see your mind a convert have you—as you are because I think few are aware what they ought to be as you are I like to follow contemplate and judge admire your character you know just what you have done all your life by concealing it

To much the more it is known the better people have been lead into mistakes only by seeing unconnected passages of a book for the most part above their comde

To dealing a table set to the oaks exourse indulgence do you find occasions & I will find the indulgence depends on it—I can do so upon this subject for half an hour longer but I am called I shall it I have time write over fairly for your inspection all I have scribbled here with a pencil a for my heart this not my head I am charmed I am comforted by your pathetic & after all if there is any chance for it ever being worth anything I feel it can only be if your encouraging zeal I have got nearly that the life of Agricola but every now then I come a phrase the construction of which confuses me, I than friend
When I long for you—

I need the errors unalike to stagger her
her heart, have staggered her under-
standing—You do not say that to no
exquisite. But you, yourself, should
I hint at a change in her—whence I
deal being deceived by others
are not you going to &c. &c. &c. you know
how I love, showing you out—when you do
not leave me at home

In spite of several disagreeable circum-
cstances x case, which I always feel more
in London than anywhere else, I
need not say to you that here it not
you—I should look forwards to that
time with much pleasure—I do with
the certainty of much comfort—
you kept me in check, till past nine o'clock
the next, I knew you would be coming,
so lay still quietly expecting you—you
was more entertaining than usual. But
I don't mistake me, you was more
interesting the time before. Believe

I never told you how much I was
pleased & affected with your account
of yourself. I knew it all before, but
I liked to hear it from you, or to
hear you say it to me—however
your visit to stay here a longer one
God bless you for it—
your observation. I regret that such a
character as hers did not begin its
education in the school of adversity,
unadmirable—I should like to have
made it myself—but as I said, yet
am not best pleased that you did
—a how his affection for us would
all light & visit you—starting with
us will always be a heart-breaking
business. She often owns to me in
private that she thinking nothing so
beautiful is so thing so agreeable, no
thing the least like us. Good night
sir! ———— I must not
John with you any more at the distance
of 200 miles. I don't know you
lost of silence when anything is proper
that you like so particularly that you don't like it better, feel it ten times more, than any expression of affection or egerness you could possibly give? is just what I should do myself? is what I should like to be done to you? come forgive me we will play no more, but we will come down here toge ther love will walk up yours steps two together we will go to the together you would not have judged time for me you would have known it yourself how I would have the giving pleasure to others being with people partly for oneself enjoying at the same time a degree of quiet after a sleepless night of pain having wrote some letters this morning I shall not think I should add to this to sny I have been sitting quietly all day in my room, my old friend gave me a book of his own which the good old soul transcribes  peace of morning & any passages after am those that particularly sent her sentiments the whole beginning of her book is full of pieces &c various intros外 expressions of her disordered grief for the loss of my mother, such simple affecting account in her own words, of the death of last moments of this her darling child, this was torn for her at 2 a.m. followed by a little drawing of her monument her epitaph, & her own comments upon it, as quite overcame me & has me in my mind at least, yet this thing will writing to you, while my body is hardly fit for any thing in all such moments (now mind I mean) my soul recovers, it clings to the comfort, the support, the every thing of your friendship to me with a sort of impatience & eagerness to do enjoy it, as if I felt it too great a blessing to be of long continuance to
comfortable communication with so kindred soul, on mine! I am only that my heart has two or three pounds lighter, than it had been the day before — yet this is gratifying. I — to have the

I know will torment me — judge this what that dread must be at anything but death, separating us — Good-bye

you, my head aches too much, to write more & I am going to bed, —

I must write on that night you must not consider as a proof of habitual low spirits — as fit in heaven, knows, The envious cause of such ideas recurring to me, is the source of such grace & cheerfulness to me as I have seldom known —

— however the news from the letter was brought to me, had been left at Monday by mistake — how necessary! What an effect has such letters, or some such

I am sure I know not, for I always to perfectly myself both in writing, and speaking to you, that feeling has more

much more to do with what I say than

This only point I feel, I can't feel myself selfish, considering myself before you, & doing as I would not be done by — for your soul, I can'trish, or support the idea of

Surviving you — if ever I feel myself in tolerable health, or my constitution strengthening, it is a dread that I

know will torment me — judge this what that dread must be at anything but death, separating us — Good-bye

you, my head aches too much, to write more & I am going to bed, —
about my last letter compare your speaking
but I am glad of it mother—I hope you
the other man will take you in a make
you pay five times as much as for the
burning of any other book to be in a
Holland if I should not see by 12 count
erance you care what you thought
of yourself—could you have animal
it with a spark of joy, as you understand
then would it be on the game. Thank you!

But both you—In thinking that you dwell in
Calamity, the most upright enlightened
patriotic minds, it conscious that
it has neither contributed to involve
we can adjust in captivating minds
only suffer to a certain degree
beyond it is all these good of place,
of privilege, of distinction, the deal
of being reduced to their real worth
or real worth states-inflictions that they
are not own to others, I am happy to
conceal from themselves—

the idea of you shining in the
barb of flannel waistcoat made me
smile for a quarter of an hour. It
would like I can readily believe you
as superior to your companions in
making a flannel waistcoat, as in
reading Horace's—
do not imagine that I mean too much
I think saying, or reading is what
a delicate susceptible place but neither life
waste of time a paper—I should get
with all years I stand to, as much of
of time & hindrances of business—
but I fear not how much you enlarge
upon comfort, & security

I confess I think the prospect all
around us very gloomy—anarchy has
existed long enough in France to be
reduced to a regular system, which
they are supporting by means as new as
the system itself & the effects of both
are I fear uncalculable, or at least
uncalculatable.
I don't ask you if you can read all this stuff about me. I may cold people you never saw - it is not in my comfort I happen to to know you can. What else makes me feel so much, so light-hearted, so much less melancholy than I did the last time I was at this place four years ago - it is a feeling I have already mentioned to you, I know - but it is renewed to me at every new place I go to. Surely you ought to participate it - nothing so pure is thrown away upon me - I have not had enough of the goods of this world God knows! to grow callous to them. How do you here yesterday as I supposed as I ever shall find you kind, affectionate, comforting - was just going to give you a deal about your love of amusing yourself quietly - requireest different parts of you. Won't let you 'till after it once quiet - you shan't be quiet, till I can be quiet with you - nobody loves so much by what you call quietness today (to me is living alone) as yourself, for you are not one person in twenty other hostly, or capable of estimating the manner in which you waste your time when you are not seen. whereas there is not one person in fifty that you are not more of peculiar, when you are - while you did foolish things you lived in the world. I showed yourself a new that ye could. everyday added new value, new lustre to your character you would retire & hide yourself - but I won't let you --- I often feel afraid lest your indulgence should make me unfit to live with people of partial life candid - I am endless your own self in a hurry c'est tout dire ---
I do earnestly entreat you to let no persuasion, no good humour, no care, formerly prevail with you ever to allow him to approach you, or directly or indirectly to have any thing to do with a character which they deemed without knowing, whose virtues are so totally beyond his appreciation; that his praise would be as indiscriminate, as hardly less disagreeable than his abuse — you know then I feel, upon subjects that interest me but half as much as any thing that belongs to you; but upon this any coolness, however my warmest feelings, so that they are when I chiefly hear, see, or hear you abused, even you, your self can hardly agree — it is the less I pray to the ministrations of existence, for the happiness of your friendship: it is grievous, but it is the lot of humanity, & I complain not of it. I know now its utmost extent, & feel certain that every day of your life will lighten, instead of encumbering it.

I have been writing over the last section, the lines I have stricken since I left you — I positively can hardly make them out. I thought yesterday to Mrs. C. who in spite of their confusion & my still more confused manner of leading them was so pleased as to give me a degree of encouragement I was happy to say I was received by you for how much further would I doubt your judgment for an instant than your affection — mistake me not however, I suppose the care and anxiety versa be understood as far from it, I assure you — but in short my vanity the easily pleased in any opinions I believe sought to encourage its being to direct therefore this the P.G. till you direct your blessing on dear selves to M.A. Street. have no more such
One of whom declares London more than I can express but long to embrace you as much as to her now beg impatient to be there —

— people who expect civilities & attentions from us because they knew us before we could know them —

— I have dedicated so much of this

— to the comfort of others, in writing

— that I have little left for my own

— writing to you, Gone are some duties

— afraid, no ashamed of praising my

— self, to myself — your letter died

— my heart good on Tuesday after leaving

— Lord North &c. much affected. I saw you

— well — coming here into the midst

— of your humoured chattering people who

— dispersed the cast of any thought in

— their intestating them — you have

— often felt what I mean — but

— think upon the whole I can bear it

— outwardly, better than you, appear

— perhaps more grave, but life triumphs

— however which of us excuse in this sad

—
ticulars, is a nice point which I have
not at present no time to settle.
I really begin to have... not can make... the same God knows... but can make... be done terribly... I expect myself continu-
ually as I ought, not without success... But in mind... still more. Than my
body, requires occasional repose... that exist to me things,
I have had, the extraordinary
good fortune of once finding etc... Am not fool enough to go in search of
it elsewhere... my only care: of yours.
For I hope, if. All be to receive what
is, as it is, not to kill it by over
kindness, the only death. I think, it
can dread...
perhaps the agitation of parting again
would do more harm. That good... but
in these cases, every body ought to be
they own judge... except in your
cases. In my case, in which I
shall always judge for you, all divere.
You will do the same for me.

She to have certain of any thing that
the goods out of her nerves...
But at all events write to me by the
in post, I'll try to get a few lines. I shall
get them on Monday mor. They will
comfort me on the road. I'll write
amends them by word of mouth on
those... I do mean to write a few lines
to you. If I... when... may very proba-
ably be prevented, in which case
God help you. For the last time upon
my word of God. For it... forever.
farewell... The 12 Dec. 1805.
You... to exposure my eye to that sort
of cold, fatigue, of their cause of
things, or to the still greater fatigue
of sorry of leaving it to other people.
I think, that you would not
like me to do... blame me for doing, con-
sequently that I have agreed
not to do... This delay
hurries me more than I can express on
the account to say nothing of your
own... this I know... and feel... as much
though they lead to lead to much... so more.
of absence. I trust evil, as I do on any other evil. I admire the presence of life, and so I am grateful. I think it was that you have taught me. I think you had patience to bear with the same time. You are more wise. I am more wise. You would be wiser than you are at your trifling delay. I have two letters to thank you for: one for I must—must wait & do it by force; & another for . The writing appears to me charming & comfortable when to be repeated; for two or three months when to meet. In three days it seems an odious cold restrains communication of thoughts. I cannot submit to. Therefore I delay telling you how I feel the manner in which you treat me, I will not say, about the verses —— Oedipus! & I am provoked at try. It is a matter of going more to light, & it would reassure me better to have the evidence of staying. But I must decide to.
I find but my comfort & confidence in you.

Often think I lose much comfort by writing to you seldom than I used — this I see you often, meeting for a few minutes, moments, when I am every minute expecting an interruption, at all events, knew I have to screw myself up to company quite, afterwards, seldom allows me to be as much myself as I always am when writing to you — you are very uneasy about me I know, for which I would, if possible, never have had time to relieve you therein more particularly now — my spirits are so, merely from the effects of a long heavy cold which still hangs about me cruelly — but my mind is more resigned, I tell one atom more lesions than 0

Hope it will be — it is an admirable tempest to support adversity — of prosperity, that I have had but little trial, I believe neither you nor I am afraid — with respect to — I have within the last month had the conviction of such a total contradiccy of two, yet I taste as I had always been to wish, to doubt I fought with myself not to believe — this conviction ought, I will confine on my state, a very different conduct for what I have hitherto held, which I am certain will in a little time be much easier to myself. — I believe more agreeable to you upon all this, then in my power, you know how much I shall like your advice to talk into every particular with you
But guess as, have you and
say first, because there is no idea that
nothing and, is now. I am}
but I am sure, because every idea that
have nothing to come with them, but after it is
therefore is to have
frowns, persuasion that
who with a light head pur
rue, invariably the dictates of ho-
gloom in the path of their duty,
are, in all situations, the best of
in this world—I am not little an-
gions about my own fate—
this reads oddly—but I am writing
to you—it has already done me
good, I feel less oppressed than I
was—

...come to me in the evening, that
most hurt to quiet, if I were am
we to have it, it must be with
you—

But guess as, have you and
say first, because every idea that
nothing and, is now. I am
the one, will inevitably cause speedy end to the other. 

21st April — the weather has been so fine that I have been out once towards four o'clock. I understand that if you have seen the elm, you have also visited me. I was not well — I am not therefore surprised.

Your letter to come — good night then. May your many good nights your com- fort ever increase. I beseech you. Let your thoughts, your fear of hurting me ever degenerate the comfort that even your reproofs would ever give me.

— I have been all day longing to feel able to write to you, which would be a thing returning health to my mind. But the pain — the moment I was alone I endured. Sometimes when I was not — my eyes filled with tears, I felt myself as intensely deprived of the comfort of writing as I had been today of the comfort of speaking.
I am your most loving friend—

Dear—with, or ought to have been—

I am not now going to answer your letter of last night. I have not the time now opportune, nor to I had both could I—my mind is not get open to such comforts, I yet I am better—but how much I feel all you say, I you having said it, all the good it is likely to do me; thereafter, you can have no idea, till your friend's) (which heaven shall bless) for hence I am so sick, and suffering so mine!

I knew you will beULLy yourself to know how both my friend I Body does since. Have you—my soul tho? This very course is going, all the oppression again, my breast is quite gone. My mind too, before you, in. Recovering fast to that point, to which, till cir¬

ances change, I can not expect it
I will not say that I am heartless, for heaven knows! I have little reason to blame me so—But I am composed, not oppressed with the black, cloudy which have hung round me for so many days, I able to resolve to exact myself, I look forward with a degree of satisfaction to words, existing myself to bear what I can not alter, to follow as far as circumstances will admit your advice, with respect to those with whom I live—it is hard endure thy follies. I was headlong as others are to be an eternal source of misery to me, in addition to all that particularly belongs to myself, but it cannot be if never could be intended. Not my mind should have every means of suffering so far of enjoyment—it must belong.

It you was as near as eat last night I instead of being able to relieve you or comfort you—I wished you, but it telling the same nonsense to you that I did to others. People tend you by knowing how you late in company when you looked fatigued. And then today have been prevented coming to you, which I certainly (irez) by the confines.
Bedford at the day of the long-looked-distance. As I trust you would
know, exactly how I tell all this, but that you never at this stage or
time most talk nonsense to other people, or keep me up late when
fatigued, nor are prevented by
distance or weather from being
one, when you may visit me
for not being able to imitate you
in every thing that I wish. I
love one for such things — The
cartage waits for me — I shall give
you this to sight of Sloan —

Think —— only if your advice is
accepted you may just say a word,
May I trust you? — let me have
the satisfaction of knowing I
may upon these, as well as upon
all other subjects ——

— If on you will be whether I
understand you, or not by my say-
ing nothing about coming till to-day.
You will learn, in time, to doubt
me as little as I do you upon these
subjects — I like my uncle it can
much for this day shall begin
building a castle upon it as fast
as I can profitably can — I turn
bles down. — I will alter my plan
I build at Broad. — My spirits
are better, much better. You saw
one after a frighted — they left
night before you — I don’t hear
you say you are nearly insuffi-
cient to every thing — You shall
have a degree of pleasure in
your house, I not be dwelling upon
the hour I went — Ah. My friend
do not do of the disorder it
of my mind. I know yours when
ill this, perhaps, greater have been
of a life strengthening nature than mine—let me hope up to you for support, as well as fly to you for sympathy & consolation—

— both my health & spirits have been for me a good since I saw you. I go to bed early I have quite cured myself of reading, or writing at night at least while the long days last. I endeavor to remember all you have said to me & labor, with very unequal success, against that inceptive anxiety of mind which I feel growing upon me, which has been my torment— I endeavor too not to think of the losophened off of these about me—but of what else have I to think?—how can I am thoroughly convinced I have all my life
I came to us yesterday on Tuesday. She was charmed with the country.

The place is charmed us by its pleasure of music. How I longed for you to enjoy it with me!

— another for your this. Then I go to have many a good hour; yet, for that!

The ability to which she has promised to what she is doing it is by no means to become grace. But as I feel great anxiety (know it may turn out) that it is right.

I thought to be done. I shall not know to keep this idea steadfastly in my head. I consider the worrying as the necessary evil attending some good.

[Hardly know what] that I am to live in hopes of. If your letters were "low and melancholy" it chimed in...
I know all you will feel — do not think of what I have said to you, that we are to be separated. God almighty forbids. But a change of mind, a less frequency of meeting, a something must be done. Heaven knows that, for at present I feel quite unhappy. — God bless you — do not leave London till I can acknowledge your letter of tomorrow —

Great God! how have I deserved this new bitterness? I grieve to see your mind to pieces I make it suffer all mine does at this instant — but to you and you only can I communicate it; it is how new I am sensible to my friend, in any subject of distress on which you can give me no consolation. —

You see, my friends, for my friend you are, I ever must be, I grow on earth, but yourself, can, as I shall, make you otherwise — you, see the necessity of all I double all the caution I enjoyed. — I suppose, it is to heaven!
You have not received so severe a conviction.

I can not go to bed without telling you how much more compressed I am than yesterday the depression on my spirit is very cruel & heavy, but it is simply a depresion of melancholy which nothing but time can remove which is not unconnected to my breast of which I have suffered enough in life to consider often as a relief. I case to much more painfull sensations but when I consider you suffering and left you -- perfectly alone when you were perfectly alone where you are going, it is almost too much for me.

Wond to heaven I could be certain that the state of your mind was not worse than my own but to be so many times perfectly alone dwelling in uninterrupted upon such painfull ideas! it does indeed require all the strength of your mind to bear -- but hinting to me to go

resource it is all rash & all need not present give

I have kept still but you know that this often such a sight to take up ones bowels in the morning however I have been

been walking since in a moment & fine sun think on own little lawn

which has lead me by degrees to consider things in a light blackest I have a fixed light

... the indeed (as I have often told you it would) this great concern

... it will to comfort me to be at home service when I can -- good Gold to be obliged to leave you as I left you yes terday instead of being able by staying to south confoct & suggest you to send me away by yourself when all times you most want some body who
can feel for, I will you. I can not
bear to think of it. c. To the time
then you look forward with pleasure.
I shall endeavour that my mind in the
mean time may sufficiently recur to me
to be capable of enjoying it. the
idea of again finding you there and
finding you more competent of a second
part in all that agreeable pleasure which I told you accompanies
in my ideas of while here I am to
return to it under such circumstances
would be borne by the eternal
membrane of the evening of that day
on which last I left it.
I have been too melancholy all day,
but except at some short moments of
extraordinary depression quite con
versed. Cat I drink & sleep &
hope to prove that the power of male
volume of virtue is not long lived;
beau to me. The wealth was
lost & blighted. I need not say that I
thought of you & your one can also
say you will now be sitting alone &
comfortless in some room, doing not
just what I am at this moment. I am
minute, oh! Why can not I conclude
the necessity of such consolation &
arrive as unexpectedly as I did
at your door one Friday even but
do not let me get so union this subject
before I go to bed, so I had as well
write all night.
—but know soul! I mean him as how
she will take any thing, how different
I see that part of myself who lives in
a single instance, mistakes me. !

The idea of seeing that book of the
we got at Oxford is infinitely one can
really to me, but I mean immediately
to get the bells of their children
second attack myself to study. She
rounds me close. I hold this idea
at the go to bed.
I have said yet a word to you of the letter that I found for you this morning. I am sure, this thing to say, for what could affect me after having left you as I did? — I remember that every thing that you do, and submit to, is a test of the world is for my value, & I will hope to good. I have no hope, 

I feel myself easier, that is more composed, since I have sent a letter to you, it seems to assure me of having communication with you — and to the Camp & returned in the night by moon-light, but it was cold and dark. — Thought of you & longed to know if you had got to the place. I returned from the Peacock by moon-light, but it was cold.

alas! alas! How6 longs brightless on they take their flight — that whole God's force party connected as it is at present in my mind with what immediately followed it has some thing in it to me infinitely melancholy — let me go deeply feel that do neither you nor I suppose any good just now —

— Not looking at your picture in — Black ground green head, white, you know
Silas so much—but then you imagined it countenance looks all like it's cheerful? Would I could think it was looking to me or I could see it looking otherwise this day, unright he were together tomorrow we parted, tomorrow tonight my sufferings began, which while I am Okelle I can never forget, the I trust I shall soon think of them only as they deserve. See. This is a cloudy, warm, Syrian storm. Which suits exactly with the temper of my soul. I can think about you, you in vague. Then that, just conscious of a melancholy existence. tennis—but what a ruinous habit to which I have been all my life addicted to much, I am now more than ever—

I must accustom myself to live with gentle who within angry heart was in touch my understanding to something better at some distant period. I was still coarse—it is my only hope.

In the meantime I wish the rest that was over of Thunia with pleasure.

In the last storm blow, her constantly I was beguiled. I have spent my time alone here with the idea of joining you next spring at the sea shore, and all things in the world would have been cold to me. My father the most agreeable. I yet you know to spend my time contentedly, happily alone (even without this last blow), is some exaction of philosophy. My future prospects one every side, far as one can guess at them, are such as would silence those life used to such unpleasant contemplations; there any evil you know how seriously
He said something of this even while
Happy with you at Oxford — or one
side, or one side alone — my fate was
enviable, my comforts increasing —
how that has been attached, as far
as it is attachable, you know —
do not think for what — This is that
I am not recovering — I really am a man
and get to that point beyond
which I shall never get —
You added gave me a hearty fit of
sinking, which does good to my mind
what we it may to my judgment
I felt a sense of to accuse it as
I had not known exactly what
it would contain — but do not for
heaven sake make excuses for ex.
ning, believing or we attempt to express your feelings,
God knows it is not the example
I set you — is not knowing them
expressing them & having them

What the greatest comfort I can
have? — a conversation that requires
— "She is what is fixed in
my mind as the true, gentle, woman
of the only one I saw, knew
come exactly up to it, great and
"generous in all her actions, the
"high, blood, that flows in her veins
"keeps her from any mean or curse
— such indeed, is the friend of
whose society I am deprived —
But such too is the Being with
whom I feel but one soul, one
 perception, one set of ideas, who
abscents, or present, I shall
now feel a part of my existence,
which existence I earnestly pray
may cease before I change. This
opinion, or love any of those
feelings, which are its only ensa
ment — but did not wonder
endeavor I am already thinking of it this
dwell upon it, but it is the only light I get in my horizon — but I will, with the same consolation that exists to me, an intimate persuasion of the impenetrability of true friendship — 

Thank heavens I have at last heard from you. Let me know when you will come again.

-- So that I am left totally a minister, I got to my own melancholy, and as more than you are, every day in the week. Yesterday, I was entertained with a violent pretender, a form of thunder which kept me in a cold sweat for an hour and a half in the midst of my fright. I tried not to help it. I was always, of what I was afraid — I have long thought an existence to be a bargain, that there is nothing I would not do, no part of myself, only I left no part of myself behind. I

who could so truly say, "Ah, the comfort of my soul"? I know, it is the easiest in the world, if the writer's nature is too much of this. I can hardly give you an idea of what I felt, that with these, such as she, I am condemned to live, who see this angry my heart, amuse my fancy, and interest me understanding all this without any possible view, expectation, or hope from them. I know you will say, with reason, that I think of every thing too much. But at present, I can do little else.
...for it some time sollicited that the Yamaha
lessons being she has wantonly aimed one
slow at all my comfort and happiness would
follow it by another. At which it seems
they
so well known my heart
nothing could be added to my misery
as the idea of any thing of this sort.
Wishing in the papers of my next
nursing if you can.
...I came afterwards to the journal.
Mean that could not be, how I should have
enjoyed it, if I could have thought
I was next season to have seen its hand
with you! I am upon the whole
mean Caleb — my mind, except at
that interval is composed. A little remains
but a deep impression of melancholy
which you know too many good reasons
...I now can be hurried in writing
your letter as I have always been more
than I have to me in my writing cases
beginning to answer a letter as soon as
these come after they are received. Help to
make one think. One self excess great
writter — therefore pray send me another
letter the way you please, this which
will be Tuesday I shall only get in them,
but before I want it heaven knows!
Your letter's comfort me, just as
mine do you, by washing me deep.
—why does my kindness exceed your
expectation? I by wish you suggest
I should be yet write till I have heard? For
you know you would not have waited
for me the justice always to judge
me by yourself — along with you
letters I send one for Mr. Smith's indeed
you — it has done me much good, I
therefore I know will have some effect
upon you — — what the ways too,
electron coincides with I confirms
my new robe? I matured thoughts
upon the subject — — some other little
details of caution see (as once before you)
I shall suggest to you as the occasion offers.
but in every other circumstance I particularly think with you. I wish Nothing ought to make any difference in my conduct, your friendship will never bill either conceal or disclose. From it I still look for the comfort and support of my future life. That life must be unimpaired to those who calumniate me continue. But time to your life as well as to me, let your friendship be exalted, not deadened by time. I hope I'm any respect cease to do serve its blessings, may I be cursed by surviving it. Then I would rise and rest. This continues with a steady equal grace. But years, with the neglect of its duties, the exercise of its duties, I fear, they cannot be serious by Supreme. It founded either on the case of office at the beginning. If I can.
— I shall certainly see you in ten minutes, for a moment before we meet there. So I know it; I saw you there for the first time I should be much more overcome than I should chuse to appear; we cannot offer any excuse for being —— With great pleat I shall give a melancholy cock to the corner of the.

But remember I shall at the same time feel real comfort in the knowledge of your being really settled there.

There first, the weather will be mild enough to carry this letter to you, and that seat where I should have been so happy to have carried. Anyhow ——

Thus my soul in its present desolate state, unembroidered by unsympathizing objects, thrusts after some communication with you! — I have been longing the whole evening for the hour of separation, when being left by yourself I can address my endeavours to deal myself with you ——
besides I think upon the whole it is better for my father to have somebody here than being left totally alone, with melancholy sentiments. Sympathy and friends can make two people sufficient to each other, when living totally alone.

This has been the finest day, the clearest, calmest, and most beautiful sight I ever have given. I have often have I longed to be grazing it with you at a place — well, come what may, time and how both run the longest day — this month must have an end. If I have a beginning — I prayed you slow — twice a day I can persuade. I declare to you, a much greater feel of comfort in missing you which

true. Than of melancholy at not finding you. Seeing you — I was sitting in the garden. I have a sort of satisfaction in speaking to him, hearing him of the room above was opened, which led? it was at

I don't know how I shall in future get on with my society, but this first ever it has, I confess, really affected me. The stal основе are make an effort to be agreeable — I was absolutely obliged soon after I got back here to steal away and make a round of the garden. By my life, I am sure I should not have slept till the comfort of talking to you before I went to bed — heaven bless you.

The, I am really tired. I like being with other people — I do not feel comfortable any day till I have had some communication with you. Only I did not find you, and now shall I resolve it, that seeing you every noon, I then in comfort became absolutely necessary to supporting my spirits, Ilightening the necessary duties of life. I thus trust it will ever be even gone, have a very hansom of it than that when distance or circumstances prevent our meeting, I fly to biding as the rest best suit, I consider...
it in as perfectly different a light for addressing any body else upon paper, as I do yours to-day for that of the rest of the world?—

I feel almost convinced, that this vile scheme, captiously breathed into my ear, is the cause of this plan, of destroying satisfaction he could not improve it by which many open, straightforward, unconsenting manners, made him, perhaps, doubly anxious—

I trust in heaven, this delicious earth to teach you—This has been an other beautiful, cloudless day—Will you, how? Should I have enjoyed it? But the more I feel how little any such beauties affect me, that they are far from unendurable, without having a sympathy. The tie binds to share them, as my own mind, perfectly at ease, about what most interests it, the more I feel, how almost entirely my future comfort depend upon you—But I feel this without regret, I wish the most perfect confidence. I am willing to share all the ill luck. Every thing that interests you, convinced that both our lives would have been much more miserable, had we not known that I that the luck of happening to hit upon one another in this hollow, dreamy world, ought to make us, for many ill turns of fortune at least to Simon Thibault, even now—

Well, my dear soul, as I am aware you cannot afford my being ill, be assured. I will take every going not to quiet you to that sequence started.

There is not the least chance, for I am really in even suspect any ill effects. They may look to it is wonderful, but it moves few streams, I forget now and again the whole mass. I vowed to be—

—after which a parting, it is absolutely necessary for you to both— I could not meet you for the first time in company as—
you trust so implicitly in my judgement, I hope my last letter gave you all the comfort it did me when I wrote it for it contains the result of my best and maturest judgement with respect to my future conduct, & every how confirms it to me — by it I will abide — Laying life I must be judged — & what ever that judgement may be, I never will abandon the only real good for which I ever can hope & which I am certain I profix — for nothing — for a world from which (even in the age of delusions) none of its blandishments could conceal from me, its real & horrid deformity — I shall indeed have no complaint drawing you if you present habitation tho I believe all you say of it pretty — but I shall for the future banish all images of between us in proposing, or settling any at all —

thing between people animated by exactly the same feelings I actual by the same sentiments they cannot exist — I got on much better than I expected yesterday with my companion I was not affected by my spirits are very composed & settled — I was only this morning I made a good speech before breakfast it may please my mind to study & to Greek again for my sake for I shall profit by it & trust to me indeed I shall

I was been much at work & do aspire you — but at the same time I hope, say a word or two to you, I am sure at present you both rejoice if to to both it is always a comfort — do you know I feel quite pleased that by the accidental alteration in our usual sitting room, we could not inhabit it at the time I was suffering so cruelly, had I stayed there two or three first terrible days in it
it should have left an eternal impression of melancholy on my mind; there is now I shall return to it so much accorded to as to be able to see its profit by all its evils, and I hope improvement. My friend, as the heart may certainly be called thinking, for nothing toward minute measures it of the chords to which it vibrates, or to keep up in memirable that it can receive hope for peace, and as much as this world permits, does it evolve desire.

This for myself, I think. That satiate to exercise — to me, it will be melancholy — it is the limit of seeing, I am going to take a long time to be so well, I do not let the excellent that I ought have been driving with you — and now do let us take of what is every respect must really interest one, when I can see you, — having thus settled her motions let me few little words, those how much pleasure I confide. May I do it for one who I knew, will always think the I think I do to the best — does this plan suit you? I tell me as soon as you come, for I need not lay, that having both the same love my intentions, what does not suit both can suit neither — I hope it will lighten your heart as much as it has done mine, the having fixed a day for our meeting — you have no idea how much my spirits are raised. I comforted by having them settled on plan, and knowing when we are to meet — I look forward with pleasure to the idea of seeing you, with confidence to my future plan. It conduct, that entire dependence upon you, confirmed friendship, for the real comforts of my life — if there was
a single grain of sand upon the sea
ideas would not give a feature of them, but they are the result of a
earnest knowledge of the host

of human nature — that that made
me so often doubt where others were
confident, that they knew well, in
one single instance. None the
confident, where others might doubt.

beauties, my prospects, heaven known!
more times and times and times than at any other time. I exult
only that comfort, support, a consolation
which I am certain two beings anim
ated. By the same feelings, activ
ated by the same feelings, inten
tions, loving the same qualities
much necessarily be to each other in
this dreary world.

I don't mean there is all day without writ
ing a single line to you. I feel as tho
found out it proves that my mind is so

much recovered, to be here. I have had the
comfort of a long letter from you in the morn
ning, and I do long to have some word with
you. But the word you had been out, I knew

the day before, before you came up. I
reminded you of injunctions I went to
bed — my mind is really composed,
but is still so vague and wandering that
I know not how to fix it. I must give
you back your own words, for I can
find none so exactly expressing the
impulse. Thus much it was, of the
expression of the one always the
feelings of both — your letter gave me
real pleasure, satisfaction — it is
suited with a rational confidence in
yourself, in me, in our statements,
in our conduct, which seems to en
sure one that real support of comfort
which nothing but this delusion but
true friendship can give. As all the
malice can long prevent without any
I don't like your worrying you from mind about sending a letter a day sooner. Calmly upon all this insignificant occasions do what you yourself wish to do, except when I say directly to the contrary — you may be always plenty sure it is that I should wish to do exactly — in hopes of the visit to Mr. Hill, held to efface the melancholy impressions, which still dwell so heavily upon your mind — no doubted God knows! — but indeed, indeed, your situation requires some (what you will call) exertions on your part — grieving so melancholy will only make all worse — but do not be afraid of my scheme, indeed they are not distant, I feeling for you. Right you, as I do, I knowing the implicit confidence placed in one, you cannot suppose me deficient enforcing any that I do not feel quite June would produce these benefic to some relief. Farewell. But I cannot

settle to writing when thinking I am to see you to soon —

Here are as we are, one soul we cannot differ on.

And most sent me this letter which, I have been delaying for some time, unpleased at what good it has done me — the rational confidence, with which, you speak of my friendship, affection, the idea of being a comfort I cannot believe to you, in absence of having you. I don't sort of suffer, grief to do since bid to a mind like yours, the being to you, in short, every being that you are to once believe the any friend's anything can be, not only to necessary to my happiness as this conviction, but to likely to prevent its being attached by every little hearing in circumstance which sought to dissuade to allow me to enjoy it make the heart any trifling good. I may hope to treat with —

my nothing of the amendment to satisfaction (you satisfaction it is that...
Finally say to each other—be good.
May you go to sleep in peace, hoping that
Your soul may get rest, and may it rest
With a sort of feeling at the close of the day, in which I always have
been so exactly mine—

In mind, and considering it almost to
be impossible, but imagine that I am now
coming to my quiet home, than usual.
Which I was not impressed before away,
I am sorry to find that I am sure
they will my degree be recovered still gone
while reading one of letters, with the same plea
sure! I will not lose, the soothing sensations
while your days I convey to you, I feel
a degree. Of随便 suggest that it is fast
letter may not have given you equal
pleasure, as may have altered any
agreeable ideas or remembrances—
but it can not be you, however, dear
upon my ideas, my intentions, my affection, as I do upon yours, as it is
impossible we can mistake it be made
really uneasy by any thing we can un-

as you never intend to write to me again.
This is the first time you ever really
disappointed me—

If I die, not knowing you
feel any little you observe, I thought you

I was so sure of hearing from you to say that
I feel as if you had deserted upon you,
Calls for something to say to you—

may never be, so long again, without sending
one a letter, at least never after letters, post
ing with you, for letters I find, that I
can not bear at once, such a total expe-
rition—

but for Heaven sake, my
friends, and tell them of any wanderings
into regions where you can not follow
me—after having once had the great

The great desire to meet in the bright land, he must now

Be safe even in the region of opinion.
But when I think if you arriving here quite alone, with your friends under every melancholy impression, your spirits so violently affected, in short, feeling everything as even more than I then felt—ah, my friend, I ought, indeed! to be a comfort to you—have I have. This never received yours letters which came one evening. I groved that you are one to me.

But when you talk of now looking for no real comfort in your new house, or any house, you know not how your thinking spirit—If you can look for no real comfort, what am I to look for? Which is not that I do not love you. To say these things, but that I do not like you to think them. I am so much interested in your case. Oh, the struggling at least. I hate concluding writing almost as much as leaving you. For how cold are these moments to my heart always seem particularly feeling to you. Goodbye.
... got that all this tolerably well, feeling the
prospect of necessity of it, but I regret incre-
surably to tell how much it forfeited my
mind & spirits of how more than in
different days to all common amuse-
ting talk & company: but these
are only my confessions to myself which
shall never influence my conduct.

I now begin to expect for future years
comfort & I declare to you (I except
some black moments) that they will
be, & should be, & they are more settled,
more certain, life exposed to dispar-
glement than ever & if they be the
same. I see the dignity of consola-
tion I receive if you fail me, I shall
have no fear of disappointment on
your part.

So that you do I must feel the reality of
your situation. I do I must know
well the at least as I was as your
self; but to convince you
how constantly I feel almost alike to
you, the very sight which I expected at
receiving these sentiments seems to have
shook you, immediately after they were
wrote.

I only lingered behind my compan-
ions in the room below to begin a few
lines to you. It is in comfort, just a little
to talk to you, the I had, perhaps a little
to say.

Your Hughes I feel happy to know, because they
are just my own. I am some of them,
already are, so I trust all will come as
later be realized. That you are & I ever will
be in future the first of comforts to me.
Your own feelings must tell you that
"He who asks only is well, being an increase
of blessings of comforts, founded on so many
cases as "friendship" to their heart & affection, as "sorrows, shafts & phial",
shall ever prevent any believing that
must suffer with those which they alone
earn in joy as the lot of humanity, to
whom I am left without a murmur of
...and think you particularly want any letters at present? God bless you! I always want I always have them, then, you know, Mr. Nurse, can I am here will come one

Are you then going to this understand one another? I have not the least idea of what I said at the end of my letter about manners, nor do I care, for I know what ever it may be your manners to one never entered my head — indeed I long absences it seldom does, except to entend your idea to me —

—believe me, my friend, the world (or what one must call so) is much more likely to take notice of manors & a thousand little indiscernible matters then to me. Then, then, of these little studied

alternations evolutions, of which I lay will take notice, or feel. But ourselves

certain, that my every pleasure is doubled by every grain decided by such participation —

Sam, beginning a letter, for the mere comfort of feeling at began, of feeling the existence of that one thread, which, writing hounchy, but which, I am much mistaken if not, then, as anything could destroy —

—You tell says, that with my love agree. I taste, I leaving, very far from the —

I, my lot in life is I think fixed, if I may not be just that I could have wished, or might have expected — but Thomas, while some blessings are continued, to me, there are few evils I cannot learn to bear —

—Nothing farther is necessary to convince me of the unity of our sentiments and feeling upon all subjects, yet every great instance it gives me pleasure... in all things that are required by my mind as the confirmation of assurance of its own sentiments —
we have I any new reason or shade of a reason, for what I have said - it came into my mind neither more, nor less than you see it upon my paper: it should enter your mind differently, I shall have, the double correction of having made uncomfortable the two people in the world that I love most - and not, God help you, I am to give you a quiet, comfortable kind of my address. My first word is, I am sorry, I have almost regretted what I said in the pain for fear you should take it for a grain more that is meant to repent saying any thing to you, always seems to my mind a sort of treachery.

L. Ivy. says I am not say enough. I see that she never dares express half the thinking of you. I have quite assured that imitation never, while the pain I feel of what follows, which accompanies my state.
upon my own situation, a thousand
incoherent ideas, many of which she
knew I could not enter into without
into my friend. I already prepared for
of my views, I after first absorbing
my attention, then drowned. One is
true. I wish I can not always get
side of that 'serious stuff' which weighs
about the heart' by talking. Because when
I am much agitated, I should often fear
she misunderstood me, for tho' she
wishes to know, I do not see them by
she does know my situation, my
ideas, my griefs, 2 my friends, she
forgets how seldom she was enquiring
about them, I here this seldom? I
have ever intended any sorrow of the
thinks I have any I upon her —
and am a victim to it for you are the only
person who is to me always I would like
to understand. So I many times I ever
understand, for I do not say your name. That
faculty to every body. So
— on this point! for my own
see no end to it—at least none. I can bear
to look at—_for myself_, what the least of
comfort, or subject can I ever hope for.
being externally agitated, to occupy my
by a subject which, in minds of certain
trump, excludes all other—_of my
friend_, let me not for heaven’s sake,
feel a moment of discontent with your
minds—continue the same to
to me all. You are. I can still afford
to administer to others that comfort
which I do not receive from them,
but if you fail me, if I could for
a moment doubt of your virtues, your
truth, your character—I am a
banished. Not indeed!
——_no time, nor no experience_, I find can
decide the effects of my feelings, but I think
I can preserve that their effects are.
life long and that it is always something good perhaps, all I should desire— the Mitchell's worse as well as I can expect to be known as for justice it is not of this world— that she should ever suppose such a moment of misunderstanding or offense I regret—but if a person gives one all they have, one can ask as I have and for me who have unlimited credit upon one and hands them forth it would be at once mean & annoying was will away as they say if you don't have to go on the subject of your feelings on any subject, I above all on any relation to yourself, or me

Dec. 31, 1794

had you never mentioned the lady in question again— I should have felt just as certain as I do at this instant that you had not forgot it, (that you had done every thing that I should have done any thing in a similar situation,) my feelings for your confidence in you, as longer depend on the event of any thing foreign to yourself—I say nothing about my feelings on the subject, but if you don't do them justice, nobody else will I need not talk about the matter— you have kindly & unnecessarily at having the last night so uncomfortable as you thought was not objectionable one-harrow you once the right side of the head having your rest, she was so kind if affectionately you also to give me, really sorry at they having been fit and I was uneasy at my looking so unusually ill so that after a little attention I went to bed the best friends in the world— you and me and need be my motto but I
I have slept well & feel fine. Am of

shy to say therefore I must do with

seeing you

for which myself yesterday I was

full of good spirits. Spent about
till I have got a great few once

head-ache which dam is endeavouring

beginning to get rid of. This morning

etrate quiet. Quiet must he have an

engagement in the evening. I have told the

(red ink) I will do what she

like, but I will make you

as grand relief as you are at

liberty to do what you like —

doctor you had more said a

word about having a second place

(at the play) for Samb. I should I

have liked. Going alone with
to your own chairs in your

own room. Six o'clock: went but wind

of bow. Leaving soon! — settled

as I was returning for a visit to the shop by

to my friend Bob Martin of West Drayton.

Thats a few minutes in hopes of

seeing you —

as he is both predicted. Dam ill I

am unable to move hand or foot for this

while. But this suffering a great deal at

present Dam to much left hand than

usual. Dam in bed at being able

to go to Jess. Tomorrow how to me

tomorrow then. That we may settle a

hot ground about this — being

agreeable to your company to sight.
it seems to be good. Can never with

my conformable. I am not gone

to crofts —

May 9th 1789 — when one Sair one

will write on Monday or it breaking

breakfast promise to write on Saturday? — then I think that lang.
for you on Thursday when we came down here! It was the finest, most
darkest, quietest air. I really think looking at smelling so fresh, so
green & so pleasantly it must have done you good. - I sat out enjoying the sort of calm me-
likeby with which such a scene always inspires one till it was quite dark. — m. Cook, so beautiful.
I have one room to full of love, that I
feel quite well. You do not have to,
I get to ask you to come home for
one day to just go back in the air. appears to me inflicting a
sort of mortification upon ourselves
while we should both feel in a
double ratio besides as long as you
have not been you must come. if that is
always something in view