July 6. For the same time I felt nothing (as one sometimes does) that could at once throw away all suspicion, I think more highly of the accused person from their manner of justifying themselves — but however confusedly I have wrote, I think the construction of your head & mine are so much alike, that you will always understand what an attempt giving you an idea of —

The is such a mutable genus — I can only say that had I been less sorry to see you defect, I would have been more affable.

July 9. From this moment returned to. I went there as soon as I had had you to note all and myself a few minutes to recover — the shock of it — — the moment you come to term, which I must you will all do very soon, he comes to you; I must hardly ask you to hear much I regret not being more within —
reach to support. Believe you in such a
moment as this—your own heart can tell
you as well as mine—to heaven
dare take care of yourself till I have the sa-
tisfaction of depicting you in the task
first only to him. there is not that
sympathy existing between two minds that
enables them to help each other—in all other respects; there is a possibility
of supplying their oaths, or reconciling oneself
to it

What hast thou for the melancholy duties to
which you are engaged! its over-
grown, must lighten every oppressive
feeling, for what can lighten it? it admires
that comfort it suggests to others, which
you have nobody to communicate, or supply
by yourself—but it will not be always true,
while I have the flattering idea of being
any relief to you. I shall conyoy a new
opportunity of showing you, that that is
my first happiness, is not my first object in life.

but seriousness is the bane of both
my mind & character—would to heaven
that circumstances had ever allowed
me time to get the better of it!

I have slept well for these three nights
since, as to my mind, it has been
so much occupied with you as to
think of nothing else. I must
recount my impressions of taking care
of yourself & my hopes of not being long
separated from you.

I shall esteem you to breakfast by 12 o'clock.

—丁—

—adding to your troubles that of the tech-
Each, if you might as well have had it
yourself.

July 26 — and staying leisure is that then the
damage was of the day! my tickled feelings
of quieted silence was not much to my mind—

—& feeling my own mind sunk in despair, on
which has reconciled to oppose nothing
likely in any case. I mean to stay; acclimatise
a remittance to which I am aware it runs so
much. ————

J. Simpson, I shall do
everything in my power to prevent my being
stung into that "dread retrospect." What shall
I must be prejudicial to the natural ani-
mal disposition — I have moments of true
skeptic philosophy as most people,
but at others my mind sinks, I confess it
under the disappointments I have met
with in almost all my most reasonable
hopes, I endure a situation so totally
bypletic to its powers, its wishes in its
dispositions — these complaints can
only be breathed into the bosom of one
feeling so exactly like myself as to
receive no argument to convince them
of their truth — I while this comfort
exists to me, perhaps it ought to pre-
duce all complaint.

What a tedious unsatisfactory means of com-
munication does existing seem. When
Great for short cuts and the solicitation, angu-
oue, graphic, video, audio, narrator's true
human ambulation: Sermon on elevation
Note."

— For nothing new has occurred, you know
everything, and one solicitude and anguish
brushing upon them all their various
little changes upon paper does no good,
but talking them all with one whose
similarity of feeling abridges all com-
plaining is a real relief —

— I know how few people can bear even
the remotest semblance of truth —
— this day have been most (July 4) be left
Oxford together — it is quite foolish to
say how much the anniversary of all
I afterwards suffered recalls it to my
friend — But it is ever thus with me —
I have ever been grateful & justes & troubles,
& do have allowed life to slip by me
enjoyed, while all gains have
made a double impression — I
Think I must grow Wises

codawson
Wilco's every thing in my power to keep. will be
a merely existence in which my stygian in-
white of. Without. for we get to the cities of light.
Think of you alone a few & its in one place by myself alone & loved ill in another without the possibility of offending to each. Others that support and comfort & encouragement which we know we mutually owed in London. I know it is quite in necessary to mention all this to you. I know it is a thing like all others of importance, which touches by either vibrates equally in the breast of both. But you will act in it exactly as I should do myself in the same circumstance.

But talk to me about all this. Your brother is a statement of facts. I need feel none about and do no fear.

I think it right I shall go this with it as I now have been and endeavor to make the best of it which I am conscious I have not as done. But I feel convinced that I shall do by God's grace.

Your own best love I more everyday. I find there is some way to different things that I can have no inclination to be to follow them as longer to make them follow me. I continue sill as it is called but feel myself in that sort of nervous state that the least excitement overcomes me not outwardly, but inwardly to my own constant feelings.

This is the main and other things for which my mind is obliged. To some support wholly from his own bankrupt will constituted money sometimes almost overcomes him. But enough to say this when I shall write the letter exists a being to whom I can say all this who no other can pity me. I suppose I hope all the case. I am to say I tried that I may meet the same. If you --- I may some time or
They have the power of influencing your prospects with my prosperity instead of clounding them with my evils as I have too often done.

I am almost angry with myself for the letter I sent you yesterday making you understand my despair, my melancholy despair not having immediate attachment to my existence then I am not at hand to alleviate the effect. I know they have often been to prevent your suffering from them longer than I do myself — — — if you complain to me last as often as I do to you without thinking it fair, but the complaints are all on one side of the consolation all on the other.

— why don’t you write to me? as often they don’t you send me a letter for I am sure you have written — you know by yourself how much I require to hear frequently of you & objections to sit at present their are none I conclude, should know allow them to stand if in the way of so necessary at all a comfort — — I have been so long habituated to dispay about my health that it seems as if anything I could do now were of little consequence — however if any present greater evils I even with that I can teach myself to be content while my existence is a comfort to you —

During the calm stillness of the grey, serious evening my mind had been constantly with you — its quiet melancholy the soothing at another time will to sight increase to you the gloomy expression of circumstances now much I now wish you could be with you! I cannot say from relief I would be to you, while the tears I am new shedding alone are a relief to myself, but none as it to you —
I saw you once with your own idea, wandering in the Babes of the Earth, you are consenting to my imagination wandering alone, upright, harmonious melancholy, but remember I reserve you, and I do, on such occasions that there is one being who shares every regret, every wish, every hope of your heart.

Your letter did me much good yesterday, and I want it—I do not mean for any new cause, but for that to me, increasing necessity of some communication with a being, whose truth, I characterized my soul as pure, whose purpose, love, corrects, supports me— with such a support I am ashamed of not getting on better with more immediately about me. I shan't any part of my course at any folly in allowing people, by my own opinion, irritable disposition, so much more command over me, than towards you gave them, I can almost laugh at my constant foolish attempt to make, now the rebel subjuggle. I see the truth of what you say about living people having their own way, as the more foolish it is, the more incurably they are sure to be attached to it, I have constantly I have been. The two worst, some times the only sufferers in my attempts to save or correct them— But this shall endeavors to do in the same good humor, while I feel certain of one blessing of which those follies can never rob me, a one breast above whose every feeling will be understood, my own emotion encouraged. I may suffering further— I think you will see that this is not the language of sickness— you necessarily will health to understand what I mean.
Shame get into the way of getting any pleasure.
I am not to feel it not only better
But preventing injury (to which to
Give me I have naturally avoided
I sometimes procuring me a very great

But I defend the feeling many
Remains days with a woman
Wild child, at least with one who lives
As much in her body as the one to
Them I allude --- --- for that I was
Feared he too much felt to speak the
Truth to her I loved him too much to
Say anything that was disagreeable to
Her which had Shade done --- That I do

I went on always hoping to find
What nobody now finds twice in life, some
You in whom my suffering soul might
Before every hope is every year. --- That being
Found, too late perhaps for all. The
Benefits I had hoped to receive from it,
But what a strain of others does it bring
Along with it! How does it enable to
Read what it cannot relieve!
contribution, his duty while she did always talk of it his pleasure, which she did always follow, that she had got a single clear idea. I would willingly find, that nobody else had — I shall now begin upon the subject again, but let me make myself quite clear as you say. I took occasion to remind her how admirable a conduct had been to her, to shew the agreement, last said the a had observed it by as left admirable conduct to her, than I seemed now to explain, and how they could properly stand in the same position. She had not as you may suppose, a word to say — this will not last, but I am determined to make all the more, I can do in confirming myself in the Candide, this line of letters, every body have their own way, but making myself more incapable about their ills, than they do themselves, all which I find, much less difficult.
The idea of your not agile, light and active, as you can have been, is terrible to me, besides the labours at your favourite occupation—

—let me refresh myself a little before I go to bed with talking to you, after having been walking about the rooms with Lady G. — heaven knows too this sort of discipline is by no means necessary to give me a higher relish for society that really I like but I am convinced it is very injurious to the mind which (as I think the best constituted) if allowed always to follow its natural bent, to avoid all disagreeable, I must be put out of its way except by absolute necessity, soon acquire particularities of some sort or other, ten times greater evils in the end than any short sights to avoid. I won't let you do this for doubting this advance — whilst I am, know, high my letter to be as great a
with much internal mortification I often feel myself obliged to a private to arm myself with an effort to conceal, must I do so. Make me as little agreeable to them, as they to me. For this, I declare to you, I often believe ten times more. Certify them than ever I did to feeling my inferiority in company every hour my superiors — without being loved with out creating an interest in the minds of the people. I live both. I can not live at all — I the regret occasioned by this idea while so often seems to me increased that fond of de- cision for, my greatestsecond enemy as I am — while in other circumstances 0 of another sort it would have led me 0
forward to every thing that is great, * superior, respectable —

The conversation I mentioned to you was totally upon my own subject. My dear soul! had it been otherwise you know I should have said with the same care I the same confidence that I now tell you —

I have twice had one totally upon yours —

— my heart as well as my vanity is highly flattered by the opinion I know he has of me by his knowing my entering into my character except where some of his own green crockets warm his judgment. I know more than anybody except yourself, how he would be surprised at his ideas of mine, and how much more he knows me than she does!

As the time draws near, I foresee meeting you more impatient for it I dread the two days to suspend me doing nothing in the literal sense of the word — (Sept. 2.)

(Oct. 5) now that my mind is no longer supported by the expectation of parting of seeing you, it sinks down under a confused mixture of melancholy depression & uncertainty — I think that you in all probability you have not seen at which I very much wish you should return — perhaps I wish to see him again — my heart does not so easily separate itself from anything that it believes attached to it —

I say nothing to you of all the agitation & suffering for me — you don't wish it otherwise, nor do I either of the longer believe I fancy the more we shall find it to feel for one or other what so few others feel for me —

(Oct. 16) I was hardly in the chair yesterday before I felt a double regret of leaving you, without having had time to
particularly, I give you an idea of half the satisfaction I received from the long conversation at which you were not present. But I trust that he who left us with you, who seemed perfectly to enter into my feelings, would explain them to you in such a manner as that my other self would easily understand, enjoy, and participate in them—to have inspired such an attachment, received such a friend as he is, Germany, as ought to be more flattering, more satisfactory to my heart, than the most brilliant conquests, he I think will have not you how much I felt to express this; I have besides many little details to tell you. When we meet, if a more detailed conversation than any we have before, all which will please you, or else I am mistaken; they will not please me.

To be did attach a letter of his great coat to you, but did he do it entirely?—did he appear to you one of the most affectionate of human beings?—for if he did not, I am deceived in him, which may now easily be. The it can never be to touch but that I shall always believe you, before myself, then you know, are not mere words. Of course in my mouth you know my interference, you knew the unity of our feelings and sentiments, that deceiving me would be deceiving yourself. This, you would regret the last least of the two.

I long to see you again—I need not tell you to—It seems to have a thousand things to say to you, luckily they will all fly, I am sure of them discarded. But whatever my feelings, they oppose me till shared by you. At first I do assure you that the more I reflect upon all that has passed lately and all it may lead to, the more I am
Yet satisfied with the chance of such a sort & degree of happy nests as you & I may ever hope to attain in this world, I am sure this will give you pleasure & it ought for heaven knows, it is your worth— I am not ashamed of not being able to go alone while I have you to lead me, & when I love you! —

— come back as soon as you can—I shall want quietness & you heaven knows!

— Did you go away to convince me how much in all situations & moments of my life, I must feel to want you? — it was unnecessary, heaven knows! I have never yet required the privation of a blushing to teach me its value. — pray write to contrive in your way for I shall be so, to expect you, I shall really require seeing you. —

—

[Some illegible text]

—

[Some illegible text]

—

2 Nov. 1795
I know how I must feel & I must write & comfort & direct you as I want both—

You know how I must feel & I must write & comfort & direct you as I want both.

This is indeed distressing to my heart, it gives me the comfortable conviction that I have not deceived myself or him in supposing that we shall mutually contribute to each other's happiness for such a path in such feelings averse as all that two rational beings can contest in this irrational world—

Alas! my dear soul, all our letters are too late, the proper moment to reply. Other letters did not late announce the daily visit to the Baskervills on Sun. afternoon. —

He does not think any spirits drink; I am therefore driven to be prepared, how can I? while with all the confidence of a heart like mine, I trust in two such hearts as yours—

Here is another horrible storm, which now sounds doubly in my ears—have a letter ready on Friday for. I shall bring one with me. — Nov. 14

I am so unprepared about the last night of the week I could not satisfy you, but it was out of my power—

I have had a long conversation with Mr. A., entirely upon her own subject—

to reason with a person either blind or shutting their eyes is an evasion of friendship which I shall not often request—I am quietly in my own room, there are God knows! my best hours, & I ought & do. maybe among of them, — an every day makes one more serious by weary & deathless...
now coming! At one o'clock, I
left, for the moment I am idle, I am
stretched.

--- I take the opportunity of having a
letter written. "Oh! she always carries
her much worse than the girls and
servants. I can't help it. I can do nothing
for her but suffer for her; it suffers both
her and herself. Be kind to little
Patience. I am sure you are safe. You:
--- I shall be home soon myself. I
have fully
laid its effects, extending beyond her. It
brooks me too seriously uneasy. Though
the best thing, I am not sure she
will really often wear de la cote. I am ---

I too long to get away for a few
days; long for a little of that quiet
I can only find with you. It longs
talk about a thousand things, of
which you may be sure. I must be
thinking.

--- When she is writing, tell her all
you intended to say, and over the letter
to her, I understand, to convince her.
What an outrage it is to any body
of common feelings, then ask her
what it is that makes her so sick. We
then I felt it. I have had no particular
conversation of any sort with her to
right, but have spoken civilly and
quietly to her. --- Say everything
you can, think to convince the
man on her head, or if my affection
for her, but say it is impossible
that any affection can last, if such
a letter is not only important,
but also enjoyable. For
I slept till near eleven o'clock this
morning.

I am quite well to-day. For the
reason I suppose, I am in one of the
desperate gloomy moods. No matter
things will grow better, or worse some
time or other. I hope you cordially
Last night did not prevent good sleeping, I confess you were most complacently - no I believe nobody saw it but myself -

Last night I am really very well grieved again, I wish I could say as much of my mind which is in a sort of melancholy incapacity of employing itself on any occupation for which I know not how either to account or still less to conquer, of the pain of feeling too little command I have over it much increases my sufferings -

I sometimes think it is in a degree owing to my health resolving to go to bed & get up early I see what that will do - at other times I think all my ills chiefly owing to my mind, & to the ill fortune so particularly ill fitted to it in which it seems likely to be for ever placed - at all events must endeavor to acquire a degree of command over it which it forces me to feel losing every day -

I must endeavor to console myself to make up my mind to what I cannot help but follow I think it what I know to be good - I must endeavor to recover that confidence in myself which I think I may say I have never deserved to love - do not before there be as little) uneasiness about me as you can - I deserve not how care if I make no occasion for myself to get rid of this - the Douglas of the nature which on every subject frighten & torment was a mind over which philosophy ought to have great power - or I should cease my labors
Read the enclosed, & if you should like the contents send it in his name & say my letters got the paper. I yesterday announced a perfect piece of paper & I'm just so pleased that the letters may only just arrive at Bury & Swindon. I'll receive them but they should be well done in the same situation as the last, just as little later factoring, have done, requesting comfort for letters I shall be happy to receive it, when it comes. you will think, by this last sentence that I am about, or can, which is really not the case. my mind will get a really that relief of good morning. Last I do not mean illing unnecessarily to place and this is right agreement. — it has enough to think of. you know. — I think you will be pleased with my looks. when I return it is true that my friend had thoroughly fatigued this body the two last days London town.

Pardon you would tend to all that the carbon black dash him of a common packet this a dish not come. The day before yesterday — this at least I had better write before I write again. Which I want to do play with the duplicate of your famous culture.
I am very sorry it is so very difficult to know by some means as this.

Dr. Patelet has just arrived to which one may have some part from many more weeks of months.

Do to live the life I have done for these last three months is a most

farrago because I am ill the means it is bad enough to be seen myself.

I have been behaving very ill this weather, I have been putting myself into a most stormy passion with a doing a hundred things that I had better not have. Said perhaps got the better of by all I have suffered.

I shall not be able to write much for her; I shall not be able to write much for her; she is in very bad health.

She on the side has been good enough to maintain the letter she wrote me, defending it with dwelling.

I am sure the usage in consequence of it, while has made a serious impression on my mind. This today I am having yielded most improperly to the weaknesses of human nature. I really want to see you, I wish if you can without inconvenience you would come here soon after the new year. I can then have some conversations with you for an hour or two. I shall not be able to go out.

Pleasure of life, last night, but I chatted the more on life I don't know it is of little consequence for I believe got that miserable imitation on my nerves which I only wonder I have not had long ago.

Saturday, I all that can't last any longer.
I have been very quiet all night & slept, my head is much better, but the irritation on my nerves is not gone — all seem to do, all please know that can be done it to be quiet patient & let it have its way, and this stage quiet will go & probably find it away —

forgive me for not letting you come to me last night, you
did really have done me harm by the unreasons I should have felt at your bringing you out of the asylum — briefly, I know how much your anxiety would have affected me —

I am this instant returned to you, I think, much worse than when I left it — May 1796

have been very quiet all night & slept, my head is much better, but the irritation on my nerves is not gone — all seem to do, all please know that can be done it to be quiet patient & let it have its way, and this stage quiet will go & probably find it away —

forgive me for not letting you come to me last night, you

did really have done me harm by the unreasons I should have felt at your bringing you out of the asylum — briefly, I know how much your anxiety would have affected me —

I am this instant returned to you, I think, much worse than when I left it — May 1796

Gone a letter old — given in pic
time & I have read it over again — is very true, I could wish it —

the language of

truth, friendship & moderation.

April 18 1796

I have nothing to say of myself I am equal to it willing to bear all
this till the 5th of June, two months from the date of your letter — but
not an instant longer —
I have kept which in all I can say of your
expectation June 8th

[...]

I shall not write because I am
not in the unkind and truth
for I always write to you. I have
nothing very agreeable to say

I am patient in quietness to this, for
has given me, a great present of
suggesting contentment in the thought of not
obliged to make any sensation here, as
is only about. I can in very patience of
quietly to quiet better times both for body

consciences, which I have not done;
consequently shall not always do so,
not to you. Who is quite out of all
patience with any being unbent to un
reasonable, I am willing to hear reasons
the quiet common sense upon my own
subject that I have endeavoured to talk to
her, that I have no past left a friend,
but to speak a little as I hear my
self as quiet as I can, to endeavour to get
hold which is of the first necessity to me

I shall faithfully obey your injunctions
to take the best care I can of myself, to
that I shall look forward to the hope
of spending some time some where
with you, as the best I can for my
wounded spirits

You say most truly that the best you can
properly begin at present how to heal
of me is that I sleep, that I am not
plagued torridus volition——

as to my friend, day after day gets
in the most uncomfortable state
imaginable, every thing in future
seems improbable, as impossible to
me, do nothing certainly Within any
myself, but the continuance of a sort
of life to which I confide to you, I feel
myself quite unequal. I make the
tribute to the happiness of others, as my
own——I feel every day more forcibly
the absolute necessity of a change of
habit of life to save my mind from
Taking seriously into considerations the probability of your being able to go any where together to a better climate -- something must be done at some time. I knew you would wish to do --

I expected to hear from you to day & you, never disappoint me. I know I should hear from you, tho the Post came unusually late. In judging my mind by yours own, you are sated with no likely to make a false judgement. As the present case are alas! too surely right. I live one day by day, as indeed I have done for these six months past, only with continual expectation of greater agitation of the almost imposibility of any comfort -- but nothing in life is left me but a choice of evils & therefore the worse I decide. The betters but till these letters come on a certainty I am sure that I shall have none, shall you
impossible to decide upon. They, and any thing else, to them, I conjecture, about them, my mind always recurs of their idea. Hence, every plan, I form in which they have nothing to do —

Friday, 16 July 1796. I enclose you a duplicate of the letter which I wrote to you this morning. For the sake of a friend, I shall say nothing of it. The subject is one in which I have never been concerned. It is true that I have heard of it, and I shall do so, and will do so —

Friday, 23 Sep. Dearest Nancy. I have just sent you a few lines today. Whether you had desired it or not, I know. You will be bound —

I have made every effort to keep you informed how I feel. Very well suppose you again as she always conceived, is an impression of the present affects your soul. Dear, if the happiness of finding me in better spirits of health than the expected, is quite moving a —

She was quite affected with you. I have just —

Surely some thing cannot be worse, in my opinion, of his —
Letter this morning which I gave her to read made said essay of you, that she quite pitied you, poor soul for having cast me as she felt herself so happy at having got me back so much better than she expected — poor soul! a noble or more appreciate heart than hers now exists — but do not suppose that even at this instant I so much forget myself, or human nature as to suppose that I alone can ultimately constitute her happy self — — whenever the idea of my sufferings always the agreeable recollection of the two months we have passed together, remember, I beseech you, infinitely greater those sufferings would have been had they not been deposited in, shielded by good sympathy, but, oh, in one or two hundred confidences but in every hour & minute of the day — ag, is just returned from the sheet, he has not a syllable to say for himself or against you.

Think of 174 — Oh, the Sunday the mercury inclined was very low with me — you have been my whole history since we parted, what shall I say more to you? you know my every thought, I have positively so thing left to tell you. To dwell upon any of the ideas which most struck me both at present so I believe good for neither — write to me every thing about yourself & your cold, I about the Hewey's, about the Jube, I about L? Charlotte about the high browed & her after you walk
fresh alone, as with the bitter gory;
If you have not popped yours head
into my empty room, both a
melancholy feel.

I want your letter, I am not one
melancholy but quietly. I composedly
love, lower than ever I was in my
life— it is not a positively un-
comfortable state, would bear it
for ever— but it is not favourable to
hurting or speaking— all it seems
to demand is to be let alone. All
it already is any acquired
emotion disturbing the surrounding
air.

I am better today in every respect,
I have slept perfectly. My nerves
are quite compressed, which
always considerably affect my
nervous. I have received your letters
too new, to me, indifferent to them, for
by recalling my attention to, and
preventing in lively colours the
only real blessing I profess, the only
circumstance of my life. That
really suits my disposition, you
give me strength to struggle through
the rest — — — at all events you
will always have the consoling recal-
litation, that you have acted the
whole course as became your char-
acter, I have at the same time
done every thing in your power
to soothe & comfort the last days
of a sister who always loved, and
never offended you. Such
recollections as mere passes ever
found, thought once of, or heard
purchase clearer than myself; as
I know they are the source of all
that made so confidence in
dependence of kinds of which no
worldly changes can rob one, and,
which soon, as later always find their level —— my friend. —— their extremity runs to the different lines in which I thought I should be spending my time —— bonds at first finding myself here, and everything going on as usual till I am almost fancy all that has been occupying me for a year. Last twelve months, a dream —— a complete twelvemonth it was or, since my mind admits an entirely new set of ideas, which better suited to my safety, but thoughtful disposition. I fancied were in some degree to make up to me, if not for the little enjoyment, at least for the constant anxieties of my married life —— but I aimed too high it seems when professing you, I looked for any further support for friendship and affection. Up to a certain I have been furnished —— sent one letter very often, they will be comfort both to you and me —— ty off —— the heathens is for the most part bad as to be an answer for not going I praying exists, to have allowed me a good deal of time, too much of which I have been —— them to squandered away in leisure —— my earliest movements, constant negligence —— do you know I find that the influence of a bad acting melancholy day (when I am not otherwise ill) affects me with a life increase of melancholy than it used to do. I am having some very distinct subjects of regret I having none of approach to occupy my mind, which change not with the changing sky ——
Tuesday 2nd Oct. 1796 — wanting your dear healing hand, nothing could afford me more opportunity than your letter, which has formed me at breakfast in my own little room after a night of more pain than sleep. It by no means one of my worst nights; your letter made me shed a shower of such tears, and trust such letters will ever command from me, to which I am sure can be the deep soul of body any harm — and the such lettering often, I repeat the injunction, to be as sure they are the true cordials and strengtheners of my mind, that in no situation however forlorn, they would not be necessary to my happy life, that in no situation however miserable. They do not relieve, I see, just one —

Tuesday 3rd Oct. 1796 — by the last have many letters — such thoroughly unkind, indifferent, ingenuous like conduct! — nobody but yourself can know how, or how much it affects me — in one sense indeed — at first I cannot think (for he seems determined to leave me) no shadow of apology for him — so essentially to change my opinion, not only of a head, but a heart in which I had long had such entire confidence; a letter so tenderly, so sincerely loved, is so mortifying, so disheartening, so cruel to me, that now in the cool hour of reason, my soul felthens at the idea of a world in which there are the admired characters. I now see plainly that this whole business will end, as several other circumstances of my life have ended, in which
The kind attentions of agates had been wasted on complains. I want of quiet in general. My own little home is so comfortable, that had I not any further prospects either for myself or there, must clear to me upon which I could fix my eye with tolerable cheerfulness. How much should I enjoy my present leisure — but I have often experienced that all my most valuable and reasonable efforts at moderate hours end in disappointment — but I will not delay — when I am well enough to employ myself, I can still feel how many more agreeable flattering situations, will be more bitter suffering to a mind like mine —
It would have been a comfort to me to have written to you, & to have reassured you; but the day of Sunday was a day_bin which case, or in which case of Sunday—

...ing to receive no letters; either to the dispatches, the part of

Mr. B's made a revolution in my feelings, which every body who

knows me less than yourself find

true, or which you will

have. a far different opinion.

you, know the constancy of my af

fection & opinions (only less than

your own). If you knew with what

care I have, I have little
table I am to those hasty, your own

sessions which can alone justify

change of opinion, about those one

impliedly trusted, admired, and

loved.

the impulse of a passion, with

which reason had nothing to do)
in spite of a total disappointment
in my plans & expectations, I still

thought this conduct had been headed
its effects were undue, the same
with respect to me, but our very
different with respect to him.

But now he seems to be wrong

— — I should be as

sorry to do any body, that

knows, or cares any thing about

the matter, should. I suppose

the insensible to such conduct

as that. I thought it deserved

it c

2.05 From the moment likewise,

when this morning till now appear & declare

have been pacing about, with

agitation, unable to sit down. I

compare myself, even, to bring to

you — these are, my confessions

my dear soul — most other friends

would think it more charitable
to conceal. Of you, such, feelings, but

Thomas you, better — why are we
separated just now, when we alone could support each other—I, you in the painfull & unutterable I, inane bodily duty in which you are engaged. If you, in the cruel suffering I have met with which, alone, bears doubly hard upon us both—better times they say will come—have your possible reason to suppose they will?—however nature inclines me to be contented, I think all of the world, circumstances have made it impossible. I must be a Cygni in spite of my feeh.

---out of this nobody can be so good to judge as yourself, I you. Must weigh it well, I for heaven's sake! My dearest soul, do not quit yourself to any inconvenience of any sort of kind. By way of indulging me or yourself with seeing you—I am well in health.

I look here as I said I told you, it as to all the rest, time will take off its edge, its effect. I remember in 1st of December you, you any thing else can remove. All my all. Your ideas about leaving the I coming here, even if you change their fifty times, they will serve me for a point of sight however they may at present be a point of distance.

---

This 24th of Dec. after having suffered all I possibly could, for the doubt, the uncertainty & the impossibility of receiving 20 letters, Sam. still destined to suffer all I can for receiving at last such a letter as the enclosed. I pity my ground. I could for receiving such letters from any body in return for unceasing minderful of you. I could only I pity my bleeding heart for receiving such a letter from a friend whose conduct I know any more opinion of his existence.
I have not been quite well lately.

Miss... I have not been quite well lately...
My mind is too clear to believe that it is
incapable of receiving much, and
slyly even from the genial hand
of friendship, a reflection of reason
only serve at present to darken the
picture so cruelly forced upon me
of human life & character
-- I feel a sort of lurking independance
about me for which there is no doubt
that the jealousy of some kind
friend, or other ill will soon snatch me
now Age's patience with me is admired
but sympathy upon this subject be-
tween us now can exist, as he had
no idea till I showed his some letters
of his own. That we still had a
doubt about him, as could think
his last letter any new Blow!

My father's the letters one I've consoled
friend the others from habit have al-
ready half forgotten, & if they did not
feel she could hardly see me
melancholy -- I know that with
time & patience all this ill friends
I look forward, with certainty to my
recovery, but in the mean time I
must be lonely feel. My wound'd the
altered constitutions of mind, they
are likely to leave me.

My dear soul, I am so far from ill that
I am this instant returned. Francis has been
brought a...you
will receive a...almost every line to
one tomorrow, & by the Post it was
so desired at getting any letters from you
by the post forgive me, you had not
much of any new distress God help
you!

The above conduct, is just what I ex-
pected, God knows Genus in what I expected! News strange from
it, you & I are too old to become like the rest of the world —

Great Square, 11th Oct. What has God done to returning you? — lost to you, self must be it. — I have been alone in this melancholy house — since nine o'clock yesterday afternoon. had nothing of you. yesterday till dinner arrived here (except for tea) at 11 o'clock at night, I was expecting you every minute, to say am half dead with anxiety, disappointment, and fright —

Franklin (shut up) ought to have explained to you how much more composed my mind is since I have seen you, but I shall loses the part I hardly know what I am writing —

The annals, soon after 4 p.m. after dinner, still hot standing in the course of the wind, I had none of those over-casting jellies, or of compass disturbances with impulse plaguing me.
1797

Don't send any letters, I am not well today, my dear soul. I have done nothing for them, I beside have a degree of imitation on my nerves this morn. which Graham would certainly not quiet, it is not great, I quiet the more. I shall say get the better of it, by quiet I don't mean cost seeing you for certainly I mean to come to you this morn. but think it will be late except you devise it otherwise, I will be here help you.

April 27th 1797

Best journey, I was just going to write. You... I am quite available, there will enough do all this... I find quiet of sitting still is of no sort of service to me. I keep well but have a feel of approaching general ill health, depression of extreme languish, which I can see the account for not get rid of. If my mind, recollection may ofter influence my health, but I am sure at present my health especially influences my mind. I know not how to set about caring myself Saturday.

This oppression I suppose was to overcome last night that I sent an apology to you, as I knew you would have one. I looked at my papers all the even... do something I must do, I felt a great sense of mind in to me distraction.

Aug. 21st 1797

I have these before I past over x worn, than we were expected. I found yours by. I do had one of her bad bilious
I do not love abuse or ridicule. I will avoid it. I humbly present an excuse for writing to you if I wished to send Thomas with my umbrella behind. I was not in time to come in time to tell you that our good master is suffering. Mother is still alive.

1837

Wednesday 4 Aug

Come back to my room as soon as you can. I am heartily tired of being without you. My bath is taken, but there is a fidget to turn the one so I could not refrain from telling you this business. I have made him. But the bath was done, and it shall have it, I hope.
Dear Soul, I have slept & am as well as I can in this weather. The rest very composed & much as it ought reasonably to be.

...crop rises was at the Pinnacle indeed and this Pinnacle was a letter or address to me. Which the gave me. I invested upon my speaking to her immediately upon it – she allowed Deb. to enter her who she told me to go an hour & half. I believe it is to have planned or gone. I am quite compos’d & I hope to be more & more so every day.

My draw Soul, nothing but the bad health of the body this day & doing out would prevent my seeing you this morning — how can you ask me if I forgive you? I shall
only when I cease to scolding you,
which I am sure I did not last
night that you will want my
forgiveness. How can you make
yourself really miserable while
I know you are doing nothing.
I have nothing particular to
do in the evening till one at
that time you would like to see
me.

[Signature]

April 21st, 1799

[Signature]

I am quite well enough to do
all this, for I find it quiet and
sitting still is of no sort of service to me.

[Signature]

[Signature]

My mind and resolution may
often influence my health, but
I am, I am at present in my health
especiality affords me influence. I
my mind, I know not how to tell
about anything more.

This opinion I have had to
overcome last night that I am
an apology to L. H. and as I know you would have had me do if I had been at my prayers all the evening. So something I must do illness of mind is the distraction.

Come back to see as soon as you can I am heartily tired of being without you. My father takes a trip if God should turn tomorrow so I could not restrain the thing from me. This feeling I know I can't bring you back a day sooner than we are going to New York and your mother I will to the best of my ability. I am still at the same.

Music—will you come on Friday to dinner. Thanks.

Heaven! come in farewell to heaven. If you come here I don't see my way to lead your quiet and

Come back to see you will come. I got her (D. H. C.) before I went and had to be done and trained with my writing. Between tea I go into my own room for a good while, I was going to have just as you do when one's mind is thoroughly depressed. How can it go to better home? I what real home. on Earth has any friend but yours?

T. H., Sept. 5. 1805, P. S. at any time I can almost always assure my self as well to often be less with the relations upon strangers than with people of my own with acquaintances whose pedigrees in shallows I have long ago found or who are not sufficiently timely can we make more from.
acquaintance... This certainly makes the change of society which you think acceptable, agreeable to me sometimes. But my head as you know has but one home—and which indeed the certainty of popery alone gives it the pleasure of being amused with anything else.