

22^d July 1779
Thursday Morn.

My dearest dearest dearest Friend,

After the promise I made of accounting for my conduct especially in some particular instances which may perhaps have struck you most, I now take up my Pen to unburden my whole soul to you.

As to the petites attentions I may have lately shewn one person, and which shocked another person so much ye last Evening we were together, I do assure you as my friend they are not founded upon any penchant or might in particular, but upon an old joke which I explained to you at the time. Now, my sweetest Friend you are but too well acquainted, I say you are but too well acquainted with the amiable object, on whom my whole love, affection, and esteem centers, upon whom my whole happiness

that it would rather increase than diminish yr. grief to hear
 that him who was ever, is and ever shall be attached to you,
 was no more. I very much admire the first Epistle of
 the Essay on man, which ~~which~~ you recommended to me
 read from ye beginning to ye end over again, I admire
 the beginning very much, as well so those tender lines
 concerning which the innocent little lamb, whilst I
 was reading them, & indeed the whole Epistle, I could
 not help sighing to think how many great and wonderful
 blessings the Almighty has heaped upon Mankind, &
 how unworthy we are all of us of them. I have now
 to do what interests me most, that is my sweetest
 dearest, and best of friends, ^{to entreat of you?} the continuance of that
 disinterested affection and friendship with which you
 have treated me all along, and which I shall ever
 cherish to the end of my life, you will I am sure
 have generosity enough ^{repeat it} I am sure to grant my
 request, as you must be sensible than in my situation

depends, and for whom I burn with ye. most vivid flame. Let
 me not say that my passion ^{for this amiable object} had degenerated, if I instead of ~~her~~
 beating her with that violence of passion, which I must never feel,
 I now beat her with that ^{tender} buty fraternal affection, and that esteem
 with which it becomes me to treat my dearest and firmest friend.

Such my ever amiable friend is the present situation of my
 heart, search ever inward corner of it, and look if there is a
 secret, in the least more interesting which. I have not ^{imported to you} ~~that~~
 ask any questions of me I am ready prepared to answer ^{them} ~~revery~~
 concerning which you may possibly enquire. When I gave that
 ever dear kind, obliging friend a Paper, ~~at~~ long ago which
 contained two verses, the sense of the last of which was,
 je vivrai partout & vous liez. I really meant what I said
 for had she ~~had~~ made me a certain promise which I think
 best not to mention as you well know, my intention really
 was, not to have survived her loss a single instant, but
 in life or death, je vivrai partout & ses liez. Continue

my dearest ever amiable and kind friend, to treat me with that open friendship, generosity of heart, and nobleness of mind which are innate in you, I conjure you, if not totally to heal, at least to alleviate the pains I feel. Write me an Answer, ^{if it is not inconvenient to you} which I entreat of you not to make too short, blame me where I am worthy of it, and commend me where I am worthy of praise. As we are now upon so free and disinterested a conduct, will my ever dearest friend, excuse me, if I say; I think you rather too apt, to allow the gloomy shades of melancholy, to seize too strong possession of you, to let them prey too much upon your tender heart, to let them dwell too much in your spotless mind, which lets itself too easily be perceived throughout the whole of your delicate frame. Was I to think that I was cause of any part of that melancholy, I would immediately abscond where no one should ever hear of me again, were not I sensible, do I flatter myself, tell me a truce of you!

5th.

in life I shall not have many even worldly friends, and not
one so open, generous, sympathizing as yourself, which must
render you dearer to me than the rest of the world together

Adieu my dearest, dearest, dearest Friend believe me
when I call you tout ce qui est chère au monde, these
are the ^{never attainable} sentiments of him whose greatest happiness
it will be to sign himself throughout ye whole of
his life.

Yr. ever sincerely affectionate Friend,

P.S.

I have forgot to make that request I told you I would make to you
that is to send me a lock of yr. hair envelopped in yr. answer, with which
I will immediately have something made to correspond with tout ce qui est chère au monde
I shall keep it in yr. absence as the representative of my dear friend & love
it accordingly. write whenever only it is convenient to yourself, & tell me
whether you hear that you are to make another voyage at — soon or not.
Excuse my writing & the separate sheets I write upon as I am in an
amazing hurry. Adieu pour la seconde fois.

+ tout ce qui est chère au monde.

De la main of this must call ahead for
an answer at what time you settle with him. Adieu encore pour la troisième fois
tout ce qui est chère au monde.

