

January 21, 1800

With a heart beating with the most tender sensation I have now seated myself again to present my dear and worthy friend with a few broken ideas and hope you will receive them as from a true and hearty friend. It was with pleasure and gratitude beyond the power of language to express that I perused your letter of January 19. I received it on Saturday evening just after my return from a funeral of a relation at Cummington. I read it with anxiety and pleasure but with a trembling heart did I read that the prospect of again seeing you was cut off- and that you was soon to leave the country - how did these words sink into my heart - to return no more. It is my endeavor, however, to bear the ropes of fortune with calmness and to submit with resignation to the will of Him who appoints all things in infinite wisdom and goodness. Let not the distance which shall be between us my dear friend destroy our friendship, but let us remember each other with the same tenderness that we ever have done. I presume to say that I shall ever meet you with the utmost regard and esteem. Then the boundless ocean were between us and the hills and valleys were to conspire to separate us, yet it could never be in their power to erase from my heart the tender sensations which the recollection of my dear friend ever excites. Accept my thanks for your letter, which you was at trouble to write and which I shall ever console myself under obligation to gratitude but let me ask the continuance of the same favor for which I remain your friend, it will be my greatest pleasure to receive any intelligences from you. I hope not to be deprived of all communication with you, while pen and paper exist and we have power to use them. I used my pen a while in writing to you a fortnight ago last Sunday evening and expected an opportunity to convey it to you by Mr. Warner but was disappointed. Accept that with this from your friend and forgive the fault which you find. But my dear I must soon conclude this letter and leave you for the present. Then whatever changes and trials you might be called to pass, may heaven guide and support you - in whatever place you may be, may the almighty bless you and crown you with peace and happiness - but should your path be marked with sorrow and may it only prove the path to eternal joy and felicity. With wishing you every blessing which heaven can bestow, I bid you adieu.

Lydia Richards to Charity Bryant Tuesday four o'clock P.M.