

May 21, 1801 Sunday, PM 5:00 o'clock Plainfield

My Dear friend,

Distant as we are and long has been our separation. Heaven permits me once more to address you with a hope that what I write will in a short time be conducted to your hand and may it find you enjoying every blessing which your heart ever desires. Oh my dear friend how shall I proceed? With your condition or circumstances I am unacquainted at present and labor under an apprehension that I shall remain unacquainted with them for months to come. We seem to be denied the favor frequent opportunities to hear from each other in any way whatever. Six months have now passed since I had the pleasure of seeing you and since I performed the task of (talking?) my forever of one whose happiness is mine and whose society is pleasure - and through this long period I have but once been favored by a letter or any news respecting you. Till the reception of your letter dated Dec. 1 and opened 12, I labored under sensations which only experience can teach. Five months elapsed without ever knowing whether you live or died. I have twice written to you but received no answer. I am afraid that you would not fail to write if your life and common health were continued and opportunity for correspondence could be found. I could scarcely believe that in so long a period you had found no opportunity by which you might convey letters, and consequently was led to conclusions which filled my mind with anguish and a gloom on all around. My heart foreboded ill and fancy led me weeping to your sacred tomb there I stood and there I contemplated ---

My Charity, my dearest, loveliest friend,

Thy sighs and tears now arose thy troubles end. Then circling sorrows and this shade of night from earthly regions thou didst speed thy flight on stemming youth by death thouest snatched away from earthly scenes so sportive and so gay and from the bosom of thy friend, art taken. While they that survive thee but to grieve and mourn Cruel Archer! must thy fatal heart be at virtue, and virtues heart? Must goodness be the mark at which thy path aim? without regard to or age? And must it too in youth become thy unfeeling monster! then don't dare decide - Those souls by nature and by force Thou unrelenting foe! how can'st thou such kindred souls and wound the tender heart? Thou wilt not sympathize with grief and woe. Thy hand both seized my friend my soul's delight and with her slain my hopes which burned so bright. Oh lovely girl! thy morn was scarcely past. When lo the mandate was return to dust. To heavens supreme command thou then didst attend and left thy sorrows and thy below. But oh! thy lovely form no more I see. In the cold grave thou hast ever hid from me and death and darkness abase our pleasant scenes. As winter assails the lovely verdant green. But still thy countenance so fair and My fancy paints in colors pleasing to the sight. Nor will I lose that beautiful form of thine, where every grace and virtue once did shine. Heaven has engraved thee on my

heart. Nor shall the promise of death bid thee apart. Our souls were bound by friendship shall remain. And firm to thee my friendship shall remain. When hath thy frame. And vulgar multitudes forget thy name. And while my bosom heaves with latent sighs. To ease my grief my thoughts to heaven shall rise. And say she lives in bliss beyond the skies. Then my dear Charity I am

perplexed and afflicted till the reception of your letters. (April 20th) in a degree relieved my anxiety. I received them at the funeral of the aged Liet. Cohan ? I was obliged to postpone the reading of them till I've returned I then opened them undisturbed and o my dear can you judge of my emotion? gratitude, affection, love, pleasure, piety, sympathy ,and profusion swelled my breast while a scant tear trembled in my eye - I wished to relieve you from your unhappy domestic situation I wished to ease your suffering by your present and I wished to smooth the bed of pain and dread which so heavily oppressed you but none of these was in my power to do. I could only wish and only pray that the almighty teacher would remove the adversity and sorrow and replace it by that of undisturbed felicity - Tell me, my dear O tell me is there any possible way that I can contribute to your happiness? I have contemplated on various ways but all proe abortive. I have at times thought of proposing to my parents that they should give you an invitation to come and make this your home and enjoy all the prviliges which I am favored but it appears as impracticable that I am obliged to banish this idea from my mind. All which I at present can do, with my hope to yild a single moments pleasure to you, is to write and indeed did you not asure me of it I could not believe that to receive anything from me so inadequate and endearing could afford any satisfaction. Why, my dear friend as you so repeatedly acknowledged your obligations to me? Your letters abound with acknowledgments of obligations to gratitude but, my dear I meant them not. Friendship demanded from me and which I have done and have cheerfully have I performed all in which you can denominate kindness - I deserve nothing from your hand which I do not receive. If you are obligated to me, surely much more am I to you and how I shall discharge this obligation I can not say - if affection and gratitude will pay the debt I justly give one to you, it shall not long remain unpaid. The in your letter I conveyed to her but have not since seen her my Father it he observed that it would aid all the female compensation which he ever saw. The other has seen it as a worthy character would have deserved all the applause which I am capable of giving. Did I not still know your aversion to flattery and your love to sincerity I should conclude you dissembled when you wrote it but I will not suppose this - I will suppose that you meant sincerely and then your judgment in other cases is superior yet here it errors - the character there presented, cannot be my own. I expect to send this letter to Boston or perhaps to Abington by Father he will leave home tomorrow morning but when this will reach you is uncertain. Could I see you, my dear I would have much to say which I cannot write. Is there no prospect that we shall ever meet? must our lives be spent at this vast distance? forbid it Heaven Do write if ever opportunity presents inform me of everything relating to your happiness which may be trusted on paper. I hear nothing from you but what you write, then you write all which you can with propriety. I shall probably spend the summer in school, I have taken the school in the west district of Plainfield in the new school house near Deacon Packards. I expect to board at Deacon Packards or Mr. Keeler (?) I shall probably open the school a week from tomorrow. I have nothing very peculiarly interesting to write. Mr. D. Whaten lost his second child last week second instance of mortality have occurred in this town within a few weeks three aged persons and three children have passed off the stage since the 20th of March. It is in general healthy. I have though , the winter and spring enjoyed tolerable and all my Father's family. To say anything of our friends in Cummington is perhaps needed. Mr. J. E. Packard has left Miss Burroughs (?) and is married to Miss Flo Reed. I have written more than I intended and I fear nothing will afford any pleasure but I am sure you will

forgive me . My compliments to friend M.F. S. P. Mr. Flanard Jr. and now I must say adieu. May the blessing of Jehovah and the protection of guardian angels rest on you here and forever.

Your L.R.