

September 28, 1799

My intimate friend,

The week has now past and I have not had the satisfaction of seeing or convening with you or of hearing from you any way whatever except that my brother told me he saw you last Thursday in the meeting house at Cummington which indeed was some satisfaction - nor have I had the pleasure til now, of writing to you and hope you do not think that I have forgotten you because I have neglected to write - for I am sure if you knew my feelings and circumstances you would not - and I trust you do not - an inclination to write has not been wanting - I have many times thought that I could have no greater pleasure (or circumstances) than to write to my dearest friend - but circumstances would not allow -

Tho I have not had the pleasure of enjoying your company - yet I have had the pleasure of thinking of you and have indulged the hope of being again happy in the arms of my dear friend. It is now between the hours of ten and eleven - all is silent around me - I believe every person in the house is asleep except myself and I suppose if my parents knew that I was writing they would think me imprudent for sitting up so late - but if they knew my affection for the person to whom I am writing they might excuse me. When I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again is altogether uncertain. I hope I shall not feel uncontented until the happy time shall come. I feel at present very stupid and in a frame unsuitable to write than I often do. I do not feel as though I can write anything which will be agreeable to you and do not wish to tire your patience with that which is not agreeable - I trust the imperfections in this letter will find a shelter in the bosom of my amiable friend. Accept these lines from your sincere friend,

L. Richards