July 5, 1806 Plainfield

My Dearest friend,

How shall I express to you the pleasure which now fills my palpitating heart at the prospect which the most pleasing intelligence has excited --yes, my dear, it is pleasure at the thought of again meeting and of soon meeting you. Your brother (Peter Bryant) has just informed me of your arrival at Pelham and of your shortly expected arrival at Cummington. This indeed was what I had fondly and anxiously anticipated, but it was what I hardly dared to hope or expect. I now anticipate with hope and wish with expectation. O may heaven grant that my fondest hopes and expectations may all be fully realized. If this shall ever come to your hand it will find you within a few miles of your friend - a short distance only will separate us. O then my dear with haste fly to your friend whose arms will be extended and waiting to receive you, and whose bosom will feel a void till the return of her long absent friend shall restore to her mind that happiness which indeed it is in your power alone to bestow. With what joy shall I again behold my dearest friend with what friendly ardor press to my thrilling heart the object of my firmest attachment! The happy hour in prospect smiles and pleasure fills my heart. But cease my pen and cease my fond imagination to dwell on scenes of such precarious bliss. A thousand unseen events may blast the brightest prospects and the pleasure may be dashed with pain. But I am resolved still to cherish my fondest hopes and may you, my dear, soon be brought to the arms of your still affectionate.

Lydia Richards

P.S. If some ready method does not present for you to get to Plainfield after your arrival at Cummington be so kind as to inform me of your arrival there and I think I shall be able to find some way soon to convey you to my Father's mansion. But if it is practicable for you to come before I have opportunity to send for you, I trust my dear you will need no further invitation nor wait for further compliments. Be assured you will meet a hearty welcome. L.R.