My worthy friend, Tho I am surrounded with \_\_\_\_\_\_, I have laid it aside for a while and have again taken up my pen to you. I received your letter last Sunday noon by Mr. Warner. I have not opportunity then to open it. but waited until I came home. Nor then did I read it immediately, but if I should be interrupted but walked into the silent wood from the site of every human eye and there myself with pleasure to \_\_\_\_\_ those previous lines and how did my heart coincide with every surely in vain my dear friend. For anyone hopes for complete happiness while things remain in their present state of disappointments, troubles and trials are common to all. The experiences of every day teaches that happiness cannot be found here. The immortal mind is continually seeking happiness in some way or other. It will not rest but in vain does it seek to satisfy itself with earthly joys, riches and vain worldly honor in vain. and the enjoyment of time are fleeting but the soul must outlive the narrow bounds of time and must have a portion beyond the grave when it shall launch into the unknown world not all the pomp and grandeur of the earth or the pleasures of time will afford any satisfaction but it must have some good to enjoy superior to any earthly good or it cannot be happy in vain on earth we hope to find some solid good to fill the mind Had I the pen of a \_\_\_\_\_ writer, my dear friend, I might write forever, subjects would never fail and certainly it would be a delightful employment but this is not the care my pen is not the pen of a writer and I must submit to the inconvenience. I think it our duty at all times and in all conditions in life to feel contented with whatever is appointed us and never to indulge uneasy thoughts to disturb our piece contentment in a balm which alleviates the \_\_\_\_\_ and unfortunate which attend on through their work but alas, how few enjoy it. How few are wise enough to alleviate their by any calm reflection or that whatever is right. But, my dear, I cannot add much more but must dismiss my pen hoping that the time is not far distant when i shall have the pleasure of convening with you without the resistance of pen and paper. I shall in fact, at least hope to see you at meeting tomorrow but should I be disappointed tomorrow, I hope not to be disappointed of seeing you here next week. This from

Plainfield October 26, 1799

L. Richards