

NAM 11/15/19

At James's Dec: 3<sup>d</sup> 1705

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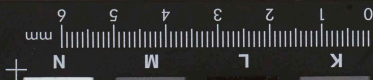
My very dear Friend,

I cannot tell you how happy your long expected letter made me - I had almost despaired of hearing from you, and was just thinking of writing to make you give some account of yourself; for my dear I have received no such letter as you mention, or any since the end of November, when one I answered the very next day from Horton - To hear of your health and happiness, always gives me unspeakable happiness, let me have it as often as your leisure will admit of ~~it~~ - I am well - excepting an accidental cold - I wish I could tell you I was happy but you cannot expect I should be so after the great loss I have sustained - You my dear Friend who are so well acquainted with every pulse & repli of my heart will conceive what it has felt and still feels, & will give to my situation the compassion it deserves - You know how I adore my Father, my Brother, how tenderly I love the Sister of my Heart, ~~she~~ always did, but you know not how amiable she is grown, how strengthened in every virtue, & improved in every grace, you know not that that in that Sister, I lost a sincere Friend, from whom I do not conceal a thought, & who as she embraced every enjoyment, consoled me for every misfortune.

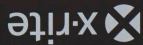


at the dreadful moment of separation, I could not however  
but look up to Heaven with gratitude, that she departed  
in tolerable health - excepting loss of appetite & sleep, all  
her symptoms had left her - & I trust she will receive  
much benefit from change of air & a quiet life -  
I have been malgre moi in very bad spirits - for I suppose  
you I have exerted myself to the utmost, nothing can  
excuse Ly Charles's kindness to me - she came to carry  
me away the moment they were gone, & has never  
left me to myself one day since - I regularly dine  
& sup there every day - at least I 'did so till the Angels  
came, to whom I now give some of my time - they  
are all well, the Sp is grown fat. My Louisa Stuart  
is come to Town too, I have spent one evening with  
her - I get up early as usual, read a good deal, & having  
begun to play on the harpsicord, practising music  
takes up a great deal of my time - not to speak of  
the constant letters to Nancy, where they are gone to  
spend the winter. How shocked I was to hear of  
poor Ly Wake's misfortune, whether her friends  
can call it one, I doubt, but it must have been a great  
shock, so unexpected, so sudden - I saw my Dartsy the  
other day who told me she was with her, was going to  
Constant Hall where you were coming to her - she likewise  
added that you had been ill, but your letter my

dear Friend, wipes away every disagreeable impression  
made by that information - so you are going into  
Northamptonshire - yes that because we are not there -  
I verily believed that Sister would not have died  
had we been at Morton - so the fates have decreed it -  
you do not mention London, my dear, do not you  
mean to come, or only in the Spring? where are you  
to be? Mrs Walsingham is I believe not yet come  
to Town, at least I have heard nothing of her, I fancy  
myself out of her good graces; for she has never taken  
the least notice of me this summer, & visited me  
to Thomas Ditton - I shall remind Bell of a  
promise I am sure she will with great pleas-  
ure fulfil, of writing to you - I shall write to her  
again on Tuesday - think of my never having  
yet heard from them since they left Calais, of  
their safe arrival there I was informed by a few lines  
which I received on the 17<sup>th</sup> - Mrs Degby does not  
come to Town till after Xmas but I shall not fail  
to give your remembrance to her - adieu my  
dear Friend, let me hear from you from Countess Hall  
excuse this hurried scrawl - I have a wretched pen &  
am hurried for the post - adieu God Almighty bless  
& preserve you - adieu your affec<sup>t</sup>ionally



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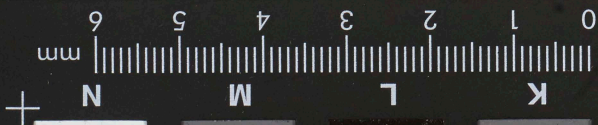


To *Mrs To* **CHESTER**  
**182**

*Mrs Dickenson*

*Taxal*

*S Macclefield* *Cheshire*



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