

Judge not my beloved Friend, from my silence, that thou art absent from my thoughts—waking & sleeping, I commune with my far distant Love; and copious are the effusions I mentally pour into his unconscious ear. Last night he appeared to me in a vision, like a sudden apparition; he kiss'd me many times with great fervency but still greater haste; he did not even tarry to sit down; and was gone again on some unexplain'd momentous business swifter than a meteor in a summer sky.

Every day have I been looking for a letter; & every day have I been dissappointed; my hopes still acquiring new strength from every successive dissappointment by suggesting the probability that certainly by this or this, or this time, some leisure moment must have occurred that might be devoted to poor me –

I have proposed to myself a number of times which I intended to set apart for writing thee, but have been invariably dissappointed in this also; tho' always comforting myself that if I defer'd it another day I should have a letter to answer.

To be true, I have had nothing new to impart as to the common concerns of life; and whether the following the imputie of my heart in unbosoming all my thoughts, is altogether relish'd by my dear friend whether it is or not rather an interruption to his present pursuits, as I am apt to be pretty diffuse – is a question that arises in my mind, with some discouraging ten-cy.

I have been visiting & receiving visits since thou wert here; some of them very agreeable ones – Israel, Margaret, R. Hopkins, N. & A. Shoemaker took tea & spent last evening here. Cousin H. S. D. join'd us in the evening. Cousin S. Sansom – D. Pearson this afternoon – & Cousin L. J. this evening. I felt Cousin Sammys political pulse very undesignedly in the rounds of chit-chat and was pleased to find it beat so much more moderate [than] formerly. I was quite frightened when my speech was first out, but was rather glad than otherwise when I found it went off so well: because if he has not quite come over, I gave him something to digest, which might be of use, and that is not perhaps everyday set before him. Pretty saucy this too! for such an ignoramus as I to say of a staunch, old, experienced hand at knawing a hard political bone!

Well, the time piece warns me to be done – fine times! I [have] thou sayest, ha! my hours all at my own disposal! and thou not here to praise me for their regular appropriation or to see how I would do, if left wholly to myself! – I get up & lie down when I please & no one to ask me why or wherefore? but I do not love to sit up till midnight for all – no, not even when writing to thee – when I have the sweet inducement of an interesting confidential tete-a-tete with thy dear identical self. I own I do love to dilly-dally a little sometimes, and protract the pleasures of the fire-side feast: but thy aversion to such late banquets has almost broke me of it; for a guest that stays with reluctance, begrudges every moment, is all the while in haste to be gone; mars the whole scene – theres for thee now! take that! – and tell me when I shall hear from thee; when I shall see thee – when thou wilt be once more permanently here to resume thy wonted, and (when not cross) thy welcome controul over thy

devoted M. C.