

as I do not mean in future to write oftener than once a week I shall send you a little acct. to private concerns, my own health I hope is not worse, but Duadas who sees me anxious, tells me under such circumstances I must not expect health to return, I have never yet got further than St. Leonard's in any of my rides, part of most morn^g. His or Her M^r. have wanted me, yesterday I got on horseback about 3. notwithstanding Mr. Ed. Affles death was press'd to dine at St. Leonard's, three Ladies there was no refusing, they all look'd well Mr. M^r. only melancholy, as Cooper says, "with those who ever felt the sting of sorrow sorrow is a sacred thing."

Her least pretty but sadly despairing countenance, attracts me the most. Mr. H. seems purely recovered, tell y^r. I. (not to be seated) a flirtation is going on between the Widow J. & the professed bachelor B. the wild romantic paths in the forest & quiet park are the scenes which witness their attractive conversations, she would be little able to say where she rode, tho' this means nothing & part on I'auther, it serves to produce a smile amid our gloomy scene. my sweet Shenelm has had a cold but Betty is distractingly fond that without any cause she has from over anxiety made herself ill, what mischief flows from this fountain of purest delight affection, teach me the degree of indifference you & y^r. think so practicable. may neither of you have occasion to practice. my plan will be about the 12 of next month to take Cha^r. & Lilly & meet Shenelm & Ste or Mrs Lynch, I shall

not be able to hold out longer & then things here will be in
a train, if I do do essential good to my country or even the
female part of this family I wd sacrifice any time my health
but my knowledge of the carte du pays, says no I shall
write only once a fortnight, when that time comes, you must
be content with knowing my propensity is strong, & friend
Cartwright is come from Switzerland well & pleased with his
journey I shall just add when I love how thick there is
smelly you must think me a sad prosier especially when
I confess I shd like still to chat with you -

10 of Cook.

I have been with Mrs - by his bedside more than an hour, & it is
clear in his idea not near so quiet but far too much agitated
Greville & I are in favour & to spend this day with him, I do not
upon the whole like him so well today. adieu my kind remem-
brance to S. P. & G. G. S. letter with her prayer came yesterday
the true spirit of devotion persuades all she comports of that kind
I see her in the light of an angel ever here, may I not be unworthy
to become her associate in an incorporeal world. 4th of the 20th (but
you must have mistaken the date this being only the 21st) came this morn.
I will ~~ask~~ John about Georges stock? Gobble! You will, continue
to like & regard me as much as you can but never press beyond need
He has again talk'd of me & G. S. - this is horrible. he says I must lay in his
room every night. -