

14. There is one lady in the parish, who would bestow a few upon me rather than I should suffer. I'll leave you to guess who it is. —

Saturday 11th.

No news of Major Thompson, or Mr. Murray. Well — patience. — somebody will be in to night.

My poor leg is wonderfully painful — it's as black as a hat on both sides the ankle — I fear it will confine me a long time. Why

UNE. ARCHIVES 15.
Why the deuce, could I not such an accident have happen'd at home? I then would not have regretted it.

I have no fear of tiring you — my Mary. — I know how you feel, and altho' you will have scarcely finished your first volume, I am sure you will willingly begin a second. — I pity those insensible & unfeeling wretches who cannot enjoy such sensations as