

Upon my honor of soul Mary.
 When I recollect the immense
 number of pages which I have
 written you within this fortnight
 I am not ashamed - but a
 little astonished. — In the
 crippled state I now am — I
 cannot exercise, & while I
 sit still you & my children
 are almost the sole objects of
 my attention — and it is a
 kind of relief to be writing.
 I therefore keep at it. If a
 volume prevents one fight of
 yours, it is a recompence for
 my trouble, and if it produces
 a

a smile — I shall be
 amply rewarded. —

There, & for you. —
 Cou, & my dying swain
 of 15 have made a sweeter
 speech than that.

I must leave off to
 write a few lines to Mr.
 James. I am vastly dis-
 tressed that that good
 man should have expe-
 -rienced any new misfor-
 -tunes. I do not mean any
 reflection upon Providence
 of late
 but it absolutely seems
 as