

I have availed myself of the first moment
I can steal from the bustle of moving to address you,
and tho' I can hardly find a corner to retire to, or
a table, stool, or chair to rest myself or paper on
yet I can delay no longer my usual employment
of writing to you, which, if I omit seems to me
almost a crime. We have been at this delight-
ful place almost a week, and I have wandered my
feet on the rocks, and sat in Groves that seem to
have been planted by Love's own hands. You
know this suits exactly my soul of sentiment
and was it not for some recollections which the
frequent sight of a well-known well-loved name
gives rise to, I think I could live only (like the
Camelion) on the Flower-scented Gale. My eyes
to be sure sometimes when they are just about
overflowing with the effusions of my heart for a
certain wanderer, will come butt up against the very
Tree that has his name united with Miss G-S! -
What of that - She has had her day - mine will come.

What tho' my Kisser once has kiss'd
Another's lips. Another's eyes,
And whispered in another ear
The tale, that I enraptured hear,
From doubts and fears I still am free
He loves but one - and that is me -

What tho' on every tree I find

His name, and Nancy's fondly joined
And every Zephyr seems to say,
I was here they talk'd the hours away
Yet doubts and fears I now disown,
He loves but me - and me alone.

Perhaps beneath this very shade
My Lover and his Love have stray'd
Has call'd the passing stream to hear
His faithful vows of love sincere,
Yet doubts and fears I still disown
He loves ~~that~~ me - and me alone.

Then why should it disturb my rest
To think another has been blest,
When I that blessing now enjoy
Uninterrupted by alloy.
For doubts and fears I now disown
He loves but me - and me alone.

But hark - I hear the thunder break
And Heaven's high arches seem to shake
All nature shudders at the sound
Whilst vivid lightning curls around
And now what fears alarm this breast,
For whither with my Rover rest -

Whilst here in safety I repose,
Perhaps he, every danger knows,
Driven relentless by the storm,
And death appears in every form,
Ah me, what fears alarm my breast

For whither with my Rover rest? -

Sleep - sleep ye winds, in pity sleep
Or waft him safely o'er the deep
Return him to my anxious heart,
Forever join'd - no more to part
And then shall peace illumine this breast,
For on it, with my Rover rest -

You see I am inspired by my situation - for never
was there a more heavenly one - The honey-suck-
-les are breathing sweet fragrance o'er head (this
I should have told you in verse) while my noisy
head is besprinkled by little happy looking daisies
of various hues -

The river rolls majestic by,
Just at the foot of a - Hog's sty -
While little songsters coo and sing,
And fleas skip out, and fleas skip in -
The Lambs with sporting almost tired,
Have laid them down - in mud - and - mixed -
The sober Oxen homeward plod,
And Dick throws out the stinking cod -
And playful as the kitten jumps,
From Ann's gets a thousand thumps -
The matron cat with anger views,
And speaks reproaches in her - 'news -
The faithful watch-dog growls around
And cat and kitten fly the sound -
Sleep - sleep you dog in pity sleep
And onward let poor pussy creep,
For now what fears alarm her breast,
To know where little Kit shall rest -

Return them harmless to your dew,
And let them frolic and play anew -

But hark, I hear the master's voice,
That bids his household to rejoice,
The mistress runs her lord to see,
And after her, steps slip - thod me -
He gives his wife her kisses due
While I stoop down to fix my shoe
Then rise in all my pride and glory,
And get a smack - - - - -

It is very well - I have wearied you with my
letters - you have thrown your old and steady cor-
-respondent off and flown to a new one - it is
very well - you may fare the better for the change
but if your conscience in the hour of reflection
does not reproach you for it, it has become hard
as your heart - I sing no syren song - I boast
not of eloquence to secure any one, but then
the simple and unaffected story of my unbound-
-ed affection, my untired punctuality, and
the delight with which I wrote to you - Surely -
surely might claim that letter which you so
barbarously dictated to another - shame - shame
sisters vows that we have spent together - the
the hasty foot of time for parting us - Oh and is all
forgotten? There is no true friendship - no true love -
no true women in the world - I had rather be
in a wilderness where I might choose one constant
one immovable tree, and have it only to bloom
for me than dwell in the haunts of men, and their
kind, who are influenced by the moon, and turn
with her every change -

Oh, say then, must this constant heart,
Which only beat for you,
Oh must it act a Rover's part,
And bid all truth adieu -
In you its every joy was placed

His trust was fixed on you,
But you have left it to disgrace
And changed it for a new -
I fondly thought thee 'bove all art,
And claim'd thee mine alone -
But you have bade me to depart
And make my griefs my own -
Yes, I will go, inconstant friend,
And this proud heart shall burst,
This troubled life of mine shall end,
And I be laid in dust -
Ere one intruding sigh of mine,
Shall interrupt your peace,
To sorrow let me be resigned,
For th. to hope must cease -
His death alone can constant prove,
And death must be my friend,
He never promises to love,
Yet all our troubles end -
Come death then, truest, surest death,
And I will bid - Adieu -
To cousin Anny and to cousin Tommy,
And all my friends —

Now are you not ashamed of yourself, and
don't you blush up to your eyes, when you
think how you have treated me -

Can you forget the weary mile,
At ten 'o'clock at night,
I trudged - the moments to beguile
And guard you from all fright -

Can you forget how in the ~~low~~
Close by your side I laid?
Because you took in your head
That you must be afraid -
And all the pains and anxious care,
I took to curl your locks,
And dress your little snowy hair,
To suit the smart stage-box -
Yes, yes - ungrateful as you are,
These kindnesses forgot -
Let sister now betray your hair,
For I am sworn - I'll not -
- Now let you down, and write away,
To her you love so well -
But mark my word - you'll rue the day
You caused my rage to swell -
Now see who'll write you all the news
And write you every day -
I used to do it - but you chuse -
To fling me far away -
Adieu unkind, inconstant friend,
I do not wish you ill,
This I saw I only mean to tell -
To say I love you still —

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