

Pollack -

59

Monday Morn^g

Nov^r 6th 1779

My dearest, dearest, dearest, Miranda,
my Sister, my Friend,

It is impossible for me, such
is my attachment ^(to you) to be separated from
you a single Day without feeling some
regret, as I sh^d. at being separated
from another friend for a whole Month.

Yes my Miranda I am more & more
every day convinced, y^t. nothing but
ye hand of Death can put an end to
my affection for you, & not even that
if our Souls hereafter ^{in their immortal state} are allowed
to be guided by ye same sensations, as
they are here in their mortals.

I hope M. C. & S. are well.

will be nothing but mere presentiments,
let not yr. delicate spirits be too much
cast down, do not if you will allow me
to say so, do not for my sake, if you
will not for yr. own, do not dwell
too much or indulge yrself in thinking of
over melancholy ideas, banish yr
from yr dear bosom where gaiety
ought always to reign. Remember
you once promised me you w^d once
follow this advice of mine as much
as it was in yr. power, but I am
afraid you have not stuck so closely
to yr word in this instance as you
do in every other. My Miranda
will pardon me, for blaming her
in one instance of her conduct & y

when my M^r, it was about sending
me back ye. I ~~had~~ she opened my
Letter before she had sent it back she
w^d. have seen my reason for sending
it, but c^d. she suppose y^t. after ye.
firm & disinterested declaration she
made to me y^t. she w^d. receive no
more presents. I w^d. dare to force
her delicacy. No my friend, I
have begun to learn what delicacy
is from you. I will copy you, ^{to my utmost}
tho' I can ^{not} equal you,
I c^d. I flow like thee, & make thy stream
my great example, as it is my theme,
though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull
strong without rage, without overflowing full.

Since I wrote ye. end of ye. last Page I
finished ye. Man of Feeling I did not
help dropping a tear at Hearley's fate
such is ye. happy death of ye. virtuous.
Oh great God! if I am soon to die
may I thus die in ye. arms of my
blessed & ever dearest Miranda. But
our lives my Miranda are to last
longer in order to undergo ^{of pleasures & pains} ~~agreed~~
mixture (then they as yet have, however
~~they~~ ^{plants} are perfectly united & y^t. I
hope we shall both find a great
comfort thro' out our journey. I
live one word more to say before I give
quit melancholy I give, I adore
ye. Both extremely & have not found

a single passage y^t. is any wise beautiful y^t. was not already marked by y^r. Pencil, but I think it an improper Book for you read during y^r. present melancholy train of ideas, (I tell you honestly my ideas) I think it is too sentimental for you in y^r. present state of mind, y^r. tender heart, wants no additional sting to make it feel. it is but too much softened already, however allow me once more to add y^t. if you have any affection for me you will endeavour as much as is in y^r. power to banish such melancholy thoughts from y^r. bosom.

Allow me now to turn to u^s

more trivial subject, you must know
I have received my Cabinet from
Ireland by the means of L^y C^y B^y
I send you a Pattern of it, I intend
to make it up ^{for New Year's gift} with a white Lining
Lining with a White Satin Waist
coat embroidered with Chenel
(I do not know how to spell y^e
word) and to embroider y^e Coat
also with Chenel, without any
Gold & Silver in it, now I wish
to know whether you w^d. like
y^e Coat best, plain or with a
light Chenel embroidery, tell
me fairly y^r opinion, I sh^d. be
offend you in asking you to do so

for I know you always will do so to
me,) consider only ye. Coetz is for
a Gala Day, they will be to the very
full dressed. Adieu Adieu, & Adieu
my Miranda, my best & dearest
Friend, & Sister may you ever
be under ye. peculiar care
of Heaven, & may you enjoy
every blessing ye. Virtues deserve,
I am

ever
Your Obedient. & loving daughter

P.S. I have taken ye. liberty of adding
a little Note to ye. Book tell me in re-
sult if you think it well applied.

Pray, let me receive a Note from my dear
Miranda's hand at my return be it ever so short.
ad. ad. long yours dearest

8. Novbr 1779 *Luc*