

NAM/1/6/2/8

Friday Evening

'Tis past Nine o'Clock, my dear friends, and there is no news of my Letter yet. — I can send you, however, Another that is worth two of It. — Read the Inclosed from Mr. Johnstone, & you will see, I shall be released, on my Parole, in a few days. — The other printed Letter is the one, that has prevail'd on him to return to his former friendly Behaviour. You cannot conceive how happy I feel at the Thoughts of being able to visit my friends again; but I shall take care never to deserve a Rap on the Fingers again for being too bold; — I must still consider myself as a Prisoner, 'till my Relations think proper to make me a Freeman; — And yet I do not wish that freedom should come soon; for I shall then perhaps be obliged to leave ~~my~~ Northampton & my dear Friends at Hamilton House. — I shall wish I had not known them so well. — But I will not, with anticipating Fretfulness, damp the satisfaction of the present Hour. — It adds greatly to my Joy, the Thoughts of being useful to good Mr. Wye. — If Mr. Dacey will take care of his children

I will gladly take the Charge of his Cellar
& his Books; and he may then wander
about a little & endeavour to forget his Loss.

I have read all the Minstrel with the
highest Delight. — You'll find the Moral
& ^{the} Descriptive so beautifully blended, that
it cannot but be pleasing to your Mind.

No wading thro' a number of useless, super-
=numerary Words, to get at the meaning of
half a dozen Lines! — No comparisons
of Stars (all in one Page) to the Living
Eyes of Heaven, to Lamps, to Citadells
of Light! — You know what I mean. —
I have just got the Evening's Meditation
sent me. — What a profound Expression
is here! —

"From what pure Wells ~~of Light~~
"Of milky Light, what soft overflowing Wm
"Are all these Lamps so fill'd?"

Indeed I cannot tell; — I never knew
before that there were Wells of Light; —
I have heard say, as deep & as dark as a
Well; — but perhaps I have not gone deep
enough to see the Light. — That may possibly
be; — yet, let the Light of my own Understand-
ing ever be my Guide; and on the Word of
Another I will never desire to go deep. —
Don't think me fancy. — Good Night. —

The Letter of last Night is your affectionate
just come. I opened it to see if should be suppress'd.