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COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY
FOUNDED IN 1693
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

E. G. SWEM,
LIBRARIAN

Bizarre Feb 21.st 1805

I feel an irrepressible inclination to unfold my heart since the soothing fact was ascertained of my not being proscribed from the delightful influence of your urbanity-- Mine has indeed been a most singular destiny-- your wish to hear from me is too gratifying not to be complied with--shou'd the tenor of my style display peculiarity of thought- it will find an able advocate in your amiable disposition-- henceforth--I banish reserve and apology-- It really appears that my knowledge of you has been the offspring of intuition-- My sources of consolation under the pressure of adverse fate, have frequently seemed like emanations from heaven-- After the death of my Father--Mrs Harvie, solicitous to compensate the injuries inflicted by her daughter, detained me under her hospitable roof-- the melancholy event occurred in her house--my arm, was between the pillow and the head of my much loved parent when he expired-- that scene--I pass over----- Sitting one evening alone endeavouring to extract a temporary antidote to care, from the plaintive notes of a well toned instrument--a letter was presented me from Miss Syme--slightly acquainted with the family--I felt overwhelmed by their proffered chalice of tenderness-- their entreaties were reiterated until I became a member of their household--they all vied in attempts to console me--four months was I cherished in their bosoms, and retain still, the unabated affection of each individual---Mrs. Swann's letters are amusing, and instructive to me---

In writing to Mrs Heth I was not explicit, relative to my present situation, (altho; we were, ^{to} liberally, accustomed to think about when together) I referred her to my old and intimate friend Mrs. E. Carrington, for a sketch-- This explanation --the result of imperious necessity, has received all possible palliation from me--every extenuation consonant to truth-- I soar above the language of reproach--and make indefatigable efforts to heal those wounds

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-2-

so mercilessly inflicted-- Circumspection provides no remedy for party-rage--
How entirely do the machinations of malevolence elude our most vigilant research--
Had some of my principles been sufficiently flexible to offer homage at the shrine
of wealth--I might to be sure have averted this ^{tissue} of injustice-- By bestowing
my hand when my heart, revolted--When it was in my power--I recoiled at the bear
idea-- perhaps in that case, the cordial drop which now sustains me, might be with-
held--where then shou'd I find succour? My mind cannot be shackled--Yet my per-
son has willingly resigned itself to various species of real drudgery-- Many
fevers have I contracted by exertions to which my physical force was incompetent--
Months in succession have been devoted to the needle (^{for} Judy who cherishes not a
latent spark of affection toward me) when my intellects absolutely languished
for a little indulgence--none did I grant them while she required my aid--
Priscilla (an incomparable servant whom I resigned because my own privations
rendered it impossible for me to accommodate as I was wont to do) frequently
complained that she never cou'd work for me---- When a Girl--I was captivated
by an uncommon device on a compartment of a little vase--a modest violet immersed
in leaves--that motto "I must be sought" (it was in French which language I have
lost in the vortex of persecution) I apprehend you will think me deprived of
that quality to which it's simplicity was so congenial--- I am scribbling to
a Friend--sitting without fire--my feet under me for the purpose of warming them--
a painful attitude but not capable of retarding the progress of my scrawl-- Can
you lend me Caled Williams? and the poems of Collins? The latter I borrowed
before--then, Judy had so much work on hand, there was not an interval of
leisure for my transcripts--- I am not an indiscriminate admirer of his pro-
ductions--some of them certainly are sublime--- In early life I was an enthusiast
in poetry--- I fear my haste is becoming fastidious on that score--- I am

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-3-

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metamorphosed, in many respects--circumstances occur which make me revert with wonder to what my condition was in the morning of life--- Early this winter I transmitted to L. B. an account of a dilemma occasioned by ingenuousness and inherent love of justice--in reply he said "I laughed heartily over your letter--my brother William (who resides in Europe) and myself had frequent debates about you"--he, always declared you would only offend the unamiable---- I, wished you to suppress your opinions"

It is impossible for any person to be more scrupulously guarded than I am-- I consider the subject trivial and the characters frivolous-- on an opportunity present itself wherein I can exculpate an amiable person, from slander--- I do not silently hear either Mr. ^TRucker, or Mr. Jefferson in introduced--nor can I permit the ashes of the Dead to be disturbed with impunity--- I defend, with all the dignity of which my nature is susceptible--- Virginia makes me smile with her remarks on me-- Mrs Wilson Nicholas asked her if I retained my vivacity unimpaired-- Oh heavens! she exclaimed-- "the most serious moralist of the age"--- I have encroached on you unpardonably--consider--since my return from Albemarle I have been deprived of all conversation--ther, I was obliged to be social---What egotism and tautology--- I have not self toleration sufficient to revise the nonsense-- Adieu! I rely on your friendship--and cherish perfect esteem and affection for you--- You wou'd have been at an attack made on my head by Madame D'yrujo--she told me it was the most ridiculous thing in the world to dress in such a style--and protested she wou'd take away my cap--and curl my hair--on put on a Wig--she possesses vastaffability How incoherent!

Your's with truth--the tongue of calumny even--never yet accused me of saying what I did not think ---- A: C: Randolph-- or rather Nancy--since

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-4-

Williams' wife opened some of my letters (for her daughter) my correspondents have relinquished the name of Ann--you will conclude that I was not taught to write; from such specimens.

Bigorre Feb 21st 1805

I feel an irrepressible inclination to unfold my heart since the soothing fact was ascertained of my not being proscribed from the delightful influence of your urbanity - Mine has indeed been a most singular destiny - your wish to hear from me is too gratifying not to be complied with - should the tenor of my style display peculiarity of thought - it will find an able advocate in your amiable disposition - henceforth I banish reserve and apology - It really appears that my knowledge of you has been the offspring of intuition - ~~My own~~ ~~of consolation~~ under the pressure of adverse fate, have frequently seemed like emanations from heaven - ~~After~~ the death of my father - M^{rs} Harvie, solicitous to compensate the injuries inflicted by her daughter, detained me under her hospitable roof - the melancholy event occurred in her house - my arm was between the pillow and head of my much loved parent when he expired - that scene - I gaze over - Sitting one evening alone endeavouring to extract a temporary antidote to care, from the plaintive notes of a well toned instrument - a letter was presented me from Miss Syme - slightly acquainted with the family - felt overwhelmed by their proffered Chalice of benedictions - Their entreaties were reiterated until I became a member of their household - They all vied in attempts to console me - four months was I cherished in their bosoms, and retain still, the unabated affection of each individual - M^{rs} Swann's letters are amusing, and instructive to me - In writing to M^{rs} Keith I was not explicit, relative to my present situation, (altho' we were, literally, accustomed to drink aloud when together) I referred her to my old, and intimate friend M^{rs} C. Carrington, for a sketch - This claircissement - the result of imperious necessity, has received all possible palliation from me - every extenuation consonant to truth - I soar above the language of reproach - and make indefatigable efforts to heal those wounds so mercilessly inflicted - Circumspection provides no remedy for party-rage.

By restoring my name - when my heart, recalled - when it was in my power - I recalled of the last idea

How entirely do the machinations of malevolence elude our most vigilant eyes - Had some of my principles been sufficiently flexible to offer homage at the shrine of wealth - I might to be sure have averted this tissue of injustice - Perhaps in that case, the cordial drops which now sustains me, might be withheld - where then should I find succour? My mind cannot be shackled - yet my person has willingly resigned itself to various species of real bondage - many fevers have I contracted by exertions to which my physical force was incompetent - Months in succession have been devoted to the study of a lady who cherishes not a latent spark of spirit (a reward) when my intellects absolutely languished for a little indulgence - none did I grant them while she required my aid - Driscoll (an incomparable servant whom I resigned because my own privations rendered it impossible for me to accommodate as I was wont to do) frequently complained that she never could work for me - When a girl - I was captivated by an uncommon device on a compartment of a little vase - a modest violet immersed in leaves - the motto "I must be right!" - (it was in French which language I have lost in the vortex of persecution) I apprehend you will think me deprived of that quality to which its simplicity was so congenial - I am scribbling to a friend - sitting without fire - my feet under me for the purpose of warming them - a painful attitude - but not capable of rebounding the progress of my scrawl - Can you lend me Caleb Williams? and the poems of Coleridge? The latter I borrowed before - then, Judy had so much work on hand, there was not an interval of leisure for my transcripts - I am not an indiscriminate admirer of his productions - some of them certainly are sublime - In early life I was an enthusiast in poetry - I fear my taste is becoming fastidious

on that score - I am indeed metamorphosed, in many respects - circumstances occur which make me reflect with wonder to what ^{condition} I was, in the morning of life - Early this winter I transmitted to L. O. - an account of a dilemma occasioned by ingenuosities and inherent love of justice - in reply she said "I laughed heartily over your letter my brother William (who resides in Europe and myself had frequent debates about you" - he, always declared you were only of the unamiable - I wished you to suppress your opinions - It is impossible for any person to be more scrupulously guarded than I am - I cannot but be proud of my mind - and the characters frivolous - or am myself - I can exculpate an amiable person, if I do not severely hear either Mr. Tucker, or Mr. Jefferson - nor can I permit the ashes of the Dead to be disturbed with impunity - I depend, with all the dignity of which my nature is susceptible - Virginia makes me smile with her remarks on me - Mrs. Wilson Nicholas asked her if I retained my vivacity unimpaired - "O heavens!" she exclaimed - "the most serious moralist of the age" - I have encroached on you unpardonably - Consider - since my return from Albemarle I have been deprived of all conversation - there I was obliged to be social - what egotism and tautology - I have not self-elevation sufficient to revise the nonsense - Adieu! I rely on your friendships - and cherish perfect esteem and affection for you - You would have been directed by an attack made on my head by Madame D'oujo - she told me it was the most ridiculous thing in the world to dress in such a style - and protested she would take away my cap - and cut my hair - or put on a wig - she possesses vast affability - How inconsiderate!

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Kane - since Williams wife opened some of my letters (for her
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When my hand, never

M^{rs} Mary Johnson

Prince Edward