

dreamed I was in — what tautology — my ink congeals
as I write — therefore — there is not a moment to spare
In the last twelve days I have drank tea abroad,
ten times — This rural Village is, indeed, most hospi-
table —

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Tucker Esq
Williamsburg
Virginia
Dec 16 1808
Post
Henry Kinsley
Dec 16 1808

A Gentleman told me yesterday, that he had seen
our darling Saint in England — Another, just from
Spain, gave me a full acc^t of poor M^{rs} Hackley
and Harriet — God bless you, dearest Sir — my tender
love to M^{rs} T. and all who are dear to you —
Fairfield Dec: 16th 1808 — Your own J.C.K.

Dec. 16, 1808

Your kind favor, my ever beloved Friend, was, last night,
brought me by an old gentleman (the Collector of this Post —)
with avidity I seized, and devoured every word — Truly
do I grieve at the untimely destiny of Peyton — His
conduct to me, in Newport, excited endless gratitude —
The Savage clamor commenced not until he returned
to the Southward — M^{rs} S. s Son, who is left under
the auspices of her uncle, is one of ^{the} finest boys I
ever saw — As George Shipwith's venom was par-
ticularly aimed at Trichard's memory — I entreat
you to forward those papers without delay — en-
close one directed to M^{rs} Kollon — care of M^{rs} Kollon
Senor New York — as Doctor Foushee is now Post-
master, cannot you get him to frank those enclosed
to me? — I hope to God you have a copy of Judy's
letter written in April 1793 — May she be happy
but — I have never been forced, by the most vigorous
suffering, to wish myself at Bizarre — her tempera-
ment is (when it can be indulged with impunity) like
a mother in woollen — For my own part — I have
long ago thrown myself on that tide of Fate, which
cannot be stemmed, regardless whither the cur-
rent may carry me — Oh my God let me avert
obloquy from Dick's memory — Not another
suffering can possibly be heaped on my devoted
head — This is an eligible asylum — exactly the

reverse, in every thing, of A. P. as to hardships - I have
gazed thro' the whole routine until habit ren-
ders it easy - This small, slight wooden building, has
a corner opposite each pole - my apartment has
one window made of patched glass - a casement so open
it keeps my thin curtain in full sail - During every
north-west wind - and the dismal little bed is obliged
to stand close by this window - the door too, opens on it
and my board is paid by a person to the eastward
whom you never saw - The embargo compels good
Mrs. Pollock to live on loam, or she would be a mother
to me - My brother wrote - endeavoring to estrange
her from me - he does not condescend to address
me - nor do I wish it - It is impossible to find
elbow room at our small, crowded fire place - and
I am obliged to throw my ink - put on a great-coat
and bonnet - and scribble away, with the paper on
my lap - Yet - my health is restored - and all
the neighbors are affectionate to me - it is a very
extensive circle, of plain, friendly persons -
From the scurrilous, blackguardism of those in A. P.
who poured forth George Sturges's particular
budget, they must be capable of adding - Could
not you with propriety, request him to write a
statement of the charges really brought, by him,
against Dick - and myself - Oh that you may have

Judy's letter for me to send to that mart of malignity
The old Post-master there, who has a large family,
warmly espouses my cause - You had better
tell Fack he is injuring Dick's memory - That
as for me - altho' blindness melts me - I am become
blindly to every thing else - I wish he would send me
the fragments of Dick's letters that were saved - in
August 95 there was a violent storm - my letters
had all been carelessly laid in the bottom of a
trunk, at Bizarra, there was a large split in it - I was
absent - my room became deluged - the water
to the [redacted] - and in that situation my
remains [redacted] until late in September - they were
nearly all destroyed - Mon Dieu! my fingers
like icicles - I rise early - make up my bed -
run down to the fire and warm myself by drink-
ing a little miserable coffee - however - living on
2 \$ a week - I am satisfied - and indeed - stay more
abroad than at home - So much of a predestina-
rian am I grown - that - I expect Fack's memora-
ble dream, of my being murdered - will be realized -
the thought does not in the least dismay me - let
me suffer alone, and not bear personal abuse -
Fack no more - Should any lady, going, in the Spring,
to England - want an attendant - I shall endeavor
to procure the place - London was the place Fack