- a mans least my dear Vite - all hearts ender are unfeeling in some degree - time enlare puets entite touched to the quiet by mesfortune or happeness -- misery + suffering will explore the muxes of our boson will at most personing step - + will always be effectual but to the generous heart there is no probe to its lendet rensations like happiness - it kindles a flame - apulsea thankfulness, that makes your heart swell like Beny " Gages but till it bursty the pot. This pulse - this plane losed nothing by being from divided - take a candle by char I light 10 other or Ten Thousand ocher candles with it the first still barne in indinuald brightness , so Vis little thekering flame in our heart - the breath of deffiness give it existence - with draw that breath and it sometimes perishes but sometime too it barry, with uncontrollable strength lite the whole soul is warmed with it despands it wough to embrace the heart of all man hisa light thousand of hearts the warmille afthe bright is still ungelie ?-George Agamela - tele me how they come on te + toll him fam impatients to feet myself toust in the same decelful putt \_\_ sputt spruke with some leaves I confee but many a throng is consented beneath their bouldings - gletersting with general but unsubstantial - Ovivnary - transcent as den draps -

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society (Coll. 2125, Box 1/3)

Date: 1815

Description: John Neal letter to his sister on love and happiness.

— a mans heart my dear Sister — all hearts indeed are <u>unfeeling</u> in some degree — & in certain parts untill touchd to the quick by misfortune or happiness — — misery & suffering will explore the [?] of our bosom with a most persevering step — & will always be effectual — but to the generous heart there is no probe to its tendrest sensations like <u>happiness</u> — it kindles a flame — a pulse a thankfulness, that makes your heart swell like Benj<sup>n</sup> Gages beef till it bursts the pot — —— This pulse — this flame loses nothing by being [erased] divided — take a candle my dear — light 10 others or Ten Thousand other candles with it & the first still burns in undiminishd brightness — so [erased] is little flickering flame in our hearts — the breath of happiness gives it existence — withdraw that breath and it sometimes perishes — but sometime forever too . it burns ^ , — with uncontrollable strength till the whole soul is warmd with it & expands its wings to embrace the hearts of all man kind ———— light thousand of hearts & tens of thousands of sympathy & the brightness the warmth of the original is still unquenchd — state undiminishd — remember me to George & Pamela — tell me how they come out & tell them I am impatient to put myself to enter in the same decietful path —— a path sprinkld with rose leaves I confess but many a thorn is conceald beneath their loveliness — glittering with gems — but unsubstantial — Visionary - transient as dew drops —

Tell mils Betsey Clarks that her tickel 5.139 as at blank I would to beaun it were the highest horize \_ she welly discous it . to inquious \_ t with good a nind on tell his no don't till her but I her brotter I could make her a better gul in appearance chan the now is \_ the appear "I mewhat affected - but who is not so we are all more less decutful more or less affection from imitation - twhat is ductations) - we see something we are please with - tendeavon to mutate it \_ Pit me mend it but as we are daily agureng commencing new ones did not work me a word Rachel" let me tell you - you must write longer teting of more frequently - write whenever you are in the moods but never while in the lapours, if unhappy give your if a great deal of your own brother my seeters of your own - my forodness - or rather my attatetment be coher stornge wery hour can love most acdently throst reasonably -d

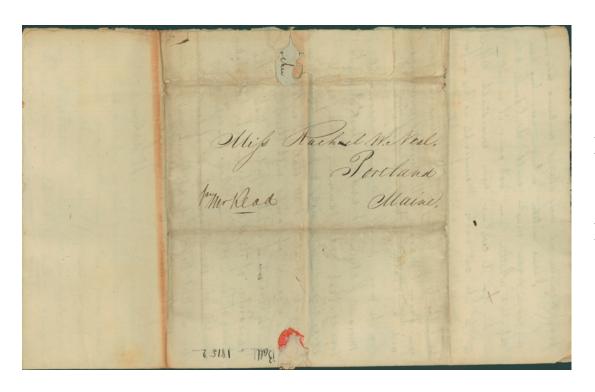
Tell miss Betsey Clarke that her ticket 6.13.g is a blank — I would to Heaven it were the highest prize — she richly deseves it. so ingenious -- & with so good a mind ~~ tell her no dont tell her, but were I her brother I could make her a better girl in appearance than she now is — she appears somewhat affected — but who is not so — we are all more less decietful, more or less affected — — no habit of our body or mind — or tongue or manner or look but originally proceeded from imitation — & what is imitation but affec tation — we see something we are pleasd with — & endeavor to imitate it — if we succeed it becomes a habit — but as we are daily aquiring those habits — & daily commencing new ones — we are daily affected — I am sorry my mother did not write me a word — but "little Rachel" let me tell you — you must write longer letters & more frequently — write whenever you are in the mood but never write again while in the vapors. if unhappy, always apply to me — every wish should be anticipated if possible — Be certainly gratified, as far as is in my power — but indeed I believe you give yourself a great deal of unnecessary disquiet — married or not married I am [erased] still your own brother my sister & your own son, my mother — my fondness – or rather my attatchment becomes stronger every hour — we are now to [erased] old to be fond — but still can love most ardently & most reasonably — & I

chatter by rote to mos Stevens by the way how is she in good Health I all that I entant have a yame of fourps with them\_ huckleberries - on hill shide, look at the careonly of the one, hear the lettle chatter burelle of everything, afre ee of linew to te

pray Heaven we may always continue to do so — I have written a long — very long letter my sis — & you must make it a point to be delighted whether you nod over it or not — — for it costs me now considerable difficul ty to eke out such Manuscripts as this — for my part I remember nothing like it unless it be the long chapters I used to transcribe for you from Masons Self Knowledge, when you us'd to chatter by rote to Miss Stevens by the way how is she — moreover tell Miriam & Alma I a whole host of my be Loveds, that next summer, wind fair, & skies clear — no notes to pay & little do in Good Health & all that I certainly[torn] have a game of Romps with them —p [torn] huckleberries — or kill spiders, — look at the curiosities of the one & hear the little chatter spring of the others — have you rec<sup>d</sup> a big bundle of everything, a piece of linen & etc.

— they were directd to Uncle Neal — John

by a little vessel — Capt. Greely was master



Miss Rachel W. Neal.
Portland
Maine
Pr Mr Read