My Dear Thomas,

I have not with inexpressible delight received the several supplements arrived from you. Often have they cheered the sigh of dependence (as it was wont to escape from my depressed bosom) and oft did exhilarate my spirit to an everlast moment. But now, in midst of the enjoyment I could but notice your graphic and orthographic differences. They are not by any means the product from perfection of all those which have come under my observation, but state them as room for improvement. Yet not assumed that to write handsomely and correctly will be in some measure a great society in often life, with a little care you have it in your power to acquire.Both endowed bynature to with understanding. What will not opportunity of course, your numerous friends are stretching armsto expect you, and though they have not themselves made great progress in the paths of science and fame, yet their every motion is used to get you on the ground they occupy, and thus give you a chance and bestow your own, when like, on that road whereand is perfection. Then, now, seal this present and send this earning the anxiety which I feel in your welfare has caused me to write this plain to you. When you in any given case send a prisoner with some paper in silence, when he, as a man of counsel, affection bounds the bands of restraint and brings forth in that a pure and fraternal spirit, bold with a warm heartact of that brother, which united, but would be the least of that brother, should unite, but colder still the heart that distances, and contains the advice of brotherly grown, Remember this, of its fervent sentences with the same spirit in which they were written.

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