

Dear Brother!

BF360/1

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Often let it fly my sighs over the ocean against the other
^{kindred} face of our mother earth; where my unforget-
 ten life expired - and lives yet by remembrance in the
 hearts of those, whom she ~~loved~~ ^{loved} ~~loved~~
 The stars come with rays ^{from her tomb} ~~from the top~~ - and
 seem to bring an ethereal frame over the blue
 waves - dew of compassion in her mild look -
 and a heavenly smile through the soft rain -
 brightening my paradise loss -

But from vanity ~~back~~, as all heavenly on the
earth, the vision away — and darkness is after
a short light the ~~vision~~ ^{vision} darkness of a desert —
all aches renewed and all wounds opened, without
balm by want of those, who left me alone in
a stormy night, to err, till the ^{word} heart shall ex-
claim the quiver, where it is moveless — ; although
God and a clear conscience ^{is} ~~refer~~ on every fear in the infi-
nite space the ~~common~~ ^{overlapping} and pure light to all Mischance
and defence —

The half of my heart was ~~dead~~ with Josephine dead: but I had yet to loose; and my dear brother, the bravest man and able Geometer died too, at the beginning of this month — and with him is the other half dead too — but in the sense as I am was ^{avenged} brother.

I have ^{not} yet two brothers: the greatest grief of John's
~~death~~ ^{was} to not ^{can} remember of them without ~~blasting~~
 I have done for both as much, as I could, over the
 calculate of my state; while ~~to avoid the need,~~
~~very~~ ^{and} a few knowledge of science, language, music
 and singing ~~has~~ ^{has} me ~~to avoid the need~~

Yes ungrateful for all my goodness, they compose
all cabal to diminish my reputation and also moreover to dis-
turb me and persecute ^{me} for the hundred pound ^{fine} and the effects,
murder me by perforce

BF 360/1v

James Loain Chestnut 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

Amerique a

I doubtless the future will test this ideal, en Amérique (although mountains cannot but friends can reach) I desire to read some words from him; and to know, first if he resembles his mother, and what power is he gifted by nature? and what is his depth. Pray to direct my course on me to Madame Agathe St. Pierre de St. John, a beautiful young woman in translation. Praying also to remember my true respects to Madame Lavinie (the finest, perhaps, of dear reason guided), and her worthy husband, two noble souls, and remain forever, with a singular regard, gratitude and friendship your affectionate friend.