

Now, my sister prepare for a little modest astonishment -- but before I venture to surprise you to any alarming degree, let me ask you If you have any Remembrance of the Character of Miss Harriet Porter? once, they say here, but another name for gaiety & Sprightliness -- and almost Rudeness! tell if not in Clay cove -- whisper it not in the Streets of Portland Well child, this Identical Miss Harriet Porter did write, or, cause to be written whilst on a visit to this place, the preceding fervent effusion -- the foregoing comfortable sighings & Breathings of a contrite & Broken spirit.

as true as you are a sinner the first thought that whisked itself into my noddle after profoundly working over it a half an hour or so; set me into a most outrageous burst of laughter -- and devilishly mal-a-pro-pos too I assure ye -- for just at that moment the good old lady, who, by the way is a relation of the author-ess was just asking my opinion -- and I, unlucky wretch, was exactly asking her "to oblige me with the loan of this Excell-ell-- ha! ha! ha!" says I--

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The good old lady ^ who, by the way is a relation of the author-ess was just asking my opinion! -- and I, unlucky wretch, was exactly asking her "to oblige me with the loan of this Excell-ell-- ha! ha! ha! says I--

and in one unlucky moment I lost the good opinion of most worthy, most Excellent Woman — after having successfully cultivated it for six months by constant attention to Gravity — and by constant adherence to 2 simple rules I had laid down — first now for a moment to forget the most profound & pitious deportment — and always when an opportunity occurred, proper or not proper - tuck in like Sancho Panza a wise old saw — or a string of Solomons proverbs — Now, this woman had a daughter — but — "thereby hangs a tail" — would you desire to learn what made me guilty of this outrage, I will tell you that only a thought of Christening the performance was the cause. I could not help thinking of two famous works, published since by some devout & well meaning folks "Hooks & Eyes for unbelieving breeches" & "gentle shoves for heavy- a-s-'d Christians!" I think the latter would be a very appropriate title for H.P. letter o Girl! Girl! how would the uncircumcised rejoice should all this prove a hum a dream, a "tale told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury: signifying nothing" — Should this amiable and enthusiastic girl relapse into her former habits (after describing her sufferings so eloquently) and thinking cheerfulness the characteristic of real Christians; mistake her former noisy gaiety and mirth; her old habits of unthinking levity & glee for that cheerfulness. What an incalculable injury will be done to Religion! all such ardent professions would be regarded as moon struck — weak, wrong headed and mistaken worshippers of they knew not what

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wickedness - thoughtlessness - or bitterness of the observer.

The "lovely young creature" to whom she alluded was daughter of the  
Hon<sup>ble</sup> John Goddard of this place and sister to her who bore those "locks of  
light" which set the hearts of so many Portland Beaux in a flame the  
last spring — Just as a Comet will sometimes cower with his tail condes-  
cend to singe a world or two — Bury in ashes a little universe - or  
whisk with his flauntings and vagaries a system into Ruin -- lest ye  
delicious and wee worn volarus of the tiny god! list ye two fistied mole hills  
ye panting woodlands and ye dancing, skipping hands-clapping soft  
breathing mountains - list! while I warble the praises of mermaids with  
pinkee flesh and sea green hair - & mere-maids with coelico hair & orange  
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blunt our other feelings — obscure, and render torpid all other  
passion & sentiment — her Eloquent description of her con-  
version nobody can deny is written "feelingly" — you will do well to take  
another peep at a passage where she sinks to sleep in a certain very  
comical posture — litterally up in End! — how much easier might  
Bunyan Pilgrim have slept "hanging By the eyelids" or by one  
finger with all his troubles on his shoulders —

write soon  
Your affectionate Brother John

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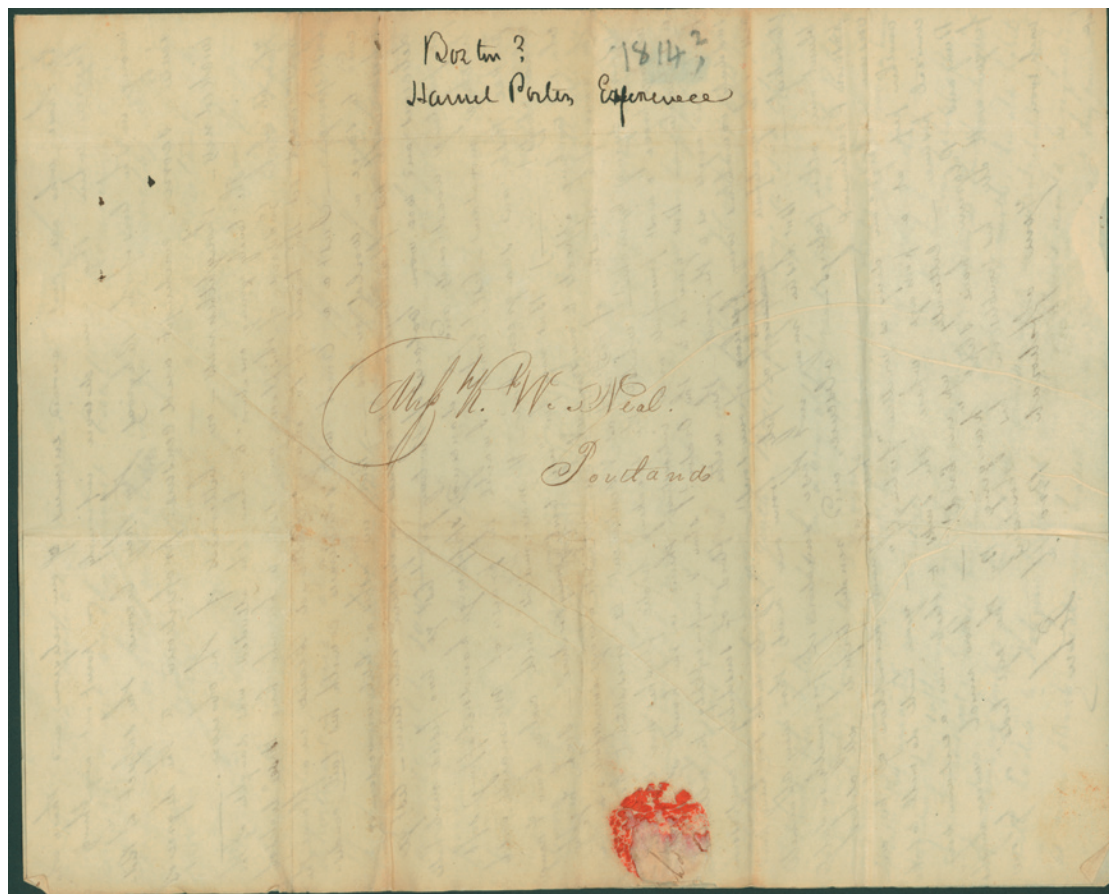
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Miss H. W. Neal  
Portland