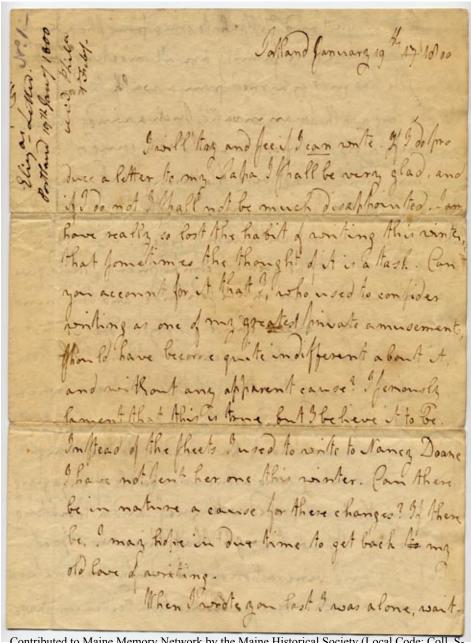
I will try and see if I can write. If I do produce a letter to my Papa I shall be very glad, and if I do not I shall not be much disappointed. I have really so lost the habit of writing this winter that sometimes the thought of it is a task. Can you account for it that I, who used to consider writing as one of my greatest private amusements should have been quite indifferent about it, and without any apparent cause? I seriously lament that this is true, but I believe it to be. Instead of the sheets I used to write to Nancy Doane I have not sent her one this winter. Can there be in nature a cause for these changes? If there be, I may hope in due time to get back to my old love of writing.

When I wrote you last I was alone, wait-



Contributed to Maine Memory Network by the Maine Historical Society (Local Code: Coll. S-1247)

Date: January 19, 1800

Description: Letter from Elizabeth Wadsworth to her father, Peleg Wadsworth, mentioning

Eliza's request for a lock of George Washington's hair.]

ing for Mr Swillett and Tillpak to come from the afterfly I am now alone. The family are at meeting, John. He has just returned from a walk to home It is a long walk for an invalid, Juch a winds on treets of glas, almost. - Dut I was going on to far you may think it not very Alattering that when have not one else to engage my felt with, I along to you are the only companion within my reach. But let us fee if this be not the greatest compliment I could give you. When one is in entire folitude and the mind left at liberty to show there its object does it not noturally fix on what is dearest to them? I believe 10. - And to carry the thought Mill for ther when one is in atthetion, and all burrounding dojects fail to give concolation, how readily do the thought them to that being who alone is capable of engaging the heart that is deprehed with greef, and alleviating It formows. I have thought Ahat this was a proof that fare and veneration for the deity was natural in every human being. Bacation reven on Mances

ing for Mrs. Bartlett and Zilpah to come from the assembly. I am now alone. The family are at meeting, but excepted John. He has just returned from a walk to horse tavern. It is a long walk for an invalid, such a windy day and on sheets of glass, almost. - But I was going on to say you may think it not very flattering that when I have no one else to engage myself with, I apply to you, as the only companion within my reach. But let us see if this be not the greatest compliment I could give you. When one is in entire solitude and the mind left at liberty to choose chuse its object, does it not naturally fix on what is dearest to them? I believe so.- And – to carry the thought still farther – when one is in affliction, and all surrounding objects fail to give consolation, how readily do the thoughts turn to that being who alone is capable of engaging the heart that is oppresed with grief, and alleviating its sorrows. I have thought that this was a proof that love and veneration for the deity was natural in every human being. Education or circumstances

(Footnotes)

¹. This may be a reference to Eliza herself who had begun her decline with consumption, from which she died in 1802, age 22.

may for a while totally observe and seem to have Teltrored this infinet. that is confidence in and fare of a supreme power, to which nothing can prevent from flying a foul that is in trouble and can find nothing here to amuse its good. As well may a man learn to hate good. many thingmay for the pretent make him disregard it, but nothing can effectually deftroy the lave of it because to alloho breath it is natural. - I am fine I did not Himle of writing this when I began, but I by show got hold of me end of an idea, and thought I would for Enit and find ont what it was. Safra I will tell you what I want more than any thing I think of at profent_ A is a feral of general Washington's hand writing perhaps his name. I should think you might obtain it without any difficulty and I should value it very highly. I also had he hair? A lock of that if seals before I thould value more highly Mill; but this I

may for a while totally obscure, and seem to have destroyed this instinct—that is, confidence in, and love of a supreme power, to which nothing can prevent from flying a soul that is in trouble, and can find nothing here to amuse its grief. As well may a man learn to hate food. many things may for the present make him disregard it, but nothing can effectually destroy the love of it, because to all who breath it is <u>natural</u>.— I am sure I did not think of writing this when I began, but by chance got hold of one end of an idea, and thought I would follow it and find out what it was.

Papa I will tell you what I want—
more than any thing I think of at present—
it is a scrap of General Washington's hand writing,
perhaps his name. I should think you might obtain
it without any difficulty, and I should value it very
highly. Papa had he hair? A lock of that if I could—
be sure I should value more highly still; but this I

Inphose impracticable the first hope for Saha I have wondered that you have not hilled a Sheet or two with the thangle that would natural anse on the death of General Washington. I have anxing ly waited, but find I have waited in vain.

And now ! have thought of another thing I want most in this request my liters join me. It is the Dead march and Monody performed at the funeral of General Washington in a hitadelphia, composed for the occasion, and fold by it. Par Jogs South Jecond freet fire Whisty the cents I have one request more - that you will think me your affectionate daughter Inill thank you to give my love to Mofreen and the miper Wallace.

suppose impracticable, -the first I hope for

Papa I have wondered that you have not filled a sheet or two with the thoughts that would naturally arise on the death of General Washington. I have anxiously waited, but find I have waited in vain.

And now I have thought of another thing I want most, -in this request my sisters join me. It is the Dead march and Monady [?] performed at the funeral of General Washington in Philadelphia, composed for the occasion, and sold by B. Carr, No 36 South Second Street – price thirty two cents

I have one request more—that you will think me your affectionate daughter

Eliza Wadsworth

I will thank you to give my love to Mrs Green and the misses Wallaces.