

May 1800 Saturday & Sunday  
To my darling wife my most excellent Hannah, Health, Peace and

long life, and what is tantamount to all, the Society of the William - how many and various are the real evils of life, and how indescribable the miseries of the Poor, of those who have seen better days & are now obliged to accept of parochial relief, and find but barely sustenance - These are real evils, which no personal Providence could prevent, and afflictive only as they include in their common ruin, the innocent simplicity of Infants for love can itself bear the weight of worlds, but miseries arising half starved innocents who can bear? he must be made my dearest Gail, of sterner stuff than we are, nor shall we envy him his senseless fortitude - These thoughts are the result of Strive & I have this day heard of some poor families at Braintree, from Eye-brother - A poor woman, who had seen better days surrounded by 4 small children, kneading barley with water, and seeking permission of a neighbour to let her warm it over her fire to save the expense of baking, & being all upon the small pittance of 3<sup>d</sup> a week - her husband contributing nothing, but a worthless fellow, and herself cheerful in affliction - and cannot William then be happy, in his absence from Hannah, an absence which nothing could have compelled, and which must in part at least have been voluntary, it is an evil arising from his own arrangements - and can he be pitied with himself or with his own acquiescence? that his simple may be true, but it is not the less certain that I am most unhappy at the length of our separation - Time which diminishes many things does not lessen my anxiety - my ardent desire for your return Oh Hannah have we indeed been married 7 weeks how short how the time appeared, how delightfully has it passed, it has been but as one day - and surely it is the same principle of Happiness in an infinitely more extended degree which makes the inspired Penman say that a Thousand years are

but as one day in the sight of God - Indeed Hannah knows not  
how my love is capable of increase, but as most certainly love &  
esteem you more than I ever thought it possible to love any being -  
So not my beloved my darling girl think me hyperbolic for my love  
I do not attempt to restrain, but I wish fully to, it is because I  
love you more and the more Hannah may think me  
calmly fond of you, and that all my life's affections are too much  
engaged by you my darling, then dear object of my love tell  
I have not what these say or do concerned of our mutual regard  
that our love is reciprocal, the storms of day may last, but they  
cannot hurt, the ob may be excessive, seal our chills, but  
they cannot wound your <sup>love</sup> who shudders by your affection your  
attachment, my dear charming wife, is completely happy -  
Oh indeed indeed you must leave me so long no more, indeed  
I have almost said you should not, and might not my darling  
Hannah with your full consent. Indeed I am afraid  
that you are wholly wrong, that our opinions & passions being  
abundant are so coincident that we shall never conform to another  
parting - My beloved mother should have said that her  
health was improving, for love is too anxious not to have been  
completely alarmed at your account to my father of a continued  
headache - I do not accuse you of unkindness in not writing  
coming it to me, because I cannot believe you guilty of even  
indiscreet indifference, but I would that you had been my  
nurse told me all you feel for your health is mine, whether  
from sympathy or not but for a few days past I have been tormented  
with a pain in the head & general distempers but my only comfort

that is very precious, is the prospect of your speedy return  
come soon my darling Hannah come soon a halcyon shall  
seek you all delight - You may think I have purchased a  
wayward Imagination, but from <sup>coming</sup> Malton last night, I could not  
refrain from drawing a parcel of letters the road & the duration  
of the world - From Malton to New-Brunswick might be considered as  
the Interval between Creation & the Deluge, from New-Brunswick to  
Medizinis, as the Interval from the Deluge to the coming of Christ  
& from thence to Gotham or the Point from Christ to the Millennium  
making in all precisely 6 miles after 6000 years & allowing  
to each Point two thousand - It is ridiculous to begin it  
around your William & is not <sup>fit</sup> something worth detaching -  
The Monthly Magazine at last announces that we have met at the  
Synagogue at Albany, but how contemptible this information of a  
congratulatory Letter I have received from ~~from~~ the Continent -  
An acquaintance who still him my friend, & indeed his Letter  
is truly affectionate, sends me his congratulations from Bremen  
in an Epistle which I assure you made me sensible by happy  
in contemplation, that ~~placid~~ serenity which we my dear Hannah  
may enjoy in the retreats of William, whilst others are seeking  
happiness upon the billows of fluctuating circumstances, happily  
I am convinced is within our grasp, & in my beloved an equal  
desires of detaching the welcome stranger making him our  
companion - indeed indeed my most darling woman, nothing her  
or can exceed the happiness I have enjoyed since allied to you &  
it is its continuance that we only must wish - I should  
not continue in such success - they must indeed engender, they

Mr. & Mrs. R. have entered their new habitation see pleased - we  
 had very sultry weather for two days, & have commenced our Summer  
 Amusement of drinking Tea in the garden - I should have been happy  
 had Hannah been present, but her absence nothing substituted -  
 - The news of William is trifling our Friend Mrs. Dixon is very different  
 is the result of circumstances - God be with you - vulgar - Good bye -



Mrs. Wm. (Catherine)  
 12 Colbrooke Row  
 Brighton  
 Sussex

Henry - Mr. Kniffel Mr. P. says a bill agt. the Bishop will  
 certainly be carried - I am much to tell you - but you  
 must write me a long letter  
 later - the weather you so  
 at home be all about yourself -

Wm. P.  
 May, 1800  
 Single

My Father has been but indifferent for a few days he is better,  
 all, it is most probably from the expectation that you will soon be returned to  
 us - indeed my beloved Girl we all want you & beseech you shall never have  
 my consent to be so long absent again - Do my beloved Girl guard against the  
 venturous indiscretions, which the sudden change of weather from cold to heat  
 are too apt to introduce, & make good the adage that a hot May makes a  
 fat Churchyard - The Thunder has been considerable this afternoon - I am  
 happy in every thing but your absence & anxious solicitude to hear how you  
 - My Mother recommends your taking 2 hashawfuls of Salerian & 1 Leucoder  
 Water if your Headache continues, she joins your Father in love to you it is great  
 their regard, but nothing to that affection of your dearest Friend & Husband & Sister