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Kolochukky The 8<sup>th</sup> day of the 3<sup>d</sup> month 1785

Respected

With warbling accents as before

effulging in my pen

With admiration to adore

That favourite of men

Who doth provide these useful things

This beneficent art

That mutual joy and gladness brings

Tho we be far apart

We stamp the mind on paper, and

Pure vital rapt depict

The materialist need here demand

Its author to direct

Its author, yes the same that made

And rules it everyday

Without whose power all is dead

Subsiding in its way

The letter kills being void of charms

Is dead in its own plight

But life envelops in its arms

Revised when brought to light.

This is the word which we admire

That did the world create

And now again it doth inspire

For to regenerate

While does this holy spirit rule

It is the word of life

But when perverted by the fool

It terminates in strife

Words multiply tho' on their place  
(These deadly outward things)

Will cloak this spirit and deface

What otherwise it brings.

Then no redundancy should we hold  
Conside in every part

A story's better half untold  
Than overfilled, the heart

Hence may we not premeditate  
on what we have to say  
Lest in the scene of trials great  
This spirit flee away

Now as this word is not our own  
You have it when we please  
our future state to us unknown

Then what for thoughts are these

Why will worship, what more  
Contrivings of our own,

And trusting in no other power  
Than that of self alone.

Dear uncle now I do purpose

To let thee understand

How times at present with me goes

In this lamented land

Lamented did I say, if true  
Then not this place alone

But other parts lament, I do

As tho' the fact was done.

So let us weep both day and night

Bemoan that bloody day

That when we see the world afright

It will not us dismay

But leaving all things to the will  
of him that governs best

Who makes these woeful seasons still  
Subservant to the bless.

I thought I should been living there  
With thee before this day



And for the same I did prepare  
 yet longer I must stay.  
 Preparing, still was unprepared  
 I little had to do

yet from that little (thus it far'd  
 Abundance did ensue)

I do esteem this thing to be  
 A supernatural cause  
 So wait contented till I see  
 If time the same withdraws

I cannot tell when I shall go  
 Nor yet what course to steer  
 But have Virginia in my view  
 With thoughts of living there

For I am almost sick to see  
 Such madness and deceit  
 I fain would find a place to be  
 Where neighbors loving meet

This may suffice to let thee know  
 The purpose of my mind  
 And as I add my love thereto  
 Its savour thou wilt find.  
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1976 transcriber's note:

This letter begins on p 42 of The handbook and  
 ends page 45.