

Wm. B. Barre

August 24<sup>th</sup> 1828.

My dear Aunt,

See your letter by the last mail. You say you are "half inclined to think I do not esteem my friends as formally, else I could not neglect them so." It is said there is no sorrow more afflictive than that which flows from a conviction that we love or respect a being who will not return our affections; yet, perhaps, it may be questioned, whether the regret of him who is suspected of a "falling off," by one to whom he is warmly attached, may not be still more poignant. For myself, I would not willingly be charged with an insolvency of the heart towards a generous creditor, even though I allow him to have some evidence of the insecurity of my attachment. I am, indeed, a careless correspondent, but not, believe me, an ungrateful friend. - Previous to my admission to the Bar, I was a perfect prodigal in the articles of ink and paper; every arrival of the mail shot me "nurs from all nations," and every departure took from my desk innumerable letters. Many of my correspondents being yet more feeble than myself, I gathered from their pages little to improve me; and finding in my introductions to business, an avenue of escape, I bade them all "good night," at the door of the Court house. To shake off some for whose salutes I had no regard, I sacrificed others, with whom I had long been united, by bonds of the closest friendship; until, I found myself involved in a solitude, as lonely as ever surrounded, a recluse, in the day of his religious enthusiasm, when his only companion was the cross he worshipped. It was wrong. It was as the folly of him who destroys the whole vine, because some of its tendrils happen not to be adorned with flowers, or enriched with fruit. Since that time, my pen has been idle, or employed only in the way of my profession, or in answering, at distant periods, a line from some early associate, - kindling enquiries for my happiness, or justly upbraiding me with my fallen

habits of seclusion. To such I have written with all the  
fervor of my youthful devotion, believing this friendship "not  
a name - a charm that lulls to sleep" - but a deep impression  
upon the heart, - which, only with the heart, can perish. Why  
else pursue me in my retreats? No one comes to a hermitage,  
says Bolingbroke, but for sake of the hermit. Among these  
I must enumerate yourself, and as I am fully assured  
of your interest in my prosperity upon the earth, and  
in my ultimate happiness in heaven, it would be the  
coolest of all ingratitude, longer, to neglect you.

But I am not now able to say to you all I could  
wish, being engaged in preparation for the northern  
courts. Upon my return in September you will  
hear from me again. Meanwhile be satisfied  
that if I have hitherto deserved your good  
opinion, it shall be my care to merit it hereafter.

I may say in regard to my health, that it is  
tolerable. I am never well. It has pleased heaven  
to give me a constitution little calculated to induce  
"the pelling of a pitched storm". I am indeed a victim  
to no one disease, yet do I seem to possess the symptoms  
of a thousand. All is not right within me; but  
whether my countess, maladies have their existence  
in matter or in mind, "doctors disagree" and the  
wretched patient himself is unable to determine.

I congratulate you upon the recovery of the job  
against Sharp Chapman. Much thanks his honor  
might have secured the claims of the widow &  
the orphan, without the interposition of a Court  
of Law.

Should any place become vacant here, we  
be profitably filled by Andrew, it will give  
to exert the little influence I may command  
in favor. I could wish that our paths thro  
may lie near to each other. His moral worth  
with his faithful attention to business, &  
entitle him to the admiration and affec-  
tion of his friends. May he never forget that the  
of his own breast will necessarily secure to  
blessings - as well of temporal as of eternal.  
Remember me kindly to James, to Anne  
yourself, once for all, a full assurance  
however I may "neglect my friends," I never  
forget to love them.

Respectfully

Yours,

James M. E.

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I congratulate you upon the recovery of the poor against Judge Chapman. Much thanks his honor might have secured the claims of the widow & the orphan, without the interposition of a Court of Law.

Should any place become vacant here, which could be profitably filled by Andrew, it will give me pleasure to exert the little influence I may command, in his favor. I could wish that our paths thro' this life may lie near to each other. His moral worth, together with his faithful attention to business, deservedly entitle him to the admiration and respect of his friends. May he never forget that the approbation of his own breast will necessarily secure to him, the blessings - as well of temporal as of eternal felicity. Remember me kindly to James, & accept for yourself, once for all, a full assurance, that however I may "neglect my friends," I never can forget to love them.

Affectionately  
yours,

James M. McIntosh

Wm. Lumsden } Paid 10  
Aug 24

Mrs Hannah M. Clutock  
Northumberland  
Penn<sup>a</sup>

