

*Letter 69.*

I AM but newly waked out of an nnquiet sleep, and I find it so late that if I write at all it must be now. Some company that was here last night kept us up till three o'clock, and then we lay three in a bed, which was all the same to me as if we had not gone to bed at all. Since dinner they are all gone, and our company with them part of the way, and with much ado I got to be excused, that I might recover a little sleep, but am so moped yet that, sure, this letter will be nonsense.

I would fain tell you, though, that your father is mistaken, and that you are not, if you believe that I have all the kindness and tenderness for yon my heart is capable of. Let me assure yon (whate'er your father thinks) that had yon £20,000 a year I could love yon no more than I do, and should be far from showing it so much lest it should look like a desire of your fortune, which, as to myself, I value as little as anybody in the world, and in this age of changes; but certainly I know what an estate is. I have seen my father's reduced, better than £4000, to not £400 a year, and I thank God I never felt the change in anything that I thought necessary. I never wanted, nor am confident I never shall. But yet, I would not be thought so inconsiderate a person as not to remember that it is expected from all