

LETTER, &c.

SIR,

“**W**HEN one writes a letter to an intimate and a much loved friend,” to use the language of an eloquent preacher in his parting address to his flock, “he never thinks of the graces of the composition. He unbores himself in a style of perfect freedom and simplicity. He gives way to the kindly affections, and though there may be many touches of tenderness in his performance, it is not because he aims at touches of any kind, but because all the tenderness that is written, is the genuine and the artless transcript of all the tenderness that is felt. Now, conceive for a moment, that he wrote his letter under the consciousness that it was to be broadly exhibited before the eye of the public, this would immediately operate as a heavy restraint upon him. A man would much rather pour the expression of his friendship into the private ear of him who was the object of it, than he would do it under the full stare of a numerous company. And, I, my brethren, could my time have allowed it, would much rather have written my earnest and longing aspiration for the welfare of you all by a private letter to each individual, than by this general Address, which necessarily exposes to the wide theatre of the public, all that I feel and all that I utter on the subject of my affectionate regard for you.”

With feelings similar to these, the paper on which you have taken the liberty to animadvert, was prepared for the pulpit, and afterwards committed to the press. I wished to
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