

L. Gillespie

18935  
St. Andrews July 31. 1820. -

Do not Believe, My Friend, I can receive offence from Your letters, or that I should for a Moment delay the acknowledgment of them were I sensible of possessing the powers of replying with Effect to the queries they contain - but a Confinement of years to my present narrow Sphere, & the discouraging condition of an Enfeebled Frame, have so completely disqualified me from receiving, or inclining to receive, information touching such Subject that I could not offer an Opinion with Confidence, or run the risque of Misleading where I should so anxiously wish to do good. I have a Sister in Mufelburgh - the Widow of a Capt. Blacquiere of the Artillery, who is now making an Effort in the way you propose - Her independent Spirit, & the incapacity of her Friends, have left her entirely to the success of her Endeavours - I am hopeful she is doing well, & should much wish you were

in the way of receiving her Opinions on the Subject — She  
is qualified, I think, to advise, and has a most friendly  
heart to dispose to do good — Her own trials have  
not been fewer than Yours, & she has supported them  
with similar firmness — If you should chance to be  
at Mufelburgh before leaving town, pray call on her  
in Newbiggin, & freely introduce the Early Friend  
of her Brother to whom I know she would think it  
a pleasure to suggest every Opinion that might be  
of use — Two of my Nieces have just arrived to aid  
me in my Solitude — They will be, I trust, a blessing  
in season, and tho' <sup>they</sup> cannot administer much to the Sufferings  
of the Body, they may yet take much from their Weight  
by diverting & solacing the Mind — It is with much regret  
I own, even to myself, my despondence when I think of  
being able to see my Edin<sup>g</sup> Friends — Weakness is  
my principal Complaint, but so stubborn & unyielding,  
& now so lasting, that despair is but too reasonable a  
Consequence

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The Blessings of a better State, Where Friendships  
are perpetual, where health is uninterrupted, &  
Happiness never infringed, are now the Natural  
objects of our Contemplation, and were worthy of You  
as of. My Dear M<sup>r</sup>. Johnston.

Your Friend.

L: Gillespie —

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M<sup>r</sup>. Johnston

1824  
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No. 13. Square, Lodgings, Hill Place  
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