

The Shanty, 10th Sept
1837

Dear Christopher,

I received your
note of yesterday this a.m.
I am glad you write me
so frankly. I know well
how dear one's own time
& solitude maybe, and
I would not on any con-
sideration, violate the
sanctity of your prerogative.
I fear too that I may have

heretofore trespass
upon your time too much
If I have please pardon
me as I did so unwittingly
I felt the need of Confessing
Society - & thought you
forgot that I could not
render you an equivalent.

It is good for me to be
checked - to be thrown
more and more upon
his own resources. I
have lived years of solitude
(seeing only my own family,
& such friends occasionally),
and was never happier.

My heart however was
then more buoyant and
the woods and fields - the
birds & flowers, but more
than these my mental
meditations afforded me
a constant source of
the truest enjoyment.

I admire your strength
& spirititude to battle the
world. I am a weak
and broken vessel.
Have charity for me, if
not sympathy. Can any
one heart know another's?

If not let us suspend
our too hasty judgement
against those from whom
we differ.

I hope to see you in due
time at Brooklawn
when you are always a
welcome ⁺ instructive
guest.

With my kind regards
to your family I remain
Yours faithfully
W. R. Ketchum

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