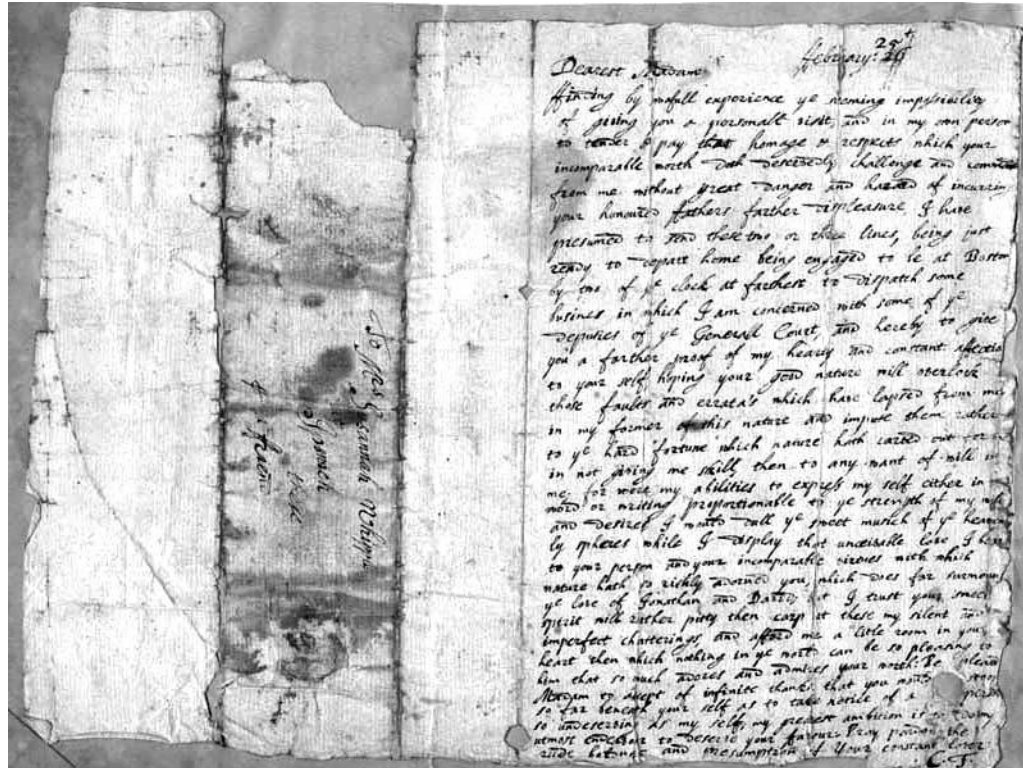


#90 February 25, no year

Letter to Susanna Whipple from a friend, a love letter



February: 25 + 26

Dearest Madam  
 Finding by no full experience the seeming impossibility of giving you a personal visit and in my own person to tender & pay homage & respect which your incomparable worth doth deservedly challenge and command from me without great danger and hazard incurring your honored fathers farther displeasure. I have presumed to send these two or three lines, being just ready to depart home being engaged to be at Boston by two of the clock at farthest to dispatch some business in which I am concerned with some of the deputies of the General Court, and hereby to give you a farther proof of my hearty and constant affection to your self, hoping your good nature will overlook those faults and errata's which have lapsed from me in my former of this nature and impute them rather to the hard fortune which nature hath carved out for me in not giving me skill, then to any want of will in me; for were my abilities to express my self either in word or in writing proportionable to the strength of my will and desires, I would dull the sweet music of the heavenly spheres while I display that unceizable love I [?bear] to your person and your incomparable virtues with which

nature hath so richly adorned you, which does far surmount the love of Jonathan and David, but I trust your sweet spirit will rather pity than carp at these my silent and imperfect chatterings, and afford me a little room in your heart then which nothing in the world can be so pleasing to him that so much adores and admires your worth. Be pleased Madam to accept of infinite thanks, that you would stoop so far beneath your self as to take notice of a person so undeserving as my self; my greatest ambition is to do my utmost endeavor to deserve your favour. Pray pardon the rude [?batones] and presumptions of your constant lover: **C.T.**