SIDE ONE

Thursday Morning —

Indeed my good friend — you accuse me wrongfully in supposing I wish to be solicited to write to you — I am never — I hope governed by ceremony towards my friends — but will with great truth & candor acknowledge I am really afraid I am growing good for nothing — if I ever was good for any thing, tho' I do not say so — when I can keep about — the pain I suffer so much from — quite incapacitates me from performing even what is a source of pleasure, when in tolerable health — you don't I wish me — often think from appearances — I was not in want of health — yet almost every day — I am taken suddenly with extreme pain — which I suspect shatters my weak frame much — & my nerves too — still — when it is gone — sometimes — it goes off as suddenly, I forget it, till it comes again — this — at times I seem well — for I feel so thankful & grateful — for relief — this is my apology for not writing as often — as I could wish — besides my dr — I could plead your excuse — no mortal can be more retired — or less in the way of having any thing entertaining to communicate — than myself — I never go out — but to ride — or for a short walk — I rarely see any one — but my particular friends — to write of myself

for your kindness health — when you see them — give my love to Mrs & Margaret Mercer — Mrs J. Gane has still a cold — but better — Mary J. was here an hour ago with little Mary — the child was taken with an ague — & she hurried home — they have all colds — I believe me — truly your friend — Ann Shaw

Miss Austen

Wyat Annie

From Mrs Shaw, aunt of Jane Austen Shaw, lawyer and friend also of Jane Austen's father, was the physician

Poor Mrs Whitcraft — died last night — a martyr to intemperance — how shocking such an end — Ogle has lost his grandaughter — Henrietta Bevan — with the fever — the papers seems full of deaths & marriages — I do my best to entertain you see —