

Mr Coleridge
No. 17 St James Street
Bristol

34
my dear Coleridge, I dont know why
I write except from the propensity misery has
to tell her griefs. Betty died on Friday
night, ~~at~~ about 11 o'clock, after 3 days
illness. Mary in consequence of fatigue and
anxiety is fallen ill again, and I was
obliged to remove her yesterday. - I am left
alone in a house with nothing but Betty's
dead body to keep me company. - Tomorrow
I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone,
with nothing but a cat, to remind me
that the house has been full of living
beings like myself. - My heart is quite
sunk, and I dont know where to look
for relief. Mary will get better again,
but her constantly being liable to such relapses
is dreadful, - not in it the least of our evils,
that her case & all our story is so well
known around us. We are in a manner marked. -

Excuse my troubling you, but I have
nobody by me to speak to me.

I slept out last night, not being able
to endure the change and the stillness.

But I did not sleep well, and
I must come back to my own bed.

I am going to try to get a friend
to come & be with me tomorrow.

I am completely shipwrecked. - My head
is quite bad ... I almost wish that
Mary were dead - - -)

God keep you
Love to Jason
Marty

Munday

Hamb

May 12th 1800