

Harriet Martineau

Friday

Dear dear friend

Maria comes home tomorrow, & she will see whether you are disposed to see her. Meantime, having heard of your affliction, I think of you constantly. I wish there was any thing one could do for you; but there is nothing for it but helpleas sympathy. I am sure you will all do what you can to

compose & cheer yourselves,  
for one another's sake. Life  
is weary for some people,  
isn't it? but those can  
bear it best who, like you,  
live least for themselves.

My love to Miss Pearson.  
I sh<sup>d</sup> much like to see  
her, but I am very ill  
just now, & must keep  
quite quiet, & avoid all  
fatigue while M. is away.  
Yours ever affec<sup>t</sup>ly  
H. Martineau.