

Friday Afternoon

Your letter Dear Ann found me on my way to Taylor's Green House, it unfortunately fell into the hands of Uncle Nathan, who put my patience to a severe trial, he kept me long in suspense as to the direction, detained it until I heard a long story in which the "Said he's" & "Said I's" might have contended in number with those of any old Woman.

In a little nook surrounded by Orange trees, Geraniums &c, concealed from the company (for we were a large party) I read my dear little letter; Different as was the scene from that, which you describe, it did not prevent me from conceiving, nay almost realizing it; Green rising above Green was exchanged for a wide extent of water, the voices of my companions from the dashing of the Waves; Oh had I been with you! I should indeed have

enjoyed it; A solitary walk is sometimes
delightful, but with a friend whom one
loves, as I love Ann, every prospect would
become brighter, every landscape more
glowing, it would heighten the sublimity
of the Great, & the prettiness of the little.
I could not help contrasting it with my
own silent & solitary walk up Broad-
way, where I found that the friend whom
I loved best had left town, my return
was still more sorrowful for Suspicion
was converted into Certainty, I believe
my Countenance was a faithful trans-
cript of my feelings exhibited but
a melancholy picture when I entered
the parlor, it excited much Sympathy
and Condolence was offered from all sides.
Though I cannot Dear Ann follow your
good example and fly temptation, I am
determined to resist it, next week shall
not see me in the street, instead of walk-
ing in reality down Broadway, within
Imagination wander with you on the
banks of the river, listen to the sighing
breeze, or from some favorite spot watch
the last beams of departing Day.

These are pleasures a country life only
can yield, and, even, were they to
be found in the city time would be
wanting to enjoy them; "There is in the
country" if I may use the words of a
favorite writer "a certain purity of mind
and Imagination which its scene inspires
a simplicity, a colouring of Nature
of the objects around us, which corrects
the artifice & interest of the world."

Esprit's letter ^{I fancy will} ~~have~~ ^{framed} very
entertaining, he is very minute with-
out being tedious, touches upon every
thing though dwells upon nothing—
you may travel in your Easy chair,
and transport yourself to London without
leaving your room, with an
illumination in day light, & converse
with many without opening your
lips to one. — I have not yet been
able to procure Madoc.

I have adhered to my promise Dear
Ann I have not shown your letter
Many solicited to be considered as
Nobody, who at other times would
be very sorry not to be considered as
Somebody of consequence too.

Adieu my beloved Ann love me
as sincerely as I do you

Archie desires his respects. Adieu and more

I am afraid it will require more patience in you
to read this letter. I can't distill in me to listen
to the story.

Miss Ann Hoffman

Clifton Wildornis

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