

Tuesday Morning 11

Love you less My beloved Ann!
What suggested such an Idea?
Surely my words did not convey it,
or but ill did they express the feelings
of my heart; Indeed I believe I love you
better than you do me. Whilst of all
the Young Ladies here, you ~~are~~^{hope} ~~occupy~~^{the}
first place in my Affection I can lay
claim to only the second, third, or fourth
and am hardly certain of that.

My Disappointment Dear Ann I
am sure was equal to yours, and
yet so selfish am I, that I was more
gladified to hear you felt it, than
grieved to think I should occasion
any. The Day is very blustering
and ^{there is} no Inducement to go out, yet
I am proof against all temptation
for this week but perhaps the next
— when accompanied by a Dear
friend I can stroll down towards
the river listen to the sweet accents
of Juliet, or view in Imagination the
field of blood, lighted but by a the

glimmering taper of the midnight tapers
— then perhaps there will be an
inducement I cannot resist —

I feel quite an affection for the red
brick wall, though not a mere picture-
-resque object, it presents a thousand
agreeable ideas it will become almost
as dear as the head of Chamber St.

— Yet it was not the parting
spot. — That I may never behold
Polly again, that there I received her
Adieu, renders it dear beyond expression.
Yes with an enthusiasm of affection
I remember every circumstance
connected with it —

"Write you a long letter to dispel the
gloom" How can I hope to do that?
from ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~remembrance~~ side of my
letters I cannot expect to entertain,
or to chase one unpleasant thought.

I have no prospect to describe, my
view is bounded by brick Houses (for I
am in the back parlour), no warra-
live to give, too barren of Ideas that
I trust much to your friendship and

Generosity to glance over all the defects
and dwell only on my attachment
to you — Do you adhere strictly to
your promise, and does no one see
my letters? — Ann cannot deceive
me and ^{what} she says I will believe —

Sincerity must be the basis of
friendship, to render that lasting
which now affords me so much
Pleasure is my earnest wish —
To enable it to stand the test of
Time, of Sickness, of Adversity, to
survive the gay season of youth,
and gild declining age — But
whither do my thoughts carry me
already in imagination the winter
of life had arrived, the retrospect
was delightful, Friendship still
glowed with youthful ardour —

Faith and Hope still pressing forward
had almost attained the goal
where Friction leaves us nothing
to desire — Dearest Ann will
you not unite with me in the wish
that this may be realized?

Write me a long very long letter
and never doubt the sincere the
lively affection of your Augusta

Dear Anne to Miss Anne

Miss Anne Hoffman
Clifton Wilderney