

Hartford Sept 30th 1838

It was with a presentiment that a letter from you my beloved friend would meet me on my return that I entered the house after a long and solitary though not lonely walk. In this instance my hopes were not ~~frustrated~~ and at Aunt Eliza gave me a letter I recognised your writing, it was with the same delightful feelings with which your letters are ever read by me that I perused this and had the dictates of my heart been obeyed it would not have been until now unopened, but circumstances over which we have no influence precluded me and now it is with talking on my right and on my left that I am attempting to write, not much to your edification I fear. Shall I tell you that it was with fear that I opened your letter, anticipating some reproaches from you for leaving home and remaining away so long when you are so soon to leave, but no such reproaches met me, and I consider it another proof of the disinterestedness of your friendship. Perhaps the consciousness of deserving in some measure such a reproof made me fear it, and I must tell you that all the days passed here although in every respect pleasant, I consider as so many from those appointed for you, and this reflection

often casts a shade over my enjoyment. The wishes and the kindness of my friends here have thus far prevented me from returning, but ~~next week~~ I shall certainly go home. I have been waiting for Sophia Rip, but there is a good opportunity next Wednesday or Friday, and of this I shall avail myself whether Sophia does or not, and ^{during} the time which remains for you to spend in New York I shall be exclusively yours & hope to see you every day, and when we can no more meet ~~as we~~ have done so often for the last year and a half, our pens shall be the medium of communication, and I do not despair of prevailing upon you to come and spend the winter with me soon, that is if some one else, some as yet unknown friend, does not claim all your attention, for to tell the truth I am very much afraid you will ^{not} be Emma Nichols many years after you go to Belvidere. However, whatever may be your situation in me you will ever find a true friend, and may our friendship never suffer from the many changes of time and the lapse of years, for although

"It is written on our lot

That lot so varied, dark & strange,

To meet, to part, and be forgot

In painful and perpetual change,

all "joyous memories do not die," and there are some who can never be forgotten, and they constitute a precious treasure. Your dear Emma are one of my choicest jewels which I often contemplate and which never grows dim, but which discloses new beauties as years pass away.

You will probably wish to know

what makes Hartford so charming, as I cannot mention every thing, I will only tell you that one of my greatest pleasure are long walks, generally quite alone, as to companions my own thoughts are usually all that I have. To be sure they are not always the most agreeable, for no one can contemplate themselves with much satisfaction, and the vanity, and selfishness I have lately discovered only required circumstances to call forth in me, have made me attracted. I have from the discovery learned to be more charitable when I see these faults in others, and to pity rather than condemn as I have so often done, and may I never forget to be the charitable. How little my dearest do we know ourselves, "could we see ourselves as others see us", or as we ought to see ourselves we should not be such self complacent creatures I am sure.

But I had yesterday a companion very unexpectedly, and it was no other than my cousin Mr Bacon of whom you have heard me speak, and who is a favorite of mine, so you can imagine I had a very pleasant walk.

I have heard that Henry has accepted a call to Cold Spring, now is this not delightful to have him so near us, and in such a charming place too? How much I rejoice I cannot tell you, and how many happy days I anticipate spending at the parsonage. I received a letter from my sister (a sweet name is it not?) a few days since, the first she ever wrote to me, and which is I trust the commencement of a long continued correspondence.

This will probably be the last letter I shall write from
this place to you. Give my love to your mother and believe
me ever my beloved friend your sincere
friend

Eliza Storer.

I have a favour to ask of you will you ask Julia if she will give
me a note or something of Washington Irving's for an autograph?
I shall feel much obliged if she will.

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dec 17

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Miss Emma Webster.

care of Judge Hoffman
New York.

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the are shivering over coal fires here, our delightful warm days
are all gone and winter seems really to be coming, a season
to which I never look forward but with dread of its cold
winds, frosts and snows.