

Miss Hoffman

Coldingham --

th
New York November 20 " 1807

Is it possible my dear Sister that you still keep to your cruel resolution of staying in the Country all Winter. The whole town is astonished at it. Some think you are in a religious melancholy, others believe you stay to enjoy the gaieties of the place. I was asked the other day by your friends the Moses's's's if you were not very dissipated, they supposed you had tea parties or balls every night and were quite surprised to hear find that you could stay in a place where there was no such thing. If you have any compassion on us we do come down I hardly dare to stir out any longer I meet so many disappointed beaux I believe they think I keep you away that I may make conquests and therefore will not give me a chance, they have deserted our house entirely. Our old stand bys Gouverneur and Washington, and M^r Bleecker once a week are the only People we see.

Now for the news of the town which sometimes finds its way into our retirement. M^{rs} " Keene, whom I believe you knew at Brunswick died on Monday last of an apoplexy, her sister M^{rs} " Scott has been delirious ever since. If I were to attempt to tell all the marriages that are going on it would fill a page, & you must content yourself with one or two only. Woolsey Rogers is to be married in a few days to Miss Bayard, William Gradie is engaged to her Sister. Your friend Tom Smith distinguished himself ~~at~~ by his bully like behaviour at the Theatre, he had a quarrel the other night with the Door keeper, in which he was joined by that other bully William Malcolm, Cooper got them both bound over to keep the peace, now I believe I have told you all I know.

I send you all the things you ask for except your desk which Papa told me not to send as he expects you will be down at Christmas.

I began this letter twice to try to make it look rather more decent, but I am doomed never to write a good hand, so that it must add one more to the scrawls you have already ~~written~~ received from

Your Own

Matilda

I began this letter to try to make it look rather nice, but I am bound never to write a good word, so that it must not be sure to the friends you have already written received from

Your Own

Walter

W 2440