

Bahland July 1st - 1810

I did indeed my dear Picky - anticipate a letter from you - and received it with gratitude - writing so frequently home and so minutely all that passed knew not how to put your patience to the test, by a "twice told tale" - and as I feared your feelings would not be in unison with mine at the time - thought I would let the effervescence of novelty wear off a little - the recollection of time passed by - inflicts such very painful sensations - and yet with such mournful delight - do I dwell on the happiness we enjoyed together here - that I cannot ^{be} reconciled to the lapse of time, but by registering those scenes of repose in which we have been partakers - and feeling that aching void - which even time, can never fill - the little cottage is still an object of interest to me, it is not so changed - that I cannot trace its very apartment, and take a retrospective view of the surrounding beauties that in the enthusiasm of our youthful days we thought enchanting - the woods in which, with Mr. Little we used to ramble - are still striking objects in the surrounding scenery - and the neighbouring places recognised with faithful recollection - Mr. Smith's I walked through last week - it is little changed - at Bucklers and Pierses I have also been returned from the latter this evening - much gratified by the attention the lady of the mansion paid, in pointing out the improvements and natural charms - I thought of the evening we passed there together with ^{Miss} Williamson - and was pleased to find, time had not effaced from my mind - the very spot that we traversed and admired together - when our romantic raptures were not ridiculed - or denied out of season - but as you observe that was the Spring time of

of our days, when our admiration was natural - and each new object viewed
with delight - I have been now nearly three weeks in inmate of our dear
cousin Rachel's - in her society find much satisfaction, we talk over
events that are passed - and beguile many an hour by recurring to
former scenes, in which she was a conspicuous actor - and sigh to
think such things were once, and were most dear - the girls are
all amiable and affectionate - and strive with their parents to
render us happy - they are pressing for us to prolong our visit - but
have resisted their kind entreaties - and shall leave them on Sunday
when it will be a day of jubilee to me to embrace all my dear
relatives - Maria has benefited much by her journey in strength
and good looks - and I never have enjoyed better health - so my dear
Becky - you will not have returned to you, languid, and complaining
companions - but those, who will and endeavour to cheer some of
your solitary hours - I regret Rachel will remove from your
neighbourhood - and also that Cousin Richard will ^{be} at so great
a distance, some selfish feelings mingle in the latter regret, as
an immense space will separate him from us - which will
be a great deprivation to me - I pray, as her Becky gains strength
she will be strengthened also - and ~~the~~ Divine Mercy granted,
to support her under every change that may take place - I was very
unhappy at the (exaggerated) accounts that reached me - but trust her
maternal solicitude will have no more trials - I passed a
night in town this week - found the heat intense - but checked every
disposition to murmur - when I saw the patient resignation
of the good Mrs. L. H., who was writhing with agony - under
its most severe effects - her sufferings are great indeed - still she
is cheerful and grateful - at having such good nurses as her
daughters, who devote all their days in contributing to her comfort,
I pass much of my time with them - and their family - except at



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Miss Rebecca Gratz

Chestnut Street

Philadelphia.

Sally McCallister

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