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June 1st 1809

I am really glad my friend, once again to see your hand writing. I did not cease to trust, that your thoughts sometimes wandered in their long accustomed course and I knew, that they continued kind, but this is not sufficient to satisfy my ardent feeling, and you would have been interrupted in this by my numerous had not a severe return of my dear Sister Etting's illness, so occupied my mind & time, that I had no leisure to tell you how much I missed, and grieved at your desertion - to day my sister is better, she has not been able to leave her bed since Sunday morning, and her frequent relapses has diminished her strength to a very great degree. The Dr has now determined to keep open a blister until the disease is entirely undisturbed, and I hope this ^{will} be more successful than any thing we have yet tried.

Poor Washington! I have often thought of him, and sympathized with his sorrow. The disappointment of fond hopes formed in the spring of life, casts a shade over every future scene - and the heart suffers those innumerable nameless sensations which belong to the refinement of early attachment, and makes up its bliss - If any thing can console him your letters, and your sympathy will have that effect -

I am sorry to find you are determined not to

visit us this summer, next to the pleasure of a long talk with you
I value a long letter, and in some of those long mornings or afternoons
(which after the business of whitewashing is over) will frequently have
you at leisure in your nursery. I wish you would make sheets of paper
the tablet of your thoughts. Let it be the journal of a week, or as
long a period as you please, but let me hear some thing of you - and
if possible, let me see you as you always are in conversation.

I am sorry you heard of B. No visit to New York, she came to see us
the morning she left home, that she might, she said, tell you so, and on
her return surprised me by saying she had not been at your house, her
stay was short, and she left town before she intended, and at the very
time she had proposed calling. This was her account, I reproached her
for her neglect, and perhaps you would admit her apology, were you
fully acquainted with the circumstances under which she acted.

It is difficult to understand some minds without a constant
study. Betsy is one of those beings, who so blend the weakness & frailty
with virtues of superior excellence, that tho she is constantly liable
to censure for violating small duties and attentions, she has the talent
of making amends. If she does not love you a thousand times more
than the lady at whose house she passed her time in New York - her
heart is not worth suspecting - and she takes more pains to hold up the
appearance of friendship for you, than you would require to convince you
of her sincerity, she makes constant enquiries about you from us -

Andrew, does you more honour in his neglect than he could confer
by attention - the folly of youth may be excused, but time produces

June 1. 1899



Mrs Ogden Hoffman

New York