

Philadelphia August 8th —

I was extremely sorry my dear Peggy, that I had not the pleasure of seeing you when you were here. and as Sally tells me we are no longer to consider you a citizen of my regiment — as I know not when such another opportunity of enjoying your society may occur. but as I suppose that depends in a great measure on the state of your mother's health, I shall in sending you my good wishes for her recovery. anticipate some agreeable efforts to your Phil^a friends —

As your letter is almost a month old. you will not expect me to answer it. tho' it is not too late to tell you, (for I remember it well) that I read it with lively sensations of pleasure — such as the kind appearance of an absent Friend's remembrance can alone excite.

I am glad to hear that Amelia is recovered. you will now be able to enjoy the advantages of air & exercise. and will no doubt find in the neighborhood, if not Giants, fairies & Knights, creatures of more rational qualifications, who may contribute to your amusement — and as I believe the Goddess of Romance has elected a throne in your imagination. she will not let you wander unaccompanied over mountains or through valleys — and as I am by no means an enemy to her — tho' not one of her numerous train of worshippers. I beg you will pay her so much homage — as will furnish out a descriptive letter of your perambulations — whether on the banks of the Lehigh — to the

famous Gap - or to the pious sisterhood of Bethlemites, or should you be stationary at Pittstown, you need not slight her favors for that place is as novel to me as either of the others - and a letter will be acceptable come from where it may -

In Germantown you may suppose Romea is quite a stranger, the very name, ~~might~~ banish her, or if she ventured to alight one moment on the top of the church steeple, the sight of the inhabitants would frighten her away - unless Miss Blair should chance to be foremost of the group - For my part I should have forgotten there was such a being in all the regions of fancy - had I not one night heard Rosa sing to a Lady Bug - that her house was on fire and her children at home - This must have been her first visitation to the infant's brain - it was moon-light - and if an insect crawling on the white pillars of the piazza could awaken such an association of ideas in little Rosa's mind - I should blush not to take some interest in the mother bug's distress - or to let her travel to the scene of conflagration alone and unaccompanied - Thus you see my dear Margaret - there is no corner of the world in which this said Goddess Romea has not an "habitation and a name" - do you not think the subject interesting enough to furnish Webster with a drama - or some other author - an Epic poem - Maternal grief at such a fatal catastrophe might excite great sympathy - even tho' the sufferer were a lady-bug -

Not being in town now, I shall please you better by speaking of men & women, particularly if the former be Mr House, & the latter Mrs Hopkinson, not that I call these two men & women - but being examples so high in your estimation - you will be inclined to think favorably of those I may chuse to introduce after them - we have been talking together this evening - your old friend retains his good looks, and appears

Miss Margaret Ewing