

Litchfield February 23^d 1818

We have at last dearest Charles arrived home and I can again enjoy the dear pleasure of writing to you and without having any person to see me write_ I cannot, and I will not write, when I am obliged to have any person in the room with me, for I always think they are reading my feelings in my face_ and I only wish to have you enjoy my bright ideas_ “Home is the dearest place in the wide world I do think,” I have often exclaimed since I have been gone, and how light hearted and happy I feel this morning- and not only because I am at home, but that I can again hear from you, and write to you_ I should have been much happier while gone if I had written to my dear Charles every week, but I cannot write when away from home_ Aunt Mary wrote you from Lansingburg and I believe gave you description of our journey up- but she could not tell you how happy I was again to see my dear friends Cornelia and Mary. Charlotte was still in Albany but has since returned home, she must have spent a most delightful winter for she felt quite unwilling to leave Mary, she has a great number of beaux around her, but I suppose that she has not found one to please her. I suppose Aunt wrote you that Cornelia was married. I feel very anxious to hear [p. 2]

from her, for she was so much out of health when we left her_ but I hope she is better for I very much fear if she does not get rid of her cough soon it may end in consumption_ Thomas is extravagantly fond of her they go to housekeeping in the Spring _ and have made me promise that we will make them a visit_

We ~~started~~ went from Albany to Catskill a week ago last Wednesday a most dreadful cold day- the newspapers stated that it was the coldest morning that has been known for these many years, and had I known it was so very cold I should have suffered most amazingly- but as it was we got along very comfortably. We found all our dear friends in Catskill very well – my new sister is a dear sweet creature, I love her very much- she and my brother stay with my Aunt this winter, but they will go to housekeeping the first of May- how I long to have you become acquainted with her and my brother. I know you will love her. We staid in Catskill only a week for I felt very impatient to get home again_ And who

do you think we became acquainted with in
Catskill? Somebody that you know_ I know you
could not guess although you are a Yankee- so I will
tell you – it was Mr. and Mrs. Dexter – Franklin Dexters
brother- we met them at Mrs. Ways where we were
invited to dine- when I was first introduced to
him I had no idea that it was Franklins brother
but he had found out it seems that I was the

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being engaged to my dear Charles so he began to say
that some of his classmates had been in Litchfield.
I then immediately knew it must be Franks brother.
I turned around and looked at him and exclaimed
are you Mr. Dexters brother of Boston- he said –yes_
we soon felt quite acquainted he enquired about
Mr. Sprague Ben Greene and all your class mates
but yourself – if he had any thing to say of you he
took care to address himself to Aunt Mary_ I became
quite acquainted with his wife, and found her one
of the most sensible and friendly women I most
ever saw- at dinner she asked me if we should not
drink to the health of absent friends_ and smiled
very significantly- she found out we were going
over to Hudson on our return home, and [? wax seal covers word]
upon our coming and spending the day with her
but we could not possibly do it, and then she
said that we must and we should come and
drink tea with her, and we at last consented-
we had a most delightful visit we were ~~deli~~ very
much pleased with both Mr. and Mrs. Dexter_
And do you really think I am so great a coquet
that after being as faithful as a dove nearly five
years that I am “now trying very hard indeed
to make some English officer or other beau fall
terribly in love with me_” pretty well I must confess
and pray when do you ever expect I shall be

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contented with the affections of but one_ never I
believe- for you would always think I never loved you
that I never thought of you “out of sight out of mind”
is an old saying of yours, and very lately I have been
reminded of it again_ I had a great mind when I
saw it to give you a scolding, but then I knew it
would do no good – it would fail to convince that
I spoke the truth so I thought I would say nothing
about it- but I thought if dear Charles only knew

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Charles G. Loring Esq^r

[postmark
Litchfield
Feb^y 24
CT 1818

Boston

how much I do think of him and oh how do I long to
have the months pass that intervene before seeing
you again- how I do long dear beloved Charles to see you
every day it seems as if my desire grew stronger_
I received Helen guessing letter just before I went to Albany
& have since not found time to answer it in the same
manner or returning good for evil give my dearest love
to her – if she thinks it worth accepting- & oh dearest Charles
I wish I could make you believe how much you are loved
by your Anna