

White Plains Jan 23<sup>rd</sup> 1843.

Dearest Father

I should have written you before had there not have been always some engagement some preventive at hand, but I have commenced the week with devoting its morning to my absent parent. And to begin systematically I will give you a slight idea of our ride to this place. We found the travelling quite passible to Harlem. but after that oh dear! mud mud nothing but mud. we had 6 horses as far as Baywoods and then they we reduced to 4 in order to pick the way. we came very near an upset just before we reached the village which was not until 1/2 2 the travelling as we afterwards were told was considered dangerous but after we left East Chester I was insensible as to any thing. I was very sick and they gave me brandy as a cure. I was not sorry that I took it as it flew to my head and drove in a measure the extreme sickness with which I was suffering. I just laid full length in the stage supported by both Isabella's and was not aroused until we reached the village. Uncle John was then waiting for us I went to bed as soon as I reached Aunt Phoebe's and did not rise until Sunday morning. Now what a serious time I had - but never mind the

pleasure has so far outweighed the pain that I would willingly forget the latter. Isabella and Aunt Phoebe are very busy washing. Aunt Phoebe desires to be remembered to you and sends her best respects. Belle sends her love to Pop Sands and Alfred. I have a request to make which I hardly feel justified in doing, have you guessed it? if not I must reveal it. It is permission to stay a week longer — well! I think I hear you say, May like the rest of the world is never satisfied but do not judge me before I make my defence which I shall hasten to do. There are 2 or 3 parties in vogue for next week and Aunt Phoebe & Isabella both declare that I must not go home until after their consummation I should very much like to stay and it needs but your full, willing, unhesitating consent to decide the question I fear you will think that my home has lost to me its charms, and that my Father's interest & happiness are forgotten in the pursuit of my own selfish pleasures. That you should so accuse me would be a painful thought and the transient pleasure of an evening would be but an ill compensation; but you have once been young dear Father and you have not forgotten how little is required to raise the hopes or influence the doings of a youthful mind ever ready to grasp at pleasures which often leaving a sting behind are as readily grasped again with a sort of maniac interest. I attended a large party at Miss June's (the proprietress of the female seminary in the village) I was highly pleased & the company was very agreeable. Being mostly those with whom I was well acquainted we did not leave until 1/2 of the moon was shining very bright and we reached home in safety. To night Aunt Phoebe, Uncle John, Belle & myself

spend the evening at the Miss Junes' in the village and to morrow if pleasant, Belle & I are going to Uncle Joshua's to spend two or three days and either Friday of this week or in the course of next week they are to have a party at Uncle Thomas Dick's. This is pretty much all the news. — Uncle John has just added his voice with the rest that I must remain in the village longer, as he says I am just in the knack of time as when one party is given the rest generally follow the example. Aunt Phoebe often speaks of next summer when I live with her and how happy we all shall be, 'tis hard to fathom the future but we might as well look at the bright side of the picture and hope for the best. I have told Aunt Phoebe that is one agreement to be made ere the bargain is complete, and that is that I need not eat any more than I want; you are often enough her guest of her respect to understand me.

Aunt Phoebe desires that you will send her a 1/2 doz of Oranges, and 1 doz Lemons, <sup>by our farm party</sup> if possible by Boston this week as probably you will receive this letter in time on Wednesday morning; please send the amount and I will receive the settlement. There is a basket belonging to Aunt Phoebe which Ann will give you and you will confer a great obligation by sending the articles in that. Tell Ann not to forget the Birds and mind that the cat does not go up stairs and to keep the door of the room closed in which they are. I shall certainly expect an answer this week do not disappoint me as it will contain probably your consent I shall then write to you again — Remember me to Aunt Susan and kiss the little Isabel. My love to Alfred.

your only daughter — May

Adm. Phil. Ferguson a severe blow  
by the manner of place as he says as the  
West India has promised me a strong riding  
day and go enough to eat as that as the  
head you can see these have been - shop

Benjamin Sander Coy  
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