

N. F. N.Y. 1/1/8

Dear Anna

How's chestnuts? I suppose you expected my epistle before this, but I missed Saturday's mail & will have to wait for Monday's. Well, I left home on Friday morning, and met friend Wengate at the depot, and am sorry to say his party were all frozen out excepting his son. Nevertheless, he persisted in coming, so we three braved the elements and the railroad, and reached Sangerth's at 7.30, but not with hungry feelings, for he had provided some lunch & I made up the balance of a repast at Kingston. The waiter girl was irresistible and notwithstanding a hot oyster <sup>stew</sup> soup, I lingered on until a pork-and-beans-set-up had also departed from the realms of day. Then I felt better, and bidding my fair purveyors, a heartfelt adieu, I returned to the smoker and was soon again wrapped in the innocuous embrace of

tobacco smoke, Friend Garrison of  
Palenville met us at the depot, (in  
response to my telegram) and we gathered  
ourselves into the roomy stage, and  
started across the flat. Wingate &  
Son, took the rear seat, and from un-  
der the anti-refrigerating folds of  
buffalo robes, we heard the dulcet-toned  
strains of Sweet violets, Home Sweet Home,  
Raucy Lee, Mikado, & Pinafore, sweetly  
stealing across the icicle-laden breezes  
from the Hudson. I rode with the  
driver, and as he had been enjoying  
his holiday allowance of good things,  
(à la Ed. Staines) I had the gratification  
of driving most way to Palenville.

It was so cold the whip cracked,  
and I froze one ear & had to have it  
amputated at the second joint. But  
regardless of trifles we reached De-  
dricks at 5, and enjoyed the hospi-  
tality diffused by the landlord, and  
a hot fire. Six o'clock the going  
went off, & after a rush for the  
dining room, we sat down to a  
magnificent repast of ham & eggs <sup>per</sup> ~~with~~

watch scored 7- so that settled it,  
and we were soon assembled around  
the steaming muffins & the enticing  
flap jack. Wingate ate 63 flaps,  
and as I beat him by 4 plates full,  
you can work out the antithesis.  
(I guess I got in the wrong word, but  
don't you care).

After brending a  
famine we left our baggage for the stage,  
and peregrinated up the Clove. The  
scenery bore its characteristic grandeur,  
so I won't expatiate thereon. But I  
will say that two hours later, found us  
at Charles, and from there we visited  
the reservation before dinner. After dinner  
we again examined the cottages & and  
then bidding Dr. adieu, I walked up to the  
house & found myself wrapped in  
the bosom of the Evergreen Peter. Today  
he forgot to close the flood gates & it has  
been a steady pour, but I have been  
down to the falls regardless of moisture,  
and having now hung my dripping  
garments in the wind, have whittled  
down a sliver of frozen ink & have done  
my best to spoil two sheets. Yours Wm. W. W.

buttered toast, fried potatoes, & cider,

There were more things, but when I got to the cider, I couldn't go any further, Choked up, as it were, with fond reminiscences. Well, we cleared the table, and adjoining to the sitting room, engaged in singing devotional hymns &c, principally "H.C.", I exhibited my musical feats upon the piano, and with the aforesaid amusements, a little conversation, & plenty of cider, we killed time until 8.30, & then retired to the top floor. We had a large room with two beds & as Wingate went up first, he got the best one, I didn't care until the cyclones whistled about my ears, & then I had to wrap my head up in a dream & go to sleep,

I had just become comfortably warm, when I opened my eyes & found W & S, almost dressed & all their pillows & bedclothes piled on my bed, I was sure something was wrong, but my

Ans for 07



Miss. A. S. Tured  
282 M<sup>c</sup>Donough St  
Brooklyn N.Y.

