Fwd. to you

~~Paid~~

Miss Isabella Carter
care of Mr Hewlet, ~~postmaster~~
1828 From O.W. Sand

NEW-YORK JUL 25

Buckram
Long Island

Stamped & Sweeps Paid Rate 10 - 50

New York Tuesday 22 July 1828

Dearest Isabella!

I promised you to write you every day & therefore you herewith receive my second letter. the first Ma put into the trunk she sent you this morning. — I cannot describe you my disappointment at not receiving any letters from you to-day; Having thought it impossible that you should not have written to me, I could attribute the delay of your letter to the negligence of the driver alone. Or did you give your letters to somebody else to take care of them? All this makes me very anxious about our correspondence if so, I cannot expect many letters from you during your stay in the country, while I expected one at least every other day. — You see, my dear, that I number my letters, & I wish you would do the same with yours, for the way of sending them being subject to so many irregularities, I should not wonder at all to hear that some of them may be lost.

This day has been very unpleasant indeed. It rained & was so misty, that I felt quite too spirited. I did not smoke at all; whether this shows the strength of my resolution or the influence of your absence, I do not know, for the weather could not have been more favorable for smoking than to-day. Nevos there are none. A certain friend is just with me lamenting these two hours & altho' I do hear his words only mechanically, they disturb me a good deal in my conversation with you.

This evening I shall perhaps go to see Mr Schlesinger. His wife is recovered from her illness & he seems to be very happy with her. His brother intends to go to live at Brooklyn on the heights.

Wednesday 23 July 1828.

On my coming home last night, your Ma told me that she could not learn the place, where the stage stops & therefore could not send you the trunk, containing my first letter.

You see, my dear, in what a confusion we are. We hear nothing from you & with our best will we cannot give you any news from us, as long as we do not receive the proper directions from you. As you however may be anxious about your NewYork friends, I shall venture this letter to the post office hoping that it may reach you in good health & fine spirits. If you receive my first letter later than this, it makes no difference for it contains nothing of interest. I have written so much about my being disappointed at the staying out of your letters, that I fear to be troublesome, if I mention that my hopes of hearing from you by the mail arrived this morning were not fulfilled neither. I hope now that this mystery may soon be cleared up & in all probability I shall see you on Saturday night with Mr V. We intend to start from here about 6o'clock & not knowing the exact distance, it is possible that we may arrive late. So I shall feel much obliged to you, if you provide for our arrival. I mean that the house be not shut & all of you gone to bed.

I feel so lonesome here that I cannot expect the moment of my departure.

I did not see Mr Schlesinger last night, but staid at home. This morning at ½past 10 o'clock I went to Mr Mc Evers to stand godfather to the daughter of Mr Schmidt in place of Mr Hilsenbeck. Miss Bache was godmother & I had nothing to do but to stand at her side with the other company consisting of Mr & Mrs Schmidt, Mrs Mc Evers, her 3 daughters & 2 sons, Miss Lynch, Miss Depeyster & some other ladies. Mr Wainwright performed the christening & the child obtained the names Laura Fredesica. After the ceremony was over, we partook of some refreshments & then Mr Schmidt & I retired. I am very glad it is over, for I am not fond of these things.

Yesterday a packet arrived from Havre, but did not bring me any letters. I had not expected any of interest.

If you write me, please to address your letters to the care of Hse for if they should not come through the postoffice, they might not find me.

Your family are all well. Of news I am utterly bare & your must excuse the dullness of my letter.

Business just calls me away & I must therefor conclude. Farewell, my dear Isabella & belive me always

your sincere friend
S. Ellis