

MARCH 16, 1844

2 letters in French
1 book.

1 Louis Desmouffbourg
Rec'd the letters in
B. B. B.

To: ^{Draft No 2}
Lespaul Desmouffbourg
Mar. 16, 1844

See Nov 1, 1843
draft No 1.

Washburne, Thomas, Harper

Letter Commencement
before the President
Harper

New York March 16, 1844

Friend Leopold,

On account of your delaying to write I had almost despaired ever to hear from you Yet I anticipated a reply and waited with the patience of a quaker till the 28th of August In the morning of that day some one gave the bell a smart pull I knew it must be the postman So I hastened the servant to the door while I stood listening in breathless expectation. I could almost have jumped for joy, but for the restraint I felt myself under, when I heard announced the words of the carrier "for Thos. Whaley" I supposed it to be the long ardently wished for letter. Upon it being presented to me accompanied by a newspaper I was agreeably surprised to find I was right in this supposition a glance at the direction, told me it was from you. I instant.. tore open the letter threw myself upon a sofa to peruse its contents at leisure. You will remark my minuteness in being so particular in this simple detail Be not severe in your criticism but pass it over lightly It is the excess of my feelings so long pent up in my bosom, that has prompted me to write thus, minutely there fore it can be of no interest to you. I might have expressed all I have Said simply in these words:- I was very glad to hear from you once more. Me friend I could scold you for making me wait So long for an answer to my letter but for that reason I feel that I too have been remiss in not replying to your & before now, to speak truth I am more to blame than you I beg you will excuse this neglect and I am confident you will readily when I say I excuse you for having deferred so many months responding to mine. I would have written before but as your cousin contemplated returning to France I thought I could wait till then.

He has determined to start the eight of next month, but as that is sometime to come yet & you may consider my negligence intolerable I have resolved to write immediately I cannot in justice to my own feelings keep you waiting longer. Do not believe as may apparently seem to you from my being so dillatory (dilatatory) that I dislike epistolary communications; nor would I have you think that I esteem your friendship so slightly as to consider the composing of a few lines the least irksome. On the contrary it affords me a source of great gratification to correspond with me friends, to relate to them anything interesting exciting or even melancholly. In maintaining this friendly intercourse if properly attended to one's time is not only pleasantly but profitably employed and this should be our chief aim in every object we pursue. Letter writing strengthens the tie of mutual attachment and were it universal I am sure the condition of mankind would be achieved through the ameliorating influence which it exerts. How consuming is time and how rapidly it does pass! It seems but yesterday we were chatting together I can not realize it to be nearly 18 months since your cousin Emile and I took leave of you and I am only assured of its being so long by going back and reckoning from Oct 1, 1842 the day of your departure from this country which you can only remember with regret. I would offer you some little consolation after your late bereavement the loss of your mother but since I take you to be something of a philosopher I doubt not have sufficient moral strength to support yourself under this affliction of divine Providence. While here you knew of her declining health, you expressed a wish to me that you might return to France and see her once more before she died, in this you were gratified. I am sorry to hear that you have been unsuccessful in establishing yourself again in business. Do not let the misfortunes you encountered in this city discourage you from opening a Store in Paris. It was a vain attempt you made here, among strangers you laboured under every disadvantage. Though it cost you dear you must count the loss gain. Have you not gained experience learnt a new language which may some day of service to you, and become acquainted with the manners and customs of a republican nation, of $\frac{1}{2}$ a century's yet rivaling the powers of Europe in commerce agriculture arts & sciences? You no longer believe this to be a waste land and the people who inhabit it savages. It is surprising what rapid strides this country is making in everything that appertains to civilization. The present population is $17\frac{1}{2}$ millions it is estimated that before the end of this century (over)

12-2-50 12-2-50

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold, crisp air. It felt like a blanket, wrapping around me and filling my lungs. I took a deep breath, savoring the moment. The city was still in its early morning slumber, the streets empty except for a few stray cars and the occasional pedestrian. I walked towards the park, my steps light and sure. The trees were bare, their branches reaching out like skeletal fingers against the pale sky. A gentle breeze rustled the leaves of the few trees that still held onto their autumn foliage. I found a quiet spot on a bench, looking out over the vast expanse of the park. The sun was just beginning to rise, painting the horizon with soft, golden light. I closed my eyes, feeling a sense of peace and tranquility that I hadn't felt in a long time. The world seemed to be holding its breath, waiting for me to wake up. I opened my eyes, looking up at the sky. A single bird was perched on a nearby branch, its form silhouetted against the light. I watched it for a moment, feeling a strange connection. It was as if it was looking at me, too. I stood up, feeling a renewed sense of purpose. The day was just beginning, and I was ready to face whatever came my way.

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Manuscript Collection, New York Public Library
New York March 16, 1844

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