Beaumanoir de LaForest to Susan Kean, June 29, 1789

Beaumanoir De LaForest

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New York, 19th June 1789

My Dear Mr. [Name], it is now time to write to you. I have received your letter from February and April last, and I did not write to you since Mr. [Name]'s departure. I beg your pardon for it; I hope by the next news I will receive from you I will learn the perfect recovery of Mr. [Name]. I have been very long to hear that he has been unwell for some time. Pray, my Dear Madam, give him many thanks for his good nature and the attention he pays to my daughter. God bless you. I pray him not to take too much trouble about them, I am not in a hurry; you and these are those from whom I experienced the most true friendship and I am very grateful for it.

You know we have now all the Court in New York: the president of the Court and his lady, and many ladies of the senators and representatives. The city has been very gay, the last part of the winter, and it is now quite crowded and noisy. Mrs. Butler is arrived the last in the house of Mr. [Name] next to me. Mrs. Dalton has taken the newly built one by Mr. [Name] next to that which Mr. [Name] left for Mr. [Name] before it came in broad way. Mr. [Name] Griffin has bought near Lady Kitty out of town, Mrs. [Name] and Mr. [Name] have taken the house where was Mr. [Name], I believe Mr. [Name] will take the house. Mr. [Name] is in town; the house always that long ago will go to Philadelphia, so the don't choose to take an hour. I have seen all those ladies and Mr. [Name] who has taken the house between Mr. [Name] and Mr. [Name]. Mrs. [Name] was sick when I went there; I think it is the fatigue of her voyage. Mr. [Name] has arrived, he has taken the house of your father where you lived before. He has been to visit the minister and they appear to be very well together. A dreadful accident has happened to the coach, as he was leading Mr. [Name] across the street, the phaeton over her and trampled over them.
Peach has been little hurt; he has the gout now. Poor Blenner has no limb broken but she is much bruised, she will belong to range. The president has the fever. Mr. Tom Griffin has got an obstinate one, he doesn’t appear well. Mr. Jones is brought to bed four days ago. Mr. Igers had another box; a very painful event has fallen on little Sally Igers. He was playing on the ball and fell down in the street and broke his thigh. He is as well as he can be. Mrs. Jones is married to Mr. John Wilks, and Mr. Livingstone is married to Miss Clays’ nieces. They are gone to the manual old Mrs. Livingstone’s from the house where she is. A little while, she appeared to me a very good, plain and sensible lady. Tell my dear madam, it is not very reasonable to rather claim the society of old people? I find them generally more grateful for the attention paid to them, polite, less formal, more friendly, plans and more instructed than the young. I am always sorry when I hear the aged fathers and mothers called old folks. That sounds badly to my ear. I find here they are a little neglected. I spoke with Mr. Livingstone of your sister Otto, and it could not prevent the tears trickling down my cheeks. Mr. Montgomery is not yet gone to Scotland.

I have been ladies Kitty and Mary who are well also their family. Mr. Otto is very well. His little girl too. She has been at town lately; I find she is the true picture of her mother, I hope she will be good and will answer in some measure to his father for his staff. Mr. Lewis is gone in the country 12 miles from the manor to live there some time. Mr. Church has come from England to pay a visit to her family. She is a very agreeable lady. She is now to Albany. Mr. Numble has got a son. Mr. Hughes has been sick but is well now. Mr. John Temple is not well and is very low spirited. Mr. Livingstone believes he has some reason for leaving keeping her own house. You know she has been robbed last winter, since that time she was so much afraid that she could not live easy; it is I think for that reason. She is returned into her mother’s family. Those are all the news I know. I am sorry Miss Meathe don’t write to you. She could better than inform you with all the paper.

She talks, goes out a great deal, sees many gentlemen, understands little chatter, is a little curious, and takes more concern than I in all these things. For me, I know the news best after they have run all over the town; I am so domestic, so pleased at home, always with my
My husband and my child, so much taken up by them, that really I seldom know but what in the topic of common conversations. I thank you very much my dear Mr. Kenan for the tender concern you take in me, you say you are sorry that I find myself still a stranger in America, I find myself very well here. I despise you, but not perfectly well because I am too far from my native country, and do not know how long yet I will stay to regain a distance from it, and that you must find very natural. I always receive compliments, and am thankful of the kindness every body show to me here, but I cannot become familiar to some customs, habits, manners and prejudices, that makes me feel still stranger in America. I want few friends who take a true concern in me, with whom I could be open, rather than a sort of acquaintance, with whom I could be open, rather than a sort of acquaintance, with whom I could be open, rather than a sort of acquaintance, with whom I could be open, rather than a sort of acquaintance. Such friends cannot be found in a foreign country but by degrees of time, intimacy, confidence, conformity in tastes and feelings and a long acquaintance can only give them. Was you in London or even in Paris, so far from your country, your family, old friends and acquaintances the very happy and flourished by every pleasure. Some thing would be wanting to you, and after 2, 3 years, you could not help finding yourself a stranger in Europe, as I find after 2 years I am still a stranger in America, and you would have some involuntary moments of melancholy and some times a little sorrow that in my case; I wont tell it to others because they could think that I would offend them, but I tell it to you, with whom I am more intimate, who know me better, and will make no mistake.

I had a great pleasure yesterday, seeing a French packet arriving. She brought to me very old letters, but it was always very pleasing for me to receive these, we are to have a packet every two months, and so could in the future year regularly from my friends letters could on this point speak regularly from my friends letters. Diminishing distance and by their means we can be charmingly deceived in thinking we are conversing with them we do not deceive in this. Mr. Kenan is conversing with them we do not deceive in this. My dear Mr. Kenan with that event certain you will be informed, and that I am to hear some thing which gives joy to his friends.

I am to make soon a little excursion in the country, I will go to see my relations Mr. Le Conte, who I hope will return soon, with him, I will go to Giseny and Bethune, after to Paris from thence, I will go to Aix and Bethune, after that I intend to pass by Elizabeth town and to go...
your family and little Eliza. Lady Christie has taken an house
in that place. Madame Caroline will follow her mama and her
good papa too, so I could enjoy no pleasure was I only moment
separate from them. Caroline is so young. She went through it very
easy. She walks, plays, understands and speaks so pretty. She
begins to be so soft, that I am in love with her. She knows
her papa and mama so well. She puts and calls them with so mild
voice? that she is enchanting. For the happy father and mother.
She has a little to much spirit and distresses us in the night. She
awakes very often and wants to get up at 4 or 5 in the morning.
She is a little pale now on account of the heat. She hopes her sweet
heart, with all her heart, me, and Mr. de Crevieux, I want to hear
about 3 weeks ago. The father is returned but the daughter will
make a pretty long stay without being sick she is never well and
she always finds her health better in the country.
I will tell you a news which probably is without ground. It has been
said that G. Clockridge the widower is to marry Miss Felicity Livingston
son to Mr. Jay. After what I heard reported of his love for his first
wife, I think it is a report void of truth, that he could find a good
friend in your cousin who is older than him and could take care of
his lovely little girl. A lady of the family told me she did not
believe the report was true.
My husband tells to yours and you a thousand various things.
you know well the true esteem and friendship he has for both.
The gentlemen present their respects and compliments. Farewell
my dear madam. I wish you with all my heart and remain
your affectionate friend.

Beaumanoir de la forest

I forgot to tell you that Mr. Houston
not yesterday told me, he spent
some with you, and that Mr. Houston
and the child are well. He said too you
are well pleased in Beaumont. I am glad of it, then good news
are given much pleasure. Dear madam to your friend
you see that use of the permission to write long letters

F. D. A.