

New York September 4th 1834.

My Dear Will,



Father has just returned from his office and tells me that a vessel has cleared in Canton and will sail tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. It is now late in the evening and as I have been busy writing all day I am not much in the mood for scribbling and it is ten chances to one that I fall asleep before getting to the bottom of the page. However, I will write as long as my eyes keep open as I may not have time in the morning and I should regret, especially as the chances are so few, losing any opportunity of bringing you in Lancy home. We have been sending daily to learn when the Horatia would sail, never dreaming of the London, as she is one of the latest vessels in.

It was an exceedingly rash promise of mine, that I would keep a sort of diary for you during my late excursion which is now by my not putting pen to paper all that time. We had a joyous time of it - remained there a four days at the old spot. That lookout of all mundane places ye! - West Point. I roved alone over the old grounds where we had been together, and drank to thee in mellow Burgandy - the dinnies sustain their old reputation. Richard, the man we used to patronize is there still and

asked after you. When I told him you were at Canton. he said "No sure,
and won't be he up here this summer!" I missed much the delicious
music we had in days of yore. The glorious band has departed - it ap-
-pears that when one of the officers left the Point, who was mightily disliked
by the Cadets and ~~also~~ themselves, they struck up the "rogues march," whereupon
the Commandant packed them off, bag and baggage. A new band
however is organizing under the direction of some skilled Italian and
they expect to have a band in the course of this month. From this place

we went to Catskill Mountain House, where we found a multitude of
vulgar people, ~~and~~ but few and scant fare, clouds and weather so
cold that we were glad to come down the next day - the only ~~for~~
enjoyment I had was trying to roger a pretty English serving maid of Mrs.
Paulding; but we parted too soon and with Edgar, Amanda and Emily in
a stage coach, I ~~also~~ went ~~alone~~ alone alone to Saugerties. We drove up to
Pierres about sunset; took tea there and repaired to Edgar College by moon-
light. While they were riding there some of us out across the fields and arrived
there before them and had the cottage lighted up. Amanda was perfectly
charmed with her new home. The approach is up a little dell through
a pleasant grove and the road winds round in front of the cottage
which is seated on a ~~rising ground~~ gentle hill, having a view
through the trees of the lake in front. It really looked sweet on the
night of our arrival, and seemed like the very chosen spot for a young

couple. I doubt whether you would recognize the Commodore, if you could
drop down upon him now, clad in his long coat & white, pacing up and down
his cave parlor, with a half-whistle half-mile playing about to his
mouth. He is certainly about the happiest fellow going. But alack he's
married, and methinks well, it is partly doubtful whether the joys of married
life can compensate for the loss of liberty. But I won't abuse matrimony,
as one don't know what one may come to - and so I will close.

I have been out of the way of all my friends for some time
and therefore can tell you but little about them. Your old flame
Ruth J. has been and is still at Lebanon with her sister Elizabeth and
Fanny Goodhue. She has been in delicate health, but Taylor Porter who
saw her at the Springs says she looked more beautiful than ever. I have
not heard that she has had any admirer since Bob Quaker. I had a
letter from George Dyer when I was at Lancaster, praying me to join
him at Newport where he was residing. I had not the wherewith-
-al. so did not obey the summons. Our little darling Emily C-
sent me a message to tell me to come on; but alack-alack she sent
me no money to travel with, and on these matters a poor-dog mortal
man cannot journey upon love - neither live upon love. In the end so
loving he requires victuals and drink. He mentioned likewise
that Caroline Atterden was there; a damsel, who at the present writing
George is flirting with. The City is horrible at present - no one yet

returned - where all the laborable are scattered I can't say - The
Cholera has been here for some time and still hangs on - we have all
had the promontory ~~and~~ more a leg - All our flock are up at Sargent
Manning has gone on her annual visit to Jacob - so that there is no
one in the Budget Sheet Hotel, save Under Mark. Father and myself -
gloomy enough. I walk about the house like a disturbed spirit - occa-
sionally shuttling on the Pears then return to my work, or look out upon

Donaldson aigger William, who is the basest man, the greatest whistler
the wisest lunger and the hippest fellow about these parts.

But - I am mid - mid - nodding - so good night - I will scratch
more tomorrow -

September 5th It rains cats and dogs this morning and the wind
being from the North-East, I question whether the ship will sail. if she
does not I will write again. I will close this and send it down
so as to make sure of something. ~~By the way~~ I will endeavor
to collect some magazines, amusing books or to send by the Horatio.

Thanks for your letter of the 1st April - I should have liked
it better had it been longer. I was sorry to find you still on low spirits
but I feel assured you will be cheered up when Codrington and Janet from
home arrive. Many enquiries after you, but - none other than Nigger
William - I believe that is his name - who used to sweep out the office.
Good bye dear Will, in the presence of
Your affectionate brother
G. J.