

New York September 24th 1844

My dear Sister

Procrastination is said to be the thief of time, and the truth of it I have found in putting off from day to day writing to you, until now more than the fortnight has passed by which I promised on your leaving us should not intervene without Sarah or myself writing to you. My delay was in part been prompted from a desire that Sarah herself should write; as I can readily imagine a line from her would prove far more acceptable than one from myself; but as there is no reasonable prospect of her being induced to perpetrate so dutiful an act, I take it upon myself to partly fulfill the promise made, as well as to assure you that your flying visit has not thus early been effaced from my mind. In truth I regret that your stay could not have been longer with us, for I found so much in your own views of society and the world generally which coincided so well with my own, and the good influence your presence and advice had upon Sarah, that I do not doubt a longer stay would not only have confirmed my own predilections for a new Sister but also have been the cause of increased benefit to my good little wife: however I hope in the ensuing Spring

to be able to go on to Boston and take Sarah with me, when
we will not only meet again, but I shall have the pleasure
of making the acquaintance of others of her family and
numerous acquaintances. I should much like to
make a visit this fall on Sarah's account, as I sometimes
think she longs once more to be among her old companions.
It is hard I know for one so young to be thus suddenly
taken away from the "old familiar faces" and scenes of
early life, and to live as it were in a community of
strangers, but these things ought to have been thought
of before she put her head into ^{the} noose which she
must have known was to separate her from her early ties.
I do not make these remarks because I think Sarah
dissatisfied with a residence here, or that she is low-
spirited & gloomy; but it is so natural for the young, par-
ticularly one who has attached so much to her relative situation
in life, to contrast the by-gone days with the present, -
to call to mind the hours of youthful innocence and
mirth when unconscious of the trials which await
a more advanced age of existence, that it is natural
she should at times feel the loss of early associations
and fondly cling to the remembrance of the bright & visionary
dreams of early youth. However, this is no more than
^{what} all of us experience to a greater or less degree in our lives, &
perhaps few more so than myself, for I am most imfor-
tunately a being of imagination & sensibility, - one who
scarcely exists in this very day world. I have from
childhood lived in an atmosphere of my own

creation, - in a world of beautiful dreams and
sweet imaginings. & many fancy visions have I
woven for myself only to see the folly & vanity of such
indulgences. This is a ~~world~~ a day world and sooner
or later these gossamer fabrics are destroyed by the
chudgny & realities of every day life. Contentment is the
true secret of real happiness, or at least that state of mind
which gives peace & tranquility to an earthly existence; and
it lies much within ourselves ~~with~~ whether or no we
shall possess it.

Your sister Mary with Sarah & myself accompanied
Mr Mitchell to Brooklyn the day before yesterday on a house
hunting expedition. We looked at one, a cozy little two
story house, which Mr M has subsequently determined to
rent, & Sarah & myself contemplate making a part
of his household. Mr M goes to Boston to morrow
for the purpose of bringing his family on to N.Y. so that
in the course of two or three weeks we will probably be
settled in Brooklyn for the winter.

Thursday Sept 26th. Mr Mitchell did not get off yesterday as he
had anticipated but purposed going this afternoon, by him I send this.
Since writing the first of ^{my} letters Sarah has persuaded me to give up the
idea of going over to Brooklyn with Mr. M. She thinks it will be lonely
for her, as in the want of living there I should not go home to dinner,
and she says that I would be with her but a few moments morning
& evening & again the crossing the ferry in the winter would be uncon-
fortable and inconvenient to myself. So I have fully made up
my mind to remain quiet where I am at Mrs. Lundy's

We have had quite a change in the weather in a day or two past.
yesterday it rained for the first time in many weeks and to
day Shaws & clouds are seen in Broadway and a little fire
just at this present time would not be unacceptable for my
fingers are actually benumbed with the cold.

Miss George. Wadsworth
By Temple St.
Boston

Received
of
Miss Mitchell

Sarah sends her love to you and "all the folks" when you
write you can direct to Mrs. Selady, 342 Broadway.

I am affectionately

William Irving

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