

Christmas eve. 1829.

A Merry Christmas to you my dear Emma
I wish I were with you to help make it so -
but as that is out of the question let this
~~be~~ be a substitute. I thank you very much
for your letter and should long ago have
answered it, but your Gran-pa's illness with
other cares had prevented me. Your Uncle
Phil. has had another severe attack but
is now better and he last Sunday paid us
a visit and was as agreeable as usual.
Little Phil. is as loquacious as ever and Mary
at home. Phil. you know went to Elm Lake
last summer with his Father. He re-
membered nothing but the house and
the lake itself - which he says appeared much
smaller. but he could recollect nothing about
the house nor Lake Pleasant. nor could he call
to mind even the situation of the great log cabin
which you know your Gran-pa reminded him oc-
casionally. Phil. was delighted with his visit
but says it looked too desolate to live there at
any. I forgot to tell Matilda in my letter
that she and my sister had been to England
we have only been her once or twice since.

Matilda left her she became completely
enjoyed with her french acquaintances
in which I think she was right. for she
must have felt more at home among them
as neither her manners or prejudices are
American. I saw a new specimen of the
fashion yesterday - a tawny coloured cloak with
a succession of capes reaching to the knees
and each one trimmed with a kind of gymp. It
looked like an indian dress made up of blank
ets and porcupine quills. I believe that one
of the Omis Livingston was under it -

Your parties at Whiteford were em. Much
to be but sorry affair from the description you
give of me - after all the intemperate state
between the Savage and the man of Fashion
is the least violent & polished. An Indian and
a gentleman are the only two persons at ease
in a crowd or among strangers. Your friend
William Over gave me an amusing account of a
Party he went to in 'Good Society' No. 3 Room 2. (Mong
since - the men & women kept at separate
as oil & vinegar - water cypers and champagne
made them 'potvalent' (took an elegant phrase)
and then all was ~~frank~~ amalgamation and
boisterous mirth. Tell your Mother that
her friend Mr. Goddard held me by the button
in the cab a half an hour yesterday singing
her praises he said her 'talents were fine' and
resolution astonishing. rather a free way
to talk to a brother. but I listened to patiently
to what he said of himself that I could do
no less when he spoke of my family. He asked
me if your Mother had introduced his ~~char~~
into her school. He had told his wife and
his friend Mr. Puggles & is now working to
ward that his cheek is a hollow and his skin
'as dry as the remainder biscuit after a sea
voyage'. That old Indian Du Pont too, called
me up to his gig the other day to ask about Sister
He looks upon her as the apostle of his Country
Language for the whole region of 'out west'
and says she shall have books from him at
prime cost for her scholars. The old Mr.
had another attack upon him now, before
that irremediable one stage, a Quarto fever!
He had bought in Italy folios & quartos enough
to flag Broadway with - and there they are piled
up in his parlour - waiting I fear for the heavy
hammer. For now will buy - & Lorenzo the
magnificent tells me he will be ruined if they
do not. Apropos to the heavy hammers
furniture is under execution. and Pa advised
me to tell your Mother not to draw upon him
for the smallest sum - as his refusal to meet
the demand must only expose his bankruptcy
and get your Mother into some difficulty to be
helped (not a cent to meet an emergency -
I am afraid my dear Ma. that this will be

but a dull letter to you. I have no agreeable way
to give you and drawing upon my imagination
is an ungrateful task. but if I could throw
the interest in my letters that I really feel for
you, you should never complain of their being
tiresome and uninteresting in character to my future
a correspondent. Be assured of this though that
if my letters arrive but seldom, and disappoint
you when they do come,

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PAID

Miss Emma Nichols.
Whitesboro' Greece N.Y.



There are none who feel a warmer interest
in your welfare than

Your affectionate
Uncle

C. F. Howard