

New York. Decr 5th 1844

My dear Sister

Having accidentally, or perhaps I may more truly say, being induced by inclination to run up home for a few moments this morning, I found Sarah with your letter of Decr 1st in her hands, and, availing herself of the prerogative of married life, was making herself acquainted with the contents thereof.

To show you how readily I can forgive your seeming neglect of me, I will answer it at once. Indeed my own silence has not been prompted by your delay in answering my letters, which delay I have always attributed to your indisposition, but I fear must be charged to a constitutional failing of procrastination, however, as the ice is broken I trust that in future our correspondence may be more regular.

You tell us of the marriage of your Sister Harriet but leave us in the dark as to who the happy man may be, your Sister, being native Yankee, have ventured upon their national trait and guessed it must be a Mr Wallace.

I am truly glad to hear so good an account of her future husband, and only hope their wedded life may afford them the same satisfaction, which a similar state with your good Sister Sarah has given to me. I do not think ~~that~~ I venture too much in saying that these sentiments

am fully reciprocated by my little wife.

Sarah is very much afraid that I should not give you as favourable a report of her as she would wish, as I always say to her when her ideas conflict with mine, which, however, occurs but seldom, that I shall give you a sad account of her in writing to you. She need have no such fears — she is too kind hearted & affectionate ever to suit an unkind word — too good I sometimes think for my unworthy self. Romance, it is said, takes its flights on the occasion of the marriage ceremony — perhaps it does — true affection takes its place when the parties have any real worth in themselves, and then the married life may be not all Sunshine, yet much — very much of the happiness in that state depends upon the parties themselves. The "Solon second thoughts" as you express it have only served to confirm me in my choice and convince me that I have enjoyed more real happiness during the few months of my Benedictine life than in the many previous years of single blessedness.

Sarah I found almost smothered in the yet unfinished folds of a winter coat or cloak which she intended to display to the gaze of ^{the audience of} St. George's Church on next Sunday. ~~We attend there regularly~~ We shall attend there regularly during the winter when not prevented by the weather. We were at a concert last evening at the Appoldo Saloon given by the young Misses Stornors — there debut to a new

York audience. I believe there was plenty of science but not much melody — at least it did not afford any very great gratification to myself, who, however fond of music, does not pretend to understand the science of it. My Candour got me a good scolding from Miss Choate (whom perhaps you may remember) in which my little wife joined. The former knows about as much of music as the latter, but they were acquaintances of Miss C's and she scolded because I did not praise against my convictions, and the latter because I would not hush the old maid by agreeing to all she said.

We had a "soiree" at Mrs. Elford about two weeks since ~~and~~ ^{and} gave so much satisfaction another is on the tapis ^{this evening}. Sarah did not attend the first but I believe she will & show herself to night. I have consented that she may dance ~~at~~ ^{as long as} provided she will ^{not} forget she is no longer an unmarried lady, but the happily married wife &c.

Your little Mary goes on in her usually independent way. you can't imagine how my feelings have warmed toward her as I came to understand her true character. She is a most sensible woman, and truly worthy. Little Florence seems to enjoy life exceedingly in N.Y. and I do not think she has any wish to return to Boston for the present. Aunt S. Mrs. S. goes on in her same old way, as lively as ever, and active as ever, and Grandmama looks well & hearty.

You must excuse the hasty manner of

this letter & its illegibility as I write in the office, and
 then on Sunday Bishops & Clergymen discussing the
 merits of missionary institutions be at my elbow
 so that my ideas are not much at command.

when
 directing
 to my self
 or Sarah
 you can
 direct to
 care of P.P.
 Rev. J. P.
 Spring
 281 Broadway

Mrs. George Wales
 67 Temple Street
 Boston



I will endeavor to get Sarah to write, but as I have
 failed so often I have but little hope of being successful
 I will write again shortly myself. Meanwhile
 Believe me with much affection
 Your brother William