

New York July 24th 1894.

Dear Will,

The same old tune, not off writing till the last moment and now I must run you off a scrawl, at a devil of a rate, amidst the hustle of packing up, and the house ringing with some half dozen voices; first John is called, then Martin, then tingle, single tingle, goes the parlour bell, then tingle-tingle-single goes the bed room bell, then a scampering up, then swinging down again; but you know what a cartipole halloo there always is when three women are preparing for a journey, especially a wedding ~~scrape~~ scrape. We start tomorrow morning, Uncle & father, Sarah P, Sarah J & Kate, for the smart city of ~~little~~ Baltimore, where Edgar is to undergo that "unfear change". Emily Tenant and myself are to help them ~~into~~ into that happy state of matrimony. There were to have been more side boys but the season of the year and the old man's health prompted them to make it rather private. I shall write you from Baltimore and give you an account of the wedding, as it takes place on the 29th and the ship that will bear this to you does not leave before the 1st of August.

— I did purpose keeping a sort of journal for you, as I have frequently something amusing to tell you and by postponing it till a week back to it escapes

my slave like memory. but I have been so constantly chained to my table of late,
so bogged with writing, that when I found a leisure moment I let little snippets
for writing letters. I thank the Lord that my labour is drawing to a close,
my work is nearly completed, it only remains to give it a few finishing touches,
which though by the way are generally the most important and gave the
slump good a hand to the work. I begin to feel quite sanguine about the book,
and think I shall do myself credit. I have made a literal translation from
the Danish Chronicle, but I have since rewritten it, and so twisted and turned
and constructed it in my own style, such as it is, that I flatter myself and
much flatter me, it will be a popular work and do me credit. If it
fails, why "there's the last of that - it are nigger", should it succeed I shall
publish a number of sketches, which I have been writing and are now prepared
in the press. But enough of my own ~~concerns~~ concerns —

Thank you for your letter of the 25th Feb. though it was very short
but I can't quarrel as you complain of the same thing of me. Short
letters will come sometimes - we are all alike, ~~the same~~ when the mood
is not upon me, it is impossible to write a line. I am very glad

that George Dan, has written to you by this vessel; he has promised me
that he will write often. We both agreed to send you some books, but
you will receive but not more, because as some more are not yet.

and I have not time to ~~send~~ any more. But I will send you some by a vessel
which sails soon after this.

I had a delightful time my dear Will, about a week since, I spent
~~the~~ a day down on Long Island at Mr Schermerhorn's place with Uncle and
Kate and Sarah Paris, and there was our dear little friend of Rocka-
way memory, sweet little Emily Ogden; and she looked braver than ever
and she and I flirted as usual. and we talked of old times and she asked
about you. She looks exactly as she used to, when we flirted with her in
Newlett's paragon. I rode down to Rockaway some days since, and as

I came by all old places my heart came in my throat, and I be-
lieved I would give a great deal to see you Will. Conklin's house when
to see Sally and Kitty Thomas is ~~entirely~~ removed further up the road
Nite Street the new Hotel, a very large, handsome looking building. ~~but~~
every thing looked dreary to me. So I came up the next day.

Do you recollect the ~~place~~ McCombs of Washington where we dined? They are
now here, staying at Major Stanton at West Hamilton who married the eldest
daughter lately. I was going to visit them to day but have not time.
The sweet little one who dedicated Jenkins' invitation to marriage is ~~still~~ along, but
I am sorry to hear that she is likely soon to waft her flight to another world.

I have much to say ~~about~~ but not time to write now. You
will do well if you can decipher this, the pen is but a stump and I have
no Knap or quill. For the ~~present~~ present - fare you well - till I write to you again
from Baltimore. Ever your affectionate brother Rev J.

Mr William Irving

Care of Russell & Co

Canton China

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March 1835

Shanghai July 24 1834

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