

New York January 17th 1835.

Dear Will -

On finishing my letter yesterday evening I went to Goodhue's office and learnt that Mr Sullivan would not leave until this morning so that I have time for a few more lines - I will endeavour to find Mr S. as I understand that he has seen you in Canton and may afford you some pleasure to know that he has seen one of us - it is extremely doubtful however, whether I find him, as he will probably be so full of business that he will be every where but at his hotel -

I am trying to think - but truly nothing new has happened since I last wrote - The household are all in statu quo - Aunt Paris alternately well and ill - Uncle P. as great a grumbler as ever - eats somewhat more voraciously and raves exceedingly obese - Sarah is pretty as ever - ~~looks~~ a little less petulant and growing erudite and affected apace - Johnny Green grown a little better of a stripling, is now at college in Hartford - Our flock I suppose you know is somewhat scattered - Mary & Joe at the Holy Seminary - noisy at singing, whence he writes he has glorious stealing - Kate has improved in looks and is indeed a sweet-sister - Sarah is short and stout and motherly as ever - Father in better health and better spirits than I have known him for years, though Peen's affairs have rather clouded him of late - and Uncle Nash in good spirits, full of good and doing a little more good every day - He has at length bought an establishment on

a respectable footing - whenever any thing is wanting and speaks and it is not - he had a small party about a fortnight since, for which purpose he ordered a very handsome supper set - as if he were only rich we might live like fighting cocks -

Mamma huffs and pouts as usual in her rocking chair, but I say her power has decreased, her tartarous dispensers are less frequently displayed - her sway has been undermined so gradually that she feels it the less and gives no sign of conscious deposition. Save an occasional low and mumbled murmuring which ever and anon reaches my room like distant thunder. Her voice may be sometimes heard in alto in the lower regions for she rules the roost with a rod of iron - and hitches it with the basket and brood of fowls and other bipeds -

Heigh ho! and must we leave the dear old 3 Bridge Street! with all thy joyous remembrance, all thy delightful associations - Alas I will learn and sing 'Thou lament on leaving Paradise' - Oh dear old house where we have dwelt here for long years - I love thee for thy very discomforts.

These thoughts were prompted by the interruption of some half dozen ladies who came to view the house - I could almost wish that Father may not be able to get his price, and it remain unsold - but I do not wish it for well I know that it will be much better for Father to have the money it will bring though I believe there is a heavy mortgage on the property -

No marriages - no engagements and that sort of thing in the fashionable world - Henry Whitney is to be married to Hannah Lawrence in about a week - the brother Sam is to be groomsmen - Sam you must know has been to Europe and come back with a

pair of sandy whiskers and a new frock coat, whereupon Sam-walker stuff with arms in hand and has been trying to stalk up into 'good society' - He expects I fancy a great lift by his broken marriage - He has attained the suburbs of town but I doubt much whether he will ever reach the heart of the City - For in spite of Sam's having been to Europe - in spite of Sam's sandy whiskers and new coat and cane - in spite of Sam's broken marriage - Sam is infinitely vulgar and as Lady Dabery says - "What's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh my lord."

I believe you know Henry Van Ragon - he is engaged to one of Pierrepont's sisters - which one I cannot say as I don't know them apart - Do you recollect Isaac Stones daughter - she is just coming out - and is a beautiful girl - we know her from the cholera summer - There is a young Hamilton just not so pretty as Fanny that was - but nevertheless a beautiful young creature - Such eyes - such figure - and so full of wit - she will be a great belle.

The youngest Miss Oakley has grown very pretty and has her admirers - The old set begin to show symptoms of wear and will be speedily supplanted by a new race and by the time you return you will find an entire ~~different~~ different - shattering of females in this city - The Opera has an apoplectic fit and is now lying insensible, whether it will revive or not in the spring is doubtful I am interrupted - so adieu my dear Will

ever thine
T. J.

P. S. I have just learnt that the Plato is below and I am all awfully broken in letters as I am sure she must bring down

Mr William Irving
Care, Russell Co
Lantern
Cherokee

Chas: Irving
Sept 1835

17. 1835

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