

New York February 2<sup>nd</sup> 1845

My dear Sister

My old propensity of procrastinating has been again exercising its power over me in allowing so much time to elapse since I last wrote to you; yet my fault is in some measure palliated in my knowing that Mrs Tuck has kept you informed of our movements in New York.

I wish you could suggest some measure by which I might be enabled to induce Sarah to write. I have used all the arguments within my reach to induce her to write, at least to her good Mother if no one else; and I assure you it causes me no little regret to think that my Wife should neglect that which the common dictates of our natures should prompt us to perform; — that which, apart from extraneous considerations, duty, more sacred than any other, within my knowledge, calls for. No regret however, I am sure does not arise from a want of affection or thought indifference, for she is constantly talking of her; and many and often times does she express a longing to see her again. The truth of the matter is she is naturally averse to letter writing, and now

having put off the day from time to time, she knows not how to begin to frame an excuse for her long neglect. I will not yet quite despair of overcoming her repugnance to the writing but will hope she will ere long be induced to write.

Though I have had the pleasure of only seeing your good self and Mrs Jencks of the members of my Wife's family still I feel as tho; I had seen your Sister Harriet ~~at~~ having met with her exact counterpart here in New York. The Promios of Ephesus & Syracuse are completely lost in the shade of the Promios of New York & Boston. I have had some acquaintance with the latter and she proclaims her second self in Boston as one in thought feeling and action with herself. I believe they sojourned for a time with each other in this goodly city, when it is said they always walked alike - dressed alike - danced alike and even snoozed alike. What the one thought the other thought - when the one was amazed the other was amazed - when the one smiled the other smiled - when the one wept the other wept - if one was sick the other was sick. - if one was shocked the other was shocked. - if one was happy the other was happy and vice versa; in truth so much similarity in body, mind, and soul, probably scarce ever existed ~~for~~ before. Doubtless

you will be anxious to know what my Promio of New York may be, as well as to learn ~~whether~~ a favorable opinion of the Promio of Boston would be the result of a knowledge of the character &c of the former. The A. T. Lady is your charming, Amiable Aunt, Sarah L - and my opinion why! that there never was a more fortunate event in the Annals of time <sup>than</sup> when a separation of these two wonderfully similar beings took place. If ~~any~~ one should be anywise desirous to see a daughter rendered perfectly effectually good for nothing, let them send her to Mrs L - to reside for a year or two at the age when she is about to enter upon the womanhood of her life. Perhaps I am rather too severe on Mrs L - yet it is my sincere and candid opinion and if my views should ever have any consideration I hope that for the future no young Sisters in Law may be sent to her Motherly care to complete their education. In my Wife's case I myself was too early in the field for Mrs L to gain much of an ascendancy over her.

Flora has just recovered from an attack of the Meazles. She has not as yet resumed her school duties, but will commence in a day or two. She is a good little girl and a general favorite and the presence of Mrs Jencks, of course will balance any unfavorable tendencies others might have. She is scarcely allowed to go into the basement and Sarah & myself keep her as much as we can in our room when she is not at school.

Mary has just come in and says that Mr Fogg is going to  
Boston tomorrow and that she will send ~~him~~ <sup>the letter</sup> by him if  
I will close it, therefore I close it thus abruptly, -

Yours affectionately  
William Irving

Mrs George Wales  
by Temple Street  
Boston



From of Fogg  
Mr Fogg