

New York March 30th 1835

Your letter reached me this afternoon and

I was in such haste to know the contents that I could hardly wait to go through the usual process of reading it. I answer it immediately first because I so much wish to, and second because I have much to tell you. How can I wait until the middle or last of May before I see you, do try and come sooner, I have been depending upon beholding and holding you the last of April certainly, however if it must be so I will be reconciled. Why my dear Emma are you so melancholy wait until the clouds of adversity arise and overshadow you before you are dejected.

"Then dash this idle gloom away
and be again the gay & free."

Disappointed as you have so often been my beloved friend I cannot be surprised that "the ardour common to youthful imaginations is gone, but why should faint and sickly hope be left, your feelings might be more subdued but still placid and serene, and now particularly when we are all expecting you with so much pleasure and shall be so happy to receive you, why should you suffer this gloom to embitter your cup of pleasure, do not search for the thorn, look at the rose and enjoy its beauties. One thing you will regret, it is that Mary Rhinelandt is going to Hell Gate to live soon, but you will see her. What will become of Phil I don't know for I have not heard any thing about his arrangements. Since I wrote last I have seen the cousinhood several times, I will

begin with the first interview and tell you the whole story. Last Tuesday Mary Stevens, her father & mother & Papa & I, went to the Zoological Institute, I returned and drank tea with Mary, saw Mary R a few moments, and Phil spent the evening there. I had a pleasant evening we talked about Milton!! quite a grand subject. He told me he had received a letter from you giving him directions how to write a letter, I will ask him more particularly when I see him again. Friday evening I had a little party, Mary Stevens, Fanny Remick (a sweet girl) Mr, Mrs Stevens and a few more. Phil & Mr Remick and a few gentlemen. They seemed to enjoy themselves and went home at twelve. I gave Phil a piece of poetry, "Learn & foolishly promised to write twelve questions for him to ask ladies when he is introduced to them to avoid talking about the weather. &c &c &c. I have written four but fear I shall never accomplish the rest. I invited Mary Rhinlander & "thereby hangs a tale" too long to write. Nothing of much consequence. Saturday morning I went up to Mary's to talk over the night before & there met Mary Rhinlander & Fanny Remick. I walked down with them, and in the afternoon went to Fanny Remick's to tea and Mary Stevens came down and we all went to see Mr Adrian perform all manner of magical tricks, Phil and Phil Paulding, Willie Remick and Henry were all there. Mr King's family and Mary Rhinlander's friends & this King, and Cholly Moore you used to write poetry about. We had a fine time did not get home until past 11. I did not tell you that on Friday evening I brought down your profile showed it to Phil and Mr Martin who was here, and put it on the side board where it stood all the evening. If it had only been yourself, you would not have been there long I am sure.

Julia Hoffman has gone to Philadelphia, she has been there a week or two. Have you seen Mrs C Hoffman's "Winter in the West"? I presume you have a copy.

As to my heart, my dear Emma it is still mine own. I will not deny, or rather venture to say that it might not have been won, but no one has ever attempted to gain it. Indeed I am inclined to think that I shall be an old maid, for as I possess neither riches or beauty and am altogether destitute of attractions, such a person as I should admire would unfortunately not admire me, and I have no idea of falling in love first. As to those young gentlemen you refer to they are all such gentlemen as I like to associate with, and hope ever to retain as friends. Particular attention I neither receive or bestow, so you see there is no arrow in my heart yet, and I do not believe I shall ever find one who can transfix me there. I love my friends most dearly, yes ardently, but do not condemn me as hard hearted or cold, if I tell you that I ^{am} half, and rather more than half a disbeliever in the doctrine of loving a gentleman so much as to be willing to give up every thing for him, what is called the tender passion I think I shall never feel. But I cannot speak too decidedly for I do not know what may be the case should any one ever regard me with any other feelings than that of friendship. This love is a beautiful theory, I admire it, its perfect devotion, forgetfulness of self and even its disappointments are all so romantic that sometimes I think I would like very well to experience it. But I have written enough to convince you that I have found no one yet so "adorned and enough to fatigue you with reading. ~~am~~ You are one of my "bean ideals" and at present I am satisfied with loving you. Now "good bye Cupid, and all your train". I have written much more than I intended & you will think much more than is necessary. But have patience.

I have taken cold my throat feels most uncomfortable and I
am half sick. Give my love to all the family write to me
soon and come yourself as soon as you can to gladden
the heart of your affectionate
Eliza.

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Miss Emma Nicholas.

Care of Professor S. S. Whitman
Hamilton.

Madison County,
N. Y.

