

You have so often written to me complaining of my want of punctuality as a correspondent, that you must be conscious of my ~~own~~ feelings when I have not heard from you for so long a time - ~~and~~ I hope that I shall not have cause again to complain -

But enough of this, I am sure you will be a good girl and never do so again -

The city as usual during the summer months is dull and dreary - each day is a dull task day of nothingness, the only occupation of those poor mortals who happen to be in town being to eat and sleep - it is too warm to read or think and as for talking, there is nobody to talk to -

Since my last letter, I have been to Eliza Lake the home of my childhood, and apart from the pleasure derived from the beauty of the scenery and most excellent sport, I had ~~an~~ enjoyment in visiting places endeared by childish sports in which you were a sharer - I found that my most vivid recollections of the place were not of extensive scenes, but of some particular spots where we had played in childhood, the courtyard, a large rock in front of the house where you first gave indication of a talent for housekeeping by the "manufacture of mud-puddings and dirt-pies" - Don't you remember, our running on the piazza and singing songs to drive away the black flies - and cannot you recall that melancholy day when we were both stood in ^{each} a corner for having soiled our clothes with brick-dust - Though I have been often at the Lake, since we left there, yet I never thought of these things before now, when we the actors are now separated by so many miles and in all probability will not meet in years - Every thing ~~at~~ there looks as it has always looked, whatever else ~~may~~ change, there seems ^{there} no change.

I presume, though in the far-west, that still you retain the passion of your sex, for

News and Scandal -

The King of England is dead, ^{the} Princess Victoria is now queen - do you know that I have serious intentions of going out to England by the next packet, and paying attention to her, I am a full blooded Dutchman and can call myself "Prince of Konijnine", I am sure my possessions at Elu Lake can compete in extent with some of the German Principalities - What do you think of it? - shall I succeed?

All the family are out of town, Aunt Elvira at Rockaway and the others scattered over the country - I saw Charles yesterday, Lelia is at Fiskill and George is still at Lancaster -

Yesterday I heard the melancholy news of the death of Mr. Henry R. Starr, Elvira's father; I suppose you have heard that Elvira has been very unwell; as she is now slightly recovered her father had taken her to New Haven for the benefit of the country air; and while there, apparently in the enjoyment of health and spirits he fell dead suddenly while standing at ~~the~~ a window and almost at the moment speaking, the cause of his death was a disease of the heart, called medically "angina pectoris", he died on Saturday afternoon. It seems that every time I write I have to announce ~~the~~ death of some friend or relative -

I went to see Maummy the other day, she has been dangerously ill but is now slowly recovering; How is John Herbert making out, Maummy says he writes in spirits; tell him his land at Lake Pleasant has not been sold, I understood he left word with Richard Beck to sell it - Mary is well and sends her love to you and to all her friends -

Did you see Cornelia W. Cracken when she was in
Chicago, she had a most awful time, I have not seen
her but report says that she was nine days and night;
on board of a steam-boat with no birth, and that during
all this time she was obliged to sleep on the deck -
In her land travelling she was not much more for-
tunate, she journeyed in a stage with seven prisoners

Please don't let me see
Mr. & Mrs. Cracken. I'm sorry.

11th

[Handwritten flourish]

Miss Emma Nicholas
care of Rev. J. L. Whitman

Beviers. Ill

via Chicago
Ill.



ironed, and to complete the pleasure the stage was
upset and the "fair Cornelia" was raised from the ground
by a hand cuffed gentleman - if all this be true I fear
no lady will venture to travel in the West hereafter,
I expect however that this is only a story manufactured
by some of her disappointed lovers, in order to console
themselves by laughing at Mr. Cracken - I hope it is not true.

" KP 30395