

New York, June 13, 1834.-

My dear friend,-

I was sitting in my rocking-chair on Monday morning last, quietly reading, when in comes a letter with the post-mark of Hamilton, - and of course from Mrs. Nicholas! Quite exhausted with a more than ordinary amount of duty on a very warm Sunday, I felt the want of some strong excitement thoroughly to wake me up; and here was just the thing. I will not conceal from you, that some little portion of the pleasure I felt on this occasion, was derived from the thought of now finding out how one that could talk so well with her mouth, could talk with her pen. You know I told you I should like to see what kind of a letter you could write; and you said, 'Oh - well - now that kills me!' - Believe me, you are not dead yet. Your letter was just one of our fine, old protracted meetings over again - a real, good, long talk, in your own best way. I seemed to have you before me, just as you were at some of our memorable four-hour-and-a-half-interviews; - sometimes in the clouds, sometimes in the dumps, sometimes as funny and wicked as ever, and then again settling upon that sweet topic of religion, which formed so prominent a part of our conversation when you were here, in those meetings which I now so often think upon. - I am going to answer your letter in the way that I suppose you will like best, namely, by replying to all your questions. And, as you asked me a good many, I shall have to be as compendious as possible on each. -

And first of all, I do not consent to the term 'brother'. Not that I find any difficulty in regarding you as a sister, in the bonds of our common faith; - but the word sounds rather baptistical; and you know I have some strong anti-baptistical propensities. So you must let me have my way; and, if you please, you may consider this as an illustration of the charge you used to make against me, that "Mr. Easthorn was trying hard to be liberal; but that you didn't believe in it much." - You may continue to use the term, if you like it best; but you must

not expect me to reciprocate. Meanwhile rest assured, however, that whatever ~~your~~ extent of meaning you can possibly attach to the word 'brother', so I to the word friend when I address you as such. I like the sound of this last term: it seems, and always has seemed, one of the most musical words in our language. I have a more musical ear than you.

You next ask me kindly in regard to our journey to the South. It was in many respects quite a delightful excursion. After having preached a grand missionary sermon at Philadelphia, I proceeded on to Washington & Alexandria; heard some of the great men in the Senate-chamber; paid a visit to Mount Vernon; preached three fine sermons at Alexandria; and was about to take my departure for the Eastern Shore of Virginia, when, to my great disappointment, I found there was to be no conveyance to Norfolk for five days. Not being able to afford this loss of time, we very reluctantly changed our determination, and went along the Potomac as far as Harper's Ferry. Here I found very little to repay me, notwithstanding all that Jefferson and your friend Jim Paulding have written in its praise. I thereon consoled myself as well as I could; and, among other things, by thinking over all that had so recently passed in Proost, Beach, Hubert, and Mercer St. This was not the first time, however, that these recollections of our glorious meetings had come over me; neither did I, wonderful to relate, make the least effort ~~to~~ to call you to mind, for you were all the time coming up in the most involuntary manner to my thoughts: though more especially were you present, whenever every thing around me, in the way of the strange faces I saw, was particularly savage and without interest. So you must ever be contented to know, that Mrs. Nicholas herself shines the brighter by contrast. Our disappointment at Harper's Ferry was all made up by a ride to Winchester; upon which I shall not enlarge, having some more interrogatories of yours to answer, and my paper gradually filling up. As to my reading as well as you do, upon that I have long since made up my mind, all you can say to the contrary notwithstanding;—as to the reciting part of the business, I give it up. Waterloo keeps running in my head;—but I cannot, with all my trying, get any where near it. I can just see your look of supercilious triumph, as you read this confession. By the by, I am counting a great deal on the hearing of 'Evening' from you. Mrs. Ogden tells me ^{say you} cannot recite 'Summer Midnight';—why?—

Now for the Buermans & Mr. & Mrs. Wade. My first acquaintance with Mrs. Wade was at the breakfast-table of the Steam-boat;—being near her, and hearing her name mentioned, I made you the plea for accosting her without ceremony, and we soon became quite brotherly. She is certainly a most interesting woman—full of life and light in all that she looks and says. Her husband is rather a secondary character, I should say:—he took no part in the conversation, & seemed to keep quite in the back-ground. Your two swarthy friends were very much delighted, when they understood Mrs. Eastburn & myself to be the friends of Mamma Nicholas; and asked most affectionately after you. I had a long conversation with the Karen this' the medium ~~particular~~ ^{particularly} affected with what he said of his feelings in regard to our dear Redeemer, when first he became touched with the sense of his love in the redemption of the world. How tender the reflection, that in the hearts of these poor heathen should have been awakened such emotions, and the knowledge of such blessed tidings spread a-broad!—

My gude-wife has been considerably amended by our journey—but I do not think her much better in her prospect of per-restoration. She has been rather led to believe, by the experience of this excursion, that travelling for any length of time, subjecting as it does to such incessant fatigue, is not exactly the thing for her; and has some thoughts of spending the month of August in a quiet nook in the country. Should this prove her final determination, I shall be doomed to the unpleasant predicament of going to Niagara without her. In that case, however, I have formed the malignant design of going all the way to Hamilton on purpose to spite you. I see you do not want me to come there, and therefore I am resolved to go; and that too, whatever may be the obstacles in the way, from bad roads, and worse stages. So no more of your "first impressions I want to be good, &c." The tenacity with which you cling to the Trenton expedition, I am too selfish to have the remotest ~~desire~~ ^{desire} of turning into a fruitless anticipation.—

With many thanks for all your kind opinions and wishes, I must now break off. Remember me in your secret petitions before the throne of mercy, that I may be enabled to "make full proof of my ministry;" and to "save myself and others," through Him who is our strength, righteousness, & wisdom. As ever, your friend, Manton Eastburn

10/



Mrs. Nicholas, -

Care of Professor Wittman,

Hamilton,

Madison County,

New York

recently
however,
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