

"John are you going down stairs?" "why"

"Because I wish as you come up you'd bring
Mr. pen ink & paper and I'll write to Emma"

New York 19th 1820

My dear Emma,

Truly I reproach my-
self more for not having written
to you than for any sin of omission
or commission I have long been guilty
of. And yet I have not forgotten
not not for a day my sweet little
Niece have I forgotten you. Your
letter received before the last, had been
lying in my most special pigeon hole
and every morning when I let down
the cover of my secretary I vow that
another western mail shall not
close without bringing you the kindest
answer in the world. But such
my dear girl, as you will sooner
or later learn, is the uncertainty of
all human enterprises. So your grace
admirer who would reprove the
day after day the desk has been let down
and the mail made up without
your letter having been written upon
the one or consigned to the other.
But the time that I have chosen now to write to you
and I mean it to be a long letter is about as good
a proof as I could give of not intentionally neglecting

you. I have been up till one o'clock for the
last night, was at two parties last night,
am going to another so soon as I get this
and must be at my business at 7 to-
morrow morning. And yet in the midst
of this hurry of dissipation and business
with a little family party of the boys
praising Matilow's work box around me,
I am now as completely abstracted from
temporal concerns as if writing to you were
the most agreeable thing in the world, in
stead of being as it is only one of the most
agreeable things. — Your grandpa just told
me to send his love and tell you that if
you can get an opportunity you must
come on as soon as possible and spend
the winter with us and exchange with
Matilow in the Spring. To which Julia
echoes that she will be delighted to
have you. — George has been home lately
he is now stationed at Princeton where
Harrison says he is quite a braver he talks
a little of spending the winter in town
in which case I shall push him into the
"gay world" as it is charitably called, and put
him again myself into comfortable stupefac-
tion. He is learning to walk and will
I have no doubt receive from his big
proper a young man's more attention
from both Mama's and daughters. —
Tell Matilow that your Emmet is still
the cynosure of admiring eyes (?) and that

William wears curled hair May or June
every where. His whiskers are highly re-
stable and his Lapine watch of the
most fashionable description and worn
in the latest style! — In spite of all which
he is "the same old two & sixpence" as ever.
After calling on the Mayors this morning
with me, who enquired particularly after
Matilow. He exclaimed most energetically
to me "well charity this going out is
a stupid piece of business and
I mean to find some other way of get-
ting rid of my rooming" a proposition in
which I heartily concurred, for though
some persons seem to dance away as
cheerful as the Jews your Mother wots
of it. No joke to make one of 5 or 6 people
packed with pickled oysters & kickshaws
into two rooms some 20 feet square. I saw
Matilow's friends Maria Rogwick and
Mary Minot at a squeeze the other night
but when I started to approach them I
got into an eddy of the crowd, and being
whirled out of the door, I took the circuit
that was sitting down stairs to the punch
room, and by a very slight effort got fairly
out of the house. Of course though sorry
at not being able to speak to them ladies,
was willing to compromise for break an
escape, and blessed my stars at once more
"seeing the glimpses of the Moon" — Peter tells
me that my Canoe has been shaving water many
times since after rain I must now bid you

good night my dear Em. and exchange
 your dear friend little society for that which
 is not more agreeable and certainly far
 less interesting. Give my love to your Mother
 and tell her that I was much flattered at
 what Matilda wrote one of her hunting
 up my forgotten little star in that Heaven
 of entertainment the N. Y. American. I
 should like to know if she recognized me
 in "Reginald Wolfe" of the which you must

3rd the

Miss Emma Nicholas

Whiteboro

Orange
 N.Y.

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be Mum. I send her ~~in the paper~~ containing an article
 upon "American poetry" in the frontiers of which
 I know that she will agree though perhaps not laugh
 at the illustrations by which they are enforced.
 Your Uncle Ogden has been making a famous
 speech. One of the best he has ever delivered at this
 War. Many persons present shed tears upon the oc-
 casion and he himself was much moved. Again
 good night my dear Em. My shaving water must
 be nearly cold ^(longer) so I must stop. Good night my sweet girl
 Love Matilda for me
 Your affectionate Uncle
 E. Norton