

New York Nov. 15th 1836

My Dearest Em. I received your letter from Cincinnati yesterday & having taken it home to Julia & read am now on my way down to Eliza's store to throw it to her but as it is only 11 o'clock determined to stop at my office and acknowledge it instead of presenting myself before your friend as so unfashionable and home. I did not go to Eliza's party nor have I seen her nor any of her friends since we parted at the S. Boat. So you came near being lynched I mean losing your lunch pail on the Alleghenies! What a pity it is that you had not a better opportunity of displaying your sublime scenery. If your Mother had filled her mind with it there would not have been room for a frog to creep in. For Miss you both are moping at home. The judge's health is exactly as it was. He is well at breakfast - goes to bed from choice at 11 o'clock & has to go to bed from necessity at four. He comes down to dinner however but not in the most delightful humor, and I think that you will find May a most delightful trio than we make at table. In the

mountains everyone in the house is so exhausted
by applying to ball & cane which ring & thump ab-
solutely throughout the day that I sometimes think
the family Primitives must come to a full stop
from being overworked or discomfited
by bad engineering. Katy too has been an invalid
for some days & Elizabeth is lamed by running a
nail in her hand as for poor Spencer the only
way that he gets along is by having an extra joint
in his leg, as your Mother knows, which enables
him to walk twice as much as other people. So
my dear girl when things look cold and cheerless
when you are you must not add to their gloom
by comparing them with the comforts of 17th Street.
There are as great many good things there to be
had, but good humor is worth them all and I
advise anyone to keep possession of the valuable
in such an atmosphere of worry & phlegm.

I have since a letter that came the other day
from Matilow by which we learn that Mr. Whitman
has got possession of a box with our postcard in
it and no lining. I am afraid that frontier
life will come pretty hardy to you & your Mother
this winter but Matilow takes it with such noble
spirit that you must catch life enough from

her energy to keep you warm. I gave Mrs. Major
a picture of her the other day in her log cabin &
the good lady burned much smoke with it the
aid "She had always thought Matilow a fine
girl but she has no idea she had such a beau-
tiful character. Well, Mr. Hoffman we can't
tell what in any one till they are tried." Mrs. Smith
Gillispie is going out in the spring some distance
beyond you to battle with her son Eugene a fine
youth who since the failure of his Elton brother
has squatted upon government lands in Wisconsin
in order to take them up under a pre-emption
right & provide a home for his Mother. Ellen
Dyer is crazy to accompany her. For Ellen has
been quite ill. She had an attack of fever
some time since and before she was quite well
went on a long walk out of town thinking it would
do her good. She called for Sam Major but finding
her own work alone she was obliged with ordinary
somewhere above our house & wandered for
miles out of town when she was taken in by strangers
& put to bed. Her father's name is a book she carried
gave the only information who she was a Miss
and sent to her family but it was not till 11 o'clock
at night that she was brought home in a carriage

I long to hear from your Mother I am eager to learn
 how she likes the Ohio - the Mississippi and most of
 all the prairie and you Em. Must give me a ground
 plan of your domicile and neighbourhood make a little
 map about 3 inches square in your letter. Tell me
 too about the grouse and whether little of promise
 to be a sportsman. He ought to know the use of arms
 when you for as my friend Tom Calver would observe
 it may be of service to him when as governor of the State

Certainly come out myself to meet him &
 his & his wife before he's too young yet.
 Give lots of my love to his Mother and
 your dear grandchildren and especially the little
 & bid her my warm love - the whole of the family

Chicago Illinois

Care of the Rev S. S. Whitman

Miss Emma Nicholas

Q

27th



he commands the western militia, who think too well of a
 good shot. He might begin with the use of gun-powder by giving
 him just enough to frighten his grandsons then & then as he improves
 sufficient just to blow himself up occasionally a little or so.
 I am afraid though that he will be spoiling among the young
 women & his Napoleon bristles so far nothing at last. I must