

New York July 9. 1846.

My dear Sam.

I am really ashamed of myself when I think of how many days have passed and I not yet written to any of you in Boston. I have been more negligent than I otherwise would have been, from the fact, that you would hear of our safe arrival through that / Mr. McKimman, who left him for Boston on Sunday last. For my own part I have truly been so much occupied with office business since my return that I could not write what I think, and as to visiting or reading at home, that is totally out of the question. I hope to write to you or some one of the family often, yet you must not be greatly disappointed should some weeks elapse at times between my letters, for I feel that this spirit of procrastination grows apace with me.

We had a much more comfortable journey on her than I had anticipated, and with the exception of some little anxiety on my part through fear of a collision with some

other vessel on the Sound in consequence
of the thick fog. made a very fair guess of
it. We did not reach it till about 11.
O'clock Thursday Morning. Little Kate stood
it better than any of us. She has been quite
well since her return, — does not walk yet.
but will make out of her sleep regularly at
midnight, when Father must walk her to
sleep again. Her mother has not enough patience
for it. As for myself the quality is altogether acquired
on my part. I never knew before what it was.
to receive patience, and I am wonderfully surprised
to see how well I make out.

Have you seen any thing of the Sun
now there in Boston. I fear some of
our neighbors have got ~~of~~ a monopoly
of him, for of late he scarcely sheds a ray
upon us. The 4th was as gloomy a day
as any hypochondriac could wish —
no procession, — no fireworks — no nothing
but rain & mud.

We have nothing new with us here. The warm
weather of the past day or two, begins to show its effect
upon Broadway, and it is ~~beginning~~ decidedly
unfashionable to be seen promenading there.

I wish to talk of writing, but I fear it will
all end in talk. Give my love to all not
forgetting Sister Lizzy & Mary Cook of Temple
St — I think I heard you say that

my hand writing was easily deciphered. I
shall try you this time.

In much haste,

Yours affectionately
William Irving

Mr George Wales
No 14 In Lane St
Boston

