

My dear Sarah



Sunny side, Ironstone, Westchester Co. N.Y.

Sunday evening, Jan. 20. 1856.

I have been remiss in not replying to your letter of 2^d instant before now, especially as it encourages me to believe that you will get on fairly in your new vocation; if it depend however on the organization of "the house", the prospect is not so very brilliant; the scene in Washington is very little to the credit of our boasted republic; were "Old Hickory" still living and at the head of the government, the chances are that he would ^{enact} ~~execute~~ the part of Oliver Cromwell, and send to the navy yard for a company of marines and clear the hall at the point of the bayonet.

You will probably look to me for accounts of family matters and I send you such as come to my ears, as those ears are deaf however, those accounts are few, still, such as they are they may interest you in some degree. We had some interest in the late accidents on our rail road; young Henrietta Irving's husband, Smith Van Buren, was in the train that was run into, but sprung from it in time to escape injury, and Edgar's son Washie was in the second car that was split from end to end and was thrown on the ice in the river, yet escaped with a few slight bruises. Washie, I suspect had been on a visit to a "Dulcinea" in the vicinity of Poughkeepsie for reports have been

flying about that he is not only attracted to, but actually under engagement to some young female in that quarter: if it be true, it is certainly a very silly affair in the part of a lad of decent understanding and not yet twenty years of age. I look upon it as a mere boyish freak and trust that it will prove nothing more, as to the young lady, I am entirely ignorant of her and all her kith and kin.

I may have mentioned in late letters that Sanders and his little wife had made up their minds to leave the South and return to this region should an opportunity offer to settle themselves here, and had even determined to make the move in the spring or no offer.

About three or four weeks since one of the principal clerks, in the "Anchor's Clerk's Savings Bank Institution", of which our good friend Moses H. Ginnell is President, resigned his place, and Moses sent a message by telegraph offering it to Sanders. Sanders accepted at once and replied that he would be in without delay - that except the few days necessary to arrange the affairs of the concerns he had in charge. They hesitated as to the route they should take for the return - whether by sea or land, for they had both suffered from sea sickness in their late voyage to Charleston, and Julia dreaded the fatigue of a journey by land. A kind Providence influenced their decision in favor of the steam ship from Savannah and they wrote that they should take passage in the Florida the next Saturday.

I of course watched the weather with some considerable interest, and was of course not a little worried to find on waking up on Sunday morning that a violent north-east gale had been blowing all night.

as I was aware that those gales usually commence at the South-west, I knew that the captain of the vessel would be upon his guard. The gale however did not extend beyond Virginia, and they arrived safely on Tuesday morning after a passage, though rough, of 60 hours. Sanders has entered upon his new duties, but so recently that I have had no chance yet of hearing how they suit him & they will probably require pretty close applications at particular seasons: he and Julia intended to have come up to the cottage yesterday afternoon, but the bank affairs probably prevented.

Of Pierre's and Theodore's affairs I have heard nothing for some time and presume that matters have gone on usual with them.

I have been in the city but once in the last five or six weeks: it was one of my usual flying visits of business allowing of no time to make calls. I was of course unable to see little Kate, but I hear of her occasionally and it gratifies me to learn that the relatives there are kind and attentive; as you say that you had received a long letter from her she has no doubt given you an account of all her little New-York and Christmas presents. You must encourage her to write frequently; by practice she will acquire a facility in the use of the pen; from one or two letters to her aunts here that I have seen, I think that she will make a pleasant letter writer.

You say that I said nothing in my last relative to my hearing; there is an improvement in it but it is only just perceptible; with my hand behind the ear. I can understand what is said, when spoken close to the ear, better now than I could with the trumpet a month ago; and with that assist I can converse with tolerable ease with those whose voices are clear and

their words do endanger their necks through haste.

I beg to be remembered to Sister Sue and send my thanks
in advance for the promised invitation - but she must not
defer it long for I have little time to spare; if next Sunday
27th into Jan. m. here, I may be fairly and truly dubbed our
“Otogenarian”

Thine dear Sarah affectionately



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