

(Fine letter & historical)

Stoughton, August 23rd 1852.

My dear Sister,

Your kind note of the 20th ultimo has just come to hand, it must have been given by some kind friend at the "Americans", where you directed it and forwarded me, well, better late than never, and altho' it is now everlastingly too late to comply with your kind invitation to visit you at the "Pavilion", still ^{it} has not spoiled by keeping, and I enjoyed it quite as well as though it had been entirely fresh — Of such flesh, it was quite refreshing — I left New York on the day it was written, having remained a day, or two longer than I had intended, in the hope that you and your amiable lady would have attended the Henry Clay funeral pageant; you can't imagine how disappointed I was at your not coming, especially as I had engaged as Conductor, for the day, our purpose to have a good opportunity to see all that was to be seen along the long line of the procession, thus was but one drawback, you were not with us. — When I left home I did not doubt I should be obliged to visit New Canaan on business, but I was most provokingly lucky in finding Mr. Sampson at home in New York, I had learned that he had been at New Haven for several weeks, before I left home, and to him I got to New York his friends told me he was there, ^{as} I had business with him that required his personal presence, I made up my

mind to go to New Haven that afternoon, having occasion to
visit Gul Dix, I passed Mr. Sampson's who resides at the
Corner of Bond Street, and from an unmeaning impulse
I rang at the door, and learned to my very great disap-
pointment that Mr. Sampson had just come to town for
a hour or two, well, my good or bad luck did not
end here, for I absolutely met him, how very provoking,
I could now make no sort of an excuse for going to
the beautiful City of the Clouds, except for pleasure, and
as I was bent on business solely, this would not
do. — I suppose you have learned that I have de-
cided with our Rail Road, and that it is to be built
immediately, it is true it is not exactly as we had
proposed to build it, but then, we get the road, and
that was the main thing that I started for. — The
Stock will be in the hands of the Stockholders of the
Old Company, that is, a large majority of it. — The
Old Stock Sold yesterday in New York at 140. after the
dividend, I sold 5000. of my new Stock at 120.
I suppose your friend Mr. Bronson
will feel differently about the matter now, as it will
as it is arranged bring much money into his pocket.
This whole matter of the new Rail Road has a strange
history about it, but as it is never to be written, I will

say nothing about it.

I have mailed to day for Mrs. Patten
the "Evening Post" of the 20th instant, in which she will find
marked my things that will please her — Especially that
"Something worth a careful Consideration", which tells all
about Mr. Daniel Ullman-Rose-and-Said. I believe she
owes him no particular love, and will therefore be able to
enjoy the joke — The other I think will suit you, for
I well recollect you once said to me in another to a
remark, that I thought Major wrote poetry beautifully
that — "he was good for nothing else"; Now I thought
this very unkind toward him in you at the time, and
I think the structure of the "Evening Post" still more so.
It takes a genius to write such verses, but a greater
one, to see the ludicrous idea in a woman lays eggs
immediately peep out in the perspective — Now I should
love to spend a few days with you rambling round and
about New Haven — days spent thus "long long ago"
under unfavourable auspices still linger on my mind
and fill it with pleasurable associations, with its home
beauties and celebrities I am tolerably well acquainted,
I mean local inanimate or not human ones — but then
there is a mountain of dark Coloured rock in sight that
I have never explored, and which I have asked to do since

I first beheld it - Wonder are there any Snakes on it? if there
are, and Mrs. Patten finds it out, I shall sometime get a
description of it - In the City, I recollect the graves of
the Regicides, the plain red stone with the initials of
Each is all that now marks the spot where their remains rest.
"W.G.", if I recollect aright, is the whole epitaph of One who
just two Centuries ago was a Major General in the armies
of the Commonwealth, and whose four years before, in 1648
was one of the Judges that condemned his Sovereign Charles I.
to death - Do you recollect the account of the exhuming the
body of the beheaded King, some fifteen or twenty years ago,
and the body and features being perfect? Why won't ~~some~~
Curious Yankees dig open the grave of William Goff, and see
whether there may not be something out of which to make a
speculation? - In one of the burying grounds there was to
be a Gene of a Statue of a male infant but I fear the
American false Modesty has disposed of ere this, it had com-
menced its work upon it, before I saw it. - Then there is
the Monument of Whitney - Whitney! who did more for
the Civilization and Comfort of Mankind, Niggers always
excepted, than any man this Country has ever produced -
What would the clothing of the masses, all over the world, be
at this time, if the Cotton Gin had not been invented? and
would not Slavery in these United States have died out but
for that invention? - I see I am at the bottom - Give
my love to Mrs. Patten, let her kiss "Georgy" for me, write me
if you please, and believe me, Most Truly Yours  Dinner