

[From Caleb to his Father]

New York, 15th April 1833

My Dear Father:

I like to catch at any opportunity of writing to you for there is a man whom I know well just going off to Liverpool. I have not time to write at detail, but must express my unequivocal wonder at your not writing to either Sam or me, forlorn as we are. The first week we landed, I sent you a letter to let you know. That was in November; again in March, and now in April, everything I could think of was written to you, but no answer, no answer. It is the most dismal reflection I have. I need not be too diffuse.

Sam is independent, clothed like a gentleman and sole Editor of the New York "Knickerbocker." I am in a situation sufficient to support me, as clerk in a livery stable, where I get board and Ten Dollars per month. I hope if you get this letter, you will instantly reply to your anxious sons. Why does not Jos. [Joshua] write to me – or anybody at all. The last letters I sent you took me two days to write them. I sent one to everyone at home and gave them to Sam, as he said he would put them all in a packet together. Whether they have reached you, I cannot tell. We have heard nothing at all of James, although we have written him repeatedly. Is it not strange?

Business is brisk here and money plentiful to those who can earn it. Sam intends to send you some money shortly and so would I if I had it. But I hope at the end of this year to enclose you something. That God may enable me to do it is my prayer. Sam gets, by his own account, Ten Dollars a week, or 110 Pounds Sterling per year.

Dear Father, I am in a great hurry, but where is Jos. – how is he – what doing? Is he coming here? Fool if he doesn't. And George – oh, how I long to hear from you all. I hope my poor, Dear Mother is well, and yourself, and Catharine, Martha, John, Eliza and Aunt, etc. How is Matthew, Thomas, Arabella, Henry, all, all, how are they?

If I cannot better myself here, I intend to go to Liverpool. That is what you ought to advise me about. Sam is kind, very kind. He has given me a good suit of clothes. His Boss (the American name for Master) has made him buy a splendid mare, full-blooded, too, and a beautiful creature she is.

I have to give up. Farewell, farewell. This word fills my heart. Oh, if Jos. were here I would be happy, and if yourself, far happier. Remember me to everybody that knows me.

Your most affectionate son,

Caleb Lanktree