

[From Samuel to his Father]

New York, Thursday, 24th Oct. 1833<sup>1</sup>

My Dearest Father:

I have less time than I calculated on to write by Mr. Marsden, having been kept most unconsciously busy with reading and writing for the magazine so that now I have time for little else than to say I am well. I wrote you a letter by Miss Houghten of Nottingham, who sailed from this port on the 12th of last month, and sent by her a bound copy of *Knickerbocker* and all the other numbers up to this date, which I hope you have received.

I have not had an opportunity to speak to Mr. Marsden on the subject so near my heart, but as I never saw a kinder and more Christian man and as he speaks of my Father with most gratifying respect, I am sure my Father will find him a valuable friend to advise with on the subject, and who, I have no doubt, will enter warmly, at all events disinterestedly into your views. I wish you would correspond with him on the subject.

I have not heard, which I deem very singular, from either Caleb or James, since I left them 5 weeks ago, though I am sure they are well.

My employment remains the same, sometimes very busy and at others, with little enough on my hands. I met with a heavy loss in being compelled this week by the publishers of the *K*, to pay 50 Dollars for an article, which when Editor, I inserted in the magazine. They thought the price exorbitant and refused to pay it. He sued them, and recovered it, and for revenge, they stopped it out of my salary. Indeed, I meet with continually so many cursed drawbacks similar to this, of one kind or another, that I can do little more than exist. I have got a volume of *Tales of the Press*,<sup>2</sup> however, which if successful, will reimburse me.

Do write to me at enormous length. I hunger and thirst for intelligence from home. Tell my dear Jos. [Joshua] to write me such another letter as he wrote me before. Never will I cease to bless and thank my Mother for her invaluable letters to me. I would highly esteem a letter from John and Thomas. What are my darling little sisters about? Why cannot they write to me? I wish I had them here. My salary is so good that I could well afford to keep them at a good school did we live in private lodgings, as we do at home, instead of boarding, as in this country, which absorbs enormous sums. I will embrace the very first idle opportunity of writing to you again, and I beg you to excuse this very hurried letter, which were it not that you must be at all times glad to hear from me, I would not have written at all.

Do, for Heaven's sake, make me off a copy of the *Ulster Magazines* for the two years of its existence. I would give anything for them now. Telling will give them, with all the views of his heart, and send them to the care of Peabody & Co., 219 Broadway, New York. Farewell, dear,

---

<sup>1</sup> - The letter's originally transcribed year, "1834," is wrong. 24 Oct fell on a Friday in 1834; in 1833 it fell on a Thursday, consistent with this date line. In addition, by October 1834 Samuel was married, yet he makes no mention here of his wife. Finally, he speaks here of continued employment at *The Knickerbocker*, yet in another, earlier letter his comments make clear he'd have different employment by October 1834.

<sup>2</sup> - As to which no extant record is found.

dear Father. How ten thousand bursting feelings swell in my heart as I think of home, the past and the present.

Your ever affectionate son, Samuel