Dear Brothers,

I think when I wrote to you last, I mentioned that Abel could receive a line from me soon; but it has so happened that he has not had any yet. I cannot tell why it is, but so it is: when I sit down to write home, some appears to be the one to whom it is the most natural for me to direct my letters. I love Abel, Jane & Co. and am anxious to hear from them, but still, yours, you are my true fellow, my darling Boy in particular. I would dearly love better, that one lot has been so dear, that one town or at least the same state might have contained us both, that almost we might see each other once a month, but Providence has disposed of us perhaps undoubly for the best. Had we been situated near each other, perhaps we never would have realized the affection existing between us; perhaps enjoy no more pleasure in seeing each other often than we now do in receiving a letter. I cannot like letter writing and I don’t know what is the reason of it; if I was as fond of writing as I am of receiving letters, you would hear from me very very often. I suspect that I am not the only person in the world that dislikes writing not that I wish to point out any particular character it is true you have written to me twice or three times in a twelve month. I have seen none since March 29th. Please to tell Liz that I am very much obliged to her for her very pretty letter. I intend to write to her next if I dont take a notion to you.

Yesterday, of course, was the 4th of July. It was celebrated here as usual by military maneuvers, orations, great dinners, getting drunk, fighting &c. &c. &c. As for me, I rode out with Madame Fansay and daughters in his carriage to see her country 4 miles from town. I spent the day very agreeably. About noon we were joined by a party of French gentlemen and ladies, about 20 in number,
and as jolly fellows as I ever saw. We had punch, white wine, claret, madeira, port wine, champagne, and a superb dessert about 3 o'clock, with a desert of

fruit, such as raspberries, currants, cherries, figs, almonds, Maraschino. No one got drunk, but all merry. I remained the same old Joseph only that I drank much more wine than I ever did before in my day. Retrieved to town about

half past 7 last evening. At the centre square, they now began blowing it out about

night. The square was surrounded and filled with ordinary loungers, Irishmen, sailors and everything that was capable of quarrelling, fighting and drinking.

It was a scene of confusion and horror. The effects of flog, the fist and the
Irish club, were very manifest on the ground for one man lay on one place drunk, one in another with a twisted eye, scarred face, kicked and pounded almost to a jelly, if he went to rise some one would come along perhaps and understanding his prayers and intonations, would fall upon him with his fist, club or the toe of his boot. Sometimes there would be

20 or 30 fighting at a time. Sometimes they would only one. Here is a

other - no Irishman; then perhaps 1 or 10 would fall to thumping and kicking him till there remain no signs of life remaining. Sometimes

the mob would seize about a ton, mount a table or my liberty, adhered to the

yankies. Grin when the first they would know the rattle would run on them with

pieces of logs, stones or clubs, pounding them over their heads and backs with all their mights. I should not wonder if a great number had

been killed. I have not heard of any deaths yet. I went up to the grounds

this morning and found 3 lying on the ground apparently drunk, one fairly

much bruised in the face. This is what is called keeping the 4th of July in

a serebrity style!!! The civil authority here takes no notice of such

things. The multitude do as they please on that day.
I intend to write a large piece of ornamental penmanship as soon as I can get time. For a subject, I have chosen a family register, containing the names of my parents, their birth and marriage, likewise the names and births of all my brothers and sisters. Will you be so good as to inform me of the year, month and day on which each member of our family was born and likewise when our parents were married. I am very healthy and astonishingly corpulent. I am in con

sent, I have entirely put up very much since I left off the use of tobacco. Cousin Roxana Chase is dead; she died at New Orleans the 13th of May and on account of the hot climate was buried the same day. She died rejoicing in the Lord. Benj. wrote me that he was perfectly resigned to the will of God. I send sister Bethy the same to the three passing friends. It is a time that I admire the more as was a favorite of Cousin Roxanah. She, together with myself and cousin Benjamin, have sung it many a time. I never sing it again without thinking of her as one of the best of women.

Give my love to every one. Particularly, my dear parents, brothers and sisters, grandmother, uncles, aunts and cousins, each one and every one. Remember me to Jane Neal, Dr. Gregg, Esq. to F. Bailey, Esq. to F. Chase, Bristol A. Chase and Brother Nathan Huntington.

Dearest Brother, I have no doubt but you will be able to read this letter. I should like to have written it better and sooner if I had not been in great hurry.

Yours very affectionately yours.

[Signature]

[Signature]