My last letter to you (from Hamilton) was cited Noble, and
how much a thousand explanations of your silence, but none
were sufficient—I was always taught at the age of my
society to the conclusion, that “Lord Abby does not care for
— I to write she will not,” whether this was flattering or not.
I leave it for you to determine.
I wrote to John last week and asked your marriage, and of
course you may expect from to receive an acknowledgment from
him. As for cousin Mary, I ask you must indeed write
to them, for they are such old fashioned folks, if you write
then opening a correspondence, I fear you will find they do not
which I think of them to have more of reality than cities in
the Atlantic. I am particularly anxious to say that this
correspondence should rest between you, for actually the once
half of our family, appear to know the other, only by hearsay
and such this thing should be. So I cannot imagine they are
none of us but what know our family, this why should sce
not enourage to hide, instead of exposing, what secrets of
those of her, and especially when those in pearls, are our own
relatives? The motto of “United we stand, divided we fall” is as applicable
to a family as to a nation, and God knows there has been division
enough among us and let not the recent generations, we are