

New Orleans, 3^d April, 1834.

A few days since I received, my dear friend, your letter of the 16th March. If it were not for the enduring excuse of the rheumatism I should not forgive you for having so long delayed to write to me. I trust, however, that it is now but an excuse, and that you are quite well again under the influence of the warm weather.

After all I am glad that the Schepherd has entered into political life, provided he do not let his ambition lead him so far as to diminish his own usefulness or the happiness of his spouse. In the meantime it is certainly better to be so employed than in speculating. I have heard of his being in Albany with Col. Worth and of his wanting "our sweet friend Julia" to go home with him.

You cannot imagine how much pleasure it gave me to find you, who have ever been my best friend, speaking in such natural terms of affection of my Julia. If you did not love her, I assure you, a large portion of my happiness would be trenchid off. But I am without solicitude on this head, for I am sure that you cannot help loving her, even if you should be a little jealous! But I have made it a condition of our eye that I shall always be as much your devoted slave as ever; si mihi visum
Wm.



Mrs James Monroe,

43 Murray Street,

New York.

When the enemy first received the Sultan she imagined that Jan had made it, and I have not undecided her - I would rather that she should not know who did until she knows Harriet.

If she should come to town in the Spring (as is probable) will you make her acquainted with my father and the old lady and Eliza and Mr. Kane and Harriet? I have not told Margaret Kenwick of my engagement, but she is one of my relations that my wife will know of come. I shall be in a dilemma about Mr. John. I have a good deal of weakness towards John but none towards his wife; and she and Mr. W. will never be intimate; so they had better not begin violently at first - you know Mr. Dyckman's provok about chess-cakes &c.

I am passing my time tediously enough here. The state of business is such that prudence has exacted of me to abstain from doing anything; and I see no prospect of amelioration. I am impatient beyond measure to get back, yet I must fulfill the duty that I have undertaken, and at last wait until the period for doing anything has passed away. I think that I shall remain about six weeks longer.

I hope that little Pet will be more sociable when I get back - She is the only one of your children that disliked me - I was quite uneasy, during January, from the terrible degree of sickness that prevailed in New York amongst the children. I am rejoiced that you continued to enjoy good health.

During the whole time that I was in Charleston the weather was very bad. In December it was good; and continued so until I reached Montgomery - But the road from Augusta to Montgomery was in a terrible condition. I am afraid Mr. C. will not be much pleased with his journey, if she comes further South than Charleston; and Charleston itself is a stupid place in my estimation.

It is now becoming very warm here after a long continuance of rain: - indeed it is like summer in New York - like June -

I have some curiosity to see how Simbs will conduct himself on the occasion of the twofold nomination for Alderman - I hope that he will have avowed himself openly against the Administration. This course would be in keeping with his character, and it would not hurt him as a politician; for our political constitution must be regenerated, even if it be through the ordeal of a Revolution; the body-politic must be purged, if it be with fire - made clean, even if the corrupted parts be cut away by the sword. For myself, I would rather plunge into a civil war - I would pronounce my marriage vows "with harness on our back" rather than transmit to my children the accursed heritage of belonging to a country so degraded as ours will be unless the true worth and intellect of the community rise in their might and put down the miscreants that now misrule.

What with the warm weather, impatience and weariness of having no useful occupation I cannot write legibly today. I hope you will excuse my scrawl out of compliment to Sim's - When you see Harriet tell her I have read her letter, and thank her for the Sultan - Believe me, dearest friend, Ever yours, heart & soul - W.