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New York March 11th 1842

Dear Edgar

Yours of 5th inst arrived in due time. You allude to the paper sent you containing a description of the [scenes] at the Boz Ball, and wish to know whether I was present. I was there and had a good long look at Dickens—some of the portraits out are good likenesses of him—His face is a good one, although he might not be called by us Americans a very handsome man. He has a remarkably expressive eye full of gentleness and goodness. But when he talks, his countenance assumes a very comical and queer expression, one eye draws up and the other down, his mouth (which is extremely feminine when his face is at rest) changes and you can see [*unclear*] Mr. Pickwick Sam Weller—Weller Sam and all the other characters of the Pickwick papers. But one little incident pleased me more than all the rest of the performances. I stood near Mrs. Dickens who was hanging on the arm of Mr. Willis and Dickens stood near them with this attention taken up with introductions & [Col]. A lady was introduced, whom Boz did not notice on account of the frequent interruptions---His wife caught him by the arm, and addressed him by his name Charles, in such a familiar manner that it was worth the whole scene besides—It was a peep hole into all the domestic happiness of their family [*smear'd ink*] As far as I know, Boz has given satisfaction to all with whom he has become acquainted and public opinion has deemed that he is the very man whom his works shadow [further]—

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[I've] some public documents from John a few days since which are quite interesting. [He & Mr Rilboun] have had a falling out, but I will not describe the cause, as I intend to send you the document as soon as they can be spared—The tragedy which took place in the senate and the bother and anxiety peculiar to the matter of legislature will probably have the effect to prevent me of Johns turn of mind, from becoming a candidate again for a seat in the legislature. I believe he has given satisfaction to all parties.

I should have been glad to have made one of the party [*Sic*] at Fathers but the idea of mud and the improbability of good weather prevented. Business will be so dull this spring, and the early part of summer that I intend to spend more time with you than usual. We have had most remarkable weather here, which I trust is destined to last. The willow trees and grass look quite greenish. Olivers child I have not yet seen. Tonight I am invited to a party at Eli Whites. I do not fancy the idea of going, but I suppose I shall on Sue's account

I understand that Eli is in great trouble in procuring a gardener and a pair of horses—The farm will not last in a year in my opinion. Love to all

Very truly yours
Edmund Tweedy