1824

My dear friend Boston July 25, 1824

I feel quite guilty when I glance my eye on the date of your last letter — but I have suffered so much from debility & lassitude this Summer that I have not felt like writing to you, thinking that my epistle might operate on you as an opiate. Our weather has been very dry & uncomfortably warm, & I believe I should be really ill were it not for a few hours rain yesterday which has refreshed Nature; but even this refreshment has been soothing in comparison to the feelings which were awakened in me, in reading the Toast which Colonel Gibbs was pleased to give at the Mr Fingal dinner, to my late Husband's memory! — This was indeed reviving & soothing to my heart! — and excited those emotions that seldom are felt during a long life!

I hope that your health has been restored & that sickness & anxiety have left your door never to return, for you have been so long a victim to both, that a change to health & repose must be deeply felt by you. I often think of you & long to see you & lament the distance that separates us, & how seldom I hear direct from you.

Your family here, are now, (as you must know already) from home to Lebanon Springs & to

My best remembrances to Col Gibbs & to dear George, & hopes to the rest of the children