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Saratoga Springs
Aug. 10th 1841.

The day before I left home my dear
Sister I received your letter, and with heart
felt gratitude returned thanks for the
blessing of your recovery, my mind had been kept
so anxious about you and our dear Prety, that
I felt it impossible to be satisfied without making
an effort to be with one of you, and yet was not
willing to move until some other relief, so as
soon as dear Prety's useful letter arrived, I
offered to accompany me to N. York, and once
disengaged from business he determined that
we should spend a week here, and doubt
these balsamic waters, and so I must unexpec-
tably find myself in this scene of gaiety, folly
& fashion, where old & young pursue the giddy round,
"converting pleasure into toil, and buying toil
a pleasure" we are in a house containing two
hundred persons from various places, out of
which you would extract abundance of amuse-
ment and instruction, whilst I can only pick
up a few crumbs that are dropped in my laps -
for you know I never possessed the facilities of listen-
ing for my self - or bringing in a quota to the common
stock. However I will freely show what has been
afforded me, and first introduce you to a very
interesting personage with whom I have become
acquainted

The wife of my old friend Robert Sedgwick,
she is here in attendance on her invalid husband
and inhabits a more retired position, to which
I often resort. They lately visited Europe with their
distinguished sister, the object of this voyage, was
Robert's health but it resulted in many agreeable
circumstances tho' the immediate object was only
partially attained. He is still a sufferer. Catherine
was here when we first arrived, arranging papers with
the mother of those astonishing young poetesses - Lucie
and Margaret Davidson - we went yesterday to see
their portraits, Mrs S's name being mentioned produced us
further proofs - their mother sent us several volumes of
N. S. poems and romances - many not published - and
numerous specimens of drawings & self taught of these
girls. The eldest died at the age of 17. The second at 16.
a brother equally talented, is now consuming away
in the same fatal disease at 22 - Washington Irving
has recently written a memoir of Margaret and selected
part of her productions - and Miss Sedgwick is preparing
a similar vol. ^{from} of her old editor with additions
of Lucie's writings - it is but justice to mention that
these excellent persons, have given their labours, to the
parents who are in the most ^{disadvantaged} circumstances -
I hope some good ladies here who use wealth
and influence will patronize this unfortunate
family, and make the sad mother's heart rejoice
again - who now like Rachel "weeps for her children
because they are not" - The young are easily led to
something new, Mrs Meredith having mentioned one

