

565 11/203 0 JHS

I wrote a long letter to you last week My Dear Maria,
but did not get it closed in time for Mr Leary and thought it
not worth the postage, and so commended it to the gate and should
not now take up its ashes, but to let you know that I have thought
of and answered your charming letter before this. altho you have been
spared the trouble of reading all that a very anxious state of mind
might have suggested on that occasion. for Isabella was then very ill
and both sister Mary & myself were with her day & night. she is not
yet considered better by her physicians, but we have a very capable
nurse, and perhaps by getting more accustomed to her sufferings we do
not feel so apprehensive. she has been ill a fortnight of a similar
attack to that she had two years ago and tho her life is in imminent
danger, as she has been struggling daily with the same symptoms it is
probable she will again overcome them - yet indeed if it does not please
the Almighty to restore her health, her friends cannot desire a continuance
of her existence. which has long been a scene of varied pain "severe for
severe" Geo has been well a whole month and we begin to feel the
delightful hope that he may continue so. we have also had letters from
Ben as late as Nov^r and he says he is getting fat and has not been in
as good health for two years. Harriet will be home in a few days to
prepare for his arrival, and we shall expect him within a month.
our afflicted sister wasted and worn out as she is by constant
nursing & watching has some bright objects to fix her hopes on, and really
her light step and grateful smile, as she welcomes the morning saluta-
tion of her first born seems to take something from the weariness she
imbibes in Isabellas darkened room - I sincerely sympathized with
your sister Boswell, and was uneasy too about her son Jos, who was
very sick here, but he has recovered. My man went to see him daily
and found your friend Dr. Black attending him in conjunction with Dr
Rush. I am going to send you by this conveyance a review of
Eugene Aram from the New York American written by Charles Hoffman
if you are in the habit of seeing that paper, you will know his
pieces by the mark of a star, and as I think he writes well, I would
commend him to your notice. he likes to get Julia's approbation

and sometimes sends her the paper. we were all pleased with this novel, except Jacob Haags. and I believe she heard it to much interest before she read it. The real Eugene seems to have some little resemblance to Bulwer's, except in scholarship - but the extreme refinement of the novel here is a strong contrast to the personage whose wife & accomplices are more on a level with him self - than the angelic being he is associated with in this interesting book - Julia & Isaac are such good friends that I believe he deserves to be forgotten - and I did not like to disturb the harmony subsisting between them by reviving the subject. but there is so much frankness in her manner towards him, that I cannot suppose any offence was intended on that occasion, and she is so affectionate & respectful to her Mother's friend, that I almost fancy she adopts the feelings & manners of my other niece -

↓ That which you call the misfortune of single ladies, My dear Sister, is in my case converted into a blessing. for by sharing the troubles I gain admission into the affections of my friends - and what should I do with the heart nature has given me, if all its warm pulsations were to beat against closed bosoms? that pretty tale of "Second best" made me weep in very sadness at the cold picture of a perfect character - too perfect for any one to love - and it seemed lifted out of the reach of love as a passion - the rule of benevolence for all human beings with whom she was associated - I never sat for such a picture, My dear Maria, and would not exchange the memory of keener pangs for the beautiful & placid mirror of a life opened out we might imagine the Angel of pity was pass on earth - I am surprised almost - nay, grateful for the place I hold in the hearts of my brothers & sisters, and to tell you the truth am often afraid I shall grow vain of such praises as you bestow upon me. or if you speak & then cease to love me, because speak. I shall be unhappy & you unjust. I warn you therefore, that you must take heed of your words, knowing as you must how every word of yours is treasured and in future say no better of me than I deserve.

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Ingersoll. / postponed on account of Mr Craig's death. I am glad to hear the
Barry's get so good a legacy it was reported that no will could be found - but
if the heirs knew that was his intention they no doubt will pay it -
The cap I had made for you, looked so mean in white that I declined
taking it - she disposed of it to some person of less difficult taste
and so I have postponed your order until something better appears.
Miss Eliza says - the Paris caps of which they have two arrived are
of the same fashion she made last winter. head dressing entirely
changed. The hair put up à la Greek - so you have only to look
at an old picture of Grecian beauty and arrange your tresses
by it - with a golden bodkin - a according to the comel calendar
a damaged one - a great disappointment has taken place
in the circle of fashion - Mrs Blight's just bale was to be
announced. tickets all written, guests from New York arrived -
and strangers' departure postponed - when lo. an arrival
from the West Indies brought accounts of the death of
Mr P. Blight and all the elegantly decorated rooms
were to be dismantled!! all this is ^{generally} more regretted - than
the cause of regret. poor Peter's epitaph may be written
on the profaned waste paper of an undelivered billet -
Dr Chapman has purchased a new house built opposite
one door since you left us, and Mrs G. Willing has taken
another - so we shall have our eyes feasted with belles -
Mrs Rutledge is anxiously expecting her husband, whose
health is not so much improved as was hoped for - I fear
he will never be well again - My friend Miss Peters brought
the agreeable traveller Dr Wright to see me the other day, and
proposed my meeting him at her service, but I could not go. she
is quite the go - this winter, in high health & spirit, and Miss D.
esquinte, what in this world makes people so happy as
self complacency - I heard of your sister & Mr Polair, last week
they sent a kind remembrance to me by Mr Brown -