

is but weakness. and a small matter would lay me low. a sudden
and universal debility. with a wasting of the Solids was my principle
complaint. this produced various complaints, and the whole train of
weaknesses connected with it.

I cannot yet sleep regularly,
I want air, and exercise, but the weather is so cold, and unpropitious that
I never knew a more backward Spring, there is not yet any vegetation
with us.

Since I wrote to you, I have been called to
mourn the loss of two relatives. Mr William Smith of Boston, whom
you well knew. as an amiable good man. and a patient sufferer under
many heavy afflictions, he has long been in feeble Health, but kept
house only a fortnight, having attended the genl court through the
Session. from his consumptive complaints, we were in some measure
prepared for his dissolution - but not so for the death which took place
last week - Mrs Boardman. Sarah Adams that was, got to bed with
a dead born child - and paid the forfeit of her Life, to the birth of her
child. brother's family are in great affliction, as you may well suppose
she has left three children. Shall we not say with Job, that man
is born to trouble. as the sparks fly upwards.

The p. received a few lines
from our Johnson, which he intended to reply to, but has had, and is
still labouring under the weight of one of his dreadful cold's. his
eyes so much affected. that he has not written a line these three weeks
in that letter our Johnson says, that he was to be united to your
brother in administering upon your brother's estate. I was rejoiced
to hear it, I should suppose, that it would require an active experienced
and capable gentleman, more experienced in the ways of men. than the
Colt who in his dealings with the world, has been too apt to be
suzed upon by specious appearances - fair words and promises -
"and think, that there is no harm, when no harm seems"