

Boston December 17th 1820

my dear Sir.

Your letter of the 30th of November has filled me with grief, The untimely death of my dear great Grand Son cast over my mind a sorrowful gloom - There has not been one of my Posterity who has excited fond hopes that he would be a comfort to his Parents and a blessing to Society - But Providence destroys the hope of Man - I sincerely console - He console with you and my grand Daughter her Mother, and your Father and Mother - You must all arouse yourselves - summon all your fortitude and submit with entire resignation to the chastising rod of the Father of all - He is the Father of us all - and afflicts us only for our good -

I have been more than a month in Boston attending the arduous labours of the Convention - which however have not been so severe a trial; as the unbounded hospitality and civilities of this amiable people - my love to my grand Daughter and her Mother -