

Quincy, February 3<sup>rd</sup> 1785.

My Dear Mother

The promptitude with which you complied with my request, merits my warmest thanks, and I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note, and its contents. I believe I promised to inform you of this curious affair, which stands thus; I was playing with a ring, that had been placed upon my finger, and which I was to return, in three weeks, when unfortunately it fell from my hand, into the fire, and was entirely ruined, before I could extricate it, from the flames: I was determined to repair the loss, if I parted with some of my own trinkets; but having two dollars by me, I thought it best, to apply to you, for the rest of the sum, and I could repay you shortly. I hope soon, by saving as I go along, to restore to you, what I borrowed. This is the whole affair. I fear it will not be in my power to forward Heron's history of England, as there is a law, against sending any thing by the mail, beyond a particular weight, and as this is the case, the post masters will not forward large books, but I shall endeavour to find a conveyance for it. I have now the satisfaction to say, that your friend Mr Daniel Greenleaf, is better, which I know will be glad tidings for you; he has indeed had a most severe fit of sickness, and we are all, rejoiced at the prospect of his recovery.

I suppose you have heard before this, of the loss, of the President. it is most severely felt, in this part of the Country, as she was one of our finest Frigates. For my own part, when the sad tidings, reached my ears, I felt, as though I had experienced, some dreadful calamity. but our national