

Quincy May 17<sup>th</sup> 1816

My Dear Mother

I can hardly believe, that such a length of time has elapsed since I have written, or heard from you, be assured I should not have remained so long silent, but through necessity; for the last three weeks, I have been deprived of the use of my right hand, by a violent attack of the Rheumatism which settled there, and has rendered me absolutely useless. I have thought constantly of you, and sincerely sympathized in all your afflictions. Your trials my beloved Mother, have indeed been severe, and must have called forth all your fortitude, to enable you to sustain them without repining. But we know that "God tempers the wind to the shorn Lamb," and "as our day is, so will our strength be." May the Almighty put underneath you, his everlasting arms, and may you experience that consolation, which the world cannot give.

Caroline writes us, that her Father has been very ill; severely painful to his affectionate bosom, must have been the scenes, he has so recently witnessed, and we are anxious to hear, that his health, is re-established.

It is now, the first wish of my heart, to see you and my dear Sister here, and fervently do I pray, for its realization; change of scene, would I dare say, be of service to your health, and you can judge, with what delight, I should see you again. It has pleased Heaven, to restore my dear Grand Mother to health, and strength; she now, appears charmingly, and is