

better, than she was the last Spring. Grand Papa has been quite sick with a cold,
our East winds, are trying to the constitution, and the season, is uncommonly backward.

Let me hear from you, very soon, my dear Parent, and that you are perfectly
recovered, from your indisposition. I cannot write very well, as you will see,
this being the first attempt. With my tenderest love, to my dear Brother, and
Sister, and a kiss to my sweet little nephew, I am most affectionately your
Daughter. S. B. Adams