Grenderin. Sept. 4th, 1826.

My dear lamb, your favour of the first my mother has just received and requests me to answer it, ever since your arrival at Newark it has been my wish to write to you, and the only apology I can offer for not having done so is the extreme delicacy of my health. I have suffered so severely all this summer from continual fever that writing which I never had a fondness for has really been a subject of aversion to me in fact every avocation in which I could trace even the shadow of restraint. I find it necessary at present to be very careful of myself, I cannot eat vegetables of any kind, and even fruit, and indeed I find has a very sensible effect upon my health, however I am in hopes that abstinence to my diet and gentle exercise will eventually have a beneficial effect. I regret of course you cannot make us a visit, may not formation induce you to alter your determination the present would not be attended with any fatigue, we have a comfortable little carriage with every day to ask your service and we shall all be delighted to see you. It is unnecessary for me to expatiate upon the sameness of a country residence, our house can boast of little variety, every day seems but the reflection of the last and I am left without those which we create for ourselves, still it is in the power of every one, and I think it a duty to feel a degree of interest in all the concerns of life, and being with you a contented heart, and no complaints shall be wanting on our part to make you at least grateful with your visits. Give my love to aunt Clarkson.