

our Land, we dwell in peace and safety, our Country produces
us every necessary, and many of the luxuries of life, no hard tasks
Master grips them from us. no children of want stare for
bread, there is one thing we want, we want grateful Hearts
and deserve not the abundant mercies we receive

My pen grows so bad that
I must close my letter with the hope of hearing from you, and
that in better hand writing than what is written by yours
affectionate Grandmother

Abigail Adams.

PS -
Your Aunt and cousin
desire to be remembered to
your uncle and Aunt nobody
and to your cousin & you

only steady news, -
you. your Aunt Smith, and Caroline are here and well
your Aunt Enock gets along but slowly, she is very weak, and
has a bad cough which troubles her very much, she has to be out
a little way several times, but is obliged to crawl up stairs upon
her hands when she returns - riding suits her. she thinks she