

Saturday Night

My Dear Debra

I received your nice long epistle this afternoon, but was very sorry to learn that Anne was indisposed, I hope it is nothing serious and that she will soon recover. I have been very busy since I last wrote with sewing, my war drobe being rather in a disordered state I required considerable fixing up, but with the assistance of Elizabeth and Betty (who is now with us) I have quite finished the most necessary part. We miss the girls dreadfully and had we not been so constantly employed the time would have hung heavily. We expect them on Tuesday night and I shall not send this till I have seen them and will settle the hour and engage them to go a part of the way, I think the day will be Friday. I expect that we shall conclude to take Mr Youngs house, we have nearly decided to now but cannot tell certain till we have seen the girls, if we conclude to take it we shall pass directly up to Boston and I really long for the time when I can say that I have a home in Boston. Father likes the house very much but does not like the situation, as well as one he has seen next to Maria Goodwins perhaps that will prove to be the one but I hope and pray it may be the other. I promise myself "beaucoup de plaisir" when I shall visit you and your good family. Last Thursday we tore up in the fields in search of Mrs Beals boy who had run away the day previous, but we found not the little culprit, for he returned the day subsequent. I wish you had been here I know you would have enjoyed the race much. Last evening you must know that Elizabeth and I went to a great very large party, every body was there in the whole town of Hingham I enjoyed myself as much as could be expected in such a crowd, but I must confess the great parties are venomous violences, far less pleasant than the last I attended in Weymouth. I have come to the conclusion that there is only one pleasant thing about parties, but I dare not say it as it manifests too plainly my greedy disposition, but I know you must know what I mean. Sir Burr was there looking as "mild as the moonbeams", just as we were coming away he came up and said to me I am going to Weymouth to-morrow, I told him I wrote you last, and I wish he

would call and see if you had a letter so this afternoon I went up to the bake house and he said he had sent it, so I then marched home. I go here by the name of the widow Bur, Only think I should have been to 3 large parties since I saw you, I have a lot to communicate to you tell Anne with my best love that I hope she will be able to bear my stories, as I know that some of them will cause her to smile, I know the sight of ~~the~~ the widow Bur will revive her I hope she has not had occasion for the Doctor I also hope his wife is in a promising way. Eliza and I have been over to Mrs Andrews and saw Charlotte and the baby I am perfectly in raptures with little Billy Howard, he is the prettiest little creature that ever lived. I hope you will excuse the manner in which I have written this I would not send such a scrawl to any one else but L. Maria is talking as fast as she can and Rhoda is doing what is still worse, she cries eternally, and I fear always will while she lives, and I dont know but what after she is dead she will. I believe I will put this away for to night as Eliza is hastening to the land of "Nod" and I have my wool to card, so good night my baby my poor little one.

Sunday afternoon I am ashamed to be writing to you this afternoon but having a severe headache I dont feel fit for any thing Eliza has gone to church I went this morning and heard Mr Mott of Boston like'd him very much I am really ashamed to send you this scrawl after reading yours so nicely written but I am at first a good pen and the ink is vile. I shall in a give you to night as setting down by the fire with all your brothers and sisters I hope once or twice in the course of the evening, that the widow Bur will crop your mind, I hope by another Sabbath will find you with you but I dare not depend too much, I think it will be expedient for me to put this away now and take my book so good bye.

Monday morning We were agreeably surpris'd last evening by seeing Father and he and Eliza have just set out for Boston I shall be very lonely while she has gone she and the girls will all be down to morrow night. Last evening you must know that I asked him about my coming to see you, but he did not seem to like the idea of my walking so far again, and said he could not agree to it

but Eliza like a christian spoke out and said, that she did not think the walk would hurt me, so she tried to reason with him, and like a fool told him that if I did not go, I should not sleep. So he did not say much more. I went to bed rather soreful as you may suppose, as it was so uncertain, but this morning I told him that I was going, and he said finally, that I may or what was the same thing so tomorrow I shall settle it with the girls, I was glad to hear you say that ^{but} you was going to bring some apples with you for I have ^{but} one in the course of 4 or hours - Good bye for the present yours. Sylvia

Tuesday noon. I believe my dear Deborah I will finish this letter and carry it up to the lake house but the girls have not yet returned and I with venture to ask you to set out on Friday after dinner at precisely 2 o'clock if it is decent weather if not on Saturday at the same time. I must carry this up to Sir Bunsnow, for I am very much afraid you will not receive it in time. So I cannot fill up my three pages Love to Anne I hope she is better, give my best love to all your Aunt's Grandmother and your own family, and believe me ever yours most affectionately Sylvia Anna. Dont let any one see this and excuse the looks

Tuesday Noon

Please to walk at a moderate rate, and not your usual gallop

For

Miss. Debora Weston

Weymouth

Politeness of Mr. Burr.