

Mary Weston

Boston Friday afternoon

My dear friend Deborah

I have now sat down with the intention of writing you a nice long letter, but whether I shall succeed or not remains to be proved. It is so long since I wrote a letter, that really I have almost forgotten how to hold my pen, however you must excuse all faults and take it from whence it came. I expected to have seen you in town my dear long before this, but I think the travelling sufficient excuse, I yesterday morning called at Mr. Baileys, but had no idea of finding Anne there, as I thought she had gone home long ago. ~~But~~ I was quite surprised to see her, she talks of going home tomorrow but I hardly think she will. I have not much news to write, the severe snow storms that we have lately had, seem to be the prevailing topic now, it is horrid travelling, and I am sure, quite as bad walking, and very dangerous also; the snow is continually falling off of the houses, and I have heard of several people being severely injured by it, so I walk as little as possible and when I do with no sort of comfort. I presume this is no news to you so I will drop the subject. I hope my dear Deborah by the next week you will be here, I want very much to see you, as you are well as ever and think much of you. I have been reading Emma lately and like it very much, am now reading Rob Roy, I suppose you have read that long ago, and have been making a shirt for my father, and have just set the last stitch in it. I make use of the piano occasionally, and seldom let the 24 hours pass, without paying it a slight compliment. I think that instrument was never made to stand idle. Catherine Andrews and Hannah have been <sup>making</sup> us a visit but have now gone, I have learned to play back gammon since I saw you, and talk seriously of learning wist. I suppose your father and mother are well acquainted with that game. Mr. T. Bulfinch passed an evening with us a short time since, he brought us a great book of pictures for our amusement, and was kind enough to leave it with us, I wish you could see them, I ~~think~~ I ~~suppose~~ (who ~~is~~ not an amateur of pictures) think them splendid, I am more fond of living pictures. ~~Ma~~ is now making us a short visit. ~~She~~ speaking of her, we have not heard a word from Philip, since I was

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at Weymouth, and you know that is long since. I did not go to  
Salem as I intended to, the folks here thought it was too cold to  
go from home I was not at all disappointed for I should have  
been oblig'd to have slept alone, and very likely have frozen to  
death, and very likely should not have seen George Brown's field  
and I am sure that was one thing that induced me to go, all these  
circumstances combined, I thought it better to stay at home.  
Eliza has made a visit down there once this winter, and  
she had the pleasure of holding the bludgeon, in her hand  
what killed Capt White Mr Colman keeps it under his sofa  
I think it rather a dangerous weapon to be about, it was  
curiously made and one of Richards own invention, you  
know Chary found it under the Howard Street Church  
and you know what she said when she found it, but  
for fear you have forgotten I will tell you - This killed  
Capt White well enough nonsense. I presume you had  
enough of this last summer. Mrs Colman dined with  
us a short time ago, she appears quite cheerful, and seems  
quite resigned to the death of Chary. I have in my possession  
a book called the Young Ladies Book. Perhaps you have  
heard of it I have now lent it but you shall read it when  
you come, say to other you give it to me, it is a very useful book  
about every thing, many people do not think much of  
it but more do. I hope you will not put off your  
visit until spring, I hate to visit you sometime in the  
course of the month of April, as Caroline has a vacation  
then. I heard your Aunt Priscilla was not well, I hope she  
has recovered, please remember me affectionately to her  
and all your other aunts, your Grandmother and your  
father by Mother brothers by sisters and all for whom you think  
I have any regard, I leave you to distribute it as you think  
best. We have now the prospect of a fine day tomorrow  
I presume you are weary of me so I will wind up this epistle  
my particular love to Lucia & Emma and say to them I wish I could  
see them again, I hope they go to school, and are good children, now  
my dear Annie farewell, that heaven may bless and protect you all  
is the wish of your loving and attached friend & Cousin Sylvia Anna.



I am sorry I have not enough to say to fill this page, but I think  
it would be impossible, so I will once more say Good-bye. I  
yesterday saw our friend Miss Wales, she looked as much  
like George as she conveniently could, I long to hear one of  
your good hearty laughs, and talk over old times with you  
I never shall forget those happy hours, that I have passed in  
your lovely <sup>family</sup> the memory of them will ever be dear to me  
and I shall always think of them as the happiest of my life.  
I suppose this ~~reminds~~ will remind you of Susan of Maine.  
for the third time I say Good-bye. Melania sends her love to  
you she often speaks of you, I shall expect you the early  
part of the week



For

Miss Debora Weston

Weymouth