

Mrs Gay
Princeton
New York

Princeton May 17 1841
Tuesday morning

My dear Mother

I should have written immediately on my arrival but I caught cold from sleeping near a broken window in the steam boat from Philadelphia and have really been unable to do any thing but lie down since I got home - We arrived safe at the wharf on Saturday night but got home on Sunday morning after breakfast - I found all well, the baby had grown much thinner, but seems quite well, altogether I rejoice I came home, for I could do no good there and was much wanted here, I hope the bearers of this will bring me a line from New York, I wish so many to write. I hope that I think I shall some chance of hearing - The weather here seems determined to be hot, I have of course a great deal to do - I hope my grandfather continues to gain strength I do not think he is as James Monroe seems to think just hope on the contrary I am sure if he could change the air, not by riding but by that is so unseasonable but by going some where at a short distance he would get rapidly better - At all events I do not think it right for his family to talk so gloomily, it does not look natural, it seems so strange to make up ones mind to the gloomy side of the question when affection and nature prompts us to hope for the others - If I thought as they did I could not be cheerful but I feel cheerful because I

I felt that he would get better — He is the heart
of our family, the corner stone of the building, the
the key stone of the arch, when he is gone the
will all fall, we all owe him every thing, at
least I do, he placed me in society where I never
could have got with out him, he educated me
but he did every thing for me, but he has none
as much for others, for none more than James
Mason, I confess it did shock me to hear him
coolly calculate on his death, as a matter of
course — Mr Madison is a much older man
without half his constitution, I see no one reason
why his family should despair, he has 8th Baby
says a pulser which a man of his age seldom
has, altogether I would not despair on it, I
don't would not say so — at least for my part
they may be mistaken — give my best love
to Aunt Maria Mrs of Caroline, and all
the rest, Mrs Rogers joins me in affectionate
regards to all even your affectionate
daughters & the wife

I got your life of Byron in
Philadelphia said not to be
sent me book, I bought it
I hear Byron is very indecent
not good for ladies to read, but I have
seen nothing of it so far

You writes from me in anger my dear Mother
I hardly know why, surely it cannot be for obeying
the impulses of duty and affection, I feel as if
I could not remain long from my children
you talked of burying her on, but ought I
to have carried her in the very teeth of disease
did you not carry me to my poor frail Mother
to avoid the measles, would you have taken
me there to get the whooping cough, you

forgot all the anxiety you always showed for
me, for years, my dear Mother we shall soon
be almost alone we shall not perhaps often
meet, that is unless you wish no more than you
seem to do now, my father's are many I know,
but if my mother does not forgive them who
will? I have written hastily, perhaps wrong
but I will send it — Tell Polly Eliza and Eleanor
were quite charmed with their dolls they send their
love to her and are quite impatient to send her
something in return, which they will by the
next opportunity —

Little punkin imitates every thing
she hears you say — he is not
very enquiring — send more
your bless you —

My love to Cousin Sam. when
I do not find a letter to —