Boston, Feb. 2, 1826.

I was prevented by a touch of headach from writing to my dearest mother yesterday, the 'jus de l'air,' to offer her the best wishes of the season warm from the heart of a grateful, devoted daughter; many many returns of the same day to you my own best loved mother, marked by more auspicious omen of brighter prospect than you have hitherto been blessed with, & may you enjoy through your children the happiness which has been so generally denied to your self personally, except when drawn from the stores of your own past heart & cheerful submission to the soles of your life & the service of your own & the dispositions. my head ache yesterday left me besides the pleasure of thinking how very rare you add to my love for you, a very brilliant sermon from Mr. Greenwood, & I could neither write nor go to church. I lay down & read an article in the last No. of the N. A. which, in which our friend Hunter is, I am a guard, almost proud to be an imposter. This strange & well supported attack upon whose claim I have deemed so unprofitable has left my brain bewildered when I remembered the man, his countenance, manner, gestures, the wild Indian tone of his eye, the half savage gait or sport with which he began or ended his discourses, the sudden emotion of his figure, the expansions of his chest, with a thousand other at times so indicative of what he professed. His early education & habits to have been, I think it almost absurd to doubt his assertions, & when again I turn to the argument of documents brought forward to prove him false I am thrown into new uncertainties the article in question is from the pen of Mr. Cape, it seems intended to show how very little anything that has been written or said on the subject of the North American Indians can be relied upon, how ignorant we still are of all that is most interesting in relation to them, & how great how almost insuperable are the
obstacles to our being better informed, he says, Hehausen did not have been repeatedly mistaken. Squeeze, falling into frequent弄乱 of appearances, Major Long, after he concluded, of Hunt, his book full of gross blunders, such so could not have been fall into by even a child's cheat. "It is evident," he says, "the difficulty," that the compilers of Hunter's work had examined the preceding accounts of the Indians, which have been published, but he was not able to discriminate between the different customs of different tribes, it has therefore described the Bages and the neighboring nations or polynesian customs of which they have no knowledge. They follow many particulars of their mistakes, false statements of fact in the history of the Indians are likewise "salvaged," and he concludes with letters from four different persons denying the truth of Hunter's assertions of declaring their belief in his unworthiness, the first of these is Gen. Clark (Jones & Clark) who says that he has resided in that part of the country since 1807, if that it is impossible Hunter could have lived with the tribes and gone through the scenes he describes, without some knowledge of him, if his history reached Gen. Clark's ears. "Many of the circumstances indicated by him are to my certain knowledge, bare-faced falsehoods." The second is Vasey, a man of Spanish descent, a subagent for the Kansas, who accompanied Pike in his expedition. He declares that he has been engaged in trade with the Kansaas 19 years of that during the whole of the time there was no white man of any age or description a prisoner among them. Then comes Major Chouteau who has known the Bages since the year 75, in the capacity of trader, agent, or otherwise, and during that period there was any white boy living with or bought up by them. It had Cape of most appalling is the testimony of John Dunn of Girardeau, as Mr. John Dunn, a gentleman of high respectability, of Cape Girardeau.
county, state of Missouri, had treated me in every respect like a son or brother. I adopted his name "W. B." and have since been known as John James Thomas. Upon this Mr. John Burns writes that he never knew any such person as John James Thomas, nor any one at all answering to this description, so that he is fully convinced that the man wearing this name of character is an impostor. Hunter speaks of going to school several weeks in the neighborhood of Cape Girardeau, Gen. Culp, satisfied himself by enquiries among the most respectable inhabitants, that no such youth was, under any name, ever known there. I do not know what to think or believe. I past the remainder of yesterday in looking over "the Rebels" a new novel by the author of "Holomoss," found it utterly destitute of any species of merit. It is too stupidly silly for endurance. Christmas has not been very merry for me. I passed pretty much as other times. I had the satisfaction of contributing ten dollars towards making up a little parcel for Mr. Greenwood, which the ladies of the King's Chapel, the Church in which Mr. Greenwood preaches, prepared as a Christmas box for her. My mother, grandmother, and sister-in-law gave each as much, and the sum was completed to amount to 400 dollars which were presented in the name of the ladies of Mr. Greenwood's church, elsewhere there might appear to be nothing deserving to the person receiving such donations, but in Boston you are privileged to offer any thing to your minister's wife, who receive these presents as matters of custom and would be accused of not welcoming it unchastely like pride, if they hesitated or showed any reluctance in accepting such offerings. The clergy are better off here than anywhere else, if ever known, more respected, treated with more consideration, and men is here for them in various ways and very respectful. I generally see. I am now going out to make a few visits as the day is rather pleasant, if my head is right again. I am getting my family in better order after disposing of domestics. I supply 'em their places as I hope better ones.
soon as I can. The piano is not yet quite finished. Mine continues as stiff as ever partly because I have so little time to practice on it. I wish you would give me a little supplies for me. The one in the front I've not used hardly. I forgot to say to the girls how much I had been disappointed in Mary Lynxworth's return. I never saw her until lately, although we have exchanged letters. I think she is different here from what it is with us. Miss Lora is engaged in Boston today. The peony ultima is fully bloomed and Miss C. has the sweetest spirit. I think that Miss Lora's engagement is a little more at ease as Miss Lora's mind will be the best of a standard. There is regularity of fashion and abundance of coloring at a good expense. Miss Lora's mind may be a little more at ease as Miss Lora's mind will be the best of a standard.