Boston Dec. 9

My dear Mother

Joseph has explained Mr Sparks's wish with regard to the papers of Gouverneur Morris, and I should have myself written to Mrs Morris but I know she is disposed with me for not writing sooner, & my letter of introduction might do Mr S more harm than good. If any one has any influence with this mad woman it is yourself and you could not exert it in a better cause. great facilities, every facility in fact, has been thrown in Mr Sparks' way by all rational people. one or two ignorant women have opposed his examination of papers under their care upon the same principle that Turks & Arabs oppose European travellers in their search for antiquities, that is a profound ignorance of the real nature & value of such relicks, & a superstitious belief that they contain some golden treasure which may be wrested away from their own possession. I do not know whether Mrs Morris is to be reckoned among these barbarians, but the perverseity of her temper may produce the same effects their suspicious ignorance.

I have congratulated both myself and you upon your setting off just when you did. Sunday, the day which I hope saw your safe arrival in Washington, was the last bright day of the season here. Winter set in on Monday with a terrible storm of wind & snow. I would not have had you out for any thing that could be offered me. the weather since has been cold & gloomy, & the walking very bad. Sam. Pomeroy has arrived to the great joy of his family and his bride elect. she looks very happy as she ought to do for these are the golden moments of her life, she will never know the like again. there are no feelings of such refined and romantic delight as those with which a young woman hails the return of an absent lover.

Farewell, we are well with the exception of one of my sweet twins. I had a terrible alarm about the little fellow this morning, but the Dr. has quieted my fears in a great degree. he is partially covered with an erisypelas; from head to foot. his hands & feet are swelled & are of the colour of scarlet. one more adieu dearest mother.

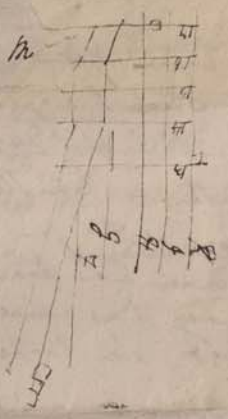
Original manuscript from the University of Virginia

My Dear Grandmama (verbatim)

Tom misses you very much, the moment the nursery door is opened he runs out and stands before your door. I miss you very much. One day Mrs Cozen carried Tom in your room to get something - he looked all round for you. when Mrs Cozen went out she called him and he would not come. she went and took him and he cried. I am not much bigger than when you were here - I have not grown much since you went away - Mrs Cozen has a glass tumbler besides three flower pots. she has some seeds in it, growing in cotton wool. this is all for to day.

Ellen Randolph Coolidge

Mrs Randolph
to the care of Nicholas P. Trist
Department of State
Washington



Original manuscript from the University of Virginia