

Boston June 6. 1830

I have been intending all the afternoon to write to you, dearest mother, but it is now past six and I am just beginning my letter, the children have been so much on my hands that I have found it impossible to get rid of them long enough to carry my intention into effect, so if I do not fill my paper you will know it is for want of time between day light and dark to write three close pages and a half, the usual length of my letters. My invaluable Mrs Cox went to Marblehead on a visit to her children one week after my arrival in Boston, was taken ill and has not yet returned nor do I know when to expect her - in the mean time her place in the nursery is filled by a creature the exact counterpart of Molly Wane except that she is not so good tempered and affectionate, you may imagine how I get along under such circumstances with my three little ones, all babies together, and so helpless and unwieldy as I am from my situation - oh it is a "chien de maitier" que le mien" and I know not from what cause that at five months I am as great a sufferer as I generally have been at seven or eight; whether the fatigue of my journey produced the effect of hastening my ^{state} or that other causes may exist for my present sufferings, I cannot tell - the wise ones comfort me by saying it will be all the better in the end - but I believe I had rather suffer a little more than than be for four months longer such a good for nothing, useless, complaining creature as I am at present - but as I have with such disagreeable topics,

Mrs Balfour is expected in town in a few days - how I wish you were coming with her; you will be here however as soon as you can I am sure, I anticipate your visit (both on your own account and mine) with greater pleasure and a more impatient longing for the time of your arrival, than I can well express - I know your health will be benefited by the change to a northern climate, and I shall enjoy your company more than if I were able to go abroad as in Washington. There I saw little of you, here we should be much together and yet you need not be surprised on my account, but go out wherever it was pleasant to yourself, and no other. Mr & Mrs Coolidge with Susan & Annie, Catherine & Hetty are to leave Boston the day after to-morrow for a tour of five weeks through the State of New York; they will probably go as far as Niagara; Annie has had the scarlet fever & is in feeble health, Catherine is dyspeptic & upon the whole it was determined to make this little excursion ^{principally} for the benefit of the invalids. The house in Bowdoin Street is under process of repairing, and when completed the family will remove thither & Thomas & Susan take possession at the Square. I envy them that fine garden and their near neighbourhood to Bowdoin Street but my own home is too pleasant to ~~make~~ allow of any farther regrets. I wish however that you had one like it although I always think of your present establishment as very pretty and comfortable. I think however it would be on many accounts desirable for the family to disperse for about six weeks or two months ~~from~~ during the great heats - you have ~~a~~ many friends in Virginia

and the expense of going there would be comparatively trifling. Virginia & the children, particularly dear little Jefferson, would be much better for a breath of country air. & the girls would be revived by an escape from the dusty deserts of the Washington streets during August and September. Mrs. Madison, Aunt Cary, Jefferson, Mrs. Duglison, Mrs. Ganett, Col. Carr, Judge Carr, how many persons, ^{they are} who would be delighted to receive them whilst you were comforting me by your presence here. only think, when living at Monticello, your house was a home for all who chose to make it so - it is not for you or yours to be scrupulous or fearful of intruding - besides you are personally beloved, respected, admired, and cannot fail to be welcome to old and tried friends like those I have named.

I was very sorry to hear of poor Mamma's death, although appears to have been a tranquil & happy one. there are fortunately no black Paray Knights to wrest from the poor negroes such hopes & comforts of religion as they are able to obtain - this "unsexed thing who dares to scorn her God" is again in Boston, when she divides public attention with a Rhinoceros the first ever brought to the United States - it is strange that upon her last visit her competitor & rival was a learned Dog who could play cards & tell the hour by a gentleman's watch. She can do no harm in New England when she is an object simply of curiosity, but I feel mortified, as a woman, ~~that~~ and as having formerly been a personal acquaintance, that one who is alike a disgrace to her sex and to her associates, should belong to me by either of these titles however general the first or disavowed the second. I wish she would go to Haghi & marry President

Boyer who is said to be an admirer of Mrs. Lodge, has pardon
 ed that her doctrine is the only happy one for both parties
 is to live a year or two together without the contract of marriage
 case the President would probably be off. I am finishing my
 letters by candle-light - adieu my dearest mother or rather
 I hope "our reverend."

DD

Mrs Randolph
 to the care of Nicholas P. Trist Esq
 Washington
 D.C.

Do,

Love to all, & thanks to Correlia for her letter.