My Dear Lady,

By the last Mail, I receiv'd Elizabeth's letter giving me the distressing information of my Father's illness and oh! that I could but have seen him once more - but am under the impression that before that letter reached me he was called to the world of spirits. I know God is able to do anything, but from his extreme old age, I have no right to conclude that He can stand any severe sickness - the greatest thing that I have to do, is to try to be reconciled to submitting that He has seen in my power to go to him, but the distance I live has prevented that, and not the want of inclination. We have had a very sick family all the winter, more especially among the black people, and at this time several that are extremely ill - the Negroes that I brought from Louisiana are all well at present except one who was taken yesterday with the same symptoms that the rest have had, and at this time is very sick - the disease that prevails in this neighborhood in its commencement was called the influenza, but has terminated in a very obstinate fever, which the Doctor thinks the most difficult complaint to manage of any that he has ever practised in. I cannot express my distress, the anxiety I have to see - and Mr. Coleman says as soon as the situation of our family will admit of it, we shall make the attempt to come.

[Signature]