

Washington 6th Mar. 1840.

My Dear Wife

I returned this morning from Richmond, not much recruited, as you may suppose, after the scenes through which I passed there. I should not have gone, after having heard of the melancholy loss of our poor Julia, but that the most extensive arrangements had been made for my reception and I should have meted great disappointment. Nothing could have surpassed the enthusiasm and cordiality with which I was received and treated. Had of our severe bereavement had not have forced its consideration upon me continually I should have enjoyed the trip very much. I went to Hanover to the place on which I was born, and which I had not seen for forty eight years. Every thing was changed, in so much that, if I had been put there without information I should not have been able to recognize it. The spot in which my father and maternal grand father and grandmother were buried were marked by no stone or index, and a crop of wheat was growing over their remains. The row of May cherry trees, of which you have heard me speak, was in part standing but the remaining trees showed the effects of age quite as much as I exhibited them myself. A hickory tree, which bore the finest fruit of that kind which I ever tasted was lying prostrate and in a state of decay. The old dwelling house was still standing but much altered, and the room in which I was born was pointed out to me and recognized by me. I met in Hanover one person only that I recognized as a relation — an old lady of eighty years old by the name of Perrin, a cousin of my mother. She was evidently not long for this world. The Church at which I went two years to school was yet standing, but in a decayed condition which