

Boston Sept. 30th 1844

Dear Sister,

At last, after two weeks of agony, Doctor, and being bedridden, I have risen & crawled in dishabille with my swollen arm to a rocking chair by the fire. Since Theodor wrote for me to Mary, I have been more sick than before, & though my general health has for two days been good, save weakness, my arm is still a spectacle & a pain.

I have pined very much, been sad for loneliness, wished for mother-in-law, whom I wrote to have come up on Friday last & whom I expect surely by tomorrow's boat, — and last not least, I have felt the want of a letter from you & a promise one from your husband — to whom present my best wishes & respects, though his neglect hardly deserves a remembrance. I have grown I fear, quite petulant, but you see my first use of convalescence was to write you by my amanuensis Theodor; & this is being quite good you must allow when I tell you, my Doctor, who has been my daily visitor these twelve days, cheers me with the prospect of a well blistered arm tomorrow.

We had a terrible storm of rain here from Saturday night to Sunday afternoon, a cold northeaster, but today has been as bright as dreams of heaven & mild withal.

Thank Mary for her kind letter, I am glad that Dr. Beakley called, & that the gentlemen have waited on her wound, so that she is reconciled to New York, & is now convinced that it is a good place for Florence.

Thank Grandmother for my very pretty bag which she sent me, it is just what I wanted; the children too were delighted with theirs; tell her I have wished for her a great many times, I believe if she had been here I should have been sick hardly any. The sight of mother will help me I know with her kind attention, & I long, I assure you, to bear my arm in a sling

and walk about the room. I shall also expect an early letter from you & I give you fair warning that I shall not write you another until this is answered. Tell Mary that the first letter I do write, will be to her & that she must not cease in her kind epistles to her poor sick sister.

Give my love & remembrance & best wishes to Sarah & Wall, keeping much your self. I send with this some night caps & some inside handkerchiefs, which please accept: Please give to your Husband, with my best wishes, the accompanying purse which I promised him, & of which I beg his acceptance.

All an well, Harriet is rather better than formerly & very busy though not married yet. Eliz. is not married, she is very well & is an "old" & Belle. All enjoy the most outrageous health, except

your affectionate sister

Jane.

Theodore desires his love to Mary & Florence, the latter he thanks for writing to him & will be assured, & he desires his best wishes to you all.

Mother arrived a Tuesday morn. in the boat, she has enjoyed her visit very much & looks younger than many of her daughters in this way, she sends her love to all. Jane is a little better, though her arm is still very much swollen, painful & utterly useless ~~though~~ she sits up a little. The wretched kids hate this letter & the things.

Tell Mary if she hears of any of which I wrote her in my letter, at it took to write me immediately you, Theodore.

No

Mrs. S. A. Irving,
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New York.