Washington, March 20, 183____

Dear Martin,

The pleasing sensations produced in my mind by anticipating the pleasure that it was in my power to produce in your sensitive heart, by a description of the Beauties exhibited at the ushering in of this Sacred Morning, and the precious doctrines taught in most interesting discourse, which I had that morning returned from hearing, and about to receive my plea, to attempt to describe were in a moment displaced, by a sudden gleam from the Receipt of Harriet's letter, containing your sagacious and correct views every pleasing prospect, and the Bouquet that had been lathing in the sunshine of anticipated pleasure, sunk at once into my despairing Bosom, distracting thoughts succeeded, and for a while, that fortitude of soul which hitherto sustained me through every trial, in disappointment and in danger, was to seek refuge in some tranquil Bosom, and leave me to contemplate through the remaining space of life, the darkest scenes of human wretchedness! But these scenes are over, for in that most unhappy condition of man left to his own Reflection, the Introspection, though of a Species Protecting Providence, dispelled the gloom, and restored me again to Reason, and I again rise with delight! by the eye of Faith, the Bawl of promises hiding the storm; Who altho' I am deprived of the pleasure of participating in the administration of Comfort to your wants in this critical moment. Still I humbly submit to their trying dispensations, when I reflect that in
addition to all the kind assistance, which the tender affections of our Beloved children will prompt them to be done, and the well known Benoistalne, of our friends and neighbours, will induce them to offer, that we have the best cheer and promise of our Blessed Lord, in whom I know you trust, that he will never forsake them, but trust in him "and that he will make their Bed in sickness", and that you are as safe in his hands in my absence, as you would be, were I constantly watching at your Bed side, but still notwithstanding "I know the Scales of all the Earth will do Right", the weakness of human nature is such, that I have broken the seal of every letter, with a trembling hand, until I receive the pleasing intelligence of your recovery, but give yourself no uneasiness on any account. Norrist wished to know when it was probable that I should return. We have passed a Resolution to adjourn on the 1st of May, and sent it to the Senate, should they pass it, which, I think, probable, we shall adjourn on that day, and in ten days after I hope to see home; my Sresses have been so full of necessity in few and short, as it were but a little time to write, we meet at eleven o'clock and frequently sit until six, the mornings I have to spend at the public Affair, to transact business, which is daily occurring on my hands, and the evening, is the only time I conclude to ask answering the many letters, which I receive daily out of which time I have occasion to spend a few moments from my constituents, for your Benefit; The weather still continues warm, the Fields are quite green, and the Beads are opening upon the Trees, this is like a Summer Evening in the North. I write to forward my wishes Respecting the
Breeze of the same, and will answer him fully to any enquiry he may wish to make. Respecting the spring crops the, but as the clutch has announced the approach of another morning, I must close for the present, and re-turn.

"I am ever well, so wish her that is more yours than he may seem to be."

Martha Finch

Isaac Finch

P.S. my health is still good