

Jay April 4 1730

Dear Isaac

I am glad to have it in my power to tell you this morning that I am well or at least am so well as to be visiting your Sister M<sup>rs</sup> Forbs M<sup>rs</sup> Newel and Lady called on me yesterday morning they were riding for her health and insisted on my going home with them which is the second time I have visited in the village since you left home I am feeble yet but have no sickness but debility I am quite willing to be afflicted provided you can be well I should be very uneasy were I to hear that you were out of health I received yours of the 20 I am glad to hear that the Congress begin to think of an adjournment may it pass in the senate is my ~~very~~ fervent wish we are all well and I believe the cattle and sheep are well except one of our cows I believe we shall lose she is weak and sick the Lambs 16 in number are the finest I ever saw Joshua wished me to say to you that he wanted you to write if you ~~would~~ wish them to plant corn on both sides of ground where you had corn last summer it will be well to mention any thing which you may wish respecting your crops we shall do the best we can to take good care untill you return and god grant that we may meet together and praise him for his goodness which has been great towards me I am determined trust in him though he slay me. Hannah wishes me to give her respects to you she is a good woman I believe I believe M<sup>rs</sup> Slater is about as usual he was at Meeting last sabbath at our village and went home after meeting. I wish you would write every week if you write but one line you said in your last that you should write few letters and short I wont complain at the length if you will only say you are well if so and ~~write~~ let me know it I shall be contented I hope or at least I will try to be resigned if it is his will I think I rejoice to think that you are in America and have not to cross a trackless ocean I begin to count the weeks and shall shortly count the days if you should hear I am't say dear me Father will never come how I will kiss him when he comes she thinks more about you than one would suppose our Friends are well and I will again say your constant Martha with all my heart

Isaac Finck

Martha Finck

Pardon all errors in this scroll which are many