

My numerous progeny often gather around me, to hear the sufferings once felt by their aunt or grandmother, and wonder at their magnitude. My daughter, Captive, still keeps the dress she appeared in when bro't to my bed side by the French nurse, at the Ticonderoga hospital; and often refreshes my memory with past scenes, when showing it to her children. These things yield a kind of melancholly pleasure.

Instances of longevity are remarkable in my family. My aged mother, before her death, could say to me, arise daughter and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter has got a daughter; a command which few mothers can make and be obeyed.

And now reader, after sincerely wishing that your days may be as happy- as mine have been unfortunate, I bid you adieu.

Charlestown, June 20, 1798.