

## Letter from Dolley P. Madison to James Madison, December 10, 1827

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Thursday

The weather & roads have continued bad— as if expressly to keep me within my bereaved Domicile and I have had a great mind to give way to gloomy thoughts and sad conclusions— but that I sh<sup>d</sup> be ashamed to have profitted so little by the example of fortitude & forbearance, I am so sensible of in you my beloved – my friend and monitor! I recd. the Presidents speech this ev<sup>g</sup> and like it pretty well it being that sort of paper; which cannot excite in me either admiration or execration— With some reading it may be the better, as he persists in a conviction of the expediency of our being represented at the congress of Panama— but again he gives the antidote in his last few lines, on the subject of our departed Patriots— so well expressed that feelings of sympathy must mingle in the enmity of the politician — In my last, I acknowledged the rec<sup>t</sup>. of yours dated Monday night — since which, nothing new has occurred with us— I shall send to the office in the mor.<sup>g</sup> & hope to hear again from you. I have not a line from the north since you left me.

Friday Ev<sup>g</sup>

—Sam has just brought me yours with Lucy's enclosed— I rejoiced to see that you continued well — Lucy writes in good spirits— says her son's are in Virg<sup>a</sup>— that Maria Todd is married to Crittendon that she heard Payor had accepted the place of Purser on board some ships alas my poor child! but I know that this is a mistake & will therefore, Hope better things until I hear from himself — which may be on Sunday – I suppose you may have heard of the sudden Death of Henry Conway— It took place after a drinking spell, during which his friends thought he was convinced of the necessity of reforming— “But still, with eyes averse the sight be viewed”“and with a ready will the wrong persued” —

—Saturday night— I ventured to ride to the C. House this mor.<sup>g</sup> found it dissagreeable, both on the road & in the store— We are all well yet— Maria was a little amiss for a few hours, yesterday, but was quite hearty again this morn<sup>g</sup> – she told me she wished I w<sup>d</sup> go, & get something to keep for her sake, as I had always been so good to her, & took so much trouble for her sake, but I beged her to believe that my tenderness for her was from

my heart not from a wish, or thought of reward. I give you her words, & mine as I have little else to write – and my eyes are so dim that I cannot see to express more than my prayers for your repose, & safety.

— Sunday.— All's well.— I have not time to copy or revise my letter, so do not look at the spelling but throw it into the fire. forever your own

— I shall begin to look for you on Thursday next. I hope you rece<sup>d</sup> mine & that Paul got my books—

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