

My dear Parents, the evening after I left you, I rode into Portland and the next morning took the accommodation Stage to Portsmouth. We had Capt. Clap and son for passengers, and I have to acknowledge much politeness from the hands of the former. The old Gentle man paid me the most flattering compliments upon the part I had sustained in the late political contest, and was so kind as to predict that I should meet with great success in whatever course of life I should choose to pursue. He insisted upon introducing me to his son in law the ex Governor Woodbury, and recommended me to his particular notice. The Capt. called on me the next day after my arrival at Portsmouth and invited me to spend the evening at Mr Woodbury's. There I met Mr Olney and wife, and Gov. Woodbury & his lady, all of whom spend the ensuing winter at Washington. Through Capt. Clap's recommendation (for he was pleased to say many very flattering things of my family and myself) I received from the ladies and their husbands the most polite attention, and many promises of future politeness at Washington. I notice this, that when you meet Capt. Clap the next time, you may return him your thanks, which I know you will be very glad to do, on account of the kind notice he took of me, and also of the valuable acquaintance he has furnished me, in introducing me to his family. Mr Olney and Wife came on to Boston with me, and I found them most pleasant company. As we did not arrive in the city till late on Saturday evening, I spent the Sabbath day in their company at the Hotel, and saw them start on Monday morning in the Providence Stage.

I cannot not forget to tell you how kindly too, the Masons treated me while at Portsmouth. Indeed my dear Parents you would love this family if you could only witness how cordially they always receive me, and how much they talk like you to me on the subject of my present expedition. Mr Mason's opinion of the West may all be gathered from one

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of those serene and original remarks with which his conversation at all times
in full. "Oh, said he, you expect to live a century, you will pass the
last fifty years of your life pleasantly enough west of the Alleghenies,
but heaven preserve you from the first fifty of it". All of them declared
I should come back in the Spring and stay with them a fortnight
to see what I see I may have seen and heard in my travels. I parted
from them with regrets, and as I went away I could not help asking
myself the question — a question which called tears into my eyes —
where shall I find such friends as these? I am indebted to them
for several letters of introduction.

I found the Baldwins, George and James well — Mrs Coolidge or
Coolridge, is at Janes, with her sons. They all desire to see you very
much, and enquired for you with the greatest affection. Loammie
is now at Norfolk Virginia. He was married last May to a Mrs
Beckford of Charlestown, a respectable widow lady of consid-
erable property.

Yesterday Geo. Baldwin and myself rode out to Woburn.
I visited the farm once yours, and where you were born and passed
the first years of your life, with very ~~lively~~ lively interest. Nothing
remains of the old family seat save the cellar, and this is fast
filling up with bushes and herbage. I saw on sign board names
very familiar to my ears, from having heard you mention them
often in your former letters. They showed me an old elm tree before
the house of Col. Baldwin which they told me was planted by your
hand, and a great number of philosophical instruments which
belonged to your friend, and many of which you have doubtless handled.
All these things filled me with tender recollections, and I felt how different
were the circumstances under which I left my native place, from
those that attended your departure from Woburn. I hope my feelings
partook of that gratitude which should fill the hearts of children who
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I also visited the house where Count Rumford was born. It had been altered, but you can judge pretty well how it must have looked fifty years ago, and Geo. B. is going to take a sketch of it, and have it engraved in lithographic.

The Baldwins have kindly furnished me with all Rumford's letters to their father, and I have them here at my boarding house to copy. Some contain facts of a very interesting character unknown to me before, but which would quite exceed the limits of my letter if I should attempt to detail them to you.

At Woburn I saw a daughter of Mother's aunt Bridget Snow. This old aunt is still alive, but deaf, blind, and crazy. Her daughter's name I believe is Jones. My inquiries at the house and farm of Count Rumford's father, and on which she now lives, led her to suspect I was going to claim heirship to the property; and her distress at the thought was very amusing. I satisfied her that curiosity was my sole motive.

I shall write you again from New York or Philadelphia. I shall leave here next Monday.

I am yours with all possible affection George
Give my love to the girls.

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