

As to Politicks, We have nothing to expect but the whole Wrath and Force of G. Britain. But your Words are as true, as an oracle "God helps them, who help themselves, and if We obtain the divine Aid by our own Virtue Fortitude and Perseverance, We may be sure of Relief."

It may amuse you to hear a Story. A few days ago, in Company with Dr Zubly, somebody said, there was nobody on our side but the Almighty. The Dr. who is a Native of Switzerland, and speaks but broken English, quickly replied "Dat is enough." "Dat is enough," and turning to me, says he, it puts me in mind of a fellow who once said, The Catholicks have on their side the Pope, and the K. of France and the K. of Spain, and the K. of Sardinia, and the K. of Poland and the Emperor of Germany &c &c. &c. But as to them poor Devils the Protestants, they have nothing on their side but God Almighty.

Abigail Adams to John Adams

Braintree october 9 1775

I have not been composed enough to write you since Last Sabbath when in the bitterness of my sould, I wrote a few confused lines, since which time it has pleased the Great disposer of all Events to add Breach to Breach—

"Rare are solitary woes, they Love a Train
And tread each others heal."

The day week that I was call'd to attend a dying parents Bed I was again call'd to mourn the loss of one of my own Family. I have just returnd from attending Patty to the Grave. No doubt long before this will reach you, you have received a melancholy train of Letters in some of which I mention her as Dangerously Sick. She has lain 5 weeks wanting a few days so bad as that we had little hopes of her Recovery; the Latter part of the Time she was the most shocking object

my Eyes ever beheld, and so Loathsome that it was with the utmost difficulty we could bear the House. A mortification took place a week before she dyed, and renderd her a most pityable object. We have great sickness yet in the Town; she made the fourth corpse that was this day committed to the Ground. We have many others now so bad as to despair of their lives. But Blessed be the Father of Mercies all our family are now well, tho I have my apprehensions least the malignancy of the air in the House may have infected some of them, we have fevers of various kinds, the Throat Distemper as well as the dysentery prevailing in this and the Neighbouring Towns.

How long o Lord shall the whole land say I am sick? O shew us wherefore it is that thou art thus contending with us? In a very perticular manner I have occasion to make this inquiry who have had Breach upon Breach, nor has one wound been permitted to be healed e'er it is made to Blead affresh. In six weeks I count 5 of my near connections laid in the grave. Your Aunt Simpson died at milton about ten days ago with the Dysentery.

But the heavy stroke which most of all distresses me is my dear Mother. I cannot overcome my too selfish sorrow, all her tenderness towards me, her care and anxiety for my welfare at all times, her watchfulness over my infant years, her advice and instruction in maturer age; all, all indear her memory to me, and highten my sorrow for her loss. At the same time I know a patient submission is my Duty. I will strive to obtain it! But the lenient hand of time alone can blunt the keen Edg of Sorrow. He who deignd to weep over a departed Friend, will surely forgive a sorrow which at all times desires to be bounded and restrained, by a firm Belief that a Being of infinite wisdom and unbounded Goodness, will carve out my portion in tender mercy towards me! Yea tho he slay me I will trust in him said holy Job. What tho his corrective Hand hath been streached against me; I will not murmur. Tho earthly comforts are taken away I will not repine, he who gave them has surely a right to limit their Duration, and has continued them to me much longer than I deserved. I might have been

striped of my children as many others have been. I might o! forbid it Heaven, I might have been left a solitary widow.

Still I have many blessing left, many comforts to be thankfull for, and rejoice in. I am not left to mourn as one without hope.

My dear parent knew in whom she had Believed, and from the first attack of the distemper she was perswaded it would prove fatal to her. A Solemnity possess'd her soul, nor could you force a smile from her till she dyed. The voilence of her disease soon weakned her so that she was unable to converse, but whenever she could speak, she testified her willingness to leave the world and an intire resignation to the Divine Will. She retaind her Senses to the last moment of her Existance, and departed the world with an easy tranquility, trusting in the merrits of a Redeamer. Her passage to immortality was marked with a placid smile upon her countenance, nor was there to be seen scarcely a vestage of the king of Terrors—

“The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in Dust”

Tis by soothing Grief that it can be healed, “give Sorrow words”

“The Grief that cannot speak
Whispers the o'er fraught heart and bids it Break”

Forgive me then; for thus dwelling upon a subject Sweet to me, but I fear painfull to you. O how I have long'd for your Bosom, to pour forth my sorrows there, and find a healing Balm, but perhaps that has been denyed me that I might be led to a higher and a more permamant consolater who has bid us call upon him in the day of trouble.

As this is the first day since your absence that I could write you that we were all well, I desire to mark it with perticular gratitude, and humbly hope that all my warnings and corrections are not in vain.

I most thankfully Received your kind favour of the 26 yesterday. It gives me much pleasure to hear of your Health. I pray Heaven for the continuance of it. I hope for the future to be able to give you more

intelegance with regard to what passess out of my own little circle, but such has been my distress that I knew nothing of the political world.

You have doubtless heard, of the viliny of one who has profesd himself a patriot, but Let not that man be trusted who can voilate private faith, and cancel solem covanants, who can leap over moral law, and laugh at christianity. How is he to be bound whom neither honour nor conscience holds? We have here a Rumor that Rhodiland has shared the fate of Charlstown—is this the Day we read of when Satan was to be loosed?

I do not hear of any inhabitants getting out of Town. Tis said Gage is superceeded and How in his place, and that How released the prisoners from Gaoil. Tis also said tho not much credited that Burgoine is gone to Philadelphia.

I hope to hear from you soon. Adieu. Tis almost twelve oclock at Night. I have had so little Sleep Lately that I must bid you good Night. With hearty wishes for your return I am most Sincerely Your

Portia

John Adams to Abigail Adams

Octr. 13. 1775

I this day received yours of the 29 of September, and the 1st. of October.

Amidst all your afflictions, I am greatly rejoiced to find that you all along preserve so proper and so happy a Temper—that you are sensible “the Consolations of Religion are the only sure Comforters.” It is the Constitution under which We are born that if We live long ourselves We must bury our Parents and all our Elder Relations and many of those who are younger. I have lost a Parent, a Child and a Brother, and each of them left a lasting Impression on my Mind: But, you and I have [many] more Relations, and very good Friends to follow to the House [app]ointed for all Flesh, or else We must be followed by them.

In your last you make no Mention of Patty, poor distress'd Girl! I fear the next News I shall hear will be of her Departure, yet I will hope, that Youth, and a strong Constitution which has lasted so long will finally survive. If not We must submit.

I bewail more than I can express, the Loss of your excellent Mother. I mourn the Loss of so much Purity, and unaffected Piety and Virtue to the World. I knew of no better Character left in it. I grieve for you, and your Brother, and sisters, I grieve for your Father, whose Age, will need the Succour of so excellent a Companion. But I grieve for nobody more than my Children, and Brothers Smiths and Mr Cranch's. Her most amiable, and discreet Example, as well as her Kind Skill and Care I have ever relyed upon in my own Mind, for the Education of these little Swarms. Not that I have not a proper Esteem for the Capacity and Disposition of the Mothers, but I know that the Efforts of the Grand mother, are of great Importance, when they second those of the Parent. And I am sure that my Children are the better for the forming Hand of their Grandmother.

It gives me great Joy to learn that ours are well—let us be thankful for this and many other Blessings yet granted us. Pray my dear cherrish in the Minds of my Nabby and Johnny and Charly and Tommy the Remembrance of their Grand mamma, and remind them of her Precepts and Example.

God almighty grant to you and to every Branch of the Family, all the Support that you want! You and I, my dear, have Reason, if ever Mortals had, to be thoughtfull—to look forward beyond the transitory Scene. Whatever is preparing for Us, let us be prepared to receive. It is Time for Us to subdue our Passions of every Kind. The Prospect before Us is an Ocean of Uncertainties—in which no pleasing objects appear. We have few Hopes, excepting that of preserving our Honour and our Consciences untainted and a free Constitution to our Country. Let me be sure of these, and amidst all my Weaknesses, I cannot be overcome. With these I can be happy, in extream Poverty, in humble Insignificance, nay I hope and believe, in Death: without them I should be miserable, with a Crown upon my Head, Millions in my

Coffers, and a gaping, idolizing Multitude at my Feet. My Heart is too full of Grief for you and our Friends to whom I wish you to present my Regards, to say any Thing of News or Politicks. Yet the Affair of the surgeon general is so strange, and important an Event that I cannot close this gloomy Letter, without adding a Sigh for this imprudent, unfortunate Man! I know not whether, the Evidence will Support the Word Treachery, but what may We not expect after Treachery to himself, his Wife and Children!

Abigail Adams to John Adams

Braintree october 22 1775

Mr Lorthorp call'd here this Evening and brought me yours of the 1 of october a day which will ever be rememberd by me, for it was the most distressing one I ever Experienced. That morning I rose and went into my Mothers room, not apprehending her so near her Exit, went to her Bed with a cup of tea in my hand, raised her head to give it to her. She swallowed a few Drops, gaspd and fell back upon her pillow—opend her Eyes with a look that pirced my Heart and which I never shall forget. It was the eagerness of a last look—"and o! the Last sad silence of a Friend."

Yet she lived till 5 oclock that day, but I could not be with her. My dear Father prayed twice beside her Bed that day. God Almighty was with him and suported him that day and enabled him to go thro the Services of it. It was his communion day. He had there a tender Scene to pass through a young Granddaughter Betsy Cranch joining herself to the church and a Beloved wife dying to pray for weeping children weeping and mourning parishoners all round him, for every Eye streamed, his own heart allmost bursting as he spoke. How painful is the recollection, yet how pleasing?

I know I wound your Heart. Why should I? Ought I to give relief to my own by paining yours?

ration. I must confess I ever felt a Veneration for her, which seems increased by the News of her Translation.

Above all Things my dear, let us inculcate these great Virtues and bright Excellencies upon our Children.

Your Mother, had a clear, and penetrating Understanding and a profound Judgment, as well as an honest and a friendly and a charitable Heart.

There is one Thing however, which you will forgive me if I hint to you. Let me ask you rather, if you are not of my opinion? Were not her Talents, and Virtues too much confined, to private, social and domestic Life. My Opinion of the Duties of Religion and Morality, comprehends a very extensive Connection with society at large, and the great Interest of the public. Does not natural Morality, and much more Christian Benevolence, make it our indispensable Duty to lay ourselves out, to serve our fellow Creatures to the Utmost of our Power, in promoting and supporting those great Political systems, and general Regulations upon which the Happiness of Multitudes depends. The Benevolence, Charity, Capacity and Industry which exerted in private Life, would make a family a Parish or a Town Happy, employed upon a larger Scale, in Support of the great Principles of Virtue and Freedom of political Regulations might secure whole Nations and Generations from Misery, Want and Contempt. Public Virtues, and political Qualities therefore should be incessantly cherished in our Children.

Abigail Adams to John Adams

November 27 1775

Tis a fortnight to Night since I wrote you a line during which, I have been confined with the Jaundice Rhumatism and a most voilent cold; I yesterday took a puke which has releived me and I feel much better to day. Many, very many people who have had the dysentery,

are now afflicted both with the Jaundice and Rhumatisim, some it has left in Hecticks, some in Dropsies.

The great and incessant rains we have had this fall, (the like cannot be recollected) may have occasioned some of the present disorders. The Jaundice is very prevelant in the Camp. We have lately had a week of very cold weather, as cold as January, and a flight of snow, which I hope will purify the air of some of the Noxious vapours. It has spoild many hundreds of Bushels of Apples, which were designd for cider, and which the great rains had prevented people from making up. Suppose we have lost 5 Barrels by it.

Col Warren returnd last week to Plymouth, so that I shall not hear any thing from you till he goes Back again which will not be till the last of this month.

He Damp'd my spirits greatly by telling me that the Court had prolonged your stay an other month. I was pleasing myself with the thoughts that you would soon be upon your return. Tis in vain to repine. I hope the publick will reap what I sacrifice.

I wish I knew what mighty things were fabricating. If a form of Government is to be Established here what one will be assumed? Will it be left to our assemblies to chuse one? and will not many men have many minds? and shall we not run into Dissentions among ourselves?

I am more and more convinced that Man is a Dangerous creature, and that power whether vested in many or a few is ever grasping, and like the grave cries give, give, the great fish swallow up the small, and he who is most strenuous for the Rights of the people, when vested with power, is as eager after the perogatives of Government. You tell me of Degrees of perfection to which Humane Nature is capable of arriving, and I believe it, but at the same time Lament that our admiration should arise from the scarcity of the instances.

The Building up a Great Empire, which was only hinted at by my correspondent may now I suppose be realized even by the unbelievers. Yet will not ten thousand Difficulties arise in the formation of it? The Reigns of Government have been so long slakned, that I fear the people