

Boston August 10th 1852,
2. Franklin Place.

My dear Marsh, Since the receipt of your most delightful letter, ~~dated~~ I hardly dare say when, however, here goes (Jan. 10th 1852). My affairs have nearly driven me melancholy mad, which has prevented my writing to you all this time, my letters to my wife had alarming symptoms of insanity, so she thought it better to leave the children with her Mother at Versailles, and join me, which I am happy to say she did last April; since that time I have gradually arrived at the conclusion that the world is not going to destruction just yet; I am in the same state as the old woman, who had been looking all her life for a contented mind, but now she had ceased to expect it, she felt happy. — It is true that my large picture ran me in debt six thousand dollars, & loss by exhibition one thousand, but I am happy to say, it is now finely