

Frog June 21, 1832.

Dear Bethia,

As I owe letters to none at home except William, and I do not feel like writing a French letter, I wish to pass away a solitary hour, in conversation with you, and telling you some of my bad feelings. Seems to me I know how to pity dear Madam, ~~there~~ now that I am so nervous myself. I am almost constantly imagining that I have some bad disorder and that my friends will not come after me. My flesh appears to be washing away, and sometimes I cannot attend to my regular lessons. What I write more particularly at this time for is, to urge somebody to come after me if nobody has already started. I feel as if I were a "stranger in a strange land", and this you know is a melancholy feeling. Do not be alarmed about me but be sure and urge some one to come after me. I am well enough to walk about and write, but my appetite is poor. Do come <sup>send some one</sup> after me your affectionate sister

Mary D. Huntington.

Do not be alarmed from this as I wish not to alarm you & but only come for me.

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JUN. 21

Rev. D. Huntington P. M.

Gladly W. Mills  
Mass

