

Washington July 9th 1828.

My dear Father.

I was happy to learn from your letter of the first that your health had somewhat improved since your departure; I hope you will remain long enough at the springs to recover entirely from the fatigue of your previous journey.

We have had quite a gay fourth here, or rather I should say the Gentlemen have had, for the ladies as usual on such days of festivity were entirely forgotten. The President acquitted himself in his task of digging to the satisfaction of all his friends; he became so much excited at meeting with a hickory stump that he threw off his coat and went regularly to work, which of course quite delighted the laboring class, and many of them who were before unfriendly were heard to say, that they really did not believe he would do such ^{a thing}, and that he deserved to be president four years longer for it. About a dozen of our warmest friends had a pleasant little party at a spring near town, in the Journal of today you will see some of their toasts.