

Trust no more, my Dear Jo, to the gloomy impressions which induce you to think on second sight and the visitation of unreal beings. Your Friend Gamble still lives, and may continue for some time - tho' he gradually becomes weaker & weaker, his sufferings are abated - and the close of life will probably be more calm & happy than the path he has been destined to pursue during his short career. B. Henry told me a few days ago that he had seen him, and that he could not perceive any change - he takes large doses of Laudanum, which must be injurious, but where there is no hope of remedy - I suppose they are induced to allow of any thing that can render him comfortable - poor little Jo Robinson died on Wednesday, to the great affliction of his parents, who are quite subdued by these frequent visitations this is the fifth child they have lost.

We were charmed with your letter, it is the most satisfactory style of writing from those we love and are interested in, continue to personalise that we may know, all your experience in your long tone if you are pleased we shall participate, and when you endure hardships, why should we not feel the sympathy our affection claims? - believe me, my dear Brother, not a day passes that we do not think & speak of you, and pray that you may be in possession of health and as many comforts as to make your present tolerable, what ever may be its eventual success -

Our old Friend Rodman, has arrived, he passed a day here on his way to New York - he has lived almost altogether in Paris, is considerably thinner

a little Frenchified in his manners, but heartily rejoiced to be home once more - that he see, that an American, let him wander where he may, ~~whether~~ in the polished regions of France, is pleased to return to the peaceful scenes of domestic life, which is no where to be found so pure and ^{so} happy as at home -

he brings no news of a political nature, he was at Louv on the evening Mr. Barlow was presented to the Emperor, and says he was well received, very more distinguished than any other foreign minister, that Bonaparte addressed him several times &c, but not a word of the dispatches was yet transpired -

Rodman does not seem to think, much is to be expected from le grand Empereur of a friendly disposition towards this country - but I hope we shall have no war and that you will make 25,000 Dols this year, and be as happy during the rest of your life, as the enjoyment of rational pleasures. an amiable wife a comfortable fortune, and regulated wishes can make you - with these blessings my dear So, you need not envy the collected splendours of all the world - but if you fail to set bounds to your rising inclinations, it will be in vain to obtain wife & money - happiness can never reside in a breast that is subject to the temptations of a restless spirit. we can such a spirit be subdued without a persevering adherence to the dictates of reason. instead of your old motto, to do what inclination prompts.

I would have you adopt one that would subject inclination to your better judgment - and in a short time you would find them so docile that you would wonder at the ease with which you could obtain so great a conquest - but this is something like reasoning, and I know from my letters you would rather expect light amusement - to begin then, according to the report of the day. Miss Harriet Butler is engaged to be married, to a young man, named Thompson, son to a petty grocer who formerly lived opposite to us - he studied law with Mr. Sampson Levy, and is now clerk in the Mayor's office - but how he ever made his way in to the parlour, and thence into the good graces of the fair Harriet is a great surprise to her friends - Mrs. Meade was much concerned about it and ^{would} have taken her sister to Spain with her, in order to prevent the sacrifice but opposition you know, adds fuel to a flame which might soon languish and expire if left to the uncontrolled will of the parties concerned - and Harriet being thus opposed will certainly marry, to show her independence, & be miserable in her own way.

the
you
by

Rebecca Gratz

March 2. 1812

20



Mr. Joseph Gratz

Pittsburgh - Penn -

