

August 9th 1831

One sweet Gains birth day and the arrival of
your charming letter. My dear Sister draws me so near
tally to my desk with a thousand tender and grateful
feelings that I am quite at a loss how to express them -
but I am sure you will understand them, even if I fail
in words to do them justice - for we have so often exchanged
thoughts without the aid of words when together, that I think
^{even} a hint at this distance will like a Masonic sign, com-
municate what is passing in my heart - I do not know tho'
since Masonry has become a usual thing, or made to serve
usual purposes that I should use it as a symbol - yet
what is there within human reach, that may not be liable
to perversion? our forefathers called Masonry - holy & honorable
institution and for the good it has done we may ~~revere~~ regard
it notwithstanding its being a sealed book to all of our sex.
Ben's letter yesterday & yours today speak of our dear little Hyman
broken arm, but when & how it happened we have not yet
heard. Bless the sweet boy. I could not but weep at the accident
altho you say he does not mind it - with all your intensity of
feeling how is it, My dear Sister that you have been able to
make your children so unresponsive in bearing pain. I never
saw them in the least alarmed at accidents or yielding
to fear whilst suffering - Howard broke his head & Bernard was
laid on the sofa & Hyman had many a fall, but there never
was any exaggerated complaint - nor fuss. Hyman's triumphant
eye would overflow in an appeal for pity. The boon received, and
a kiss would dry it again - and the little fellow was quite
a hero. I suppose some tardy healer, will bring no account of his

our brothers are anxiously looking for news of the Wednesday Election. they know Ben is so much interested that he will write immediately. I am more engaged than I have ever known him be, even since the other day. that he would write to Mr. Clay when some occurrence that he thought might give him pleasure - I do not believe he did so but I mentioned this to them that a journey to Lexington has achieved. he has got quite well again, but was in his chamber the greater part of a fortnight with a sore face after his return home. whether poisoned at Pittsburg as he suspected. or by good living previously it matters not now, he is well -

Dr. Hays asked me for an opportunity to Lexington, so I suppose he means to send you Featherston's publication & his "card" he seems perfectly well satisfied with the result of the affair, and I think the geological ~~which~~ he of the opinion of Shakespeares for that 'tis a shame to dig salt-petre out of the bowels of the homely earth. that many a tall fellow hath laid low" and does not mean such an "intruder on tranquillity" shall deface the world of the advantage of his learning. He is quaffing the waters of brandy wine springs. whilst the people here are making merry at the expense of his egotism & pretensions - we have been much distressed by letters from Henry. Elting announcing the death of one friend Henrietta Dallas. she is the eldest of Mrs. Meade's family and by far the praiseworthy woman - her loss is the greatest affliction that could now befall her mother. Henry expects to be home in all this month. I wrote & informed him what was going on at home some time since, but I was as much at fault, as you sometimes thought yourself after conversing with one niece in Walnut Street after the Dr. had been here, some days and was desirous of an interview with the parents, which M. objected to lest his feelings would be wounded. Reuben had a conversation with me, saying he doubted the strength of her attachment. I then gave him a round unvarnished tale, of their course of love, as it had been repeated to me, and from his disavowal. I believe he feels & will act as becomes a parent

may you & my dearest Ben. leave smiling, and in all that parents
 can desire, long live the happiest & the best among the lovely children
 who are blooming around you - Kiss my darling Bessie for me on his
 birth day. Sarah has bought me a note for him to enclose - Give my best
 love to the dear Boys, and tell Hyman how sorry I am for his broken
 arm, and how I should like to tell him pretty stories now he cannot
 go to school - our sisters & brothers & sisters all send a great deal of love
 to you - Adieu my dear sister, believe me always most truly your own
 R. G.

What are you studying? if we may judge of the tree by its fruit, or
 an argument by its result, you will convince your opponent that you are

rather soft - and happy are they whose judgment
 is limited to the present culture, or whose taste like
 roses, reaching through the wide fields of nature of
 science, every other fieldy something to get in
 the mind - before they will reach the mind of man
 that the mind of man, through the narrowest of
 nature be subjected - when necessary

Wm. Benjamin Knapp
 Lexington Mass

So

right - let us suppose the mind, a soil on which our own efforts are
 to ^{for this} part of the cultivator, and adapt improvement suited to its capacity.
 every soil is capable of producing something - Newton might never have made
 a poet, nor Poyson an astronomer - yet they came not into life with all
 their light about them - nor can we suppose the most intense labour would
 make Isaac Newton, or Edward Elting either poet or philosopher - therefore
 we believe study necessary to develop the powers of mind, and produce ideas,
 but minds are as different in human bodies, as soils on the bosom of