

white

July 8, 1832

It is a long time my dear sister since I have been able to write to you - and few depictions have been more unprofitably borne - I cannot say that I have suffered a great deal - but tell that so much time was wasted in darkness, without occupation, that weariness would have been even a greater evil than pain - but not my amiable & affectionate nieces devoted themselves to my care and amusement. they read to me several books every day - and then would return from their visits or walks to tell the anecdotes or gossip they picked up - so that I must have been totally ungrateful, not to be persecuted by these kindreds - one good sister Mary too came every day, and brought word of poor Isabella, and her Mother, and if these were not motives "voluble of thanks" for all the benefits I possessed over those worthless than myself. I must have lived long in all the pleasures of health to little advantage - There are few conditions in life, my dear sister, which may not I believe afford occasions for improvement - "Sweet are the uses of adversity" Shakespeare says - and shall need be that head - which in solitude & darkness - does not meditate on brighter things than those which occupy the senses in ^{the} outer world - My eyes are now perfectly free from disease or inflammation - but are still too weak for constant use, I can only employ myself for a few hours - and then must rest - I cannot read at night at all -

not always in the day time - but I hope they will be
getting stronger by stages - Your letters to the girls are written
in such agreeable spirits that I fancy you well, tho' you
do not say much about your self. I must confess however
my desire for some more particular information on that subject.
The sweet boys, stand out on your pages in bold relief
to use a picture term - I long to hug the dear creatures -
and to hear the tones of Louys voice, if they harmonise
with the expression of his eyes - I would not have him
spoiled for the world - tell Bea - tho' I confess it must be hard
to avoid it - You have heard I suppose how rapidly the
Cholera is approaching us - it has been some 10 days
at New York - and is increasing in its ravages - our
Physicians have returned from Canada - their accounts
have induced such preparations, as will be likely to
ameliorate the distresses & sufferings of the poor, when
it makes its appearance in Phil^a - hospitals are
provided for but it is a frightful pestilence, to meet
with all that humanity can do to lessen its evils -
people here do not seem disposed to leave their homes
lest they should encourage it at a disadvantage
without medical aid, or other comforts they can have
at home, it has traversed the globe so generally
that climate seems no barrier or stay - and with all
that experience can furnish - there seems no system
adopted with the usual success ^{as} in most other diseases -
we are therefore like David, in a great straits, and with
his faith may say - let us fall into the hands of God for
his mercies are great -

Theresa has been sick for a few days, but is getting well
he begs me to give his love to Aunt Maria & the boys -
and Sarah says - do Aunt C do give my love - and she
looks so very tender, that I am sure the boys would kiss the
wax off her lips - our brothers are home again and
all unite with others & the girls in affectionate remem-
brances - embrace the darlings for me - and accept
for yourself Ben and give self the best wishes and
honest affection of your own attached sister R.G.
July 8th 1839

Mrs Benjamin Gatz

Lexington Ky.