

June 8th 1833

Your letters my dear sister almost break my heart - yet they are more welcome than the light. our dear Ben's of the 11th was due yesterday but it did not arrive. I cannot tell you the agony of apprehension & anxiety I have endured, nor the gratitude that filled our hearts when this days mail brought the blessed tidings that your precious family were safe. alas alas! your sweet home has indeed been a scene of death & desolation but the God of Mercy has not forsaken it, and will I hope restore peace & happiness to its walls when the pestilence has passed away, and my noble, beloved brother is permitted to collect his treasures around him, to reward his humane exertions in behalf of the poor sufferers - Dearest Maria how I love and admire you for the fortitude you evince in these trying striking times, I am sure you have could never perform such wonders of goodness if you did not exert your self and encourage him with the hope that you would bear up against the evils around you - The dread of infection makes the times cruel, I see by the papers that the inhabitants of Wheeling had to go over to a neighboring village to bury the dead and nurse the sick - who were all deserted by their own people - but even this shocking circumstance did

not run such a chill through my veins as the thought
that my poor sister & her children had to seek a second
refuge when her own house was given up to disease
& death. I hope your poor Milly will be saved,
she is a faithful creature, and the bereavements
she has suffered will make her cling more fondly
to friends who have cheered her in her affliction -
I have read no history of Cholera so heart rending
as yours - is it my dear sister because I am
so heedless that my own flesh must be pierced
before I can feel as I ought? I shall never again
hear its name with indifference, or without grate-
tude to God for your preservation - indeed I pray
& weep hourly, when my full heart can vent its
feelings in no other way - sometimes the apprehen-
sions of what may be your condition for the six
or seven days which elapse while your letter
is travelling almost over comes me - but the conso-
lation that God directs all things, and that his
good can make the direst pestilence harmless
give me confidence in committing all I have
beloved, may he guard you till, and the
times of all your best love -

tell my dearest Ben of all my love, which his
better virtues has elevated into reverence. I cannot
express what I feel for him, embrace your dear

Benjamin Gratz Egger
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