

No My Dear Maria, the days can never come when you will say that we have no joy in them, because gratitude to God has been planted in your heart, and has grown up and flourished in every period of your life, and because you have had, and still have blessings in possession which can never lose their value in your eyes, and the faith that made Job our act in his heart - nor speak foolishly with his lips is familiar to you. It was an awful denunciation that that a day should arise wherein a nation should have no joy. When at morning they should wish for night, and at night exclaim would God it were morning! but still the sure mercies of God were only hidden for a while, and the prophet even in his threatening showed forth that they would return, with peace & protection - Now my sweet sister I must answer your speculations still further and say - the one placid week passed unmarked in your calendar, that the lot of the sleeping beauty is likely to be yours, I should rather suspect you of the eventful slumbering of Nonpareil, crowding the business of ages in a space no longer than a single night. Last evening Sister Mary & myself were sitting in a quiet domestic chat, when the sound of many voices reached us through the wall, our noisy nieces were assembled as usual on Sunday Evening, and were discussing with great animation some knotty point. I found them still engaged. Maria with her usual energy maintaining her opinion, against a young medical student who with technical pretensions supported his theory. When they could pause long enough to make me acquainted with the argument. George arose and said he had asked Sister if there was any time in a persons life that the mind was not occupied with thought, and on this question the debate began -

but I am not going to engage you further - tho you were cited  
as "example in confirmation" of some opinions -

Kruce's question was but the starting point, and a long  
melancholic discourse involved so many questions, that  
had not the watchman repeatedly given notice that the hour  
was speeding on to usher in another day they might have  
carried thought into deep chambers and dreamed on in  
continuation -

I hope you have got James Paulding's book which I  
sent you last week, and like it - I cannot say that  
his scenery & character of the best, satisfied my expecta-  
tions, but I am no judge of what I have never seen - his  
sentiments & style is agreeable, and so like the man, that  
it carried me back some 15 or 20 years into an association  
which is very pleasant and revives his veneration of Provi-  
-dence in his gifts to man - of memory, respectation & hope -

I am tired too My dear Marion, of elections, and town  
meeting, & excitements. all our brothers are engaged -  
but none so deeply as Ben - My man has been on referees  
& committees for months past - and Sam has mortified me -  
(but you must not let it be known, or he would be vexed  
with me for telling) by refusing a nomination to the Legislature,  
I wanted to get him interested in public business - as he  
has been so long disengaged in private - because I hoped  
it would induce him to regain his activity - and besides  
he is so well acquainted with state politics - and we have  
generally such poor city representatives, that I wanted  
him to employ his talents for the good of the community

602 I wish she would come to Ph<sup>o</sup> - may tell her, or, Grath  
Mores & Montgomery correspond - so that we sometimes hear  
from him. embrace your dear boys for me. is not the sweet  
easy a clay man too? tell Howard his parent calls Henry.  
in as sturdy a pipe as the noisier at the poles.

God Bless you. dearest, believe me most fondly your  
best love to my own dearest Ben - Sister Ph -

Oct 21<sup>th</sup>

Wm Benjamin Grath

Leaving for Eng

W

Wm Leary.