

Richmond Oct 19th 1832

Julia wrote Sarah yesterday - my dear friend, and I gave a message for you - not knowing at that time - I should write you to day - but the morning has come to me bright in sunshine and nature's most beautiful living - and my spirit is as tranquil as it ever can be again - and indeed as much so as to make even you so pure and perfect as you are in suffering - satisfied with me - the heart carries its own miseries and need not tell the world its aching voice to make its burden less - I can more easily commune with my heavenly Father than with the society of man - his still but powerful voice is the only one heard with effect by unbelieved and afflicted souls - your kind letter has been reporing in my desk with many others for some weeks - but they have been weeks of sickness and mourning - My sister Kate - and her namesake niece have both been invalids - and considerable sufferers - at a period too of considerable alarm in the city - and those who were well generally found themselves too completely occupied by their dear invalids to engage in any thing but what belonged exclusively to them - They are both thank heaven on the bright road to health - have awoke frequently - and walked a little - the cholera seems to have past away from the city - tho the recollection of its visitation will long remain to every thinking mind its dreadful havoc and hasty victims savours with it something awfully mysterious - why this general scourge should thus walk the earth at that time cutting down with merciless fury thousands and tens of thousands speaks honon of some evil origin - are mankind worse than ever - that thus they are chanced by disease - To be sure I do believe in some places it might be a difficult matter to find five virtuous men - but I trust in heaven the overhaud of the United States at present is radically defective - some redeeming spirit will arise to give us a better one - The Autumnal holidays are come, and gone my dear

Rebecca - but not unmarked in the sad record of memory - how our fair tree of hope and
promise has been lopped of its branches - and how do we lie withered trembling exposed
to the blast that has swept over us - I cast my eyes on the little sacred spot in New York -
and count the immense amount of my treasures that repose in silence there - but not there do
I fix my ardent gaze - O! no far - far above the light of this life am I lifted to contemplate
them in their glory and follow them with my unperishable love - my dear - dear brother
how sacredly religiously - and uncontentiously - did he ~~used~~ to follow the forms of his
people the instructions of his Parents - his life proved the respectability of his professions -
he walked steadily forward fearing no one but firmly maintaining his common right - he
was not obliged to fight his way through the support of his suffering and degraded people
himself was his religion - and no one dared touch him - he went among those he thought
most deserving his distinction - and studiously avoided all that could give him no satisfaction
in association - but this object of my idolized heart has departed hence - I must lament his
going from me - but will not selfishly wish him back - he and the Angel spirit of my be-
loved sister I will raise my eye to as I trust they repose with their God. Their Parents and
child. Both of them always suffered in fasting - but neither of them considered the sacrifice
as worth remembering - I lament your amiable friend Sally Minis - has been thus wretchedly
drawn into early sorrows such as the reason must find a difficulty in struggling through - The cause
must be an evil one - when its effects can only be productive of crime - duelling is an effort of independ-
ence - a rejection of divine influence - that unceasingly meets with my disapprobation - a man who goes
forth in the world ~~with~~ the permission he must either ~~run~~ ^{run} away his own life on the
that of a fellow being - should be exceedingly cautious how he takes a responsibility of such high im-
portance - ~~existence~~ I consider a loan which we must one day surrender at what time or
hour the knowledge remains in darkness - but I am accountable for its every use - I rely on
no mediation for relieving me of the evil attached to it - I hold it as a grant that I must
consider a special favour - while I possess the good I must benefit others - and so closely
cling to its brightness as to be unwilling to resign it to the great Question of the grant - by
what right we can level a Pistol at a man's head - and send him with all his sins into
the presence of his creator I confess I am unequal to the heavy task of reconciling to my sense

most attraction, to my dear Menace too my spirit fondly turns - indeed all your family are highly esteemed by mine - and fondly regarded by their and your old and constant friends Catherine and Slowly.

I believe after all my letter will go to you as soon as my niece Julia's will to your niece Sarah. I have lately received a beautiful and sweet letter from Catharine Sedgwick - I wish you were at my side to read it.

June

Mr. Ruben Graft

Philadelphia

1811

1832

5 June 1872