1860 August

Philadelphia Aug. 12 1860

My Dear Wife

Among the many mysteries of the dealings of Divine Providence, there is not one which so confounds my wisdom, and lessens fault my powers of comprehension, as does the kindness and favour with which I am treated by all around me. This morning I was seated alone with Harlan who was making my bed, when I heard a ring followed by a quick step into the Vestibule which startled me. On any other day of the week I should have thought only of the pleasure of a visit from one of the children. But as this, I knew, if it were one of them there would be unpleasant cause for such a call. I hastened to the door when the letter carrier handed me your of Friday with the remark "I thought you would be glad to get it and so stopped to give it to you". I am greatly relieved as well as glad to receive it, and thankful for the assurance it affords of your health & happiness. It appears to be perfectly immaterial, I had almost said entirely wrong, that you and I should be thus separated; yet I do not see any mode of changing our condition and feel am obliged to believe it is right. Thus (1)