Philadelphia, Jan. 5th, 1817

Dear Brother,

Your letter, if you have written me any since I left New York, has been misconstrued as I've not received them. Perhaps you have been so busily engaged that you have almost forgotten that there was such a person in the world as brother Joseph, or perhaps you thought that he has been so long from home as to be indifferent concerning the affairs of his father's house or of his native country. Note brother, write often, and if you have nothing very important to tell me, let me have something less important, the common occurrence and the like. —

I continue to have your health. I'm becoming so corpulent that that — very very — legs and arms are as large as Bagg's candle — yes larger — they are as large as — you know — when I was in Trinity. There you know — — Very fine weather today — now I for all the rain, it was warmer than some parts of last August — yes there were a few particles of snow visible last Sunday but they had the misfortune to melt one they touched the pavement. Yesterday was quite rainy — it appears very much like spring — in one of the public squares which I walk daily, workmen are employed in laying it out in high style and planting it with a variety of forest and other trees, some of which are quite large. There are arrangements of the trees so as to form beautiful walks from corner to corner, reserving 5 circles, 1 large one in the centre in which is to be placed something like a triumphal arch containing a wood bust of Washington, and the other 4 circles are situated half way from the centre to each corner, in which are to be erected 4 obelisks of considerable height, will render the field as pleasant as any in this country. This field ever since the year '93 has been called Bagg's field on account of serving as a common burying ground whenever the yellow fever raged so helpfully in this city that there were not well persons enough to bury the dead, they had those fore to dig long and deep trenches, bring the dead in carts and then throw them haphazardly into them to be buried. In this manner the whole field was taken up so that, I suppose, there are many thousands of
the dead beneath its sod. A walk in this pux at evening affects melancholy and serious reflections to a rational mind.

I think that I never informed you that soon after I came to Philadelphia I had the curiosity to go into the burying ground in which the tomb of the immortal Dr. Franklin lies. The tomb is near the street, close to the brick wall of the burying ground, and it is a small cub with no other inscription but Benjamin and Deborah Franklin with the date of their deaths.

Elder Furman is in town preaching like few others I have not heard him nor not much of him. I don't think that he'll make such noise here as he did in Unity. I have had the pleasure of seeing that man. He has entered our writing school and I will bear with him. Benjamin Chase Mill is rather scarce but I make out to get a little too or three times a day.

Give my love to my dear father and mother, brothers and sisters and remember me to all our relations and friends. Pray for me.

Particular respect to Mr. James Neale. Tell him that I have not forgotten the many hours we have spent together, especially. Oh! how I wish I could spend a few hours with you, Abel, Tace and yourself in masonic conversation. Nothing would give me more pleasure except one, and that is, a meeting of all my dear brothers and sisters around my father's table and at the head of which my honored father and mother are.

This I think would give me real satisfaction and I know it would be a joyful scene to my kind mother. Be sure to give my love to Commissioner Chase and Nathan Huntington the first time you see them.

I trust that I shall hear from you soon. May prosperity attend you and yours. Oldem

P.S. I rise at half past 6 and go to bed at half past 10.!!!

P.S.