

Geneva Aug<sup>16<sup>th</sup></sup>, 1862

My very dear Cousin

I have this

hour, heard of your great -  
bereavement in the death of  
dear Harrison. What an hour  
of agony, when the tidings  
of death first fell upon your  
hearth. How I would like  
to seat myself by your side  
and learn all and talk with  
you, but I must be content  
with writing, for the privilege  
of seeing you is not mine. We  
know the utter feebleness of  
words to console. God alone