Philadelphia July 3rd, 1829.

Very Dear General,

I first caught a glimpse of your son on Wednesday morning, while he was passing to the Navy Yard. On the evening of the same day he went to Wilmington, and no opportunity presented of showing him any such kind attentions as we would wish until yesterday afternoon. It would have been very pleasing to my wife and myself had he come, without ceremony, to our house, as his Philadelphia home, in which he would have been as welcome as at your hospitable residence. We hope that he will do so, when he shall again visit our city, but we excuse
him now, on the ground of his having been captured on his way from Washington by Com. Stewart who appropriated him to himself & friends as his lawful prize. It would afford us no ordinary pleasure to receive any of your family as our guests; and if the Military & Civil Chiefest of our country will honour us with a visit, we should be able I am sure to make him feel at home with his friends.

In the midst of your important national affairs, I feel confident that your immortal soul frequently visits, intellectually, the pious dead, and that you derive more pleasure from anticipating future communion with one of the saints in light, than from all your worldly great ness. I send you, venerable friend, the enclosed letter, for a few days, when I beg you to return it to me, for I should be very unwilling to part with it. The friendly left hand which wrote
it is, indeed, motionless, for the present, in the cold grave. But blessed be God, the truly Christian spirit which dictates to that hand what sentiments to express, is full of holy thought, actively to bless.

The spirits of the departed friends of Christ are as the angels, there is joy among them at our repentance & improvement in piety: I flatter myself, therefore, that one celestial being is more to you than any other, except her Saviour, know, with gratitude to the God of all grace, that you are a different being in relation to spiritual & eternal matters, from what you were in 1819, and that you have since that time, begun to be one of the humble followers of Christ, more distinguished by any one Christian virtue, than by the presidency over the happiest most flourishing nation on the globe. May the peace of God be your pillow in sleep, your staff in old age, and your portion for ever.

S.C.
His Excellency
The President
of the U.S.
Washington, D.C.