

Remains

Phil^a Nov^r 12th 1841.

O My Dearest Brother, how does my heart weep for you, and with you for the bereavement it has pleased God to visit upon you - the unexpected calamity came upon us, with a suddenness that surprised our grief - for we knew nothing of our Beloved Maria's illness until she was past recovery. May He who is most Merciful, support you under this greatest affliction of your life, and visit you with consolations which can alone come from him. The blessings that surround you, in the dear children she has left, will bring comfort to your heart, and the love she has bequeathed you in them, will still speak of that happiness, begun here, to be made more perfect, in that state where no separation, can rend it from you. Would that I could know how you and the dear Boys are and, those to minister to your comforts - I am zealous that Gusty Mores was near, with his affectionate attentions, in the hour of trial, and that he had the privilege of seeing one we all loved so much.

I wrote to Howard, as soon as I heard of his Mother's illness and told him to come home, he suffered so much among strangers, when she was sick last summer that I was unwilling to leave him exposed to the same feelings again, and I think it quite probable he will arrive to day. poor fellow, Lucia received a letter

from him last evening, he was well & happy —

When you can make the exertion, My dear Brother
pray write to him, or get one of his brothers to do so,
I trust too it will not be many days before we
again hear, if Lady has left you we shall be
grateful to some other friend to let us know how
you all are. The distance seems interminable now
when one's whole heart and spirit longs to be near.

I cannot well speak of my sorrow, tho you know I
have a true & loving sister's share, and few have been
so blessed in sisters ~~as~~ I have, or mourned with keener
grief than I do. but you my beloved brother, fill
my heart with sympathy — even in proportion to
the estimate I had of your married happiness —
and the worth of your now sainted Maria —

May God Bless you, and your children
is the constant & ardent prayer of your
affectionate sister

Eliza

Dear dear Uncle — I cannot let this go without a word from
Mary Botwell (who is here) and myself — but what can we say —
except that she who ever treated us with a mother's
fond affection — is now mourned by us as though she had
indeed been that dearest relation — we can only prove our
love and gratitude to her — by showing our affection to her loved
husband & sons — I can say no more but that I am fondly your niece
Tha

Handwritten flourish in red ink.

Benjamin Grady Esqr

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Handwritten note on a small piece of paper: "p. 100 - 101"