

I thought I would not write again to you
 my Dear Maria, until I heard from you, for I have
 worried you with unanswered epistles - but my
 heart is too full to keep silence - and one dear friend
 will think it due to him to hear all I can tell him
 of the last days of our Brother's life - would it had
 been months & years I could recount of unbroken
 intercourse - but of that alas, an unending regret
 must not be introduced - a fortnight before his death
 we, (one sister & I) went to visit him, he received
 us with kindness and was much affected at that
 hands with my men - but soon recovered himself and
 conversed with him on common topics - he looked
 much emaciated but did not appear to consider
 himself so ill - he arose and walked about the piazza
 I offered him my arm - and when we were at a distance
 from the party asked if I might come one sometimes
 to see him - he said he would see me - his children
 & grand children were there and perhaps from the
 agitation of seeing us & the noise of so many persons
 he became fatigued - and said he would go to his
 room - we staid to hear that he was comfortable in
 his chamber - and then returned home - after this
 I went out frequently and was always welcomed by

him, and well received by the girls, on one occasion I found him looking very ill - and thinking the Drs. countenance ~~expressed~~ ^{showed} sorrow, I ~~persuaded~~ ^{persuaded} on Louisa to let me stay during the night, and then obtained permission to watch by him repeatedly - indeed my anxiety was so aroused that I could not bear to be away - the lapse of years seemed to have gone by in an instant, and the love that was pent up for all that time, returned to be spent in a few short days over the death scenes of its object, he seldom spoke but for a few minutes at a time and then sunk into exhaustion - the pain of his disease had gone, and his end was tranquil & peaceful - sometimes his strength would rally and a gleam of hope would break forth - then a new symptom shew its mortal tendency and the dull glazed eye close in sleep then was a mimic death - and its sure forerunner - and thus he yielded up his breath without a struggle - and when the last quiver on his lips a smile of peace settled there for ever - I closed his eyes with a prayer that my last end might be like his - but who can speak the devotion of his house - or the scenes of sorrow and affliction that succeeded - from my soul I pity his children I wait with them two days after their sad loss and my own heart is oppressed with grief - I have been quite sick from its effects -

and the boys - I hope all your domestics are added
to health - and that you are all as well & happy
as I love to picture you to my mind's eye - I am
too dull a correspondent to ask for encouragement
yet you would delight my heart by writing to
me sometimes - believe me ever & affectionately
your devoted
& affectionate sister Rly -

July 21th



Mrs Benjamin Wright

Leicester Mass



Present my love to dear Isaac Bodley and
her excellent parent - I want to hear something
of their Bodleys health - like my dear Newell
the letters are returned, without reaching Leicester
and thus end my first attempt at correspondence with him