my Fathers death
You remember we spent
the last summer there
Everybody that we knew
there seems to have passed
away — Certainly all
those who made
~~that~~ Stockbridge &
Lenox so attractive then
but the glorious Nature
always remains, & now
they are peopled again
with dear friends,
Yours, the dearest of
the dear, — It made
me sad true Sam
Powel the other day &
hear him talk of Lydia
with choking voice &
brimming eyes — Verity
he has not much longer