

Franklin Co. N.C.

May 28. 80.

Dr Woodson,

Dear Sir,

Your letter was not a "cold and formal statement," but a good, kind letter, for which I shall always thank you, it was a letter worthy of my brother's friend. It was good in you to write me such a letter. Brother always told me there was more goodness in mankind than I gave them credit for, but I have lived longer than he, long enough to be made to feel that he is "blessed" really, who expects nothing, and when a stranger sends me the return you did, it touches my very heart. I thank you, shall always thank you for your letter. You told me nearly all you could have told me, don't think I am taking an advantage of your kindness, but you gave me the liberty of asking it: tell me, did he suffer as little the first night when alone, as on the second. Your letter relieved my mind on many points, I love to lay awake at night and think of his passing away so sweetly, it was so different from what

I had thought it. I thought death from poisoning one of the most fearful agony. Oh you don't know how often I have passed through the different stages, how often I have seen him gathering the mushrooms, go to his little cabin, prepare them, sit down and see him eat them, then the sickness come on, then the realization of what he had done, I have seen ten thousand times, all of his suffering that long, long desolate night; I have seen him go to the door in the hopeless hope of seeing some human being near, have heard his agonized shrieks for "help", and will hear them to my dying day, have seen the mute appeal in those eyes, (and you know their beauty) and no one near to respond with sympathy, I have seen his sufferings for water, have heard his calls for it, have seen him take his bucket and determine he would go and draw it himself, he was bound to have it, or he would die, + I have often wondered, did he ever get it, or live that long night without it; and tell me, was that night passed in the dark, or did he have matches and a lamp. I had always thought of his dying in the same agonized suffering, can you imagine the comfort your letter brought me. I can think of it now, as of him going sweetly to sleep, could you know the comfort it brought me, you would be repaid for your trouble of writing. Dr. Woodson, I want you to do one thing for me, if it is possible for you to obtain a piece of the work of my brother's hands, some of his fern work please send me a piece; in his last letter to me he wrote me he was going to send me some, + I would give anything I possess for one piece, I would rather have the last work he ever did, if I could get it, and send me two pieces if you can without inconvenience, that I may give his poor wife one, and send me something from his grave, something that grew on it. Oh how glad I am to know his grave will be tended by loving hands, it was one of the bitterest thoughts in connection with his death, that among strangers, his grave would be unmarked, soon unknown; I can now think of it, so differently. Thank Mr. Jones for his loving care of my dear brother's remains, thank Mr. Morse for his kindness, and for your care and attention to him his last night on earth, I am truly grateful. You don't know what I lost when I lost my brother, I am not the Philosopher he was, and when Life's burdens sometimes seemed to me greater than I could bear, my heart would turn to him, I carried my troubles to him, and he always made them easy to bear. He knew so well how to take the dark side away, and turn the light to you. When he went to

California I told him, I could not see how I could fall
with Life, without him to strengthen and cheer me, and
now! I told him the last night he spent with me, that
if all men were but like him, there would be no need of a
heaven hereafter, we would have it here. But I don't believe
God ever made another man like him, forgive me, but
you knew him only as a friend, can you imagine what
he must have been as a brother, a father, a husband?
My brother and I loved our father with the same idolatrous
love that I bore my brother, my father gave me an ivory paper
cutter, which brother wanted and I gave him, if you come
across it, please send it to me with the fern work, that is, if
his things will not be sent home, or probably you can tell me
if he left anything for his wife and little ones, did he
not have an Apiary of his own? Oh it is hard to think of his
leaving them helpless and dependent, to me they are something
sacred, but I have a hard master - Poverty - I do hope you
will write to me one more time & tell me all brother told you of
saturday night - did he suffer for water & light - & send me something that
he made, get me a piece of his work if you can, & know that all the
comfort anything could bring me, was brought by your letter. With the
deepest respect and gratitude, I am, Very Truly,
Ask Mrs. Woodson, in what way did brother speak of me? Alice Person
did he want me & need me, & did he wish he could
see me when he was sick. Please write to me, one more time. Franklinton.
North Carolina