

Bro. James looks old and is weakly. His circumstances are easy. His sight has failed so fast that he can see to read but indifferently. His sons and daughters are kind and attentive to him.

Brother Lovering's pension of \$120 makes his case easy. His daughter, Polly Brown, lives with him.

The sudden and unexpected death of my son, Gilman Dudley, of this town, is severely felt in this neighborhood, and especially in this town. His place will never be filled in my day.

I will leave it to others, who knew him, to delineate his character. He retained his reason perfectly to the last, and gave his family excellent counsel but a few minutes before his departure.

There was not a groan or murmur escaped his lips in his sickness. He died in full faith of Universal salvation, like his Honored Grandfather Dudley. This is his epitaph :

"To virtue only and her friends, a friend,
The world besides might murmur or commend,
Though all the distant din, the vain might keep,
Rolled o'er his mansion and but soothed his sleep."

My youngest son, Elbridge Gerry, seems determined not to be a farmer. He has been attending school at Franklin, Hopkinton, and Pembroke Academies most of the time for the last three years. Last spring he entered Dartmouth College with a resolution to go through ; but I must sell some land to assist him."

Once more he writes :

Feb. 21, 1842.

"Dear Brother, A few days since I received a few lines from you in regard to the accidental death of one of your grandchildren. I was glad to hear of the health, prosperity, and good standing of your other grandchildren, your children, and your numerous posterity, which far exceeds that of any of your brothers or sisters.

As it respects myself, my sense of hearing is somewhat impaired, but my sight is such that I can yet read tolerably well by candle-light. I have complaints sometimes, but I make them known as little as I can. My wife keeps about most of the time, but she complains and suffers probably more than I. Brother James enjoys pretty good health. Col. Lovering visited me last Thanksgiving and tarried several days. It is surprising how straight he stands and walks. No man in this town, with his pension, or without a pension, enjoys himself better than this old soldier. He appeared as lively and jolly as he did 40 years ago. * * *

We are so far in advance of the present generation, that we are nearly alone.

‡ The young are absorbed with the passions of youth, and cannot or will not understand us ; therefore we are obliged to employ our time in reading and thinking.

Uncle Joseph's family are all dead. My wife's family are all gone but her. * * * * *

My sentiments, in youth, were different on nearly all subjects from what they are at present. I am seldom lonesome, and can