

3-23-1906

Letter from Louisa L. Riley, Plainfield, New Jersey,
to Adeline Manning, Boston, Massachusetts, 1906
March 23

Louisa L. Riley

Wellesley College Archives

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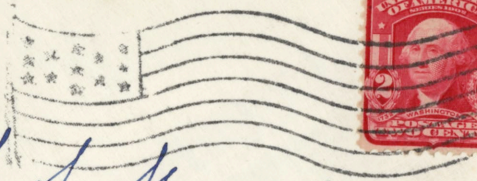
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Donita - Am Mar 31

[Piley]

PLAINFIELD
MAR 23
7-30P
1906
N.J.



Miss A. A. Manning
The Charlesgate
Boston Mass.

11 Myrtle Ave.

Mar. 23^d, 1906

My dear Addie:

Champlain and
Howard are on their way
to the Long Island crematory
with their dear father's body and
I cannot wait any longer to
answer your dear note. I ought
to have written long ago to tell
you how gratified I felt that
you wanted William and me
for neighbors in Plymouth last
summer. The suggestion was

a delightful one to us ~~both~~ but
our arrangements were made to
take the Catskill cottage. William
asked me several times lately
if I had written to you. As I look
back now I realize why it has
been hard for me to write any
but immediate, family letters.

It was because William ab-
sorbed all my thoughts.

When we went to the Catskills
I had begun to have a great
dread in my heart, for I could
not disguise to myself the fact
that he was developing symp-

tokens of the same kind that his father had before he died of angina pectoris, in his seventy second year. We did not speak to each other about it and tried all summer to believe that his trouble was only heart-weakness caused by indigestion. We were at Twilight Park, among the highest peaks of the Catskills, the majestic mountains and great trees so near us it seemed almost impertinent to have the

common roads and wagons
penetrate, ^{where} Nature meant it
to be wild and still. William
enjoyed keenly the walks he
was able to take but I was al-
ways anxious about him un-
less I, or someone, was with him.
After we came home in the
fall he was often obliged to stop
for breath in our walks and
take a swallow of the stimulant
he always had in his pockets,
but when the attack ^{passed} he was so
entirely free from distress that I
never saw him happier or

brighter, reading "the Times" aloud to me every morning after breakfast and then going across to Ida's to look over her Tribune and see his rosy bunch of a grandson.

Perhaps it was because we had a premonition that it was not for long, but it seemed to me we had never enjoyed being together so much as these last few weeks when the children had moved to their own house and we were in the quiet of just us two.

Last Monday evening he

had a little attack but it
passed over as usual and he
lay down feeling "perfectly
comfortable." He waked me
before one o'clock and at a few
minutes before five o'clock
Tuesday morning he was
released from the very great
suffering of the intervening
hours.

Dear Champlain and
Ida, and our good Mary were
with us and when William
could rest a moment it
was in Champlain's strong

young arms. The doctors re-
lieved him through the last
half hour with powerful hy-
perdermic injections, hoping
to bridge over the attack, and,
although he took a cup of black
coffee and seemed to rally,
it was only for a moment,
and he was gone.

I have imagined myself
talking to you and perhaps
I have entered too much into
details, but I wanted to tell
you.

I have been uplifted by the

many tokens we have had
of the high esteem in which
his fellow-townsmen held
him. He thought they con-
sidered him an uncomfort-
able agitator.

Excuse my not writing
last summer. You know
I always love you,
Louisa