

My Dear Abbe

Quincy March 5th 1792

I had my dear Child & shall
wound your affectionate heart when I communicate
to you the affliction we are all in, for the loss of our dear
little Francis. She struggled for a Month with the hooping
cough, and I flattered myself that she would get the better
of it, but it proved too hard for her delicate frame &
on Wednesday the 4th her pure and spotless spirit ascend-
ed to heaven, thither to join the Infant Choir who sur-
round the Throne of the Almighty, what a consolation to
the bereaved parents, who are assured by their Mediator
that such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

She was you know a
lovely Babe, she grew more & more beautiful, sweet
Innocent she is beautiful even in death, a sweet and
benign smile sits upon ^{her} face, and leaves in the
Memembrance of what she once was.
your Aunt was advised
to change the air for her, she took her into Town of a
Tuesday, but she grew worse and on Wednesday of the next
Week she died, at her Aunt Fosters. in the evening of the
same day Mr James Foster & Mr Shaw brought her up a corpse
your uncle and Aunt came up at
noon