Dear Brother Sept 4 1832 1832

I sit down to write you a few lines in haste – I write with a pencil, because I can write faster with it – On monday morning as you know I left home about 8 o'clock, I drove very fast, & got a little sprinkled notwithstanding – Miss Margaret's Band box was not so little in my way – I however protected it from the rain as well as I could, until it got so wet as to begin to give to pieces & then took out the contents & threw the bandbox over board – Glad I assure you to have lightened the Ship of such a weighty & troublesome load – Every body must not know this – I reached Hillsborough about half after twelve – I had not proceeded very far along the streets when I met Mr Kittrell who asked me if I had heard the news – What news said I? Why he replied that Mr Neill is dead – you cannot imagine my feelings & astonishment upon hearing it – ~~I thought~~ I concluded to stop at Hillsborough a while, got my dinner, had my horse fed, & went to see Major Blount & Miss Ann Lane – Not so well pleased & entertained as I had anticipated – I reached the Hill about dark, enquired particularly concerning Mr Neill's death, found that he had died Monday morning near sunrise – He died with composure & said that he was willing to go – His last words were something like the following or "Lord I have trusted in thee in times past, forsake me not in my time of affliction & trouble – Though he was in great distress both in body & mind during the greater part of his sickness – Yet we have the comfortable hope that he has ceased from trouble & gone to the place of rest –

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