

every one she was introduced
to. For we talked of death as freely
as though she was going on ordin-
ary journey. And all was bright to
Milford Dec. 27. She was a fine char-
acter. A more devoted daughter
never lived. She was a great loss
to me, we were more like sisters
than niece & aunt, only nine years
difference. Her mother my sister
died when Ella was two years old.
She was in our family a great deal.
She made all arrangements for the
last service. A cousin was a fine
musician, Ella wished her to play
some fine selections instead of
having vocal music. Which she did.
The selections were exquisite. Rev.

Milford Sept. 27-1914

Mr Walter Dean

My dear Sir.

When your
letter came to me I was on
the point of starting for the
sea shore. Returned a few days
ago and now hasten to answer
it. On glancing at your sig-
nature the name seemed so
familiar, but could ^{not} remember
how it should be, but upon
reading your letter it was ex-
plained, for had so many times

heard my dear niece speak
of Mr & Mrs. Dean. And remem-
ber of her saying you became
greatly interested in her favorite
study of botany. And she kept
up her interest to the last. She
really wore herself out in her
devotion to her father, and
reading aloud to him and he
was very deaf the last few years.
Then she was librarian of the
public library and with her
housework and Home Study
work, she gradually gave out.
Her father died just two years
before she did. He was ill some

time and was a great care
and strain. Soon after his
death she showed the result
of her life of anxiety - Her illness
was sorosis of the bowels, she
was a sufferer at times. I gave
up my position as companion
and spent the last three months
with her taking charge of everything
and had a trained nurse to take
care of her. She was a cheerful
happy invalid. When she found
she was not going to get well she
wished me to make out a list
of friends she wished to leave
a little remembrance. I told
her I thought she had remembered

Marshall M. Cutter an old friend officiated and repeated The Lord is my Shepherd, and Reed Crossing the Bar, by Tennyson she left her house to me, after renting a few years, I went there and lived three years, then had a chance to sell it, so returned to Milford my old home. Last Spring my other niece died, the musician. So am all alone now.

Am very glad to write you some particulars. And think your name was not on the list of Remembrance and as she requested me to give something to any one whom I thought of, that she omitted, I will look among

her books she left me and
try find something and send
you. Am glad you have her
photograph. Could ^{tell} you many
things about her, perhaps sometime
when am in Cambridge may call
on you. For visit Mrs. Frank A. Hill
an old friend. You probably knew
Mr Hill one of the finest men I ever
knew. Its been a pleasure to me
to write to one who appreciated
my dear Ella

Sincerely yours
Harriet L. Thayer



Thayer, Harriet L. 1914. "Thayer, Harriet L. Sep. 27, 1914." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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