

1832- LETTER ALEXANDER WHALEY  
RE: DEATH OF HIS SON THOMAS SR.



Bushwick March 28 A. 1892

Dear Daughter

I thank God I am Well at Present and  
thear May find now and all your family is My  
Wish in the same health I have a Pained Head as yet  
I Can read & Write without the usual trouble  
it Pains Me much to see some of My Dear Children  
are My Goules' Enemies in this World I get uneasy  
and Sory from thair. So Iot against the Best  
I Can freely forgive them & I Won't forget them  
Other God Would Shed his Love into all our hearts  
that None shall be taken from us let keep God's Command  
and Love our neighbors our Sins May all be Poyared  
to a clean heart Love & see Resurre. into that happy  
Number of Sints and Angels and Angels who are  
Sing Praises to God and to our Saviour Now and all  
all al. Amen May this be the happy Lot of us  
My Dear Daughter Theron and Moan With you  
for the Loss of Dear friends and My Dear Son which  
I Won't forget but I know he is in a better in the Word than  
before and I will be with him What Can both say to God together in  
Prayers you say of I write us all that Son Made this  
Plea With God Remember Me to Uncle John Py & family  
My Daughter Sally I has your love of Me I have  
I remain your Mother's father in Law & friend  
the Dear Alexander Whaley no Cross



Father Whaley <sup>letter</sup> to me in 32  
your great old 75 man's grand  
Father to you. bless him a good man  
he mourns for his lost son  
Thomas Whaley will he may with  
me his daughter-in-law Rachel Whaley  
of England. daughter of Thomas Fye  
of S. J. & wife in Brooklyn 1872 Feb 5

R. Whaley  
And send this to my son Tho. Whaley  
in San Diego-



Bushwick March 28-1832

Dear friends

I thank God I am Well at  
Present as I wish there may find  
you and all your family in my Wish  
in the Same <sup>Health</sup> Both I have a Pained  
Mind as yet I can read and write  
Without the ~~using Spectacles~~ it grieves  
me much to see some of my  
Dear Children are my greatest  
Enemies in this that I get  
every day and say now their  
But against me But I can fully  
forgive them But I can forget them  
that God would shed his Love  
into all our hearts that their  
Sins shall be taken from us 1st Leviticus  
Gods Commandments and Love over our  
minds and hearts may all be  
Proposed to our Heavenly Father  
and be received into that happy  
Number of Saints and ~~Angels~~ and  
Angels where we sing Praises to  
God and to our Father there



Alexander Whaley's letter to his daughter-in-law, Rachel(Pye) Whaley, written the year, 1832, when his son Thomas Whaley Sr. died.

Alexander Whaley was Thomas Whaley's grandfather. A note on the back of this letter from Rachel Whaley is as follows:

Father Whaley's letter to me in '32 -your great old '76 man and Grandfather to you. bless him a good man he mourns for his lost son Thomas Whaley(Sr.) well he may with me his daughter -in- law Rachel Whaley of England. Daughter of Thomas Pye of N.Y. I write in Brocklyn 1872-Feb. 5

R, Whaley

And send this to my Son Thos. Whaley in San Diego

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Bushwick March 28, 1832

Dear Daughter

I thank God I am weel at Present as I wish theas May find you and all Your family is My Wish in the I am hath (healthy?) I have a Sound Mind as yet I can read & Wrigh(write?) without the using of spectacles it Greeves me to see some of My Dear Children are My Greatest Enemies in this that I get uneasy and sory(sorry?) from their so Lot against me But I can freely forgive them But won(won't) forgit them O that God Would Shed his Love into all our hearts that None Shal be taken from us let logic ,God's Love to us(?) and Love our neighbors as others May all bee prepared to Meat in heaven above and bee desired into that hapy Number of Saints and Angels Where no being Prises to God and to our Saviour. Whom on all all Eternity May this be the happy Lot of us My Dear Daughter Sorrow and Mourn With you for the Lov of Dear husband and my Dear Son which I cannot forgit But I trust he is in a beter in the Wood dear prepar yorself to be With him then can both sing to God together An May this bee the Day of Desire to us all that has Made their Peas With God Remember Me to Uncle John Py & family My daughter Sally takes good care of Mee I remain I remain your mourning father-in-law and friend till death

Alexander Whaley no cross