

Brooklyn N.Y.

December 21st

1878

Dear Boy - Today I received your letter enclosing the "Orampus money" for the children. It pleased Mother very much. She sat up in her bed opened the envelope drew it out and unfolded it with great interest enquired the value - and expressed her determination to keep it until she got out and then spend it. - She sends her love and thanks and hopes you'll have a Happy Christmas - I will take Barn his tomorrow - yesterday I took him out to see the stores a little while. He behaved better than I've ever known him, he is very happy at the Salimans, but I hate to be under such obligations to

them for weeks at long time - and I do
not think it right to let Julius take
him to her house, as she wants to
for he may yet have the fever - he bought
a box of stuffed animals for Indu -
he has a lot of money - I had to
send him back to Cousin Julius and
my home - promising to take him on
Saturday if I could - I find he wants a
"Printing Press" - so I will try and get
him one from you & I - his Grandma
has got him a real Scotch Cap, and
a Sketching Rack - to draw with -
and I have got a Kindergarten table
for Jeanie from you and a "Murray"
for Indu - and a Perambulator for
Emma as she takes possession of
Indu's and never lets her use it.
Julia's cold is a little better - but her
children are sick with colds and
I fear it will develop into Scarlet fever

as she will come here every day -
Mother is not so well - she will worry
about the children and she has so much
to think of it lives her out.

The day I last wrote you in the afternoon
Emma came down with a high fever
and diphtheria - she was cross enough
and exacting enough to keep his
busy - and I had to divide my time
between her and Dede. Dr. Johnson
has put the "Borey Lamb" and his
"Jesus" (Sonisa) in the back parlor
Sonisa's bed and his crib - he enjoys
the mirror and seeing "the other little
boy" - Emma's diphtheria turned to
scarlet fever this morning and she
is a hands full to take care of
I wanted to put her up in the room
with Dede to save my legs on the
stairs but Dr. said no! so Emma
is recuperating in Father's room

one on each floor Dr says makes
the disease lighter not so severe -
although Arny is apparently well. Dr
thinks he has been so thoroughly
exposed to it that he'll have it -

Emma has not started in nearly so
seriously as Andrew - but there is no
knowing how it will develop - but
I am thankful I have them where
they can have so much warm
room and a doctor twice a day -
if I was home we could never
pay the doctor bill - and as Dr
Johnson says - they've got to have it
sometime - as they'd be certain
to be exposed to it - Emma is
very anxious she turned right
out of bed since I've been writing
this - she cries & says "I feel bad!
I feel real bad!" - to have to have
Scarlet Fever and not to go down to

the Bhushnas voice - I don't want
a doctoring - I want lots of people to
come to dinner and all go down
stairs and have a voice. He - she
is inconsolable - It does seem too
bad anyone of us our Bhushnas
spoiled - Andru has never made any
fuss - she accepts the inevitable
and is composed and serene
she is a real darling - she sits
up in her bed as pleasant as an
angel - and it will be a week or
two before she can leave it - she had
the fever very bad - she sends you a
kiss and lots of love - so does Emma
she says you'd better not be told
that us is sick - that her lips are
ragged and hurt her that she now
relieves like her feet all inside and
that her eyes and all ache and
she don't feel nice - she has kinds

consented that I may sit on a
hard chair by her bed and lean
my head against a pillow - she
won't let me lay on the bed - for
honestly I don't want to lay on it
it's bad enough to have to stand
over her - for a while in Scarlet fever is
so bad. I have to keep taking blisters
to counteract the poison. I am up and
down from her to bed. I hope she
won't have it bad.

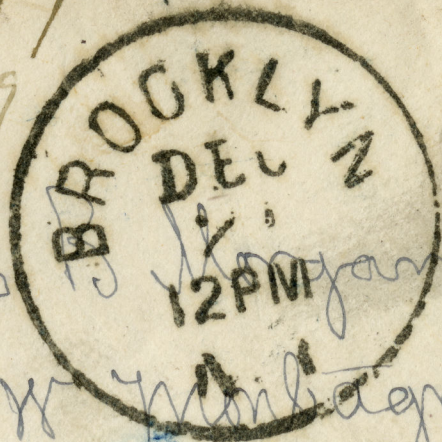
I have your letter of the 11th with the
wonderful news from the Taylors - I cried
all day - I am so sorry for them
it was too bad you did not know
she was ill - poor little dear it
seems as though she ought to have
been saved - Dad refused to believe
it - Emma said, "Lead! when she
has gone up into the sky" - Pam
says he is very sorry. So give my

Love and sympathy to all of them.
I am so mortal tired - I don't feel
that I can write another word, but
I will inform you that I do not believe
you love me or you'd show more
regard to my wishes and not take
long walks - evidently you are a
bad Boy - Wishing you a Happy
Birthday Sam

Yours
Lion.

India sends you the
Diary I thought you'd
need one, it would be
good to have in the
family. I could not get
out in time to send it for
Christmas. . .

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