

Brooklyn N.Y.
Jan 7. 1879

Dear Boy.

Today I received your letter written on Christmas and am glad you spent the day so agreeably. I suppose the snow delayed your letter. I had received yours of the 28th yesterday.

Father gave me a draft to pay Doctor Johnson, so I paid him and sent for him to come see Arvey yesterday which he did and today he came again he thinks it's only a bronchial cold Arvey has. I hope and pray it may not develop into scarlet fever. If I could be with him myself it would be different. I have to leave him entirely to Doctor Johnson.

won't let me take Tudor or Emma
out of bed yet. and this is the fifth
week Tudor has been in bed - she
is just as good as can be - but
Emma chafes against the confinement
it's very hard for her they cough very
badly but otherwise are doing well.
Pam goes to school and is doing well
as far as we can tell - but we don't
know how soon he will be sized -
You'd love to hear Perry talk, he
talks incessantly and is very active
on his legs. I steal down nights to
see if he is covered or feverish.
I am continually on the jump all
day - Mother was very poorly yesterday
but is a little better today - Deanie's
death seems worse to us all every
day - It was such a terrible death
for such a gentle dear little
girl - she was so good and her

sufferings were so terrible - Julia is
just heartbroken - she looks very bad -
The children send their love to you
and want me to write for them, but
I never have time until they are
asleep - I'll write a clock now -
I feel better than I did myself - but
very anxious and worried - death
seldom comes for only me -

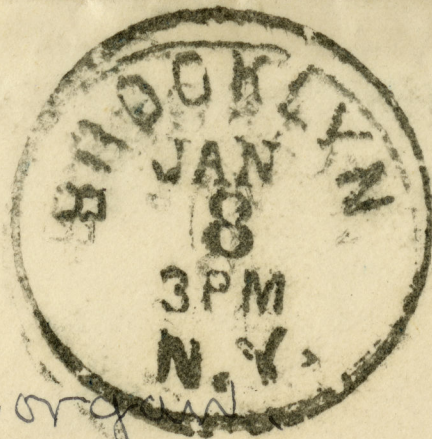
Father is well - I am sorry Mr
Van Tassel is going to leave the house
if you think best to store the things
and give up the house do so.
I did hope to return to it - but I
don't see how or when -

I had a letter today from Lottie they
were well - I don't despair of rain
in your life time enough yet -
So out all you can and try to be
cheerful, and keep well - get some
new clothes soon.

I shall now steal down for one more
look at Arvey and then try to sleep
for a few hours - wait I be glad
to undress and stretch out in bed
If you were here - I'd go bed in the
blue room and make you wash
the children - fortunate for you that
you are not yours lovingly

Sizzie -

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Mr L B Morgan

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