

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Jan'y 5 1879.

Dear Boy -

I did not write you last night
I was too tired and low. but I am lower
and bluer all day today. I never have
felt so low personally. I fear I have dipth-
therias. I don't say so. but my throat is bad
I'm fighting it with - Quinine - whiskey and
potass. but I feel very bad. It will be strange
if I don't have it. I've been thoroughly exposed
to the work farm and besides I've been
suffering with scarlet fever over four
weeks day and night and I am beyond
expression tired. I have to run all the
stairs from the kitchen to the floor dozens
of times a day - coming all the way up
and I have to work so I'm ready
to yell. Oh! you don't know how awfully
I feel. If I die it will be decided

by the time you get this letter - and you
will believe that I've done all I could
and for the best. I am in an uncon-
frollable nervous state. I fight against
it - yet I feel as though I must rush
into the streets. I've no one to tell.
Mother is unable to eat anything and
looks very badly. she feels Deamies death
so much and we all feel so long
for poor India. Deamies death was
so cruel. she suffered so terribly - was
so sweet and good and the cruellest
part is that really nothing was done
for her. as they did not know until Dr
Johnson said so the last day that it
was diphtheria, and then nothing could
be done. and we were such fools
we did not know she was dying. I
never saw anyone die. I think over
and over about the poor little dear
and it seems more. Dad. all the

time. I think the selfishness of people
is cruel - no one even gentleman would
come into the house. It all seems
a wild wicked dream. Poor Julia beams
up wonderfully - its terrible she was so
wrapped up in Deanie. she has a hard
time -

I think Fudw and Emma are doing
all right - they are in bed and they
cough more than I like but I like the
most watchful care of them I can and
the result is beyond me. I want so
much to take care of "Dorcy" but he
has a terrible cold. but I don't dare
touch him. Dorcas is kept shut up
with him and I know she does the
best she can to follow my advice
but he seems to add to his cold
but enough of my anxieties. I know my
mamma will not alter what is fore
ordained to her.

I mail you his papers I'd like to have
you keep - and a pair of red socks
I'd like you to wear until they have
holes in them don't -

If I never see you again come get the
children and many some good kind
of wife that will not be too young -
Pam is well as usual - Emma sends
her love and two kisses - so does Fanny
they talk about you continually -
and are saving stories for you to read
to them - I fear it will be another
windy night - I know it all in God's
hands - but I do hope and pray we
may all meet again - I'm too low
to write

Your long
sine

#32 Recd Jan 14/79
Amel " " /79



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