

Compus Christi
March 9th 79.

Dear Luite,

Received your letter and
Postal; I intended to write to you
before this, but I can hardly find
a chance to sit down. all our
friends call on us, besides we dis-
charged the little help, the boys
had, between the work and visits no
time for thought is left, I wrote
to you last during the absence of the
Boys, they returned with the body on
the 21st of January and the burial
took place Sunday 23rd. we heard
the particulars of his last hours,
which I hope were peaceful; he
was taken ill on the 5th of Feb. he
like an apoplectic stroke, after that

raised blood again, got weaker and weaker, till he slumbered away quietly. The two Physicians, which were sent for did not arrive, the one from Brownsville was absent, the other pretended to have been lost and charged 150 dlls for loss of time. for many years Papa has worked and lived for himself and of course we know nothing about his pecuniary circumstances, he never had money nor did he leave a cent to our knowledge, no papers or accounts, this will make it very, very hard to settle his estate, but with God's help we will try to fight it through, and sacrifice what can be given up. I think poor Papa, felt very unhappy when he was conscious of his true condition and wanted to make a last effort to redeem his fortune a little, but it was too late; when he took leave of Mrs. King he ~~asked her~~ said:

"If I should not see you again in this world pray that my soul may be at rest!" he lived only 30 hours after that, if he had remembered us and had sent a few kind words, but nothing at all, also he may have thought of us in his last hours; to morrow is the Anniversary of our wedding day, 30 years ago, the very day Papa always said he wanted to celebrate, the thirty years war! how distinctly I remember everything about those days! You write to me that you are taking singing lessons, I beg of you not to interrupt them, there is no sacrifice for this to memory of the departed; I have to give my lessons as before, because we must do for the living and remember the dead in our hearts. I send you five dollars, all I can give you just now, if you have to get any little article of mourning, till I can send

you more, it is of my earnings and
depriving nobody, but I beg you again
keep on with your lessons, do not
give them up, I would like so much
for one of you to sing; as Charley's
throat is very tender since he has
Diphtheria, he does not sing at all
anymore. poor boy, Papa's death brings
him again a step backward from his
heart's desires, as he had to pay much
of the smaller expenses the father
has to be settled yet. Did Grand Pa
not give you a little Christmas money
to help along? of course he had been
very kind in sending you to the Doctor
and may not be right to expect that
he should do more. Papa did so
admire my flowers and even worked a
little in the garden before he left. I
have Myrtle in bloom, the Roses pass every
description in beauty, Spirea's, Violets,
Anemones, Lilies and my Germaniums. I cannot