

Ashland March 24th 1863.

My dear Kate

I have been suffering so much from toothache all day as to be wholly unfitted for occupation. It is easier now but I feel very stupid, nevertheless I will begin my letter to you. If you were with me dear sister I feel that it would soothe my poor stricken heart to talk to you of my sweet precious child. Oh how I have longed for your sympathy & comforting words. You knew her loved her & appreciated her worth & loveliness sometimes I think more than I did. Much as I loved her I believe I never felt how much she was to me until God took her from me. Oh Kate what a loss she is to me, she was always watching over & caring for me, & after her death I felt myself constantly expecting & looking for her to come & soothe & comfort me. Now there is but one comfort to me & that is my firm belief that what is my loss is her gain. Oh Kate had I nothing