

Washington D.C.
Morrison's
4 ½ Street
Dec. 21st 1862

My Dear Mrs. Swett,

Your letter received last night caused me inexpressible pain – would that I was in Bloomington. I could do much to sooth my poor friend, Fanny McCullough.

I love her as I would a child. I believe that if I was at home that I could do a great deal to lift her out of her great grief – She has had trials and griefs such as few girls of her age ever had.

She is a guileless, truthful, warm hearted, noble girl. The good hearted people of Bloomington should not let her sink under this affliction.

Her father was my devoted friend for many long years – In his friendships, he was as true as the needle in the pole – where he loved he gave his whole heart.

He had his faults – who of us has not? Let them be buried with him in the silence of the grave – William McCullough had high noble, honorable impulses, unselfish, devoted to his friends – and with not taint of meanness about him –

One by one, my old friends drop off – A feeling of intense sadness has been on me all week – Poor Fanny loved her father with all his faults as devotedly as every child loved a parent.

She should not be suffered to grieve over much – I know that Mr. Swett and yourself will do all that is in your power to comfort her – I know exactly how she feels and how dark the world is to her.

I have written her today – I will write her frequently – I will see Mr. Lincoln again and prompted him to write her – He promised the other day that he would.

The cares of the government are very heavy on him now and unless prompted, the matter may pass out of his mind –

...That your health may be restored and your life long shared to bless, cheer, and comfort him is the sincere prayer

of your friend
David Davis

Sir Matthew Hale said “that time was the wisest thing under Heaven”

Time will do its work for Fanny as it does for us all but it should be seen while time is running, that, in the bitterness of despair the strings of the heart are not broken