

Bloomington Ill. Dec. 13<sup>th</sup>, 1862.

Hon. D. Davis,

My Dear Sir:

I write you in behalf of Fanny McCullough – afflicted, crushed, and I fear, broken-hearted.

I know your deep interest in her – how your heart will bleed for them all; more so than if you were here where you could find relief to your sympathies by ministering to them in their affliction. I write only to ask that you will – in your letters to her – hold forth every indictment for her to bear up and rise above her grief – for her brothers' sakes, for all that she may be able yet to do for others. But I need not tell you how or why to write. I meant only to explain to you her condition. She has neither ate or slept since the tidings of her father's death, but shuts herself in her room, in solitude, where she passes her time in pacing the floor in violent grief, or sitting in lethargic silence.

I wish you were here. Mrs. Orme bears up bravely, supported by God's own consolations, finding relief in her constant care for her Mother, Fanny, and her children, but says she misses you, and she knows you could benefit Fanny. Yet, as all these things here come in the Providence of God, we can but conclude they are best. They have no immediate friend to whom to look for anything. Mr. Swett has done what he could.

Pardon me if my note seems presuming. I wish to add a note of my own heart-felt gratitude for your interest in my husband. Ever be a true friend to him. I have not been a wise wife to him, a loving one my soul testifies. When he is alone, be true to him. You know his nobleness of heart, but not as I do.

My warmest to Mrs. Davis when you unite, and believe me, with sentiment of highest regard and esteem.

Yours Truly,

Laura R. Swett