

Chicago, Aug. 31st, 1865.

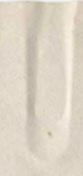
My very dear Mrs. Henry,

Bowed down & broken hearted, and feeling so deeply for you, in your agonizing bereavement, I feel justified, in approaching you, at this time, when, we all feel alike crushed.

We have both been called upon to resign, to our Heavenly Father, two of the best men & the most devoted husbands, that two unhappy women, ever possessed.

The terrible news, that our beloved friend, who so sympathized, with us, in our irreparable loss, is gone, has been received by us, only a day or two since. My sons and myself have been overcome, by the startling and heart rending intelligence. We consider that we have lost our best & dearest friend. It has been my most ardent wish, that Dr. Henry, should have received an appointment in Washington, it would have been a great comfort to us, in our own overwhelming sorrow, to have had you both near us. In this great trial, it is difficult, to be taught resignation, the only comfort, that remains to us, is the blessed consolation, that our beloved ones, are rejoicing in their Heavenly Home, free from all earthly trials & in the holy presence of God & his angels, are singing the praises of the Redeemer. I long, to lay my own weary head, down to rest, by the side of my darling husband. I pray God, to grant me sufficient grace, to await his time, for I long, to be at rest. Without my idolized husband, I do not wish, to remain on earth.

Mr. Wm. T. Henry, called a day or two since. I was confined to my bed & did not see him. Robert saw him & he left, your telegram. Robert, immediately, wrote on to Washington, urging & pleading, for the appointment, of your son in law. We pray & trust the appeal, will be granted. You have no one, my



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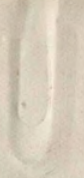
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dear friend, who could possibly feel for you, and I do, your grief is mine, in it, I am living over my own disconsolate state & the gratitude we feel, for the dear Doctor's recent sympathy, for us, in all things together with the great love, we all bore him, makes your troubles my own. How much, I wish, you lived nearer to us. We could then, weep, together, over our dreary lot. The world, without my beloved husband & our best friend, is a sad and lonely place enough. Our poor little family, would be a gloomy picture, for any one to see, who had a heart to feel. It was a great trial, to me, when Dr. Henry, left here in June, that I was unable to have access to some boxes, stored in a warehouse, where was deposited a cane of my husband's, a large family Bible & some other things, designed for presentation, to the Dr. So soon as I can get to them, I shall avail myself, of the first opportunity, of sending them to you. I can offer you in conclusion, of this very sad letter, my dear Mrs. Henry, very little consolation, for I am so weary & heavy laden myself, over everything, concerning us both. I trust you will write to me, for you are very dear to me, now & ever.

With regards to your family, I remain always

Your attached friend,

Mary Lincoln.



Henry Estlin