troubles, that have fallen so heavily upon me. It is the lot of humanity to suffer otherwise we would cling too fondly to earth - its transitory enjoyment.

Our noble friend Ben Summer, who was so closely associated with us in Washington, called to see me a few weeks ago, while in Chicago. He knew too was troubled, and his heart, I fear, more so, owing to the cruel rumors afloat, regarding his wife & himself.

Chicago, Nov. 21st
1867

My dear Mrs. White:

I cannot address to you, how heartfelt my grief was on receiving the postman's notice of your beloved daughter's death. I know by experience how powerless words are to console us in our fearful un预备ed bereavements. God alone
can administer comfort in the trying hour of affliction and soothe the anguish of our broken hearts. I remember your lovely daughter so distinctly, professed of so much loveliness, talent, and so highly accomplished. "Death, truly loves a shining mark," and believe me, on leaving the painful scene, which brought so much sorrow to you, I sympathized with you, as my heart I prayed. How desolate we both have been made within the last few years! Overwhelmed with my great grief, sorrow, I am prepared fully to share the afflictions of all those who are called upon to sustain them. I have thought of late, whilst enduring the persecutions with which I have recently been assailed - that our Heavenly Father had brought it upon us, to eject, my mind, from the
It appeared to me particularly trying, that whilst he was longing for his health and returning from it to his proper life, he should be compelled to encounter such odious and odious comment as the press so freely and I believe falsely indulged in. He had become such friends that immediately after his engagement was found, he wrote me respecting it. And when he visited me after his marriage...
for fear, there might be some truth
in the rumor, I could not allow
myself the privilege of mention-
ing his under name. Emunue,
it is a very sensitive man. I wish
we could see some such man.
President, do not you? I will
my Dear Mr. White, direct my
letter, according to the card you
sent me, not knowing whether
you have returned to town. Hoping
to hear from you at your leisure.
I remain yours, Mary Lincoln.