

Hamilton April 22nd 56

Dear Brother

I got home this morning from Dayton. Poor Myrtilla was taken sick last week with Spleen Feaver. John Gehart wrote to me yesterday to say that Myrtilla could not live many days. I went up by first Train. I got there at 8 o'clock, and found her very ill. She knew me when I went to her. But soon her mind wandered so much that we could not talk to her, about 12 she began to sink, and died at 5 this morning. Poor little Anna she was dreadful distressed, it was a sad sight. I do not know now at what time she will be buried. I expect to go back ~~when~~ at that time. I am afraid I can not let you know in time to be there. I must close. I will write to you again

Yours affectionately
A. C. Howells