

The Chelsea. N.Y.
222 West 23^d St.
Aug. 21. 1897.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Clark

Perhaps you have heard from some other source of the deep affliction I am called to bear. On the morning of July 10th my dear husband left me - After a night of comparatively sweet sleep, & full health of body, and mind, he was stricken with apoplexy without awaking, or struggle of any kind his soul left his body. I was sleeping by his side and was roused by a curious breathing ^{or rattling} in his throat. I immediately

summoned the Dr's but
nothing could be done - He
was, you remember, very stout
& full blooded, but his health
was of the best, and his mind
so bright always - It was en-
tirely unexpected, and such a
terrible loss to us all - I don't
know what I shall do with-
out him, for almost seven-
teen years we have lived so
happily together. And he en-
joyed life in every sense
of the word. Our friends
gathered around him for
the last sad ceremonies,
we laid him in the Receiving
Vault at Kensico, N.Y. where

I shall soon purchase a
resting place for my darling.
How many times we have
spoken together of your
pleasant visit here and
we both wished that we might
live near each other, that
we might enjoy your society
constantly. He was just
in his first prime as it
were - all ready & prepared
to do his best work, and
had planned doing more
literary work in the near
future. I cannot under-
stand why he should be
snatched away so early -

Sometime I will know, but
my heart is well nigh broken.
There is something for me
to do for others or I should
not be left - I shall move
into smaller quarters in this
house, in Oct. But I shall
take all his precious books
with me - If you receive
this letter and can find
time I shall be very
glad to hear from
you -

Sorrowfully and Faith-
fully yours -

Henrietta G. Hampson.

Please direct here { Remember me
to the boys.