

This is a letter written by Henry Heckart, dated August 3, 1862, Lexington, Mo.

Dear Brother and Sister, I take my pen in hand to let you hear from us & the Solum news of the death of Mary. She departed this life July the 28th. She died of her old complaint. She took a severe cold last winter and she has been sinking ever since, the last two months of her life was intense suffering and she perfectly smiled of her suffering and conditions to the very last. She selected a hymn for us to sing. The hymn was O Sing To Me of Heaven. She came most strangling. D. told me to raise her up in the bed but death had come. She then held out her hand and told us she would bid us all good by. When I came up to bid a final adieu, she locked her arms around my neck with as much power as if she had been in good health, then came the heart ranting. When I took Sis to her she touched and kissed her then said good by darling. James Mat had gone to Lexington after Gran and Harriet, they got here in time to see her die. She died perfectly happy her last words was Lord come quickly. It looked hard to give up a companion but let the Lords will be done. I know that she is better off then if she was here on this troublesome earth. She has gone where there is no more trouble. No more sickness. No more hacking coughs. No more parting of husband and children. We'll soon half to drink the same cup & Life is the time to prepare to meet death. I am keeping house. The children are all well and are all anxious to go back to Audrain, which I promised them I would do and if we all live till fall I want to leave here if there is any place I can find peach and quiet once more. I cant stand it any longer, here where men are shot down like dogs dragged out of bed from screaming women and children begging for husband & father but all of no avail. They are shot down, then curse the innocent people blood God only knows. Men are shot down at their plows are at their wife side by bush-whackers, but I must bring my letter to a close. I have a great deal more to write but can't write any more this time. Write soon and let me hear from you all and what has become of my land and of your troubles. I want to see you very much, so no more but remain, your brother till death. H. Heckart

Letter courtesy of Shirley Thompson, Grand-daughter of Henry's 2nd son, Joseph Thomas Heckart.