

Springfield Monday March 25 1860

My Dear Helly

Although it is not my day for writing as Monday is always a busy day, yet I feel like trying to write as I have put it off longer than usual, I have been sick I had to have the Doctor not my accustomed pain from indigestion but a more serious one of congestion of wind I had it once before I thought I should die, it was not as bad as the first attack, but bad enough, it was removed by a mustard poultice & a piece of Morphine that was like Elysium to my poor worn out frame, that was last Saturday, I was too weak to go to Church yesterday & ate too much Oyster Soup for dinner but hope it will wear off without any disagreeable consequences, a sad accident happened to your last letter, it was brought just as we sat down to dinner, that is always in a hurry to eat & his appetite was sharpened by the sight of a dish of Fried Puffs (a rarity) I laid the letter on the Mantle piece & I don't know but it fell in the fire & burned up before I had read a word in it, that had opened it at the Wharf & Peter got hold of it before she gave it to me they told me the contents, I was so hurt I could hardly eat any dinner, Lucy MS & Chesson came to see me yesterday they met with a great loss Saturday a girl they had died from a burn she took fire in the dining room and ran to the garden, they were at work there & threw her in a ditch that was at the bottom of the garden, she lived a fortnight & hopes were had her getting well, but she died, she belonged to Mr Booth was put in place untill he paid six hundred dollars he borrowed from Mr Searair he has had her more than twelve months, whose loss she will be I cannot tell, Mr Booth always considered her hers with her mother to wait on her, but circumstances alters cases, I have not time to write much to day Buck is now waiting to carry this to the boat I see very little of poor Martha now she is tied at home with poor old Aunt Wealth the most disagreeable of the human race they hired a rheumatic man to wait on him & he is so crope he wont



hesitant it long, dear Bun is <sup>one</sup> of the best of children  
she helps me greatly sometimes & the last sickness brings <sup>her</sup> to my  
bedside, Eugene is very unwell with a cold & Wren too, Cora has  
had the sore face but believe it is well now but very red  
I have never been to see them since they moved, Thel & Poker  
supped these last night they have a good deal of company  
Johnny Callen & Maurice Groland are staying, these they expect  
more company to say Mrs Ann Callen & some of the Galeses a pair  
of good ones Tom rises early since his overseer left here, I hope  
it will hold out, as to home affairs I have little to say, I have  
two geese setting & two hens Sally & Poker attends to them some  
duck eggs none settings no turkey eggs yet, I feel but little interest  
in these things, so many of more importance Disunion War or object  
submission, I am a wonder to myself how I stand it so well, were  
the mere lack of an insurrection would fill me with terror, now we have  
a white war & a terrible one to dread, but my dear the promise is  
as your day so shall your strength be, I was very sorry to hear  
Mrs Conway was near losing her eyesight hope she will recover it  
my to her tree her I praise my master that I have lived through  
another winter the last week was a gloomy one we filled our  
ice house with snow, not quite full, I have Harry & Tom Lee  
in the garden to lay up borders, Poker says Martha must answer  
her letter, if she would write to me I would answer it my love  
her, I must say Farewell now with love to all from your  
fond Mother

L G Baylop

B R I W  
Receipts for 1851 & 1850