Almont, Decr. 27, 1834.

My dear Mother,

I have just put my dear husband to bed and called his back with mustard, but you cannot imagine how my heart feels at being obliged to resort to such remedies. He has continued very low ever since he left you, and in addition to his indisposition which he laboured under when he left Clifton, he has taken cold and for two days and nights has suffered a great deal. He had a violent pain in the back which removed into one limb and was associated, he is however, somewhat relieved of that and I think better in every respect than that night. He does not feel confining enough in any physicians' hands to employ one and must on my prescribing for him. I feel the responsibility is too great for such an ignorant medico as I am, but...
I am so much afraid if the does employ a doctor that they will give him too many medicines, that I have ventured to note, with a blue ink occasionally until his digestion is better, and the loss of the vomit contents which causes I hope can do him no harm. Even if it does not prove beneficial he takes a little milk and stale bread twice or three times a day which I think is the best thing for him while he is weak. This is very much deplored as you may suppose to his hope and prospects of healthier days. Yet, but he is very patient and submissively he often sighs for the sympathy and company of those near to him and feels as if there was an impenetrable barrier between him and his friends. As all I can do to cheer and soothe him, but I have been quite sick with severe cold and almost every one of our family both blacks and whites have been laid up, but thank God we are getting better fast. But was so sick this morning that the almost fainted, but there is quite likely to night and keep I will go in to see you and thank you for the nice presents you sent her.

I was sorry to learn from Nellie that you were indisposed and hope you have recoverd from your sickness. Mr. Melno left us on Thursday morning. He preached in the church that day to a very small congregation. I have not heard from Nellie.

Do write to us sometimes my dear Mother, I long to see you and often think if we could have you write us how it would cheer our drooping hearts. Give my love to Mr. Harrison I am glad to hear his looks so well. Help some little for me and believe me your truly affectionate daughter J.R.F.

What joy a Christmas did you have? many were there as more miserable set than me now, see Hicks.