Springfield Sunday March 25 1860

My Dear Kelly,

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, and 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 had enough, it was removed by a mustard poultice & a pie of rhubarb that was like Figurine to my poor worn out frame. That was last Saturday. I was too weak to go to Church yesterday & I have much regret for it. I am not well enough to hope to see some off without any injurious consequence, a car accident happens to your last letter, it was brought just as we set into the Piner. That is always a trying to eat.

His appetite was sharpened by the sight of a dish of beef tips (a rarity). I gave the dinner on the Masterpiece of I went home but it fell on the floor. I turned up before I had read a word in it, that she opened it at the utmost of risk got hold of it before she gave it to me. They take one the contents, I was so hurt to never have been able to see them, Lucy Mrs D. children came to see me yesterday. They met with a great delight that a girl had two from a boy, she took one in the dining room and ran to the garden, the rest at work house. I know she has in a ditch. That was all the better. ice of the garden, she had a fortunet of hope was not her selling since, but she died that belongs to Mrs Brooks was put on place notice he pair one hundred below he trimmed from Mrs Swain he has had her more than two years, whose she once said that cannot seem Mrs Brooks always considered her here and was to wait on her, but circumstances allow, all we hope you will write me to say whether it be now as easy. It carry this to the best I see my little of poor Martha, and she is in her no humble person but Paul Went. He most unreasonable of the human race. They lived a domestic scan to wait on him, it is so easy he went
Becalmo, 1538

[Handwritten text]