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Category: **Document**

Person:

Date:

October the 8, 1841

Thare is a spot to me most dear whare I can go & weep

a place whare I would like to be

if I was only thare today,

but I must wate & be content till my Dear Son can go..

for with the fever he has laid low five long weeks or more

but laying on my bed one night praying for my Son when all at once a small voice
sed Thy Son shall liv be not affraid [afraid]

but I must leav the Bartlet Springs when five long weeks are past and then I go to
My good home whare I will have a Rest

but Oh what has took place since I came away from home that litttle Bud the
Lord designed to take it To him self. RC

The little Babe is dead