

Monday morning
March 22^d
1858

Dear father
It is said that the discourse
of the weather is the fowl's subject -
be this as it may, it rains - rains and
continues to rain. It has been eight days
since we had the pleasure of seeing
the glorious sun. The creeks and Rivers
are run up to the banks - over the
banks and pass high water mark.
Steam Boats are now running up to
Walthamstona's. Howell left yesterday
for New Orleans. A Boat came up and
took his Cotton off. Bro Saw left
some two weeks ago, I guess he is in
New Orleans before this time.

Last Friday night
we had a hail storm and a considerable
of hurricane. The hail rattled furiously
and deafeningly on the roof of the house.
The wind blew madly and wildly. -
Trees were prostrate, aged oaks were
uprooted - tall pines were blown
down - field fences - yard fences -
and garden fences were laid flat
to the ground - house tops - shingles
and boards were blown off and
swept away. This old house trembled
shivered as if it was about to fall (or
I imagined it) and creaked most
unpleasantly. I thought that we would
be engulfed in the dark regions
of death in moment. I had partially
concluded that we would be buried
beneath the logs or swept away by
the wind. However kept cool -

calm and self composed. I had to act
thus and shew my general ship in order
to save ourselves & allay the fears of my
little flock. The storm commenced about
nine o'clock in the night and lasted
about 10 minutes. We were thoroughly
soaked and wet to the back bone.
This old house was but a poor shelter
to us. The rain poured down on us as
if we were out in the open air. There
was not a dry spot or dry thing in the
house save our Books. Our little Baby
was badly frightened - she did ^{not} cry however
too scared to say anything. She reminded
you of a little chicken or a partridge
when a hawk is after it. They will hide
and lie very close. She shut her eyes - and
put her little tiny arms around me &
hug me as tightly as she could. She would
^{not} stay with her mother. She seem to know by
instinct that I was the one to protect her
and that there was more safety and
less danger in my arms than in her
mother's. Happily the storm passed by
without doing us any serious injury.

The political affairs have
assumed a new character and are
now in a state of feverish excitement.
The late and decided movement of
Towson County has brought out hundreds
of men against the new constitution
and many for it. The resolutions
passed by Towson County are in
substance these - a new Convention
is to be held on the 1st Monday
of next May - two or three

three delegates are to be elected from
each county, to the Convention - to
be held in Doak Mills, on May-
next. And when the Convention make
a Constitution they are to submit it
to the People for ratification or rejection.
The People of this District are
highly pleased with this plan. We
are to have a meeting next Friday -
if circumstances permit. I will send
you the resolutions passed by our
County. I will tell you the feeling
among the People of our County.
They want another Convention and
new Constitution. Now the new
Constitution the fool blood say that they
have no show at all, all the officers
are taken from them & given to a
select few. they are very jealous of their
rights - the office of Light horse should
not be abolished. and the half the
officers should be such as the full
bloods can hold. This new Constitution
has created a great deal of hard feeling
among our People. The full blood
Indians ~~are~~ have and begin to lose
confidence in the half breeds. one
thing is very evident. the Law cannot
be enforced under the new Constitution
and another thing it is an infamous
lie that the poor misfortunates
are at the bottom of all this oppo-
sition. You will never see this in
the papers before a great while. You
will also see my name to it - I am
going to make a big speech before
I long!

Home affairs are in a good
healthy state, nothing wrong.
all is well, and doing well.
Peace Love, and unity prevail.

Mr Byington requested me
to send his love to you
I hear nothing about the
delegation now a days. William
Harris's family & Aunt Rhoda
says ~~all~~ the only ones who talked
about your drinking &c -
scattered the news abroad. When
Arabella's baby died - Uncle
Billy Harris came up to make
the coffin and he told Arabella
that the money had to come before
he would nail a "lick" on the coffin.
the money had to come - poor gal
heart stricken and bowed in grief
she weeping over her lost child -
And he William Harris dunned
her for a few dimes. I shall make
no comments - these are facts.
Arabella had to borrow the money
from her father.

our baby is growing
finely - a great big gal. My car
laugh so big and scratch her head
so funny. Mary is well. We send
love to you all.
I am yours
L. J. P.