

Copy

August 6th 1858

Dear father I am quite
feebler, I have been so
sick. ~~My~~ ~~sister~~
as my sick. Gran mother
is crippled - was your turn
over with her the other
day. She is getting blind
afess. I talk the English
language all together, she
wants you to come home
and see her before she
dies. I am afraid you
will never see her any more
in this world. She cant lie
long, she has lost her sight
her strength & ~~her~~ -
she now talks English to
my body. Ad man
Birmingham is my sick -

Aunt Rhoda is very sick
all down with the fever -
every body there is sick.

I have had a hard
time of it. National
affairs are in an awful
fix. I murder every day,
no order - no law - no
anything. I hope you
will come home
soon.
Your son
S. M. Pitcher

Mary & Baby send
love to you
they keep well -
Baby is a fine fat
sandy gal, runs about
all over the place -