

Sunday night 12<sup>th</sup> Oct.

My dear friend,  
I write you at this  
strange hour, because I am  
keeping watch by the sick bed  
of my little Eddie. He has been  
very ill since Saturday noon.  
I can scarce get my own  
consent to say that I fear  
the worst, and yet I know  
that I cannot, in truth, say  
any thing else. Should he  
survive until Tuesday  
<sup>morning</sup> I shall start for Dutchess with  
him, to place him under the  
care of the only physician  
I can trust. I know not how  
I can endure what I dread, in  
the exhausted state I find my-  
self in after all that has  
been thrust on me this summer.  
Yet in some manner it must  
be done, for of course, if not the loss  
of my child, a long season of  
the deepest torture - of sleepless



nights, & days in which I  
shall know no relief to the agony  
that literally consumes the  
soul - for never, after ~~such~~ such  
a trial does it regain the life and  
proportions of its former estate.  
Something is gone which is  
never replaced.

I send you the accom-  
panying article, because I cop-  
ied & prepared it before things  
were as they now are with me.  
Its final disposition seems  
of small importance now  
to me - still I suppose the  
plan <sup>you</sup> propose is the best.  
If I am not true when Apple-  
ton has his proofs ready, will  
you have the goodness to direct  
them to me at Hartsville P.O.  
Sutches Co. I must see a last  
one myself. No person can  
do it for me.  
Miss Barr is still absent

detained by sickness but likely to return by Tuesday morning's boat

All is well in the Prison. Still I shall feel great concern till I am assured that she is here. It is possible that she may come up on Monday eve - as I most earnestly wish she might.

Should you have occasion to write or forward me any papers address as above and if the statement I send should be published in the Post, be so good as to retain a dozen copies for my disposal  
Yours truly  
E M Barnham



Bigelow Esq  
6 Wall St  
Johnson