
4 o'clock

Tuesday, July 3, 1849

My dear Child

Your truly welcome letter came to hand yesterday which you will know, gave us real solace these times of anxiety and I am glad to say, it found us all as well as we could reasonably expect. Some of us are complaining at this time of uneasy bowels but I do not know that it is to be alarmed at. Nony is quite sick, Kitty laid up and I, unusually for me I've had since 12 last night pain in the bowels and painful discharges, but nothing like Cholera. And I too feel cheerful someone depressed all the time. We live prudently here. For breakfast light bread, cold toast and boiled bacon. And strong coffee for dinner, a broiled chicken or a chicken pie - rice, a few beets and a few crumbles. And at supper, tea and cold light bread and bacon. You know your Father never would eat cold bread he is extremely particular for a fire all day and burns too at the doors occasionally.

We still hear of death daily at Lexington and the neighborhood of Walnut Hill and some few cases in the Donerail. I have not heard of a case in this region but we daily look for it. I was over to see Rebecca yesterday morning after I got your letter she was not very well but I think she is not so careful as she ought to be. Mr. S was well and the sons were well. Will has a tooth and is a pretty fat sweet boy and Edward is the smartest child I ever noticed. She took him in her lap and went to Mrs. Spanks with me. I had Willie and Gentlemen on his pony along. They are quilting for me and will do my weaving. Rebecca spoke of going to Athens today to get paper for her back room she got her new rag carpet done and the ceiling printed.

I have not been doing much I feel as if I was out of my duty to be so anxious about worldly matters when God awful pestilence is walking around and. I am daily hoping to see Collett and pray he may stop for you yet. I am afraid for you to come up now too. Roger is well, he went to Mount Sterling on last Saturday and returned Tuesday, he saw John Chamblin, [*her sister Isabella's husband*] he said all friends were well. He did not see poor dear Henrietta she has been confined to her bed and room ever since she got home. I got a letter from Sister Henny a few days ago don't it seem as if afflictions for all of us creatures. Mr. E [*Everett*] is grieved to a great degree and your aunt Henny too and my dear old Father is so unhappy about Collett he is miserable.

Well Henrietta told me Mr. Blackburn's family had taken up for school boy's quarrels. Two families Alexander and Steel had disagreed with the boys and had fought and from that had said all they could about each other's families and something serious was to take place. And on the arrival of W Blackburn at his father's he was told of it by the family. He said he would not let anyone say anything of a friend and on Saturday after he got up, there was a Temperance meeting at a church about a half mile back of Mr. B. and W B, John Everett, Mr. Parish and the young members of the family went expecting to see the older members of the families (but Henrietta told him when he left after dinner he could not go with her consent if he chose to any of the Alexander's) he promised he would not. After the assembly dispersed all were in the yard

and John saw Mr. B walk up to a middle-age gentleman and in a common tone of voice say something to him, and in a moment, saw him raise his horse whip and lay on and in a short time heard the report of a pistol. He struck again and then turned away put his hand on his side and said he had killed me and fell and in the fall, his pistol fell out of his coat. He was removed immediately to a Mr. (?) about 40 yards, sent for H [*his wife Henrietta*] and his parents with an injunction to come perfectly collected. H said she did not know how she felt or what she said but went over as soon as possible and steeled her feelings and went up to him and kissed him and said oh Mr. B how are you? He said "my dear Henrietta I am suffering more than tongue can tell but if you stay where I am, I can't be firm. I don't regret what I have done." She said "oh what shall I do, are you ready to leave me?" He said "I have much to live for my dear little children and you are dear dear to me no mockery I love you all and to (?) you know my views." But said she "I must hear you say more." He said "I have tried to be an honorable man but Henrietta, if you stay in here I can't die a brave man where are my children?" They were taken to him he took each one and kissed it and you are dear to your Pa then said if I would leave him he would try to sleep. He then called Mr. Parish and wrote his will and made him his executor and lived from 5 in the evening until the same time Sunday eve. [*He*] said he did not want any funeral service or did he want to be buried underground but a vault made wherever Henrietta said and so fine that she might sit by him and meditate. He was dressed in a new suit a black and put in a tin and then in an ordinary coffin and an arch turned over the grave at Doct C Blackburn's, and buried on Monday evening. Old Mrs. Blackburn was entirely frantic but on Thursday when they left she was little more rational. She said that she did not now know where she would have his remains put but thought she would like to have them in Montgomery. She kept his daguerreotype in her hand all of the time and indeed looked like something that I have read of. She said that she would have his portrait taken soon if she lived. She asked him to change Everett's, name, he said that name would do. She said do consent, I must name him William, he said well - then took up his hand and looked at his fingers and said "I am getting worse, very fast, Henrietta do leave me and let two gentlemen stay by me."

Oh how necessary it is for us to look over small affairs when it might produced such lasting trouble. Good evening my lovely daughter and son and lovely little lamb, I will finish tomorrow after I hear from Lexington.

Wednesday Morning

I have just heard from Lexington more cholera than heretofore and much alarm. I also got two letters from your dear Uncle C [*Collett*] and oh I am glad to hear he is well, but he has got up and you not with him. But the Lord will be done – we are all well today except bilious disease. Kitty, Cynthia and myself better, not sick. Rebecca is well, she has just wrote a note to me to come over and help her take honey but I must ride up and see poor Mrs. H, she is sinking but sits up some and wants to see you before she dies. All of the black friends send their love to you. They ask so much about that dear son and ask if Mr. G can't let you come up here. Pattee and Gentleman talk of you all the time. Oh do take care of yourself and I hope to see you soon. Tell Mr. G he is dear to me and he must not work so hard and give my kind love to Mr C and V and family to Mr. and Mrs. Gex and family and Miss Shaffer and Judy. I will write again if not such in a few days you must kiss that lovely son and don't leave him at home much by himself. You must write once a week. Write to Rebecca and me together and I will see the letter as soon. She

is so anxious about you. No news, everybody stays at home. May the Lord be with you is my constant prayer. Kiss John for me –

Your devoted and affectionate
Mother

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