

My darling Mary,

I was and am so concerned to see from your letter to your Aunt Mary, which she sent me this evening to read, that the precious little baby is still fretful. You had better get some of "Dr Dewies Carminative" prepared by all druggist [sic] according to a standard receipt. I give my baby ten drops when he is in pain, repeating it, according to the directions on the bottle- Sometimes a smaller dose than the one prescribed will answer- that is I think 12 drops – It contains a small portion of [maguerin?] asafetida – and opium so that it requires to be taken care of, but the Drs always give it to infants that have continued colic – Then dear, be careful to keep your own bowels in good order & do not eat a great variety of vegetables at one meal. For his dear little ears, I am so sorry to hear they are still sore, I would mark them with a little milk and water, and keep a rag wet with it behind them when you can – A little very fine powdered chalk or burnt rag is sometimes used – but I think the milk and water to wash them and a little cream to anoint them with a feather will certainly heal them – No wonder he fits if he is troubled in that way – I long to minister to him, the little pet, but I hope & trust he may soon begin to thrive, & get strong enough to unite the mind – Keep him a great deal in the open air, & take good care not to give him [fretid ?] milk – Be calm & equable as possible & he will be all the better for it.

I am writing late at night after returning some time ago from an evening visit to (Mrs ?) and going to bed, I got so concerned thinking about you, that I thought I would sleep better if I put my thoughts on paper – Mary Esther looks smartly, but poor Mr. Pannett is a [thread paper ?], has been so sick and is as thin as any living man except Calvin Edson – the walking skeleton – I hope & trust he may not be in very delicate health he looks so to me –

I had intended to go for a day to Elk Ridge to stay with Mrs. Donaldson, but as I did not hear from her this evg, I was afraid she might be from home or sick & concluded to postpone going for the present – Your Father left on Monday either for Berkeley or the Rail-Road terminus at Wheeling – He did not know & of course I cannot –

Good night my dearest child – keep up your spirits, do your best & all will be well "with the child" we have that promise - & it comforts me – console yourself without me I daresay things would not be improved by my being with you so try and think so – for I fear it is entirely out of the question for me to leave home –

God bless you my dear children [prays] always your devoted mother
Eth [Elizabeth?]

I will put this in a letter Emily is writing to you – She will tell you any news of [evat ?] –
Good night –

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