

Swansea  
14th March, 1877

Dear Son

I write you a few lines to let you know how I am. My health is so precarious that it is seldom that I can write any at all. I so soon get weary in sifting. A fortnight since I was getting on nicely, but I caught a slight cold, and it threw me back greatly. My complaint is the stoppage of my water, the Doctor thinks I have Stone in the Bladder. I am obliged to use an instrument to draw any water, my trouble is greatest at night as I am obliged to get up every two hours. I fear, my dear son, I shall never be better. I am very weak and only able to go about and near the house, very seldom down the road. The Doctor greatly neglected me at first which increased the disorder and caused me fearful suffering. This illness has been bought on by hard work, far beyond my strength, now I have no strength left and can do nothing.

I have sold the Grey Mare, her foal, and the colt "Tom" and also two cows, this will reduce very much Mary's work which I felt was necessary for I cannot help her now as I used to do.

I should like to sell the place if I could, our pensions I think would keep us with a little aid by the interest which could be got from the sale of the property.

I am getting now very weary in sifting and must Close.

With love to Lizzy and the Children.

Your Father  
W. Barlow

[There followed a list of items and costs which were drawn up as a balance sheet]

The page concluded with "W.B. I am quite done in"