

Washington. A. C.

Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> 1858

Dear Father

I have been sick for two or three days with a very bad sore throat and to day it is worse than ever, and it is so very sore that I can hardly swallow. I received your letter and the document and was very glad to hear from you. Ma went to Mrs. Sherwoods the other day and while there Mrs. Sherwood told her all about Mrs Dupree and her two daughters and what good cooks they were and so you dont live quite as hard as any one would suppose with your fellows and pies &c. To day is Sunday and Ma and the girls have gone to church and I am here alone and I thought it a very good opportunity to write you a nice long letter, as the others have not been very good specimens of

letter writing. I have to stop every minute  
or two to gaggle my throat and spit so  
my letter cannot possibly be very uniform.  
This is a piece in the North Carolina Pres-  
byterian. I want you to read if you can  
get that paper (and I suppose you can  
or I would have sent you the piece it is  
called "Ludas letter to the children of  
the Presbyterian" describing Newbern and  
the Synod and all about it. Ma is going  
to give us a sup of oysters to day for the  
first time this year and the girls are  
making great calculations on their dinner  
and as for me I cant make any for  
I cannot eat them. Aunt Laddie and  
the baby are both right smart and the  
babe is the nicest young baby you ever saw  
Uncle James is very proud of it but indeed  
it something to be proud of the doctor and  
every body says it is the prettiest young  
baby they ever saw any where. I have been wishing

for a rifle a long time and I heard  
you say that you were going to buy a  
gun and please you buy a rifle instead  
of a gun, mine is enough to shoot paria  
chickens with. Ma has packed up the  
box of crockery and while she was pack-  
ing I saw her put the microscope in  
and asked her what use we would  
have for it "she said to look at paria  
chickens eyes with". I have went a gunning  
the other day Mr Ware to and shot at  
eight wild turkeys but did not have  
any thing but bird shot, but they killed  
two squab and a duck however. I believe  
I have told you all the news now  
and with that I close.

Your affectionate son G. A. Sparrow