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This is a letter written by William STILL to his mother-in-law, Ann PORTER (Summers) Colley. Original copy help by Virginia WOOD Gaddis, daughter-in-law to Sibley GADDIS. Virginia lives in Washington D.C.-2002

Addressed to:
Mrs. Colley
Near The Horns
Grange Road
Bermondsey
London

William Street
Pothouse Bridge
Bilston
3rd September 1849

My dear Mother,

The Cholera is making a most sad havoc amongst all classes down here the registered No. of deaths to day is 25 but since 5 oClock the time the register was made up to a great number of deaths has taken place the gloom it has cast on the countenances of the people is dreadful to observe there is a scarce an hour in the day but what you may observe a funeral either going or returning from the grave yard but thanks be to God at present we have escaped every body that can afford it is leaving the Town I should say that here has not been less that 100 deaths from Saturday last one poor man left his work close by my office in perfect health in the evening & in 6 hours afterwards was gone to the grave in another case a man was attack ? in course of 3 hours,himself wife and child was corpses-you can form no idea of Bilston it is one of the most curiou8s places you ever beheld of a evening the light from the different furences is awfully grand you may take on circuitous route of about 20 miles \$ it appears like one grand mase of fire you might observe when the northern light some years ago was very prevalent what a sudden glare of light it gave & made the elements appear as if there were a fire raging somewhere or another if you (?) that to yourself you may have some idea of Bilston only here it is on continual glare. We are doing pretty well here & pris is so comfortable that she has forgot to give yet the promise lecture it was all right when she saw a darling husband on the platform all the old grievances was settled by a kiss and all over if I had more room I would say more. Please write to Priscilla is anxious to hear from you direct post office Bilston

Yours truly,
W. Still

Is Louisa confined & what (Wm Watson?) doing gives our respects to all don't forget slap up Tiger Betsy sends her love to him.