

J F

pealed it off and ate it as if he relished it, I asked him to take another, he said no, not till he said he wanted it but he never asked for it, I carried him next day a slice of ripe Watermelon and he smiled again and seemed pleased and ate it all This was two days before he died. He wasted away gradually and was perfectly in his senses to the last, I would have written on the 15th Monday but was prevented, He was well waited on & had the medical attention, but nothing could save him, as the foot was very bad from the first. He often told me in the early stage that he was doing very well, but it was considered a very bad wound from the beginning, but what matters it now? He is safely home now, where he will suffer no more.

we are also ready and meet him there. He departed Saturday evening the 13th of August, 1864 Peace to his ashes.