

While closing my letter, I find it is not  
as explicit in the account of his last hours  
as I wished it to be — so I will add more —  
For one week before his death, he was  
fully convinced he would never be raised from  
his bed again — He told me, in the meekest  
language, he had given you and his child  
and all that he loved and owned into  
the hands of his Saviour — all his trust  
was in him — I tried to cheer him up — for  
his countenance was not at all deathlike — I  
thought he looked like, he might yet recover  
but he said, he knew he never could — The  
Surgeon, was a very shrewd, and excellent  
one — and ordered that he should have every  
thing he fancied — but he craved nothing at all —  
I carried him a large Green Gage Plum — he smiled  
and took it & peeled it off and ate it — as if  
relished it — I asked him to take another — he  
did 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 & ate it all — This was two  
days before his death — He wasted away gradually  
and was perfectly in his senses to the last —  
I would have written on the 15<sup>th</sup> Monday — but