

My dear Bess I cant stop untell I say somthing about the dear one that was dear to me then the breth I now draw My dear Natus that is ever standing by me Oh Bess I am a ruend man no more pleasur for me oh how it greaves me to heare you speak of your wonts and to think I cant administer to them my dear if I only had the meanes you never should wont for nothing in this world of trubel all I have to cumford me is the hope of meating my dear Natus in heven and theair never to be parted

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for I well know that Life never was so sweat as to have him by my side Oh my dear boy as he sed in his last wordes to the kind young Lady to tell his brother that he died like a man them sweat wordes soundes so mutch like him Bess I have goten Old Monday [Natus' horse] in fine order and have spent nearly the last cent I have for feed to get him so and I mean to try and let him bring his poore masters remaines to me and then I don't cear if he dropes dead in the yard Just as soon as that is don God bless you.