

at five o'clock this morning
I gave him a cup of strong tea
which he soon threw up, then
I gave him up, but did not
tell the girls, but he held his
hands to us to let him get up
on the side of the bed, ~~and~~
I said Pap what do you
want he replied I don't know,
but I am dying. I'll back
and in a second was no more
we put mustard and did
every thing but O my dear
father those glances to his rest.
he pined so hard to the
O that I had news of a dove
he said yesterday when he was
eating his cream & bread, that
was just before he took his
clothes off to go to bed - we
always expected him to go
off in this way - for he had ~~been~~