

Stat. 14.

Sunday July 28th 1867

Dear old "Niggie" is dead: died on Friday; the 26th
from ^{poison} ~~what~~ we suppose; poor old dear, we all miss him so
much; he had become such a pet; who could help loving
the gentle old thing; when we rise in the morning we
miss him; when we retire at night we miss him; at meal
times we miss him; and we miss him always;

"I was ever thus, from childhood's hour—
I've seen my fondest hopes decay—
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."

Chitany;

Eus.

The subject of the above sweet remarks was
found in the Street ^{when a kitten} by Grandpa, who
carried him home and put him in the care
of poor old Biddy; his life was as eventful as
the lives of other cats; from kitten-hood to old age,
he loved old Biddy dearly—much better than
he liked his kind old master, ~~at~~ ^{at} the age
of 10 years, Grandpa. When "Nigger" was but
10 years of age, Grandpa was called home to his
long rest, so he came together with "old Tom"