Last night Charles W. Baldwin died. He was buried today. He is the man if you recollect that married the Chamberlin girl and built the log house on the bank of Post Creek at the plank. I saw him day before yesterday, but I had no idea he was so near his end. This sickness was a fever on the lungs or something of that sort. It was supposed that we should have to march today, but the order to that effect was countermanded, so that what the best men will be I cannot tell you at present.

My health is good, but I fear that when the rainy season comes on that my expectation will be to get that my health will become impaired. I got out to the fields today and found that I weighed heavier than I ever weighed before.

I wish I could think of something entertaining to write about, but I cannot and I reluctantly must bring my letter to a close. The man that I told you had been that is not so dangerously ill as was reported. It is said he will live. Let Edwin, Simon, and Wallace read this for I want them to write to me andEliza.

Royal L. Potter