

Near York Town May 8th. 1862

Jonathan is not able to write and he requests me to write for him while he tells me what to write.

My dear Father & Mother . I lie here on a sick bed and have not had an hours sleep for a week and it seems to me that I should go crazy. I have got very low and the chance of my living is very small. I see now where I myst it in not seeking the savior but now it may be to late and I warn all of my brothers and sisters to turn to the lord before it is to late. i try to keep up courage all I can but there is so many dieing off around me that it makes it pretty discouraging for me. I have a kind friend here to take care of me. ( he says he cant think of anything more to tell me so I must write a few words. Jonathan has been sick for about a week has cept growing worse all the time. He has got a bad disintery and a high fever but I am in hopes that when his fever turns that he will be- gin to gain. i think he will but he is pretty bad of. I wish he was at home so that you might take care of him but I shall do the best I can for him. I shall stay by him as long as i am able to stand up. But there is nothing like a mothers care. Jonathan seems to have an anshaity to seek Jesus and I hope he will. You must write soon and let him know how you all are. It will make him feel more contented.)

This from your son Jenathan

By Almon N. Tower.