

the brain being separated from his body, we gave him some medicine, I stopped & helped them, after I had gone & seen the horses) & sat up with him till near one at midnight, he seemed better, said he seemed more like himself again, I returned home, to bed. / The whole family weeping, his parents sadly cut up.

Sept 22<sup>nd</sup> Monday, fine, by 8 A.M. very strong in the evening lightning most all last night, rattles night, up early, horses casted in Bradly's paddock, went to see poor Charles, he was sensible but could not speak, he was sensibly drawing near his end, I left him & bid him good bye about half past seven never more to see him alive, his spirit departed from him about half past eight a.m. immediately after blood gushed out of his nose & mouth, he seemed to die happy.

/ Driving away earth from Amah str. cutting chaff after 3 P.M., cleaned up, & went to the inquest, held at the Royal Hotel, Dr. Parkinson gave his evidence & I gave mine, the jury, brought in a verdict of accidental death, after it was over Dr. Coward the coroner, talked well of him (Charles) before the jury, I went in to Mr. Boggis, poor Charles looked so happy, I tried to comfort them as well as I could, before I returned I took a last look at him, & true it is we are but dust & ashes, for even in this short time he begins to turn, poor fellow cut off in

the midst of health & on the way for doing well, a diligent youth & good natured, his only fault, he was too venturesome, when I returned, William<sup>r</sup> was there, he was very sorry to hear he was dead & quite surprised, I felt a sort of presentiment that something was going to happen, I thought it was to myself, this I felt while lying on the bed in Sunday dinner time, I little thought that poor Charly was so near his end.

Sept 23<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday, fine, A.M. very strong at times, but almost to suffocation, lightning incessantly all night to the S.W. driving away earth in Amah It<sup>o</sup>. Went to Mr. Boggis in the evening, he seemed a little better I thought, poor Charly was in his coffin, screwed down, & the scent from him was almost unbearable, a nice coffin, he died on his seventeenth year, I tried to comfort them as well as I could. When I returned Big Tom (the horse) was gripe or something of the sort & Knapm<sup>r</sup> came & gave him a dose, he seems better

Sept 24<sup>th</sup> Wednesday, d.w. fine A.M. very strong at times, cutting chaff & C. a.m. went to poor Charles's funeral, we left Mr. Boggis about half past three, he was carried in a cart, Mr. B. & Charlotte & Mrs. Cuddon next in Mr. Wakefield's carriage, In H. Mr. Cuddon & Mr. Shunall next in a cart. J. Brown & myself next, & the others in order, so besides his relations, many a grown up person was not expected so much as he was, he was an extraordinary youth