

A copy of a letter written by ~~William~~ Wynn Williams
to Mr. Baggis. Dear Sir.

I cannot tell you how
deeply I feel the loss of your poor son Charles. I not
only feel that his loss to you is irreparable; but I also
feel it personally, as I am quite sure we cannot
replace him. It is quite impossible that any body
could have been better than poor Charles, - I say
this with the greatest sincerity; it is a very strong
expression, but I cannot retract it; I still feel that
it is quite impossible to have had a better Clerk.
He never lost a moment during the two years he
was with me; he was always - respectful, and
most kind & good natured; his loss is indeed -
something dreadful to you as his Parents; and
to us in another way -

Poor boy it is a sad, sad thing, and I assure
you I feel his loss almost as if I had lost a
brother; I had the greatest respect and esteem
for him, and I believe had God spared him
he would have been a credit to all connected with
him, I am deeply sorry I cannot attend his funeral
but I have to appear at the Resident Magistrates

which will I am afraid prevent me paying his last respects
to him, I am sure no person out of his family, can
sympathize with you, more deeply than myself, as I
have known him so long, and it is with very deep
sorrow and affliction, that I now offer you my
condolence on your severe loss; I hope you will
however bear up against it, and not forget that we
must all say "Thy will be done"

I hope his poor Mother will bear against her
dreadful loss/ affliction. I remain

Yours very sincerely

H. Wynn Williams

Sept 28th Sunday, Very rain last evening, S. W. W. &
after five P.M. shower. Church morning & evening, at
Mr. Baggis's to tea, after Church. Mr. Bose, preached a
once sermon, on confirmation, & about poor Charles
spoke very highly of him, & said God sees not as we
see, he sees, the past, the present & the future &
very took him to himself, to keep him from temptation
he ^{often} cuts off those who are most promising & leave the
sickly. His text was. "Wilt thou not from this time
cry unto me, My father, thou art the guide
of my youth?" Jer. iii. 4.