

But! the worst news is not yet related, for like Hamlets
Ghost.

"I prove a tale to unfold
Whose lightest word will burn up thy soul,
Excite thy young blood, make thy two eyes,
Like stars, shoot from their spheres,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

It is this — poor Uncle Kistuck is gone to "that bourne from
whence no traveller returns," & has left twelve orphans to shed
their bitter tears upon his new made grave. Premature &
sudden what wonder that it struck a blow, the effect of which
will never be effaced. The manner of his death is briefly
told, not so the irreparable loss. He was returning from
the forest (where he had been shooting rooks) with a loaded
gun & capped, & in shifting it from his shoulder to open
the gate the barrel fell from off the stock & striking upon a stone
it fired & the charge (one 4 shot) entered his thigh; he lingered
24 hours, & then he passed away for ever, every one speaks highly
of him — he seems to have, "outstripped all praise."

And made it halt behind

All bear testimony to his excellence & worth, but we fear he
lacked the "one thing needful" whilst alive, & no glimmering
light proclaimed its presence in the face of death. Still we

cannot tell, he spoke so little before he died that it would be
presumption to decide.

Andrew is at home "looking out for a place" there seems at
present no opening for him.

Love from him and
Your loving brother
James.

May 10. Sunday, lg showers early a.m. threatening S.W. stiff.
at church morning & evening, reading & writing V.M.

May 11. Monday, lg showers a.m. threatening S.W. clearing
out side drains & raking in rutts on Colombs Str. &c.

May 12. Tuesday, dew. lg S.W. calm at noon, lg N.E.
after 3 P.M. ploughing & leaching earth into the gully in
the garden. at Cuddons in the evening & put up his
boops.

May 13. Wednesday, dew, fine N.E. leveling in gully
commenced temporary stables, to Cuddons making out bills.

May 14. Thursday, shp white frost, fine N.E. stiff. to
Kronthay for a cord of white wood into the garden, to
Cuddons making out bills,

May 15. Friday, frost, fine N.E. end of wood from
Kronthay to Mozget's neighbour. putting books tonight,
making out bills & etc.