

La Fayette, Tenn.
July 9th 62

Dear Mother & Mollie,

You heard of Davy's death several days before we did, but our feelings since we did hear, you can only measure by your own. We only heard of it two days before Father rec'd Mother's letter stating that you had rec'd the sad intelligence, and could not believe it then, until it was confirmed by the boys from Ohio, on the next day, who came by Corinth & Monterey and visited his grave. It was as much a terrible surprise to us as to you. I rec'd Mary's letter this evening. You ask - and properly, too - why Davy was left to die alone; i.e. amongst strangers. I will tell you just how it happened. When Jas L., & Timmons and myself were ordered to Monterey with the rest of the sick, Davy applied for permission to go, partly because he felt unwell, partly because he thought it best that someone should go with the sick. When we arrived at the Hospital he felt worse and continued to feel quite unwell, but, while I remained there, did not become

so ill as not to be able to walk about a part of the day. He generally spent a great part of the afternoon out in the shade. I had not the least idea of his becoming seriously ill, nor do I think he had. For two or three days after our arrival there my health improved, and on the third day I was able to do many little favors for the sick - as bringing in fresh water, or toasting a piece of bread. But I suppose I overdid myself, as from that day I grew weaker and on the sixth day of our stay there, I was scarcely able to get off my bed. During the day our Suttler's wagon came by there on the way to the Regt. Davy and I had talked it over and both thought that if I was with the Regt, I would recover much sooner, and when the wagon came along I got permission from the Surgeon to go, Davy expressing perfect willingness that I should go, and remarking that he thought he and Limmons would be with us in a few days. Three days afterwards, Father saw him and he was still improving, the fever - a sort of camp-fever - being broken. From that time we heard nothing more from him, until the last sad news. After I left the Hospital I was not able to play for about three weeks. Once Beke

and I thought of trying get to see Davy, but I was too weak to ride, as it was Twenty miles to Monterey. So we deferred it, thinking we might be able to go in a few days — I forgot to say that before leaving him, I asked Davy if I should not send one of the boys to stay with ^{him}, but he said he thought it not worth while. He had thought of ^{it} once, but now thought he should need no one.

And then if any one had gone he would have had to go without a pass from the Regt. (as they were hourly expecting marching orders) and run the risk of being taken up by the Patrol guard and punished. Soon after I joined the Regt. about four days after — we marched forward, and continued to do so until now, stopping but a short time in a place, making it impossible to return to see him, or to get word to or from him, except by mail, which would require from ten days, to two weeks.

We feel as badly as you can about his having died alone, and regret deeply that none of knew that he had taken a relapse. Some one of us would have gone to him at any risk. No one of us suspected but that he was at least able to travel and was on his way home, as so many others were. The boys say that even his Physician did not expect him

to die. The boys often spoke of Davy, when we could not hear from him, and wished him back among us. They feel - most of them - as if they had lost a brother. But few men were left at Monterey as the boys came through. The Clerk told Homer Budd that "if the Davy was as good as a performer as he was as a man, the Band had suffered a great loss." We all loved him - Every body loved him who knew him. - You speak of his clothes not being taken off him. I have very seldom seen the clothes taken off a soldier when sick, and never after death if he dies in them.

This looks hard, but can not will be otherwise. It is only one of the unhappy features of war.

What things Davy had with him will be sent to the Regt - or to Westerville, at least this is the regulation.

If the ring can be had at all, it will be after that is done. I would do anything in my power to get it, but all I could do would be of no avail now. I shall not forget it though. You can not think how badly your letters have made me feel.

Mother, do not grieve so. I know it is very, very, sad, yet you know Davy would say 'do not grieve'. Think of the Dear boy as still near you, ^{in spirit} grieving for your grief and ready to be joyous with your joy.