

August 1st p.m.

Dickens was in the morning
to give you the particulars of the
death, but I scarcely know what to say.
On the morning of the 3^d of June, I received
from Colonel B. [?], he was standing
partly behind a tree in rear of
the breastwork, watching the move-
-ments of the enemy, who, ^{was} keeping up
on our line a heavy shower of grape
and musket ball, and in some places
their sharpshooters were reported
them to advance their whole line.
The cannonading but partially ceased
he noticed some of the enemy moving
in the night, in killing some of the

boys to fire into them, ^{he} leaped a little
forward to make himself appear
above the others, as he ran up, he
said "Don't fire to the rear!" The men
had scarcely escaped his lips when a
minnie ball struck him in the ^{passing} chest,
through his back.
Nearly every one of the company were
looking him in the face at the time.

I thought I should make an effort to tell
that he was shot - instantly the awful
realization that he was killed, ^{so} spread
over his features. ^{To me} I wish I could say he
fell backwards to the ground with his
face towards heaven & his feet to the foe.
In twenty minutes every symptom of
life had left him. There was no more.
His features assumed that expression
so much admired in those who die

August 1st 1864

I pick up my pen this morning to give you the particulars of Thom's death, but I scarcely know how to begin.

On the morning of the 3^d of June, between ^{ten} & eleven O clock, I suppose; he was standing partly behind a tree in rear of the breastworks watching the movements of the enemy, who ^{was} keeping up on our lines a heavy shower of grape and shrapnell, and also minnies from their sharpshooters: we were expecting them to advance their whole line. the cannonading had partially ceased he noticed some of the enemy moving on the right: in telling some of the

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boys to fire into them ^{he} leaned a little forward to make himself heard above the din, as he raised up he said "Pour it into them boys" the words had scarcely escaped his lips when a minnie ball struck him in the chin ^{passing} ^{though his head.} Nearly every one of the company were looking him in the face at the time.

I thought I detected an effort to tell that he was shot, instantly the awful realization that he was killed, ^{seemed to} spread over his features. Thus he appeared ^{to me} as he fell backwards to the ground with his face towards heaven & his feet to the foe: In twenty minutes every symptom of life had left him. Thom was no more. His features assumed that expression so much admired and loved by his friends