

Nov 20th 1864

Miss Bess

With a sad heart I write to inform you of my poor dear brother's death he fell on the 12 shot through the neck at Newtown we had to fall back and leave him but he was carried in a house by some men and I received a letter from a lady yestaday that kindly watched over him untill he breathed his last O Miss Bess I have suffered more then death since my poor Natus was shot I could have seen him after he fell but I thought it would kill me to see him suffer I got a friend to go and see him he talked about you and his dear little boys he said he thought he was going to heaven and hoped that all of us would meet

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him in heaven he lived about five hours a friend had a coffen made and buried him nicely Miss Bess whare you have lost a dear husband I have lost a dear and good brother one that I doted on try and bare it the best you can such is the fate of war teach his dear little boys as they grow up to dispise all of the Yankee nation Natus acted very gallantly he led one charge and was at the head of our company when he fell I was near him when he fell but did not see him fall I had been excused by the conel as I had runed the shoes off of my horse but was with Natus in the charge and he beged me not to run my horse to go back and I did keep with him untill my horse was knocked down and

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breath knocked out of me I called Natus to let him know I was hurt but he did not hear me and was shot in five minutes after I captured a Yankee the first days fight in a charge twas some time before he would sirrender I will never take one again I expect to share the same fate of my dear brother the first fight I get in I want to revenge his death and I am willing to go I do wish that I had of been one shot instead of my dear Natus I know though it is wicked to wish so let us try to meet him in heaven I have his horse and saddle he sent his love to all of us and said he wanted me to sell his horse to pay the money he owed excuse this bad written letter I cant compose myself

Wm S Ware Jr.