

great deal more and narrate many incidents of my life that I have not so much as adverted to, for I have left out of this brief narrative many things which seem to me quite as important as those here recorded. Hoping that what I have written may be satisfactory to those whom it may concern, I make my conge.

{Signed}

ALEXANDER A. PATTESON.

Fairview, Curran Township, Sangamon county, Illinois,  
February 8, 1881.

P. S.—Nearly six years have elapsed since the foregoing was written, and in the providence of God I am still in the land of the living and able to resume this narrative, but under greatly different circumstances. As I put my pen to this paper a flood of reflections and recollections crowd themselves upon me in such manner as almost to incapacitate me for intelligible expression. There is sorrow in my heart, there are tears in my eyes, but thank God there is submission to the will of my Heavenly Father and gratitude to him for all his mercies bestowed upon me and mine. Nevertheless, why should I not grieve and weep and mourn for myself (not for her who has gone before) who am left alone and desolate in this cold world, it is true with many kind friends and mine and her dear children? Her place cannot be filled. All the world will fail to fill that void. On the 15th of November, 1886, at about ten o'clock at night, my beloved wife, with whom I had lived in peace and happiness more than forty and five years, after a day of apparent pleasure in the society of her children, husband and friends, and having performed every duty, lay down on her bed and "fell on sleep" almost immedi-