I have written to you once since my great bereavement
but will write again for I cannot tell if you will ever receive it.

Since I wrote I have learned a few additional particulars of my husband’s
death. The bust was on the 24th. Sept. at an early morning. The pistol was taken from his pocket and the ball entered his heart with the impact of its report. Knowing this, he rushed back to his bed and again made a start. The physician who told him the news did not mention it. He had a gun and was mentally unbalanced. He talked a
good deal and then asked to sleep and never made a sound in the world.

The same sweet smile he wore in life was then on death. The news arrived at Petersburg. Although I have tried to keep up for the grief it did
not fully light up your dear face. But the death was of one noble man.

I now come to my feelings. For your sake and my dear little ones
I try to keep my head as well as I can and I hope that Heaven will often
encourage me on a path of desolation. The war cannot last always
and if I can ever get to you I shall be happy on that and though
I regret you could not have seen one when my heart was happy
with my husband’s presence, yet I do not regret that you were until your
returning. This war forced the heart to care for the lives for those here
greater than for all others and that seems to one most. Often on my
unhappiness here I have wished I had gone home to you when I could
but now it is only comfort to think it easier to bear a better life.

Last — And that I love you and think less that that my husband
occupied a place that one once else could fill.


Mrs. Jane S. Clayton.
In some respects my life has been very unhappy but it never once became
my husband's was not all he should be. He tried one or two partly as it is
possible for man to live woman and was affectionate in his manner
for all the time as he was an unhappy child. and I felt now that I was happier to have married him. when I did then I have
delayed. We this or might have delayed our marriage forever but
my presence here cheered his life and he often said to me "If
you had been the only one of us" and so that a pleasure to hear him say so and that I thought I was training up all this
praise but that he thought so. He said many times my love
for him had been proven by such a test that the tested now doubt
it when he is gone. I find myself thinking now every little
thing that was passed between us and on any last letter he
read two days after his death I told him again to think I had en!
regretted any choice that his love was not all he was and
many things of the kind and what a comfort his reply was
written on the same day he received mine in which he said
he never blamed for an action of my life and think he loved
and since the longer I was his wife — Dear bitter and
do this comfort you for it is all I have and do not regret
the past and all live for the future both for this world and the
world to come — I feel that anyone as pure an heart and
as conscientious cannot be eternally beat and I am thinking
over of me remarking me a bitter reminiscence. I felt that from
the beginning of the war that he must follow for he was so—
born and true and feel a contempt for any man who would force the past of danger until he died the death of a hero and my children will never think of their father name then often have I noticed that kind spirit would and one are glad to leave the world. Romans still their enemy will go with one at anytime we can find a safe passage & lands west or the mean time be of good cheer. Heaven will surely come as to event though a part of our life is gone. Jeff came home with his horse and all his trappings and I know it well that the rider sleeps in Heaven but you know how hard it is to find comfort when one loved ones are carried away in the prime of life and age of manhood.

Do not be sorrowful about me I shall be taken care of I have some friends who will miss our dear ones. My little children are very kind and give a great comfort to look after them and think they are the glue of our lives. Little Nathan is better she has been quiet sick Falter and they are very smart, healthy children. I do not see the resemblance to Chris Falter though some do. I hope to be with my friends in Eternity except one - Romans children is and has always been a little like me and I think like one of us. Though we can fill the place of some dear listener. The thick family are my best friends but dear friend Mary she is just as good and Panama says she will be a friend to one as long she lives. Also in deep grief and has no loving words of her own to recall our
angry treatment of her. During the last week home, she
became so angry that she would not speak to him for several
days. Nor to one either. He put his arms around her and said he needed
I was at home with my own good Mother - I told him once again
she did not know how long it would be. When we came here and
of one out of the jail, he had our home and I told him I did not
Home. Mrs. A made me as sorry as she knew I thought him and
and told him we would watch him one day. The last thing I did
the last time I saw him was to play one of his favorite melodies
he said he loved to hear one play tell his story and was heard on his lips and
we sat supper together and I with him as part of the way.
The case one his words and told me he was afraid he would never
resemble and beg to one not to praise for him. - The mentioned
you and told me his last letters and said he wrote to you
now I have all things and will give you some account of
the rest again. - This sheet of paper came from his
purse and the note is from this Camp and stand
I have an excellent and comforting of heart I am thankful
to have, some of this have and his story of gone
since until he always more - It was taken from his person
at his death. Once once I beg you not to grieve for me
I am only a poor mortal and could not expect that I should
ever content with death. - He does not know what it best and
some of my misfortunes I have found to be blessings.

Even yours dearly - James J. Turner.