with me, that morning. About the future, still thought himself strong enough to live. Could we have, if he must, unmeaningly, but grieved over the heavy burden, I must bear alone! He knew he said, I would do my best, but it was too much for me. We had hoped we were about to recover the dear happy life we had once led, and which had been interrupted by this cruel war.

The day before he had sometimes spoken as if he thought we were doing nothing for him, and I now asked him if he did not think I had done all I could for him. "Yes, everything you could possibly do, he answered slowly and emphatically.

And oh, what a comfort to me that answer was, and still is. All of treason he was delicious, but always knew me. Once, I sang to him when he was very ill. (Could not once before when he asked me and it grieved me deeply.) He opened his eyes, smiled, and dreading me down him twice, saying it sounded very sweet.

The next day, however, he remembered nothing of it. (Auguste sang "I would not live long.

Dayton July 4th 1864
My dear Sister, Supposed Augusta would answer my letter, and she told me she would, but she feels so badly, after waiting to answer her dear friends, that she begged me to answer her. Her other friends, I will copy her letter to her friend Mrs. Thornton of Sandusky City, for I think it will give them the best idea of the Moors last days that can be given, and will also show their true state of mind. She says, "I desire to hear from you very, very, very, but, I fear your letter will be most unsatisfactory, for I feel so strangely this cannot be explained myself clearly. Such a strange unnatural calm! So different from the state of mind I should have expected for myself."

Only two weeks ago, today, and some of the saddest days of my life was passing. The day before Luther had had a chill, and I knew it was considered a very serious symptom, yet he was unconscious of his danger, merely remarking "here is another..."
backset." Sunday morning he was, generally, delicious, but in one of his intervals of sensation, I told him as gently as I could, if possible, that was his only hope. He then asked me to write a note for him, but when I have done it, if he had not noticed and brought the paper, took it from me, and wrote remarked upon my red face, and said the note himself almost every word being len eyes, the first time he had seen me so, "eligible. It was to the phrase (who had been for self control had been great that one is very kind to him) asking him to recommend a degree that now seems wonderful to me. He was startled, and asked, "Do I did not think so." In answer to my ques- tion Darlow how it seemed to you that you and the next day could not remember any and might be very near? He said "I never one who had called. All day long I thought those two young men (his surgeons) watched him in agony, and I thought he die that day. Lee came, and his cousins said they could cure me." Summarized, they had believed both hard and lovingly. We Col. Crane, and Mr. M. W. Collins were all there, and great comforts to me. Towards ten o'clock, his brea thing became freer, and the Dr's thought he might last several hours. About midnight, he awoke and spoke more distinctly than he had been able to he called him, and said he wanted to know who two or three days, and remained clean why they thought he must die, and insisted headed till noon the next day. He talked...
again, at midnight, on Monday his mind became clear, and on Tuesday I began to have lively hopes that he might yet live, and told him so. Mr. & Mrs. Conner arrived that morning, and shared my hope with me. He seemed weaker and somewhat depressed, but his tongue looked better, and his mind did not wander even through his fever. At midday, Susie went to his chamber about three in the afternoon, leaving Robert & Eliza with me. At six I urged them to go to their chamber, as I had sent for mine to be brought to me. Susie would not lift with the nursery. They went, Eliza telling him that she would not return till morning, but Robert would come in the evening. But Oh! Morrice, in twenty minutes after, he was dead! I gave him a little trifle, which he ate, but said it was no good. They began to eat my dinner, but observed him shrinking the cover, and going to him asked if he was cold?
Yes, if you don’t take care, I’ll have another chill,” even as he spoke, he began to shake, and shook hard for fifteen minutes. “Oh, just as I thought; it was all yet strong enough, here comes this chill” was all he said.

I gave him up then, but thought he would have another chill, as the third generally takes them from us. I fell desolate, and began writing a note to Eliza and Zara. Just then a lady of our acquaintance came in and spoke to him; and we both think he recognised her. I finished my note, while she sat by him, just sent it, when she called to me. And, the terrible sight! I then saw, may I never see again! In an instant the awful change had come over that dear dear face! Oh! I had never seen one die before: and it was very hard to learn the sad lesson then! Mrs. Evans told me the struggle was very short; but it seemed endless to me, as I hung wildly on each gasp only three, and he was gone!

Good-bye, dear one. The agony of such a moment my dear friend, I wish, wild grief was calmed the next day. when I saw him at rest so peacefully at rest, after his weary marches and labors. I made a confession I could not wish him back for his own sake.

He has laid him in a sweet spot in one cemetery, and it still seems rest for him. Very sad days must come to me, but no more for him.

He was ever unselfish towards me in life, I must now keep down selfish, selfish wish, and still say, “thy will, and mine the done.” I have seen it Mamma, and trust. Speak it. While after, your letters do me good, and I must claim a little melody now. till I grow strong.

Yours truly, yours.