

105
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CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

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Sunday

It almost seems that I am fated never to
finish another letter to you on any other day than Sunday. I
however referring to the circumstances which prompted my writing
my letter yesterday, I will resume the train of thought intended.

I do not mean to say that your Mother intentionally misrepresented
the matter, but I do mean to say that I think she involuntarily
gave to it a false coloring. If you doubt this, dwell for the time
present that I do not doubt that her report of it is the entire
unvarnished statement of the facts, I need not ask you, Emma, what
was the effect of this recital on your feelings, for you yourself have given me the
strongest proof of its bitterness by saying, "I could not find when I was
born your Mother must have known that it would have this effect
on you. I therefore infer that her love for him is, as you have
said, practically dead, for sure no woman would knowingly
justify her children against their father if she had any but a
especially will she not do this to shield herself from blame."

Emma if your Mother be the innocent martyr which she
less thinks herself to be, one of two things must certainly
be your father. He must either have been permitted to
an unmitigated hypocrite and coward, or he must
your Mother at all, that having clasped to his bosom
trusting his young wife to whose deep affection he
no response, he must be a man who could in the
child after child and teach them to call him father
as the matter stands the least must feel that
must know that it is only by his own fault that

have no love for her who slept within his arms and amid your
birth to those children of his love. This I know you have long
seen this pronounced, impossible, as indeed it is. There remains
then one alternative, he must once have loved your mother and
by some means become estranged from her. Emma do you think
that he alone is to be blamed for this estrangement? Did his love
die without a cause? Yet you must admit that it did, or else
you must admit that he never loved her, and yet chided a pa-
rent's fondness for her children, and consequently has been a
conscience by proxy from his youth, or allow that your
mother's account of their married life was colored by her
present feelings for her husband. I know, my love, that these
are harsh alternatives. But there are no others, and you must
adopt one of them. You will forgive me here for thus applying cold
logic and rigid analysis to your Mother's recital, will you not?
I saw its effect upon your sympathetic nature, I saw that it
was leading you astray, that you were beginning to hate your Father
and love your Mother even more than formerly, whom
you ought to love and pity both. I knew of no method of counter-
acting this, save the one I have adopted viz. by showing you the
inconsistency. The fact is Emma, - or at least I think there can be
but little doubt that it is, - that your parents are both, perhaps
equally, sincere upon this subject. Your mother considers her-
self an injured martyr, cannot see that she has erred at all
but thinks her husband blameable for all their unhappiness
and misery. Your Father, on the other hand, thinks himself the
wronged one, and your Mother the aggressor, though if you
ask him, he would acknowledge that he has been the aggressor.
But that does not leave the cause of their estrangement

the light which your mother records upon her
and accurately as if the Past were all laid open to view
its general course, the particulars of course being left
for them. Your Father when they were married and young
and probably felt no necessity for asking your Mother
in reference to his plans &c, or if he did feel any need
he probably thought she would know nothing about it
and would prefer not to be troubled with them. Occupied
and labor for future prosperity and happiness, he prob-
ably felt no need of sympathy, and therefore thought
ing sympathy for her, at least not in the manner she
I doubt not that the question "What do you wish me to
do?" was our honest enquiry instead of being our
sarcastic or suspicious taunt, or reproach. This is our
ignorance of her nature and disposition. Your Mother on the
hand did not, I think, study his character and did not
sufficiently, to know that this seeming neglect was
sympathy was - as I think it must have been - and for
of love, on his part - but an essential ingredient of
It was she erred, through ignorance of his nature
In this case, as in many others I have mentioned
Emma. How Emma in regard to your mother's
womanhood you will resist the estrangement
It is a resolution worthy of any noble heart
her that she has made it, nor would she
its performance. I must say however that
can never accomplish what you wish
I have no doubt that you will be

to each other, and forgive each other's trespasses. You cannot be so
I am fully persuaded that only the strong hand of affliction can bring them to see
their errors & have no doubt that they will sometime see their mutual wrongs
and ask and receive each others forgiveness. I like to have said I knew they would
I almost believe that I do know it, I would at least be soon doubt only wanting
almost no doubt that. All that you can do to secure their end however is to exert
a happy influence over both. Remember, Emma, "the who's responses are such in a
quarrel never makes the friends again." One thing, Emma, I consider as
certain, your parents will never be other than what they are until some visitation
of God's hand has humbled their hearts (of your parents) in the very dust. Through I
may not would not, circumscribe the power of God, I feel that this visitation must be
Death. Your family circle is yet unbroken but I feel that it will not long re-
main so. I know not who will be taken but I feel that some one will, perhaps one
these one. I say not this Emma to awaken useless fears in your breast. I say
it, - I know not why - unless it be merely because I feel it. I did not intend
to say it when I began but somehow I felt that I must. Whether I have done right or
wrong I scarcely know, I only know that I have followed my inclination.

But, Emma Love, come now to my arms and let me kiss away the
tears which my unexpected severity had brought to your eyes. I did but want
my Dear, to heal. Lay your head close upon my breast, and let my hand
rest in your bosom while I tell you that I do not doubt your love, and
never will doubt it. He knows your heart, is he all his and his alone and
so far as his poor love may recompense such a noble gift does he repay you.

I have made your love one of my prime motives in life, and your
happiness one of my principal aims. The one shall ever inspire me
to labor for the other. Know my Dear that you never need feel re-
straint towards me you never must, you never will. Emma
had your Father and Mother been as frank and confiding dur-
ing their engagements, or their courtships as you and I
are I am fully persuaded their present dissension would
never have been. Surely Emma would never hesitate,
will never hesitate, to tell her husband, that another life
is wrapped up in hers, that another heart beats beneath her
own. No! we know each other and will trust each other ever
just as now. But Emma wished to go to the office, and I wish her to
take this down. So just let me give you a fond good bye kiss, and
go. I guess I shall go up to Brockport when Pella comes home and
see her. Good Bye. Your Affectionate

Miss E. L. Wilson

Concord
N. H.

W. L. G. 1850