

Westfield October 9th 1861.
Wednesday eve 6.40.

Emma - you are a dear jewel!

I did not dare to hope you would so soon gratify
my impatience to know of your whereabouts. After
you left yesterday we heard that the bridges were
carried away - some of them - again last Satur-
day night, and I was quite anxious lest you
might have more unpleasant detentions. Though
I did not ^{really} anticipate much trouble. I received
your letter as desired for my dinner today and
delivered your message to Mrs. Harrington accom-
panied with my own explanations or observations
with regard to your admiration of her, whereupon
her mother-in-law desired me to tell you she
thought you a possible girl. But Emma darling
all the afternoon floods of tears have been welling
up to my eyelids, and thoughts quite foreign
to the subject before me have filled my heart, so
that it seemed very hard to stay a full hour
and ten minutes after school until I had

listened to a recitation, and corrected mine com-
positions, and all the spelling exercises.
It seemed hard because, as I could not put my
arms around your neck and tell you all that
burdened my heart, I was impatient to tell you in the
next but way. Here I am all alone in the house,
and occupying these Harrington arm chair for
the sake of being by a stove. And I do so wish you
were here to listen to the outpouring of my heart.
Oh, dear darling Emma, are you happy and enjoying
love now so dearly has made you so. Oh what came that
it? That I have known something of a heart struggle
in nothing that I have known nothing of my own and impor-
dent as nothing comparatively. but this is the magnitude
of my guilt and the bitterness of my sorrow, that I
have trespassed upon Emmas rights, and to do so, and
so permitting myself, have brought unhappiness to two hearts.
I would have given the world to have ^{been} proved. Emma I
ought not to have told you what I have thought I was
only confusing my own ear, that you already know
all concerning the man and I was only confusing my
own pride, and possibly incurring your contempt, by
doing what my conscience demand demanded. I could not
feel quite justified in receiving Emmas confidence above
what she would had known you unconfused; though
it is not probable I should have done so, had I not
found that you knew of his acts and suspected
mine. I'm doing so I seem to have opened your eye to a
new sense of injustice from him, and error upon his
part which was farther from my thoughts, and which

will make him so unhappy. I did not anticipate that
the reading of his letter to me was going to have you so
and find the request of your request would, as you
would to lift the burden, perhaps there was greater
worry than Emma. Emma, I have been in in in in in
disturbance to him. Would it have been better for
you had I only told him, as I shall, of my belief
that we have mutually erred, and presented a very foolish
delinquency of the kind. I know it will be a thousand
times more unhappy in consequence of your knowing
all you do, and perhaps will blame me for giving you
this Emma, here comes Mrs Harrington with a letter
for you which was mailed Monday the 21st and ought to
have been received here that day, but I have not
could write and how strange it is that the only letter
except the first one he wrote me from the west
has been mailed to me or come this side of Cleveland,
and failed of reaching here the same day. I know it was
sent in the office because I inquired yesterday and saw
in the letter myself. It came today, and was put into
Mr. C's box for a man to send it to you spunky and not
send it to you, because it did not come when it should
and when it did, come played me a little bit of
a cheat. I recognized the writing, — strange as it may
seem — and was on the point of opening it, when
they told me it was not mine though — and I found
it best to look at the superscription a little nearer by.
You may pay me for my disappointment by remembering
my last message should possibly be contained in
it for use to deliver it speedily. I do not really expect a

word, of course!

I fear you will be nearly, if not quite sick over your
are late, your journey's end, notwithstanding you had
no headache when you wrote. Did your friends
think you had gone down with the lodges?

How do people and things in general impress you?
I do hope you will be very, very happy. Forget me
dear about the boat, and believe that the future
bring no more rich shadows without your pen.

Do not fancy that I for a moment believe the know-
edge which has come to you is going to estrange
I did I should be just stretched. I think

I think what consequences might have resulted
to beauty-less pearl, and truly one, and I told
my dear father that he has not permitted me to

learn a better lesson. I can say for six or eight months
had been receiving a change in me. But it seems

of the last week had, practically, more of one than you
have believed twenty could. I had only thought of going
to Italy but the idea of Spain and all that

resulted from it. I pray and shall pray every day
that she I may be strengthened in the right, and purged
I become the strong and noble woman I desire

so many of our sisters to be, and almost fancied
once that I could be without the strengthening, pure

these processes. Ah! how much I am dear admiring.
I believe Errett that I never known. But needed to
know. Will you write me dear, pretty soon - and tell me
anything which interests you. I wish I were going to

sleep out your own. Good night. And dream long long.
V. L. Dwyer

I was glad to hear you were nearly well