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Rushford

Allegany Co.
N. Y.

Care of J. B. Gordon Esq.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Receipt
No. 1117
1861

CHAUQUA COUNTY
MUSICAL SOCIETY 2018

Kingsville, S.

Oct. 17th 1861

Emma

Your pleasant letter of the 10th inst just reached me today. I was becoming terribly scared about you, for I did not know what might have befallen you, and I am very nervous about these times. I wrote you a sort of apology for a letter last Sunday but from several circumstances have not written since. I had determined that if I did not hear from you by today's mail I would send you a long epistle, right away, to ascertain if possible, what had become of you. I could not direct my letter in care of Mr. Gordon as with unexampled carelessness I had left his name where you put it when you gave it me; — in the likeness. You must not expect much of a letter from me now for I have just about the worst con-

simulation of ailments you have heard of
in some time. I have (to enumerate
them in the order of their importance)
the back-ache, the tooth-ache, the ear-ache and
the head-ache. Don't that a pretty large pro-
portion of "the ills that flesh is heir to"? The
truth is, very briefly and yet very fully ex-
pressed, I overdid my strength in try-
ing to go to the war again, took cold
and about as badly off as ever. There,
the murder — is out, I was evidently
going to say, and what more I know
not, but this I do know that I was
obliged to stop from excess of pain
and now will just continue my epis-
tle. I became somewhat better by the
next morning after having written the
first of these letters so that I thought
I must go up town, especially as it
was the day, of all days here, the close
of school. I was there during the forenoon
and remained with one of my friends
in town during the afternoon. In

the evening as I knew Nora
and Anna, at least, were to be there,
I thought I would go for a short
time so I've acted as my crutch &
escort and I had a quite pleasant
evening. I held a sort of Seie in my con-
ner while the others, the common herd,
pursued that endless apron motion so
generally practiced at those social meet-
ings. I stayed at Mrs O. Barrett's until
yesterday afternoon and had a very pleas-
ant visit with Nora, and Louisa Gould
— Ed's sister. She's a fine young girl and
has been chosen to see me several times
of late. She says she is bound to make
a conquest of me. She has heard Ed speak
so much of me that she has become
quite enamored of the name and knows she
would die if should fail in her purpose.
Says she told Ed, so, but he said there
was no hope for her as I was determined
to be a cousin of my Theron Winship.
She declares herself quite amused

by any such attack, so you must
look out for a contest. She
says she feels encouraged by present
appearances, and is just coming back
next term to complete her contest.
Look out for your laurels, my
dear.

I am somewhat better
now but have not much hope
of being portable again soon, though
I don't know but I may be. It is
evident that my spine must be ser-
viciously affected for my whole ner-
vous organism is shattered when-
ever I injure that, at all, and the
very least amount of continual men-
tal exertion makes the pain in
my back almost insupportable.

Je me suis pas ce que je fais. I have
tried to imagine what is to become of
me for the next, — I don't know
how long ~~but~~ but cannot. I am com-
pletely discouraged. I cannot live
here, I cannot work, I cannot go
to war, and what I shall do I
don't know.

1138
It is a pleasant sunny Sabbath
but though the sunshine comes brightly
in at the window, it does not seem
to come into my heart at all. I seem
to be in a constant shadow. If I had
a bit of means I would make you
wife at once, and prepare for my pro-
fession as I could. I have no fear
but I could get a little sunshine then.
I have been before constantly con-
soled by the thought that I should be
able to go again to war, but now
that this last prop is removed I
have nothing at all to lean upon.
I have not courage to try to do anything
to make myself any more comfortable
in any respect. I think I shall go and
visit somewhere this week and just as
long after as I possibly can. I don't
know just where but in the best place
I can think of. I would go down

and see China if it were not
that I am afraid I should get awful
lonesome there while he is teaching.
Here it is now - three months ago to-
morrow since I was myself - even after
days when I tried to play well - and
I know not as there is any hope of my
ever being any better. I heard yesterday
of a friend in the Minnesota 1st who
was killed at Bull Run and as I read
the announcement I felt - envious.

But here I am writing the blindest
kind of a letter when I meant to have
written one that would have cheered
you as you said there was danger of
your being lonesome. I do hope
you will ~~not~~ be blue and lonesome
for I think it is quite enough for one
of a pair to be as horrid low spirited
as I am. I think however that you
will find enough of novelty in your
situation and locality to keep you alive
for a while. I am real glad you can

joy your change so well, and
most earnestly hope that it is not
"too good to last." If you have
us here in Antennia in that moon-
less region as we are having here
~~the same~~ you enjoy some delightful
scenery. Here the clouds are changing
which have almost ~~just~~ get most
deliberately. It is like fastening the pic-
natic tents upon the tree tops. It is
Nature's great painting being upon the for-
est trees, for all the world to look at.

By the way I have some news
for you. The two oldest, old maids in this
vicinity have entered the state of conjugal
bliss. One of these has been trying to make
amends to mankind for years of unprofit-
able sterility by marrying a man of family
seven puny children - and beginning
life as a largely endowed matron. The
one is your old friend (?) to ariet. Wax-
field. She has been drafted from the ranks of the
desperate by an Illinois Domine of some

name and place, what I have forgotten.
The other lucky virgin ^{and} was ~~Miss~~
Harriet Luce. She married a bachelor
a brother of Dominic Hatch. He is a good
lusty fellow, and being a blacksmith
and accustomed to hard labor may I sup-
pose afford the old prostitute (I verily believe
her such) satisfaction. By the way do you
know that it has been ~~most~~ ^{undoubtedly} proved
that Mary McLean while here in Ken was guilty
of the most dissolute practices imaginable
It certainly was.

Joe goes off to Penn. next (nothing) week to
deliver the press he will during the summer.

Oh Darling, you cannot think how
sorely I have wanted my little wifey during
the past week. The old pain has been back
with me only more intense I thought and
almost every moment I sighed for you.
If I had a place to live I would be that
longing at all hazards, before I was many
weeks older. You were such a good love to
like Lizzie so well because I wished you
to do so. I know you will gather an in-
crease amount of happiness from each other.

I have not written to her or any other
friend in a week or two. Just dream

I was with you tonight and then don't
wake up till morning.

Adieu Wifey

E. W. Sawyer