

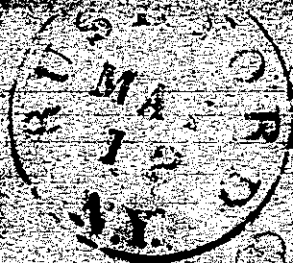
Richmond, Va. May 11th 1862
Friday Morning

Your letter was brought to me
this morning as I lay in bed, dreaming
so sweetly of you. My hand was passing
over my forehead, as it always does, in my
morning dreams of you, the
warm bright sunshine was streaming
through the window and I was the
most as content as thought I could
be, leaning on your arm and your hands
pressing my forehead instead of my
eyes. But I do not know I cannot
tell what I have thought since reading
it. I know only that I read it but
have had one vision, as it is called,
I know then turned my head in the
pillow in a moment I was aroused
by a certain summons to rise, to
lose my breakfast. I got up, dressed
out and ate my breakfast, since then
I cannot have arranged my room
for as I look about me it is all

My duties have been all unconsciously performed. I know I have formed one idea in this confusion and come to a certain conclusion. I am coming home just as soon as this term is ended which will be the last of June unless you bid me not. All the engagements made for the coming summer are nothing to me now. I am coming home! Home! I shall never leave my home for the last letter from home we had a week ago told me that a almost certain conclusion had been made that home was to be given up to the claims upon it last night that I lay in your arms and all our former to move to home are to be realized. I feel now as if I were in nothing, but I could almost bear them all for Emma. I know you love me if I might only be with you, but you would see I should not be able to do that I wish to tell you what you do. that you could when you clapped me to your arms never have a wife on earth, yet and told me that something would be done. I cannot believe that if it would be that you are to die now. Can you come ^{to me} and not as one I am

remember, and I will not I
will remember. I love her. I love
"Pass under the rock" if you will only
let me be with you. I don't want
to live away from you and let you
leave me. Oh but you will not
I will soon be better and you
self again I know. If my letter
is contrary and confused, the
tear stained one will not wonder
I know not what to write. I saw
but one thing in your letter. I know
but one thing that you think that
I am never to be seen again and
that you are not to live very long
that in your great love for me you bid
me live alone and be happy without
you. I cannot not if I could
and I could not if I would
Let me hear from you very soon
about your very kind husband.
I have peered the ^{of} this bitter cup
was passed from me. It is greater
than I can see

Emma



May 12
1862

Wm. H. Frisbie

Whitcomb & Co. New York

May 11th 1667

Poughkeepsie

HAUTAQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013