



CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RUFFORD

Albany

N.Y.

John H. ...

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Kingsville OHIO
Oct. 27th / 1861

Friend

It is with a great sadness
on my heart that I come to you this morn-
ing. Death has been among that band whom
I claim as my especial friends. Yesterday
I rec^d a letter stating that William May
was dead. I have not yet recovered my-
self. I was never before so shocked by any
tellings. It has almost stupefied me.
I can only say "Dead! Dead! Williams
dead." It seems perfectly real and true
but Oh, so sad. He is one of those
whom I never thought of dying. He seem-
ed to have so much vitality that though
I had sometimes suspected the presence
of disease, I had never thought it could
be fatal. He fell very suddenly of heart
disease. He had it seems been rather ill
for a month or more, when he fell, not

sufficiently so however to confine
him to his bed or way to the
house. On the day of his death
(Sept 27th) he had been out for a
walk and on his return, feeling faint,
he asked the lady of the house to give
him some Camphor, told her
not to be frightened, laid himself
down on the lounge, folded his
arms and without a sigh or a
groan, died. Poor fellow! it seems
hard that he should have died, just
on the threshold of life, for he who is
so faithful and honest-hearted seems
to learn a sight to some of life's
enjoyments as well as its struggles
alone. I had an intimation
from one of his correspondents
not many days ago that he was
intending to return to this vicinity
to spend the winter and had anticipat-
ed no little pleasure in his Society.
This knowledge came upon

me therefore so unexpectedly
so suddenly that I could not
meet it calmly. It has quite un-
measured me. It is the first time that
my circle of loved ones has been invaded.
Others have died who perhaps ought to have
been dearer, but never since I have attain-
ed to years of discretion, has grief for a
friend so warring ^{my heart} Only last Sunday
father came in with "Well, Albion,
Charly Woodworth is dead. He
died of typhoid fever, induced by
exposure after the battle of Stone
Bridge!" Charles Woodworth was
a cousin of mine. A young man
of about my own age and of
great promise as an artist. When
the war broke out he threw down
palette and brush and went into
the ranks. He was in the 1st Minnesota
regiment and unknown to us both.
He fought almost side by side at Bull
Run, for his regiment was just at

our right during all that day.

It had been several years since we saw each other and only an occasional letter has come from their western home to tell me that Charley was yet alive and working for Jennie. I remember once asking myself if an illustration in Harper of our encampment at Fairfax C. H. signed C. W. was not by him. I learn now that ~~he~~ he was the Special Artist of Banks's Colours. I did not mourn at all for him. But for William I cannot but mourn. It seems as if I had lost a true hearted brother. If it affects me thus to lose a friend, what should I do were you to leave me? Yet you have prayed that you may leave me, that I may lose your care your love, and all the restraints and solace of your presence and affection. When I read that, my heart instinctively said "Forgive her Father, she knows not what she asks?" So if you should tell you of a counter-petition which

I have often uttered, and fondly hoped would be granted. But I will not. — You do not know how much pain your remark in regard to that has cost me. I know that something is wrong or you would not think it for my happiness and good that you should leave me. I am truly sorry that you see any shadow over our future that causes you to fear for your happiness. I expect there will be many things that will mar our happiness if we permit them, but I know of nothing that should really cloud our vision of the future. Oh, I most earnestly hope that this feeling may pass away and you may feel content to stay with me. I am sure if you knew how much of my world you made you would never, never desire to take so much from me. Emma, Love, you must not allow yourself to think and feel thus. Think what a

and accusation it is to me. I must
if those be your feelings, reproach myself
as the one who has blighted your hopes,
whose evil star has cast its baneful
influence over your young life. For
had you never known me you would
not now have uttered so sad a prayer.

— You have doubtless read last
Sunday's letter and know that I am
not going to war. No, My Darling, even
your desire could not now induce me
to go. It is useless for me to struggle.
I have had a council of war, or of doctors
to consult with regard to the state of my back
and the probability of recovery. Their report
is discouraging enough, and every symp-
tom now confirms it. I don't see but
I am doomed to play "The Devil on
Two Sticks," for a long time yet. The
wonderful change which I wrote to you
I was produced mainly by the exhilara-
tion consequent upon sudden release
from pain by rapid absorption, produced

by the jolt I had received. I guess your
wish with regard to my going home with
Lizzie will be fulfilled not by my going to
war but by being too ill to go. I wrote to
her last week. I am not allowed or in
fact am not able to read or write a
great deal. I feel pretty comfortable in the
forenoon but am in constant and severe
pain in the afternoon, every day.

— I am sorry you feel such dis-
sonal forebodings with regard to your success
with the boy of fourteen. I should think you
might manage that. Can't you make him
take a fancy to you? If you can he's all right.
If he thinks he knows everything can't you
persuade him that he knows a "little more"?
If you can once get some power over him
in some such manner he will give you no
farther trouble. I hope your situation will
continue pleasant in other respects and have no
doubt that you will overcome that difficul-
ty. — Five pounds in a week! My con-
science Love, you are doing hugely! I

think that climate must agree with
your constitution wonderfully well. I
don't know but I should have been alarm-
ed about your condition if you had not
neutralized your information in that partic-
ular. I am inclined to think however that
your condition, be it ever so prosperous would
hardly increase your weight at present, but
rather have a contrary influence. — I guess
you were scared out of writing something
"foolishly funny" by a bugbear of your own
make. I suppose you know, though you
did choose to say otherwise, that I preserve
your letters with the utmost care, guard-
ing them from vulgar ken with sleepless
vigilance. I don't think you need leave
out anything again. I don't know dar-
ling whether I can send you "a half dozen extras"
or not. I would be very glad to, but it is
sure to almost prostrate me, to write a letter.
If I am real smart this week I will try, but
you must not expect any till they come.

Dear Darling, Good bye. I may not
write more. I feel a dull heavy pain in the
back of my head, sure prelude to a worse.

A'ieu

Albion