

Westfield N.Y. April 8th  
Tuesday eve

Omama dear

In spite of the claims of  
other very dear correspondents, and in neglect  
of our Young Peoples Prayer meeting, I am  
writing to you. The longed for letter found  
yourself just reached me. For some un-  
known reason it tarried double the usual  
time and the route. But now I have  
it, and wish you had taken the second  
sheet. Never you fear that I will tire  
of reading all you will write me. But never  
yet write me too long a letter, and I hope  
you never will. Pray Omama don't  
get into a mood of unaccountable misery.  
I have as great a heart as you ever could

have had of these imaginary evils. For Heaven  
sake don't give them any precedence to your  
heart. I know that heart is sadly tried.  
I know how often it longs to burst its fetters,  
and fly to the dearest resting place earth  
can ever give. I feel sure there will never be  
as trying an operation for you, ~~because~~ your  
loved one never can need you more. Yet for  
all this you have very much to make your life  
full and trustful. He is, I hope, improving  
surely if not rapidly, and some day will  
be his old self again. I really believe that  
I dare to think this back will ever be quite as  
good to him as it once was, yet I feel sure  
that he will be able to carry out his ambitious  
designs, and you Emma, will be as happy  
in sharing his distinction, added to all  
the bliss of wedded life to two hearts equal-  
ly given to each other. Ah Emma! you've  
such a bright and beautiful future, through  
all present clouds it should send bright  
cheering rays. "You the child once which some  
direful fate was pending"? Never let such

a wild idea grab you pitched on a  
Sunday, or any other day. Depend on me not  
unmindful of the unseen hand that shapes  
our destinies as He will. Far from that  
so far that I would entrust that Guiding  
Hand, through the darkest way, to lead  
sometimes of late, I know I've held it  
tremblingly, but it never has loved its hold.  
My new home is very pleasant  
and school is pleasant, although it is  
small. I have twenty five, and all I can  
do. Carrie is having rather a hard time at  
home. Sister Ella has been leaving the house  
and had been pretty sick. She had just got  
able to sit up on her double bed, when Clar-  
ence and Julia came down with whom I  
wonder they will not be very sick, children  
are not apt to be with that disease.  
I am making a regular business of studying  
French again, and am very happy that I  
can. Miss Harrington gives me two lessons  
a week. She has had excellent advantage  
for acquiring the language.

Mrs Harrington returns from Cleston  
in five weeks. She is improving very much.  
Her husband at first slept in his own  
house, but he has given it up, because it  
is so lonely. He could not tell one of it  
without evincing some emotion. I do  
admire his devotion to his wife.

I suppose Albion will be so choice of his  
dressing-gown and slippers, that I shall  
see them when I visit you in your future  
home, unless you are so cruel as to persist  
on seeing <sup>of you too</sup> I must not come alone. I fear  
dressing-gown and slippers will have gone  
to the shades. That is the present prospect,  
but when the war opens I shall dispatch  
business, undoubtedly. If you know a  
handsome man with "the shining qualities"  
just send him in this direction.

I am glad you love to tell me when your heart  
is sad, for it lightens mine to tell my  
griefs. Good night. Sweet dreams.

Yours with constant love

Lizzie



Miss Emma S. Wilborn,  
Rushford.  
Allegheny County  
N.Y.

CHAUTAQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

April 8<sup>th</sup> 1862

New York City

Dear Mother  
I have just received  
your letter of the 4<sup>th</sup>  
and was glad to hear  
from you. I am well  
and hope these few lines  
will find you the same.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013