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Letter from Mary Armstrong to Francis P. Porter

Mary Armstrong

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Monvich : Mps 1# /62 Dear Frank With a sad and acking heart do I attempt to tell you of the death of dear brother Wilber. I thought you would like to hear about it He died in 4th street Mospital, Cincinnati, saturday mozing, March 22 and at 3 ollock. Hother had been with him 3 weeks about the first of the East week he appeared to get better, and Frother thought there was some hopes of his recovery, and the Physician pronounced him constales cent but on Thursday evening he was taken warse and it became evident that he could not stand it long the continued to grow worse until saturday morning, he calmly and quietly closed his eyes on earth to open them in Heaven When told that he could not get well, he

unmediately set his house in order" and calmly to be mourners. William was very much loved awaited the solemn change He not only died happy down here Mr Heath preached an excellent sum but was trimphant and exulted in his hope of on He spoke of the noble spirit that had induced Heaven. Father conversed with him frequently him to inhist in the defence of his country upon the the subject of death. Rev John & Wright of his patient endurance of his sufferings and others called in to see him frequently and in his Muls and of his triumphant wickery prayed with him and he gave abundanteride over the last enemy. Willur was a beautiful nee that he was going to fair the bloodwashed corpse O. Frank I wish you could have seen throng that surround the throne in Heaven him. Although very much emaciated he He requested us all to meet him in Heaven looked very natural. His features were calm Father brought him home on saturday night and lovely, beautiful even in death. There and on Monday, after distening to Juneral dis was such a sweet expression on his counter course by Rev We Heath from Ecel 9th chap namice O Frank, what agong it was to take 10 to verse we deposited all that was mustal a last long lingering look at that loved our dear William in the burying ground at one we called bytilbur, He is gone! How Norwich. Mr Heath prenched in the Methodist that one word receives through every church at N. to a large and weeping empre fibre of my existence Well no more gation. He said he never was at a funeral meet him on earth. His manly from where there was so much sympathy manin is hidden from our view by the cold clods fished, the whole georgegation appeared of the earth. when I think of it in this

way the agony seems almost insuffer table but then again I think of his happy death and of his being free from lifes dull and anxious cares, and I feel more recon erled but O Frank it was a heavy stroke a severe trial to part with Miller He was so young so full of vivacity and such a dear good brother and life seemed just opening before him that it was hard to see histo ent down in the bloom of youth. get I suppose the Lord knows best and no doubt he has some wise doing in taking him from no. Wither was very pa tient in his sickness Father says he never heard a murning escape his lips all the time he was with him of few minutes before he died he asked father to raise him up, he did so, and he breathed his last in his arms Feather says he never and not more a muscle but was so tranguil that It appeared he was sinking into a.

April 7, 1862

Norwich

April 7th/62

Dear Frank

With a sad and aching heart do I attempt to tell you of the death of dear brother Wilbur. I thought you would like to hear about it. He died in 4th Street Hospital, Cincinnati, Saturday morning, March 22nd at 3 o'clock. Father had been with him 3 weeks. About the first of the last week, he appeared to get better and Father thought there was some hope of his recovery, and the Physicians pronounced him convalescent, but on Thursday evening he was taken worse and it was evident that he could not stand it long. He continued to grow worse until Saturday morning when he calmly and quietly closed his eyes on earth to open them in Heaven. When told that he could not get well, he immediately "set his house in order" and calmly awaited the solemn change. He not only died happy but was triumphant and exhultant in his hope of Heaven. Father conversed with him frequently upon the subject of death. Rev. John F. Wright and others called in to see him frequently and prayed with him and he gave abundant evidence that he was going to join the bloodwashed throng that surround the throne in Heaven.

Father brought him home on Saturday night, and on Monday, after listening to the funeral discourse by Rev. W. Heath from Eccl. 9th Chap 10th verse we deposited all that was mortal of our dear Wilbur in the burying ground at Norwich. Mr. Heath preached in the Methodist church at N[orwich] to a large and weeping congregation. He said he was never was at a funeral where there was so much sympathy manifested; the whole congregation appeared to be mourners. Wilbur was very much loved down here. Mr. Heath preached an excellent sermon. He spoke of the noble spirit that had induced him to enlist in the defense of his country, of his patient enduring of his sufferings in his illness, and of his triumphant victory over that last enemy. Wilbur was a beautiful corpse. O! Frank, I wish you could have seen him. Although very much emaciated, he looked very natural. His features were calm and lovely, beautiful even in death. There was such a sweet expression on his countenance. O! Frank, what agony it was to take a last long lingering look at that loved one we called Wilbur. He is gone!

How that one word reaches through every fibre of my existence. We'll nevermore meet him on earth. His manly form is hidden from our view by the cold _____ of the earth. When I think of it in this way the agony seems almost insupportable but then again I think of his happy death and of his being now free from life's dull and anxious cares and I feel more reconciled but O Frank, it was a heavy stroke & severe trial to part with Wilbur. He was so young so full of vivacity and such a dear good brother and life seemed just opening before him that it was hard to see him cut down in the bloom of youth.

Yet I suppose the Lord knows best and no doubt he has some wise design in taking him from us now. Wilbur was very patient in his sickness, Father says, he never heard a murmur escape his lips all the time he was with him. A few minutes before he died, he asked Father to raise him up, he did so, and he breathed his last in his arms. Father says he did not wave a muscle but was so tranquil that it appeared he was sinking into a